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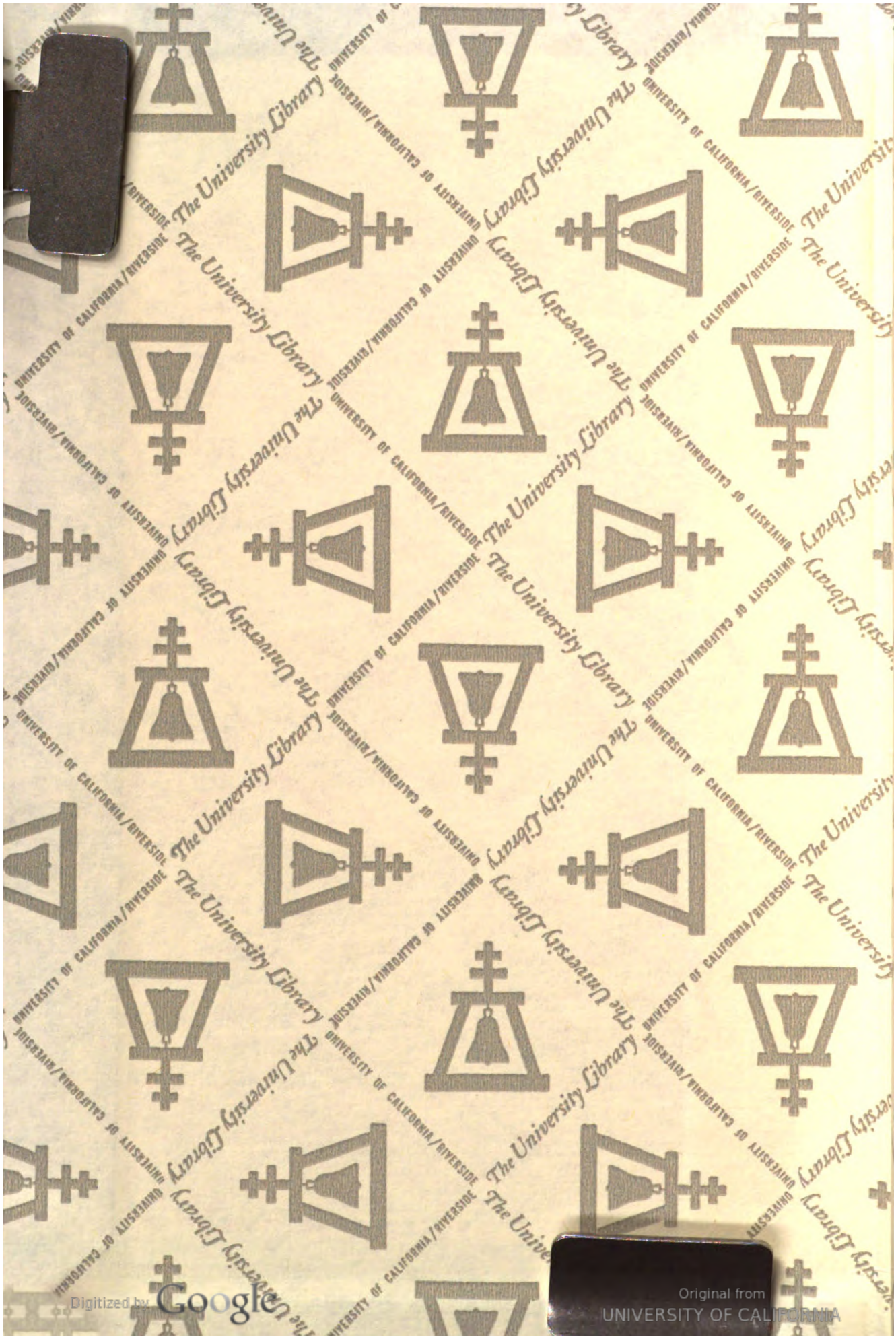
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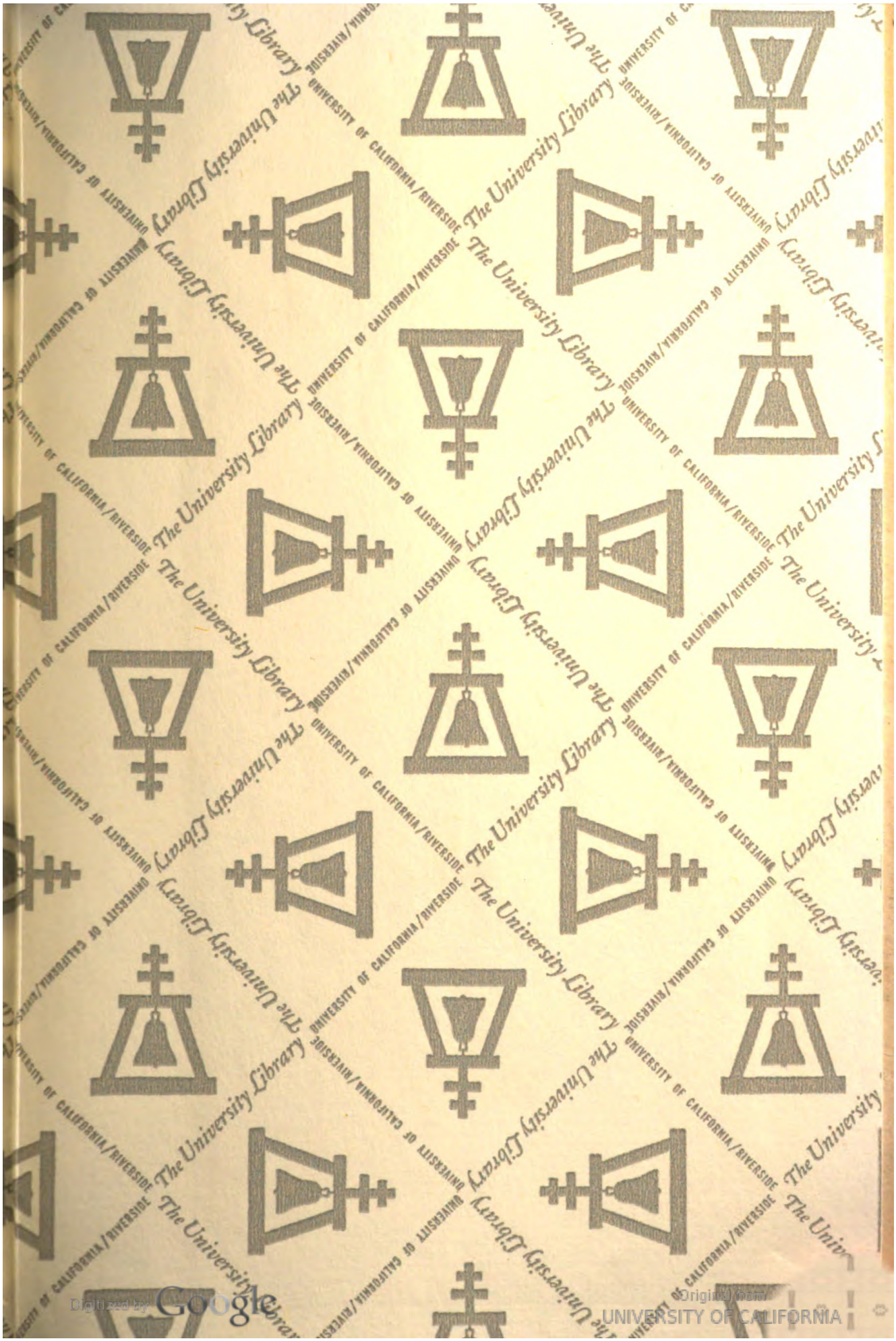


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The January Magazine

IN the richness and variety of its contents, as well as in the great number of its illustrations in color, tint, and black and white, the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be an ideal number with which to begin the new year.

In this number will appear the first instalment of a novelette by Mark Twain. It is entitled "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story." It is a story full both of humor and pathos, a return to the manner of Mr. Clemens's earlier work—a story that every one will be talking about. The pictures are by Lucius Hitchcock.

The leading artistic feature of the January MAGAZINE will be Howard Pyle's "Northfolk Legends of the Sea," with many illustrations in full color and page decorations by the author. These pictures have been reproduced with greatest care from Mr. Pyle's paintings, made especially for the MAGAZINE, and are wonderfully effective. Another art feature of importance and great general interest is Charles H. Caffin's article on "The Pictures at the Metropolitan Museum" of New York. This article is illustrated with artistically tinted reproductions of many of the famous pictures in this most notable of American galleries.

There are six short stories in the January MAGAZINE—stories of varied types but unvaried interest. Among them are: "The Court

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"Give me thy red heart to keep"

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The Heart's Key*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

IT is a tale of love and lovers which they tell, saying that in the hill country of Toulouse is to be found the walled city of Ventadorn, with its castle and long church. Sir Simon was lord of it, a vavasour of good Count Raymond's in the days before his fall. The city towered over two valleys, and the castle over it; there this old vavasour lived, and had kept great state once upon a time, with men-at-arms for his walls, minstrels, chamberlains, pages, and esquires to make cheer within-doors. But those days had worsened: his wife was dead; his son, Sir Bernart, was in the service of King John of England—Landless they called that king, who tricked his father and was tricked himself;—now, all that remained to Simon of Ventadorn were his two handsome daughters, Lady Saill and Lady Tibors.

If I were to relate everything that the troubadours found to sing of these ladies, I should weary myself and make no way with you; for it is quite true that those women stand highest in esteem of whom history has least to report. So our hopes jump, and our minds after them. Tell a man that a woman is fair—fair Helen, fair Cleopatra, lovely Azalais—and he will make her so in his own image. But enlarge upon her parts, tell over her perfections on the fingers, he will say of one at least, "H'm, not to my taste." This is certain. Of Lady Saill, then, and of Lady Tibors I content myself with this much, that Saill was the elder and more superb, a golden lady with long yellow hair like Helen's of Troy, and of fierce face, like the Siren's when she has drowned a man. Tibors was brown-haired and rather pale, a sleek, laughing girl. Saill, when she laughed at all, laughed cruelly, with dreadful mirth. There were no more lovely ladies in all the country of Toulouse, and none more various. Men who sang of them—and all men sang of them—called Saill the Proud Lady, and Tibors, because of her kindness, the Laughing Lover. Enough of this and of them.

It will be easily seen from so much whither the striving went. A man will always sniff at what lies to hand, if above him, just out of reach, he sees a prize made rarer by the distance. To Tibors' one or two, Saill, they say, had fifty lovers; but the deeds of three are all that can be handled just now; these, and the deeds of an obscure fourth lover, who reaped what others sowed, afterwards went gleaning, and was content. The three were Jauffrai of Brieuc, a very noble youth, full of mettle, who made good songs; the Monk of Quesle, a man of the Church, who made better; and the Viscount Ebles, a great man from Roussillon, who made no songs at all, unless he were fighting, and then he sang a sharp low song like the whistle of a sword in the air, which indeed was the instrument he played on better than any.

As for the fourth lover, he was Guillem of Nantoil, a poor page, with a cropped head, meek eyes, and smooth face, whom nobody thought a lover at all, and who in his service never lift-

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ed his looks higher than Lady Saill's knee. He kept his looks thus modestly low, and his thoughts to himself and the Virgin Mary. She, and she only, knew that every night when Saill went to bed, Guillem kissed the edge of her bliaut as she left the hall, kissed the lintel of the door where her hand had stayed, and returning when she was gone, kissed the cushion where she had rested her head.

Now, on a day in autumn after the vintage—October was the month, bright and clear the weather—those three great lovers came riding over the brown hills to Ventadorn, to pay their vows to Lady Saill; and the day being an hour or so of noon, the sun high and the wind gentle, they all went into the orchard to sing *coblas* and talk about love—Tibors and Saill with Saill's three lovers; and Guillem the page, who was there on his service, brought a little table and set fruit, wine, and snow upon it.

Saill sat in an ivory chair, with Tibors her sister a little behind her on her left hand. Tibors was in a red gown, with a jewel on her forehead; but Saill's gown was white, of a thin silk, which fitted her so closely as to be a man's despair, to show how glorious she was and how remote. Her hair was plaited up with pearls, and touched the ground behind her. Round her waist was a very broad girdle of gold, plates of gold riveted together with hinges and stuck with sard and emerald, of the sort they call a Heart's Key, the girdle which virgins must wear until they are wedded. She wore it outwardly by day, and at night next her body; it had never left her yet; and the wonder of the country was, when or how it would. Here too was a mockery: not that the country admired, but that no one dared turn the key or unlock the shrine, lay bare Saill's red heart and take it in his hands. And just as the country admired, so now these men looked or longed, each after his kind. Jauffrai of Brieuc grew red; he was a young man. The Monk of Quesle grew gray; but Viscount Ebles would not look at all, for simple fear of what he might be driven to. As for Guillem, I have told you already how far he dared look. Yet he knew very well about the Heart's Key, and every day made a prayer to Madame the Virgin of Ventadorn: "Madame, set the key in my hands; I have within me what will still the fire."

Now I ask you to note that in the orchard sat Saill in her ivory chair, with Tibors a little behind her on her left hand, but not so far that she could not lean her cheek to her sister's or put her chin on her white shoulder. On her right hand, also a little behind her, sat Sir Jauffrai, where he could win the fragrance of her hair and secretly touch it when his need was sore. The Monk of Quesle was on her left hand, near enough to brush against her gown, and a little in front of Tibors. Viscount Ebles fronted her with folded arms across the table, watching her, or Tibors, or the other two, as he felt inclined. Guillem the page stood at his service a certain way off, under a pear-tree.

They made music and songs concerning Saill. Jauffrai touched first his viol to tune it, then sang a trembling song of dawn and the white light stealing round the hills, of the sort which in that country they call an *Alba*. "Lady," ran the song, "I wish that with me you might creep from your father's house at that hour when the martins peer first from under the eaves. Not more softly lieth sleep upon your eyelids, lady, than the white dew upon the grass. There are no shadows at all, but every tree and every drowsy flower stands bathed in a lake of light, that cometh none can tell whence, and that is not shamed by the moon, neither welcometh the sun. Truly it would seem that the light is no borrowed thing, but lifteth up, as it were, from the deep bosom and parted lips of the earth herself. So it is with you, lady, whose own fire, whose own light, and ardent heart suffice you. All night I watch for you, leaning by the walls of Ventadorn, just as I watch for the white dawn upon the hills about it; all night I make prayers to assure myself. And dawn cometh, and you come, and I lift up heart and hands, crying: '*Oy, Deus! Oy, Deus! Deh, l'alba tantost veh!*' (Ah, Lord God! Ah, Lord God! Lo, now the Dawn is here!)"

This was the song that Jauffrai sang; through which breathed such a tender heat, such rapture held in check, such hope and wistfulness to make the music shudder, that all the company was silent

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when he had done. Tibors, leaning her chin on her sister's shoulder, whispered in her ear, "Oh, Saill, that is a good song, which should not go unrewarded."

Saill said nothing; but she let drop her right hand behind her chair, and Jaufrai, bowing over it, took and kissed it.

Then said Viscount Ebles with an oath in his beard: "By God's death, Lady Saill, but the song I sing goes sharper than de Brieuc's. When I sing it all the listeners begin to wail, praying, 'Quick, Lord, the mercy-stroke!' I sing not at dawn, in the half-light, but at broad noon, rather, when the sun can see my doings. And it is not I who trail the burden, '*Oy, Deus! Oy, Deus!*' but the people to whom I sing. When I sing my song one man looks askance at his neighbor, as if to say, 'Is this a god, then?' My song hath a note of the scythe in wet grass, and again of the screaming eagle; it savors of the low-chuckling owl when he hunts the parks of a night, and of the hiss of a snake in a stony place, and of the short snapping bark of the winter wolf. So I call my song the Song of *Lop* (which is to say, of the Wolf); and when I sing it a blue flame playeth about my head, the spears work in vain, the archers throw away their bows, and my horse picketh up his feet among the spoiled bodies of men. This is the Song of *Lop,* which is my song. If it please you not, lovely Saill, I am sorry; for I cannot amend it. Yet some think it good, and these are the men of Toulouse dressing their vines on the hill; and some think it bad, and these are Frenchmen and the men of the English king."

The Viscount shut his mouth like a trap, and his black beard covered it. He looked a great fighter who should make a lover no less great; and so Tibors thought and so said. For now she leaned her cheek to Saill's and whispered: "By my faith of a Christian, Saill, that is a brave singer, with a song full of matter. Let him have his reward; it is little enough he asks."

Saill considered these words and Viscount Ebles together. She saw the man goodly, and found that the words fitted him. So then she put her foot out under the table, which, when the Viscount felt, his blood started in his neck and colored all his face with crimson. The courtesy made a giant of him; he dared to look at Saill; but Saill blushed and looked down. Now she had dropped both hand and eyes.

Then the Monk of Quesle, a keen-faced man, touched the strings of his rote; and thus sang he: "Neither the hope of dawn nor the satiety of the noon heat sing I, Lady Saill, but the blue calms, the very steadfast silver stars, the thin new moon over the hill, the dusk, the end of fret, the evening. My song is a *Sirena,* which goes as quietly as my constant heart, saying, 'Peace, my soul; peace, my soul; the long day is done!'

"And I sing it to you, lady, claiming the end of strife. Love in the beginning is a fire, like the flame of kindling-wood, which leaps and roars in the heart, and devours the very bones of young lovers. Not so, by insurgent rushes, cry of battle, blood and rage, should a gentle lady be won to her lover's arms; no, no, but by long gazing out of quiet eyes, by patient smiling, by a bent knee and obsequious head, and by the little shrug which says, 'Eh, if she will not, she will not; wait a bit!' Also by a whisper in the hedged garden and a sigh at the going to bed. For, look you, the age-long lover very well knows that the burden and flood of noon will be done. The shadows creep forward, the bees go home; in the farms they milk the kine. The bats come flickering out, the goat-sucker goes purring through the woods; and all look east for the new moon. Then at last the lover lifts his eyes and counts the stars. The light fades, the air is brown, the sky faints out in green; black, black, stand up spire and tower when the sun is low behind them. Through the scented garden, among folded flowers and leaves all breathless with sleep, I see you, Saill, come in a white gown. Both your hands are at the Heart's Key, both mine at yours. Together we hold the burning thing; under my hands I feel your fingers at the lock. The lock is solved, the girdle loosed, I have the treasure! All in the violet night I cry my *Sirena,* 'Peace, my soul; peace, my soul; the long day is done!'"

Saill breathed fast and deep; but Tibors, with a cheek that pressed her sister's and an arm that embraced her neck,

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whispered close: "My Saill, that is a pure sweet singer, very constant in love, to whom his reward should be surely given if the others have theirs. Stoop thy royal head, my dear, that he may touch what I touch. I engage that such velvet is not made at Quesle."

Saill bent her head to the singing Monk of Quesle, and he kissed her on the cheek. So now she had dropped hand and eyes and head. None the less, young Guillem, at his service under the pear-tree, held on with his prayer to the Virgin of Ventadorn, "Madame the Virgin, Star of Toulouse, the key, the key!"

When dinner-time was over, the three lovers took their leave, and rode together out of Ventadorn to their own towns. The Monk of Quesle could not contain himself, but turned in his saddle, and with uplifted hand began to exult.

"Ha, now, lords," cries he, "am I or not blessed above all men? What! Have I sprung the citadel or not? Have I closed at grapple with the inviolate? Have I lowered the flag or not? You know very well that I have. Did she not stoop her indomitable head? Did I pasture where no man living has laid his lips? Is it done? Oh, is it not done, by the Light of the Earth!"

Viscount Ebles swore with a full oath: "By Saint Gregory, it is not done, thou half-man. What is such open trifling worth? Catlap, by my Saviour. Why, even as she bowed her head she looked wisely at me; and long before thou couldst touch her my foot had touched hers; and so had touched throughout thy song."

The Monk of Quesle bit his own hand. If ever there was an angry clerk in the country of Oc, it was he. But Jauffrai threw up his young head like a howling dog, and laughed at the sky.

"Judge now between you, O solemn fools," he called out sharply—for he was in pain—"what store to set upon these touchings and lookings of yours. For even when the goat-foot of Ebles bruised her slipper by mischance her hand was snug in mine; and while he sang of his sword-stroke, I kissed it; and when the Monk began to sing of the evening breeze, and when he had done, I kissed again. You prating fools, who is blessed if not I?" Again he laughed bitterly, as one should not laugh at the deeds of ladies.

Ebles broke out in blasphemy. "Now may God die twice," said he, "if I deal not death quickly." He turned his horse towards Ventadorn, which lay above him shining on the hill, but before he could pull into a gallop the Monk of Quesle caught his bridle and held it.

"Listen, Viscount," he says, "before you do what becomes in this ill business. Are we not all made fools together? Is your case worse than mine, or mine than Jauffrai's? Not a whit, believe me, but fool, fool, and fool we sit here. Well, then, shall not the little wisdom of one of us, added to that of the others, make a wise head at last? Wiser, at last, than one. We three will act together. Are you willing?"

Cried young Jauffrai de Brieuc with a yapping laugh: "By my soul, I accord. How low can we drag the woman? What kennel can we get black or thick enough for her who mocks good lovers?"

Said the Monk, "Oh, a many." And then the Viscount: "My lords, I am with you deep in this matter. Let us set the wits of three offended men to work." Riding together over the hills among the trampled vineyards, they concerted a plan. Saill of Ventadorn saw nothing of them till the winter-time, but cared little for that.

That winter, about Candlemas, the snow lay very heavy on all the country, and could not be thawed because of an iron frost. The sheep died in the fields, fish in the rivers, birds on the trees, and before morning were found frozen hard. A most bitter wind blew night and day, enough to search out and wither the very vitals of a man; but war was awake also. Old Simon of Montfort, kept warm by the Pope, took the field, such as it was; and the good Count Raymond of Toulouse, with him his nephew the Viscount of Beziers, must needs fight for life, whether snow awaited him or green grass. The mesne lords of the country were summoned by the horn; *sirventes* were the only songs you heard; Sir Simon of Ventadorn made ready for Toulouse against that other Simon; all his knights, squires, and men-at-arms must go with him, and Lady Saill have no lovers, save Guillem the page who dared look no higher than her

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Three lovers took their leave

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knee. Saill sat twisting and untwisting her white fingers by the window; Guillem prayed to the Virgin for the Heart's Key; only Tibors kept snug and warm. She did her loving quietly, saying little; she went laughing low all day long. In the castle of Ventadorn there were only those two, with Guillem and a few old warders and the women of the household.

Now on a night of creeping frost and of mist which froze as it touched, clinging to the bare trees—to Ventadorn at midnight came Ebles, de Brieuc, and the Monk of Quesle in armor, visored, with men, swords, and torches. They broke down the ward of the gate, and came raving into the castle garth. "Ha, Death! Ha, Montfort!" they shouted, naming the two old dog-wolves, enemies of Toulouse. "Havoc on Ventadorn! Montfort! Fire, Sword, and Death!" They battered at the inner gate with their spears.

Guillem sat up scared in his bed and listened. "This is a bad affair," he said to himself. "Ventadorn is surprised. How shall I save my lady?" He dressed himself in haste and ran down the corridor to her chamber. He opened the door; he crept in. By the light of the lamp he saw Saill, who lay asleep, her cheek on her hand, and all her golden hair streaming over the pillow to the floor.

"Wake, wake, wake, my lady Saill," he whispered. "Death is upon us." Then she sat up in bed, with fierce, unreasonable eyes, and he saw the Heart's Key burning all about her fair body.

"Ventadorn is surprised, lady," he said, blinking before so much glory. "We must come out if we are not to die."

She said: "Quick, a shift. Thou hast dared too much. Go thou to the door till I come."

Clothed in her linen shift, she came out to him, and they went to awaken Tibors. But Tibors was very sleepy, and would have nothing more to say to them than: "Let them come, but let me sleep. Leave me in peace, Saill." So they let her lie, and crept away down a little stair.

Guillem knew what door to try, a single turret door which gave on to a swing-bridge, and that to the privy garden. But the forayers, who knew it as well as ever he did, waited for him and his convoy there; and so soon as he opened an inch or two a foot was in, which prized it wider. The torches flared in the black fog, a host bayed at the door; then came a rush, with "Follow; we are in!" That door which shut the invaders in shut Saill and Guillem out.

Saill, the delicate lady, shivered and drew her hair about her neck. In a lit-up circle all round hustled the gaping soldiers, their pikes, their torches, the clouds of their frozen breath. "Follow me, the pair of you, or you win cold quarters in the fosse," said a man in steel, who wore his visor down. The shamed couple were led away to the great courtyard, where, in happier times, Sir Simon of Ventadorn had held tourney, and Saill sat in a gallery as Queen of Love. There, in the trampled snow, frozen into sharp ridge and furrow, Saill's cut feet left a trail of red for all to see next day.

"Into the middle with you!" There, shivering side by side, they stood.

Above them soon shone a light in the corridors of the parvise, and showed it full of armed knights. One set open the windows. Saill saw Ebles, de Brieuc, and the Monk of Quesle midmost of their party, wagging their heads, grinning at each other and at her.

"Light there, ho!" cried the Monk, in a fierce voice. They beat up the torches into flame. "Ha, now, Proud Lady," roared Viscount Ebles like thunder, "you have heard my song sung, the Song of *Lop*. What do you think of it?"

She said between her teeth, "Shame on you, to shame a lady so." But he answered: "What, then, of a lady that mocks three lovers at once?"

Then the Monk laughed, saying: "Ah, Lady Saill, Lady Saill, now you have found out that my old *Sirena* was more peaceful than my new. What will you do to be let in?"

She asked, "What must I do?"

Jauffrai lifted up his sharp voice: "You shall do to him you have there as you did to us before we let you in. Give him the hand to kiss which falsely you gave to me."

Saill held out her hand, and Guillem knelt to kiss it.

"Now," she said, "my lords, let me in."

"By the Wounds," swore Ebles, "not so. Set you first your foot below his,

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Saill. What I touched let him touch now."

She put her torn foot out, and Guillem, kneeling still, kissed it many times.

"Is it enough now?" said Saill.

The Monk of Quesle held up his torch that he might see her the better. "Not enough, my Saill, not enough! Stoop your false head and turn your false cheek to the lad there. Let him taste what I found bitter!"

She did as she was told; but Guillem, blind with tears, put up his face at random, and instead of her cheek kissed the side of her frost-bitten mouth. And when he found how cold to death she was, his words burst from him unadvisedly, and he cried to the three lords:

"Ah, sirs, have pity upon so fair a thing! For all the years of my service I have loved this lady, and never yet have dared to touch more than the hem of her gown. If she can stoop so low as this, surely she is punished enough. By Heaven, my lords, you will answer Heaven for it at the Last Day! Let her in!"

They all cried together: "The brave lover! Give him the Heart's Key, Saill. Let him open the door with that, and then we open!"

Saill said, fiercely: "That shall never be. I will die rather." And Guillem too cried out, "I had rather she died here and froze to the ground than that she should suffer, or I do, such an indignity!"

"Out with you, then!" cried the three. "Give it where you will; sell or barter it; but here you shall never trade!" Then they shut the windows and put out all the lights, and soldiers took Saill and Guillem by their shoulders and drove them before to the city gates and shut them outside. They heard the wind howling round the watch-towers, saw the great icicles stick out like giants' fingers pointing scorn, and before them, dimly, the far-ranging hills all in a shroud of white. Saill struck herself upon the bosom, praying, "Mother of God, send death quickly, Amen!" But Guillem whipped off his jacket and put it over her shoulders.

"Lady, more dear to me than life," says he, "take my doublet and put it on thee, lest the frost bite in and thy dreadful prayer be heard. For my part, I will make no such prayer."

She did his bidding, and he fastened the coat across her chest, since her fingers were like stones. He gave her also his shoes and stockings, telling her that they were very necessary for her, seeing they had two valleys to cross. When all was done as he would, Guillem, bare to the shirt, urged her ardently. "Oh, come," he cried, "oh, come, thou loveliest companion in all the world! Come with me now across the bitter fields on a good pilgrimage."

She looked at him in her fell old way, amazed to see so much spirit in a youth who had served her on his knee and never looked higher than hers; but remembering how she stood beggared of all else, and looking down to see what plight she was in, she hid her face in her hands—"O Virgin, Lady of Seven Dolours, what am I to withstand any?" She moaned to herself, then gave her hand to Guillem, saying, very meekly, "Yes, I will follow thee, good Guillem."

So they set off through the smothered vineyards and fields of olive-trees, where the snow was untrampled yet, save by the criss-cross of the anxious birds; they reached the valley, crossed the river on hard ice, and so gained the flank of the farther hills, and began to climb, with few words said. Now and then Saill would sob under her breath, or flag a little, and then for certain Guillem would bear her up with his arm. She would stop to pant, and he embrace her so while she recovered herself; she would lay her head on his shoulder, and Guillem whisper in her ear: "Courage, Proud Lady; keep a good heart. Shelter is not very far."

"Where is this shelter, Guillem?" she asked him once.

"It is at Nantoil, lady," he said, "where I was born."

At the top of the hills they struck the great road to Marseilles, and there at the four ways, under a cross, found a dead man in the snow, frozen to the degrees of the cross. "God help the fled soul of him," says Guillem, "as He hath helped me to what this poor shell hath no need of." He took his doublet, breeches, and sword, and his cloak for Saill, and so helped her along the better. But now she leaned on him wholly, and his arm never left her, because of the wounds in her

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"Saill sat by the window . . .

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feet. So with many struggles, but yet with a heart that could not fail him (so full it was) to give a brave word or helping arm to her whose spirit seemed dead, he brought her to the river-girt city of Nantoil, to his mother's house.

There he encompassed her with every sweet observance the heart of young lover could devise; and there, while he humbled himself in her service, she won back all her old spirit, and a wild beauty like the flame of a forest fire. But the more spirit was in her, the less he dared to woo her. It was not that she held him off too much, but that he dared her too little. You know whether he had a faint heart or not; yet I will tell you this. Take a bold way with a lady; if you love her, show little of it. If she scorn you, it may be bettered; if she pity you, never in this world. Now Saill had scorned enough lovers, but never yet had she been moved to pity one. But when Guillem dared not kiss her cheek at the good-night, nor again the side of her mouth as in that hour of bitterness he had found means to do, he lost what he had achieved in the discovery of what he could not now achieve; she thought of him again as a foot-boy; and as for the lad's mother, Madame Bruna, up in arms for her son, when she rated her, Saill said: "Dear madame, I am here safe-caught. He has but to take me, I suppose. Arms he has and a mouth, I know, but I cannot open them for him." To herself she thought: "I am in a cage with these bird-catchers. Heaven pity the poor!" In these ways, as the winter wore, Guillem longed, and Saill fasted, and Madame Bruna looked for a stick.

Before long she found one, good soul! The war shifted from one valley to another like a heavy cloud. Simon of Montfort laid siege to Nantoil and a close leaguer; Guillem went to keep the walls; Madame Bruna changed her manner, and Saill felt the whip.

Hunger came as bitter ally of the cold and Count Simon. Food in Nantoil ran up to famine prices. Servants had mouths, but masters no bread; Madame Bruna packed hers out-of-doors. "Get you into the kitchen, my girl," she said to Saill. "I cannot keep you idle when, as God knows, I am hard shifted to keep you at all." So Saill went into the kitchen, and Guillem saw nothing of her; for she was ashamed that he should see her in a kitchen plight, and prevailed upon his mother to give her out as ill in bed. "Have it as you will," said the harassed woman; "lies are cheaper than bread." The lie was told and Guillem made miserable; but there was worse to come.

That day was soon when food there was none, nor money to buy it. Saill was shivering in the kitchen over the dying ashes of a fire long spent, when Madame Bruna came in, gray with hunger and the waspish rage of hunger. "Get you out, girl," she said, hatred shaking in her voice; "get you out into the city this night and win us bread. Are we to starve, I and my son, and the fault yours? Is this how you make amends? Out with you!"

"How shall I get you any money, dear madame?" asked the Proud Lady, proud no longer, but trembling at the look of affairs.

Madame Bruna looked her up and down. "Hey," she laughed, savagely, "are you so nice? Sell you now your Heart's Key, fool, and my son and I shall be fed."

Said Saill, bowing her head down very low, "Madame, for your son I will do it." She went away by herself, and took the Heart's Key and broke off a square link of it. This she sold to a Jew for a price, and after the proper time came back with the money to Madame Bruna. The famished wretch snapped at it, but said nothing of question or comment. She made herself and Guillem a good supper.

Saill had what scraps she could find over, but was so hungry that they were nothing to her. She came at last to lick the dishes in the kitchen and to drink the liquor in which she had washed them. At supper Guillem had said: "Mother, here is better food than ever I tasted this many days. The best of it, as is fitting, should have been given to Lady Saill, who hath always fared deliciously."

"Trust me, my son, and so she has," said his mother; and Guillem believed her. But, following his habit, before he went out to the walls he crept to her door and scratched at it, whispering, "Lady, is all well?" Saill whispered back, as she always did, "I am well, Guillem."

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But not for all the world would she open to him, lest he should see her as she was, or get news of the Heart's Key.

But starvation had the longer wind. When the great girdle was all gone, link by link, she knew that she had no more to give but life itself. That night Simon of Montfort's men made a breach in the wall, through which, like a murderous flood, they streamed into Nantoil. The kennels ran smoking red; fire, rapine, lust, and rage stalked naked through the streets. In Madame Bruna's house was nothing to eat.

"Girl," she said to Saill, "go out and sell. This is the night of all others for you."

"Alack, mother," said Saill, "I have nothing to sell. All is gone."

"Pish!" said the other; "beg, then; get what you can. Steal, sin, snatch; give my son food." She drove her, whimpering, from the house.

Saill stood cowering in the street, pondering how soon she could die. Then there came to her mind the thought of Guillem fighting for her life, who had saved her once and loved her always. "He has neither art nor part in this. No, no," she said to herself; "that is not the way to reward good lovers." So she went slippering down the street like a beggar-girl, as indeed she was, among gaping houses and dead men's bodies, and pale rags which had once been women, half sodden now in the gutters.

"That is where I shall lie when they have done with me," she thought; and just then heard a horse's hoofs ring like steel on steel, and saw one come riding on a white charger, and knew she must adventure him. He was a knight in a golden cloak, who reined up under a pious lamp and looked all ways to find his own. Shivering, Saill gathered her rags about her neck and went to lay hold of his stirrup.

"How now, my girl?" said Sir Jauffrai de Brieuc—for it was he. She looked up and spoke to him, sickened at the sound of her own voice, asking him alms for the love of Mary. He, when he understood her, scoffed aloud. "Off with you, wagtail; unhand me. Montfort is in and you are out. I have nothing for you. I am a lover of ladies, I!"

He spurred his horse till he plunged in the kennel, and sent the mud spattering about. And so he rode his way, looking to the upper windows for ladies.

After that, and after much more deadly skirting of peril (wherein that which she had stood to be rifled at ease), she saw the Viscount Ebles stand in the Cathedral Square, very noble in red armor, with a gold crest to his helm and white cloak over his shoulder. He was a Knight of the Temple, you must know. To him she went creeping on the tips of her toes, and faltered her petition. But he turned, cursing and railing, and bade her be off, or he would send half a dozen of his men on her heels. "Look you, Mischief," says he, "I have forsworn women, since one most impiously used me. Judge you, little misery, how this was, and learn, if it is not too late." So he told her the whole story of herself with those three lords in the orchard. Saill hid her face in her arm, and leaning against the church wall, cried bitterly, as if her heart was broken, as all her spirit was. The Viscount resumed his meditations.

Now Guillem, at the entrance of Montfort's men, ran quaking by the lanes and alleys of Nantoil to his mother's house, to save, if he might, all he loved in it. "Quick, mother; we must look to ourselves," he told her. "Simon Montfort is in—we shall be dead or worse. Tell me where is Lady Saill. There is no time to lose."

"Ah, misery and plague on her," cried the old woman, despising whom she had used despitefully, "where should she be but abroad?"

Guillem turned white. "What is this? Where is she, then? On such a night!"

Madame Bruna showed herself at last.

"Ah, tell me now, Guillem, where else should she be? She is out and about selling the Heart's Key, and so hath been this month of dark days. How should the house have stood or you been fed but for that?"

Guillem rebuked his mother. "Peace, woman; you make me ashamed," he said. "You should be thankful for the bread she gave you, and honor her who puts you above honor. Heaven send you mercy. I must find her."

He turned and hunted among the dead

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"I am a lover of ladies I"

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and dying in the streets. Friend or foe, dying or killing, he asked them all—"Tell me of my Lady Saill, for the love of Jesus." He asked Jauffrai of Brieuc; he asked Ebles. Neither knew him; but Jauffrai drove him into the kennel, and Ebles kicked him away. So at last at a corner of the great square he saw the desolate figure of a woman, who leaned crying by the church wall, blown upon by the night wind, the screaming of the sacked city, and all the reproaches of the night. His heart gave a leap; his feet followed. He came to her holding out his arms, kneeling, crying out, "Oh, my heart! oh, Proud Lady! oh, Saill, whom I love so dearly! how is it with thee?" She turned and gave a sob, and fell into the shelter he opened.

A party of soldiers came panting by, hunting the houses, like a pack of hounds, for women and liquor. Guillem drew her deep into an archway and crouched with her there till they had passed. Then from entry to entry they crept a furtive, fearful way to the gate. Saill was as wax in his hands, following when he bid her, clinging to him while they waited, and, when they ran, never loosing his hand; but she was voiceless, neither defending herself nor alluring; neither praying his forgiveness nor justifying his faith. He, who was her hope, must now become her judge as well. So they crawled out of the fire and smoke of sacked Nantoil.

Early in the morning they took the road together in peace, a battered soldier and his drab—who should hurt them? The sun rose over the hill, the light smiled upon their soiled faces; they went along the valley hand in hand. But Saill never spoke, for she dared not woo her judge; and Guillem never spoke, for he dared not risk his treasure.

The primroses were out in the banks, in the meadows cowslips nodded their heads, jonquils and lady-smocks. The spring was in, earth quick with it. They came to a little wood which crowned a grassy field; and there they rested on the young moss by a fountain while they ate what bread they had. Overhead a pair of wood-doves by a new nest sang to each other. Nantoil was burning that day, but in the wood in the valley the doves sang clear and long. Saill put off her slippers and cooled her feet in the water; she let down the golden veil of her hair and threw her head back to shake it free. As Guillem saw that proud fine face fronting unashamed the sky, his love leaped hotly in him, rebuking him for his doubt. He prayed his old prayer, "Hey, Madame the Virgin of Ventadorn, give me the Heart's Key!"

Prayer touched him; prayer moved him to do. His arm was about Saill, his hand pressed her heart. She turned him a face all aflame; but he saw fear in her eyes. That she should fear what he might do whipped him like a rod; then he, too, knew a fear, at which his lips went dry.

"Alas! alas!" he whispered. "Oh, Saill, the Heart's Key is gone!"

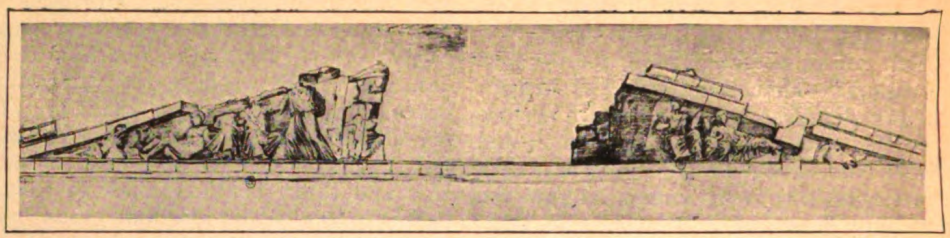
She blushed a deeper red; but her eyes grew dewy with something softer than alarm.

"But not the heart, dear Guillem," she said; "not the heart, O my love!"

He saw how lovely she was, all a burning color; nor did he take away his hand. "Now," said he, "tell me the truth." She told him everything from the beginning of their days at Nantoil; and so he learned the holiness and generous pride of her. Guillem thanked God. "Now kiss me," he said then; "for, proud as you are, I am prouder still. You have turned the Heart's Key for me, dear love; now give me thy red heart to keep."

The Monk of Quesle with a singing company passed down the road on the way to a Court of Love. In the midst was a lady in a litter. The Monk was dressed in a bright green silken tunic covered with white leopards; on his head was a cap of scarlet; his white horse was trapped in the same hue. He sang to the curtains of the litter and to a fine hand which held them a little way open. Guillem and the Proud Lady let him sing. For them the wood-birds had a more tuneful note.

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CARREY'S SKETCH SHOWING SPACE OF MISSING PORTION OF THE EASTERN PEDIMENT

New Light on Parthenon Sculptures*

A RECENT DISCOVERY CONCERNING THE ART OF PHIDIAS

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN, Ph.D., L.H.D.,

Member of Council of British Archæological School, Athens

I

IN the following short paper I wish to give in a condensed form a record of an archæological discovery which, though it deals but with two marble statuettes in a more or less fragmentary condition, is of the utmost importance, because these statuettes are immediately associated with the marbles of the Parthenon.

Anything that throws light on the art of Phidias must be considered of supreme importance, not only by those interested in archæology, but by all who are concerned with art and the culture which emanates from it. For the marbles of the Parthenon hold a quite exceptional position as regards the universal admission of their supremacy.

Our just appreciation of Greek art, especially of the Attic art of the fifth century B.C., must grow in intensity and conviction when we realize that these Parthenon marbles were merely *architectural decoration* by means of sculpture; that they were not the works of *pure sculpture,* into which the artist himself put all his personal strength and genius. For it is well to remember that the fame of Phidias rested mainly upon his statue of Zeus at Olympia and his Athene in the Parthenon, while the ancient writers hardly thought it worth while to describe fully the architectural sculptures or to assign them to the individual artist.

Still it would be a mistake to think that even the ancients, who possessed the great gold and ivory masterpieces of Phidias and had them before their eyes, did not value highly the "minor" decorative works by their great master, think them worthy of copying or of adapting in their later works, as they did the great cult-statues. Still to us, who possess no original work of Phidiac "pure" sculpture, the sculptures of the Parthenon — which, with the transportation of the Elgin marbles into England, gave a new direction to the whole of modern taste—remain the supreme types of Greek art, and every smallest part of them assumes for us the proportions of supreme artistic value.

The gold and ivory statue of Athene by Phidias was dedicated in her temple on the Acropolis, since known as the Parthenon, in 438 B.C. The structure of the building must thus have been completed by that date. The building remained comparatively intact for many centuries, until in the fifth or sixth of our era it was converted into a Christian church.

* An account dealing with archæological details from a specialist point of view will be published subsequently in an archæological periodical.

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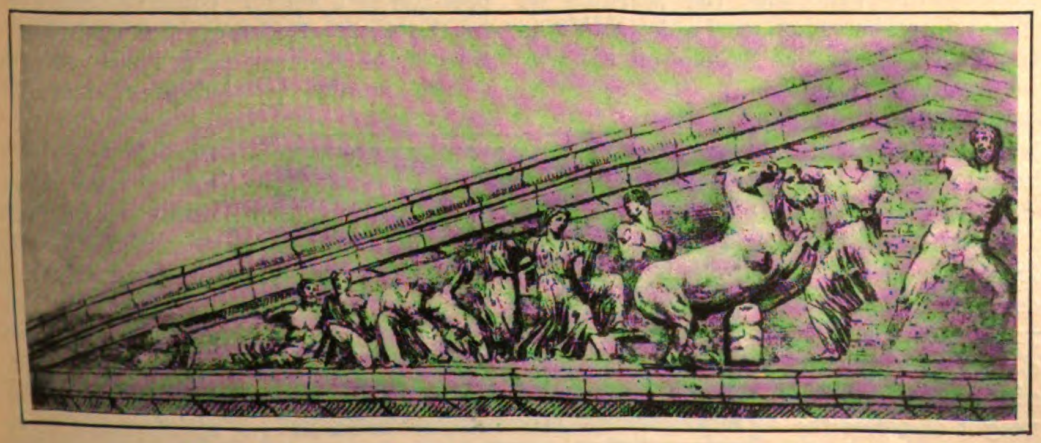
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At the beginning of the thirteenth century it was converted from a Greek Orthodox into a Roman Catholic church, and in 1458 it was turned into a Turkish mosque. It remained in comparatively good preservation until, in 1687, during the war between the republic of Venice and Turkey, the Venetian army, composed of all European nationalities, under Morosini, set siege to the Acropolis of Athens. The Turks had stored their powder in the Parthenon. On the 26th of September, at seven o'clock in the evening, a Venetian shell pierced the roof, ignited the powder, and the Parthenon was rent asunder into the ruinous condition in which it now stands.

Though the building itself must have been fairly complete in 438 B.C., the most recent researches make it appear probable to me that the sculptured decorations —perhaps the frieze, and more probably still the pedimental figures—were not finished till some years (from ten to twenty) later.

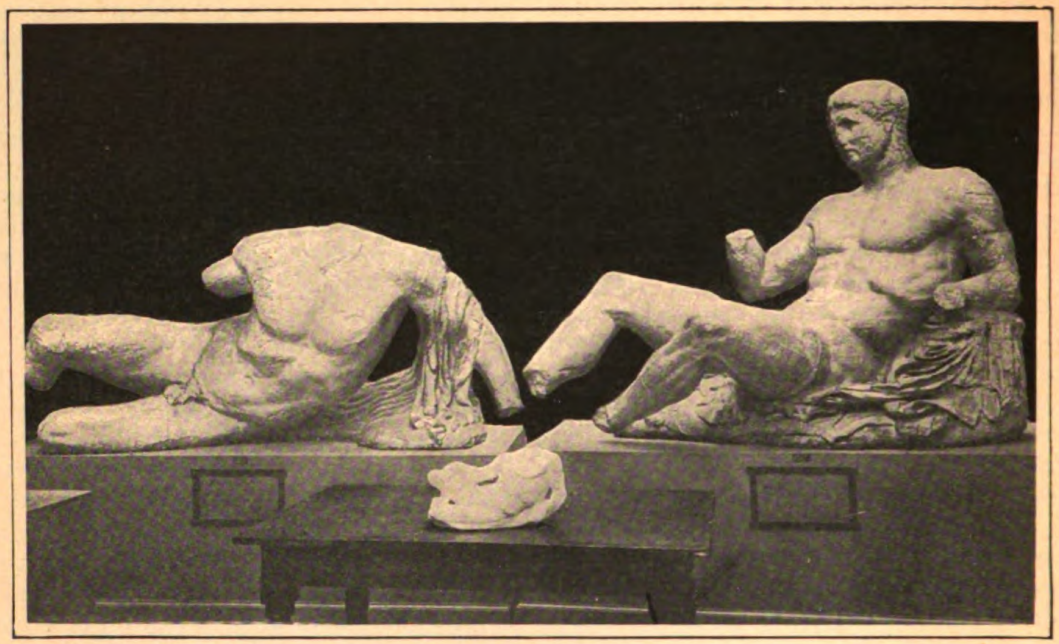
These sculptures are the metopes, the frieze, and the two pedimental groups. Of the metopes—the square blocks decorated with groups in high relief in the entablature above the pillars in the Doric order—there were ninety-two. The magnificent frieze in low relief, with its riders, charioteers, musicians, etc., advancing towards the east, where the gods were seated as witnesses of the Panathenaic procession, extended for 522 feet within the colonnade, yet on the outer wall of the nave. Both these glorious groups of sculptured ornament do not come within the pale of the present inquiry. What we are concerned with are the two pediments, the triangular gables at the east and west ends of the temple, which were filled with splendid colossal figures in the round.

The facts upon which we are enabled to form an estimate of these pediments are the following: (1.) Pausanias, in the only mention he makes of all the sculptures of the Parthenon, tells us in two short passages that "the eastern pediment contains all concerning the birth of the Athene," while "in the pediment at the back of the temple (the western) is represented the strife between Athene and Poseidon for the (Attic) land." (2.) There are extant of the eastern pediment five figures or fragments of figures belonging to the left or northern angle of the pediment and four to the right or southern. (3.) It is universally admitted that the head, arms, and shoulder of the male figure rising at the left or northern angle, and driving the horses whose heads and necks appear before him towards the centre, belong to the sun-god Helios driving his horses; while in the descending female figure, driving the horses whose heads are just visible as they descend at the right or southern angle, we have Selene, the moon-goddess, driving her horses. It is furthermore universally admitted that the centre of the composition, of which no figure is now extant, contained the chief gods and goddesses of ancient Greece. (4.) The western pediment contained twenty figures, of which ten were



LEFT HALF OF CARREY'S DRAWING OF THE WESTERN PEDIMENT

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KEPHISSOS AND OLYMPOS FROM THE PARTHENON PEDIMENTS, THE DRESDEN STATUETTE ON TABLE IN FOREGROUND

on either side of the centre, and the chariot of Athene and Poseidon and the animals drawing them. (5.) In the centre were Athene and Poseidon in violent movement. (6.) The chariot of Athene was almost certainly driven by Nike (Victory), and that of Poseidon by Amphitrite. (7.) At the extreme angle to the right of Athene (our left) the reclining figure is almost certainly a river-god, probably Kephissos, and the corresponding figures at the opposite angle partake of the same nature.

Here the facts end. Fortunately, however, but a few years before the destruction by the Venetians, the Marquis de Nointel, ambassador of Louis XIV. to the Porte, stopped at Athens on his way homewards, in November, 1674, and was so much struck with the beauties of the Parthenon that he bought from the Turkish commander for six yards of scarlet cloth and a quarter of a hundredweight of coffee the permission to have drawings made of this temple. Luckily he had with him Jacques Carrey, a pupil of Lebrun's, a clever and rapid draughtsman. In a fortnight he completed twenty-one large sheets of sketches of the pediments, thirty-two metopes, and a large portion of the frieze. After disappearing several times, the drawings are now deposited in the Cabinet des Estampes of the National Library at Paris. Though naturally sketchy, these drawings have proved invaluable to students of the Parthenon marbles.



MARBLE STATUETTE IN DRESDEN (RIVER-GOD)

The sketch of the western pediment gives a very adequate notion of the composition as a whole. Unfortunately, even in the time of Carrey, the central portion of the glorious eastern pediment was missing, and the attempts at restoration which have since been made rest entirely upon the well-trained constructive imagination of archæologists and artists.

Should I be able satisfactorily to prove the immediate association of

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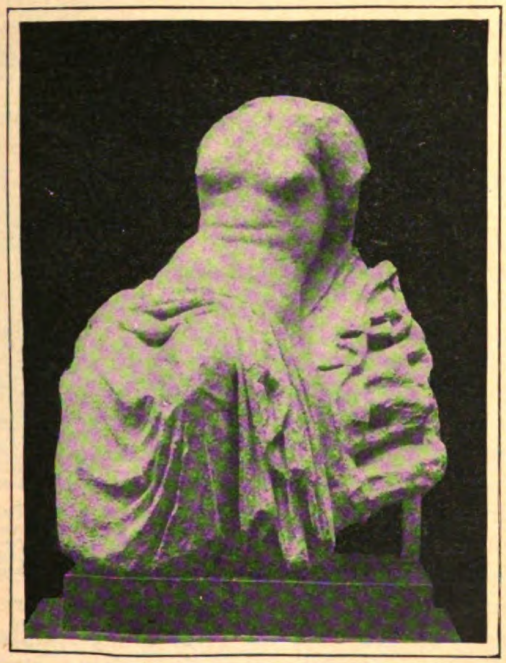
the new discovery here recorded with the Parthenon pediments, we shall not only have a more correct view of the famous river-god from the western pediment, but we shall be able to supply one of the missing figures from the centre of the eastern pediment—nay, we shall have furnished to us an adequate presentation in a good ancient copy of the treatment of the nude in the upper part of the female figure during the Phidiac period, of which no specimen exists to my knowledge.

II

In the Museum of Sculpture, the Albertinum, of Dresden, there are three marble statuettes, one of which has suffered so much by corrosion and the ravages of time that I refrain from describing it. For the other two, however, I claim an immediate relation to the sculptures from the Parthenon pediments.

These statuettes—the male figure 35 centimetres (about 1 foot 1½ inches) in length by 20 centimetres (8 inches) in height; the female figure 31 centimetres (1 foot) in length by the same in height—were bought in Rome in 1892, or, rather, they were "thrown into the bargain" when some "more important" works were bought on the same occasion. They seemed to form part of a group, being of similar and unusual size, the female figure very slightly larger in proportions, as one would expect from a pedimental figure placed nearer the centre of a triangular gable than the male figure. That they served such a purpose as ornamenting the pediment of a small temple, or *ædicula*, became evident from the treatment of the back of the seated female figure; for the back is roughly worked in an unfinished manner, and is kept on the flat to lean against the perpendicular back of the pediment.

But even a hasty examination of the reclining nude male figure at once showed its striking relation to the river-god from the western pediment of the Parthenon—nay, its undoubted dependence upon this type. The sculptor who made the statuette, however, did not attempt to make an accurate copy while standing before the Parthenon, but, perhaps from memory, perhaps from other copies, which were as familiar to the ancient world as they are to us, he modified the Kephissos by another type from the same Parthenon pediments. For it will be seen that while he used the river-god from the western pediment for the lower part of his statuette, he did not give to the upper part of the body that characteristic and wonderful twist and turn which adds so much to the action of this masterpiece, and gives such rare opportunity for the modelling of the torso, owing to the strain which the turning movement produces in the centre of the figure. The upper part of his figure the copyist took from the Theseus, or Olympos (as I prefer to call him), of the eastern pediment.



MARBLE STATUETTE IN DRESDEN (APHRODITE)

Our Dresden statuette thus represents a copy from the Kephissos of the Parthenon, slightly modified in the upper part of the figure. This modification, again, is not a pure invention out of the head of the copyist; but, as if his artistic imagination were entirely dependent upon the Parthenon marbles, steeped in them or saturated with them, he takes this modification from another nude male figure of the pediments, nearest to it in type, namely, the Olympos of the eastern pediment.

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How well known and popular, how truly a national possession among the people of classical antiquity, such architectural compositions had become is clearly manifest when we study the numerous copies and modifications of this type extant in all periods of Greek and Græco-Roman art, and forming the typical basis for most statues of river-gods, as well as statues of reclining divinities and heroes, especially of Heracles.

It is a complicated question, and one which cannot adequately be dealt with here, as to who first invented this type. Suffice it to say that the first appearance of this type as a river-god is furnished by the Alpheios from the eastern pediment of the temple of Zeus at Olympia, and that it is not improbable that the sculptor of that pediment may have been influenced by some rendering of the great painter Polygnotos, who flourished in the first half of the fifth century B.C.

If thus there are indications that the first invention of the type was not the act of Phidias or his school, the fact remains that the Kephissos marks so new and striking a development in sculpture, as compared with the river-god from the Olympian temple, that it became ever after *the* type, and was thus fixed in the art-world of antiquity.

What is important for us is: that our Dresden statuette did not go back to earlier artistic renderings, but directly to the Parthenon pediments, and that it holds an undeniable relation to these; that there is a dependence of our statuette upon the Kephissos of the Parthenon. I venture to maintain that, knowing the Kephissos as we do, we are bound to hold that the Dresden statuette could never have been made unless its author had in some way or other been familiar with the Parthenon pediment and with the Kephissos. To these he clung very closely—so closely that we must call his statuette a copy.

In one small point—to us of great importance—he clung with great fidelity to the original: so closely that through the statuette we learn a new point concerning the original which has been before our eyes for so many years and which has been observed and studied in all its details by countless archæologists. For it will be seen that the statuette differs from the Kephissos in the lower part of the composition in that the skin of an animal drops from the knee of the upraised right leg on to the lower left leg, and thus fills up the triangular space caused by the updrawing of the right leg. I had always felt that it was a defect in the otherwise perfect composition of the Kephissos from the Parthenon that there should have been this empty triangular space, producing a harsh black shadow and void in the composition at this point. If, now, in the light furnished by our Dresden statuette, we examine the Kephissos carefully, we find that the drapery, which visibly from the front hangs over the arm, extends in one broad curve, not visible from the front, along the back of the figure, and is massed together at a point above the right knee. At this point, as in our Dresden statuette, it was held up by the extended right hand, and above the right knee there are traces of the junction with the drapery forward, the projections having been broken away, as well as of a small knob or *puntello* near the left knee, over which the drapery here fell, thus filling up the gap of the triangular space between the knees. This is a new fact concerning the original appearance of the well-known statue from the Parthenon, which we are taught by the discovery of the copy in the Dresden museum.

I have been enabled to establish a continuous series of such modified copies scattered throughout the museums of Europe. These illustrate how, starting from the Kephissos as a basis, the later artists and craftsmen adapted the type, modifying it to suit their different purposes. Generally the modification consists in their giving a more upright position and in drawing the right leg higher up. At last, by continuous stages—as continuous as by analogy we find variations presented to us in a series of animals or plants which the biologist adduces to show the process of development—we arrive at the figure of a nude seated youth corresponding in attitude and composition to some of the *seated* figures of the Parthenon, but most of all to the second of our Dresden statuettes, the female figure. In fact, these

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FEMALE FIGURES FROM EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON, THE DRESDEN STATUETTE ON TABLE IN FOREGROUND

derivatives from the Kephissos are the exact counterpart in composition of the female Dresden statuette, the legs being undraped.

From quite a different and independent quarter comes another confirmation of the inner affinity between the two Dresden statuettes, however different the subjects they represent. Professor Loewy of Rome has examined a series of statues of a reclining Heracles, which I can show are derived from the Kephissos, and has brought these into relation with the famous sculptor Scopas, ending in his Aphrodite Pandemos. Now among all extant types of ancient sculpture our female statuette of Dresden has its nearest analogy in this Scopasian Aphrodite Pandemos. Moreover, as I have always maintained, the sculptor Scopas (as is evident from the extant works identified with him) was much influenced by Phidiac art—nay, by the very sculptures from the pediments of the Parthenon. Such indirect confirmation of an immediate relation between the two statuettes of Dresden, and further with the Parthenon sculptures, is of considerable value. For while in the case of the male statuette we luckily possess extant figures from the Parthenon with which we can compare it and demonstrate such dependence, it is not so in the case of the female figure, the prototype of which among the Parthenon statues is not extant. But proof of such a relationship is abundant.

(1.) The two marble statuettes are of the same uncommon dimensions.

(2.) The marble statuettes of such uncommon dimensions came together, and were thus in all probability found together.

(3.) Because it is possible for us to confront the male statuette with the Kephissos, we know that it is in its origin a pedimental figure. But, apart from its presumptive relation to this statuette, the female figure is evidently part of a pedimental group—the statuette itself, apart from its being a copy of a larger pedimental statue. For not only is the flat, perpendicular back with the more unfinished modelling of the

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TWO MARBLE STATUETTES FROM ELEUSIS, WITH THE DRESDEN STATUETTE BETWEEN THEM

drapery indicative of this, but the precise and defined position which the perpendicular back assigns to the figure in the front view — so that the spectator must see her from one aspect—makes it, I venture to say, a certainty that the statuette never was a single, independent composition, but formed part of such a larger group, and was carefully composed to hold just one position in this larger group. For when the statuette is accurately placed against the wall, as indicated by the back, the position of the seated figure is not at right angles to the wall, as would be the case with a reproduction of a single figure in the round, or of a statue placed against a wall in a niche, but, as we shall see, the body is turned towards the left of the spectator, while the head was slightly turned towards the right. This could only be the case in a statue forming part of a larger group—moreover, a pedimental group.

(4.) Some ten years ago three marble statuettes were discovered at Eleusis, near Athens, which at once manifested their derivation from the Parthenon. One of these—a group of two figures—was an accurate copy of the same group from the western pediment of the Parthenon. These marble statuettes are absolutely of the same dimensions and character as is our female figure of Dresden.

Though among the Parthenon marbles —in fact, among the extant statues of the fifth century B.C.—we have nothing to go by for the treatment of the nude female figure, the pose and general composition, the modelling of the drapery in the lower part of the figure, and the character and quality of these, would of themselves have assigned the original from which this statuette is copied to the Attic art of the fifth century B.C., and to the pedimental statues of the Parthenon as its closest analogy.

Fortunately the female figure is better preserved than the male statuette. It also looks as if the artist had put more loving care into this beautiful female figure, which, if I am right, would have formed one of the most important figures near the centre of the chief or eastern pediment. Small as it is, the fractured copy of a lost original, it brings home to me all the grandeur, the largeness of conception, and execution of the great works of Greek art as but few statues of larger dimensions do.

If now conjecturally I were to assign a place and a name to the statue which our statuette reproduces in the copy, I should place her in the left half of the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, immediately following the extant figure of Iris, the body turned towards the Iris, the head towards the centre, where, in the presence of the great gods, Athene is born a fully armed maiden—and I should call her Aphrodite.

If I am right in all I have brought forward in this paper, we should have, besides the new light thrown upon the Kephissos from the western pediment, a reminder of one missing work of great beauty from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, and though in a small copy, we might be enabled to realize through it the character and beauty of treatment in the nude female statues of Phidias.

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The Death-Disk*

BY MARK TWAIN

I

THIS was in Oliver Cromwell's time. Colonel Mayfair was the youngest officer of his rank in the armies of the Commonwealth, he being but thirty years old. But young as he was, he was a veteran soldier, and tanned and war-worn, for he had begun his military life at seventeen: he had fought in many battles, and had won his high place in the service and in the admiration of men, step by step, by valor in the field. But he was in deep trouble now; a shadow had fallen upon his fortunes.

The winter evening was come, and outside were storm and darkness; within, a melancholy silence; for the Colonel and his young wife had talked their sorrow out, had read the evening chapter and prayed the evening prayer, and there was nothing more to do but sit hand in hand and gaze into the fire, and think—and wait. They would not have to wait long; they knew that, and the wife shuddered at the thought.

They had one child—Abby, seven years old, their idol. She would be coming presently for the good-night kiss, and the Colonel spoke now, and said:

"Dry away the tears and let us seem happy, for her sake. We must forget, for the time, that which is to happen."

"I will. I will shut them up in my heart, which is breaking."

"And we will accept what is appointed for us, and bear it in patience, as knowing that whatsoever He doeth is done in righteousness and meant in kindness—"

"Saying, His will be done. Yes, I can say it with all my mind and soul—I would I could say it with my heart. Oh, if I could! if this dear hand, which I press and kiss for the last time—"

"'Sh! sweetheart, she is coming!"

A curly-headed little figure in night-clothes glided in at the door and ran to the father and was gathered to his breast and fervently kissed once, twice, three times. "Why, papa, you mustn't kiss me like that; you rumple my hair."

"Oh, I am so sorry—so sorry; do you forgive me, dear?"

"Why, of course, papa. But *are* you sorry?—not pretending, but real, right down sorry?"

"Well, you can judge for yourself, Abby," and he covered his face with his hands and made believe to sob. The child was filled with remorse to see this tragic thing which she had caused, and she began to cry herself, and to tug at the hands, and say:

"Oh, don't, papa, please don't cry; Abby didn't mean it; Abby wouldn't ever do it again. Please, papa!" Tugging and straining to separate the fingers, she got a fleeting glimpse of an eye behind them, and cried out, "Why, you naughty papa, you are not crying at all! you are only fooling! And Abby is going to mamma, now; you don't treat Abby right."

She was for climbing down, but her father wound his arms about her and said: "No, stay with me, dear; papa *was* naughty, and confesses it, and is sorry—there, let him kiss the tears away—and he begs Abby's forgiveness, and will do anything Abby says he must do, for a punishment; they're all kissed away now, and not a curl rumpled—and whatever Abby commands—"

And so it was made up; and all in a moment the sunshine was back again and burning brightly in the child's face, and she was patting her father's cheeks and naming the penalty—"A story! a story!"

Hark!

The elders stopped breathing, and listened. Footsteps! faintly caught between the gusts of wind. They came nearer, nearer — louder, louder — then passed by and faded away. The elders

* The text for this story is a touching incident mentioned in Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*.—M. T.

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HARK! THE ELDERS STOPPED BREATHING, AND LISTENED

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drew deep breaths of relief, and the papa said: "A story, is it? A gay one?"

"No, papa; a dreadful one." Papa wanted to shift to the gay kind, but the child stood by her rights—as per agreement, she was to have anything she commanded. He was a good Puritan soldier and had passed his word—he saw that he must make it good. She said: "Papa, we mustn't always have gay ones. Nurse says people don't always have gay times. Is that true, papa? She *says* so."

The mamma sighed, and her thoughts drifted to her troubles again. The papa said, gently: "It is true, dear. Troubles have to come; it is a pity, but it is true."

"Oh, then tell a story about them, papa—a dreadful one, so that we'll shiver, and feel just like it was *us*. Mamma, you snuggle up close, and hold one of Abby's hands, so that if it's too dreadful it 'll be easier for us to bear it if we are all snuggled up together, you know. Now you can begin, papa."

"Well, once there were three Colonels—"

"Oh, goody! *I* know Colonels, just as easy! It's because you are one, and I know the clothes. Go on, papa."

"And in a battle they had committed a breach of discipline."

The large words struck the child's ear pleasantly, and she looked up, full of wonder and interest, and said:

"Is it something good to eat, papa?"

The parents almost smiled, and the father answered:

"No; quite another matter, dear. They exceeded their orders."

"Is *that* someth—"

"No; it's as uneatable as the other. They were ordered to feign an attack on a strong position in a losing fight, in order to draw the enemy about and give the Commonwealth's forces a chance to retreat; but in their enthusiasm they overstepped their orders, for they turned the feint into a fact, and carried the position by storm, and won the day and the battle. The Lord General was very angry at their disobedience, and praised them highly, and ordered them to London to be tried for their lives."

"Is it the great General Cromwell, papa?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I've seen *him*, papa! and when he goes by our house so grand on his big horse, with the soldiers, he looks so—so—well, I don't know just how, only he looks as if he isn't satisfied, and you can see the people are afraid of him; but *I'm* not afraid of him, because he didn't look like that at me."

"Oh, you dear prattler! Well, the Colonels came prisoners to London, and were put upon their honor, and allowed to go and see their families for the last—"

Hark!

They listened. Footsteps again; but again they passed by. The mamma leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder to hide her paleness.

"They arrived this morning."

The child's eyes opened wide.

"Why, papa! is it a *true* story?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, how good! Oh, it's ever so much better! Go on, papa. Why, mamma!—*dear* mamma, are you crying?"

"Never mind me, dear—I was thinking of the—of the—the poor families."

"But *don't* cry, mamma; it 'll all come out right—you'll see; stories always do. Go on, papa, to where they lived happy ever after; then she won't cry any more. You'll see, mamma. Go on, papa."

"First, they took them to the Tower before they let them go home."

"Oh, *I* know the Tower! We can see it from here. Go on, papa."

"I am going on as well as I can, in the circumstances. In the Tower the military court tried them for an hour, and found them guilty, and condemned them to be shot."

"*Killed,* papa?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how naughty! *Dear* mamma, you are crying again. Don't, mamma; it 'll soon come to the good place—you'll see. Hurry, papa, for mamma's sake; you don't go fast enough."

"I know I don't, but I suppose it is because I stop so much to reflect."

"But you mustn't *do* it, papa; you must go right on."

"Very well, then. The three Colonels—"

"Do you know them, papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, I wish I did! I love Colonels. Would they let me kiss them, do you

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think?" The Colonel's voice was a little unsteady when he answered—

"*One* of them would, my darling! There—kiss me for him."

"There, papa—and these two are for the others. I think they would let me kiss them, papa; for I would say, 'My papa is a Colonel, too, and brave, and he would do what you did; so it *can't* be wrong, no matter what those people say, and you needn't be the least bit ashamed'; then they would let me,—wouldn't they, papa?"

"God knows they would, child!"

"Mamma!—oh, mamma, you mustn't. He's soon coming to the happy place; go on, papa."

"Then, some were sorry—they all were; that military court, I mean; and they went to the Lord General, and said they had done their duty—for it *was* their duty, you know—and now they begged that two of the Colonels might be spared, and only the other one shot. One would be sufficient for an example for the army, they thought. But the Lord General was very stern, and rebuked them for as much as, having done *their* duty and cleared their consciences, they would beguile him to do less, and so smirch his soldierly honor. But they answered that they were asking nothing of him that they would not do themselves if they stood in his great place and held in their hands the noble prerogative of mercy. That struck him, and he paused and stood thinking, some of the sternness passing out of his face. Presently he bid them wait, and he retired to his closet to seek counsel of God in prayer; and when he came again, he said: 'They shall cast lots. That shall decide it, and two of them shall live.'"

"And did they, papa, did they? And which one is to die?—ah, that poor man!"

"No. They refused."

"They wouldn't do it, papa?"

"No."

"Why?"

"They said that the one that got the fatal bean would be sentencing himself to death by his own voluntary act, and it would be but suicide, call it by what name one might. They said they were Christians, and the Bible forbade men to take their own lives. They sent back that word, and said they were ready—let the court's sentence be carried into effect."

"What does that mean, papa?"

"They—they will all be shot."

Hark!

The wind? No. Tramp—tramp—tramp—r-r-r-umble-dumdum, r-r-rumble-dumdum—

"Open—in the Lord General's name!"

"Oh, goody, papa, it's the soldiers!—I love the soldiers! Let *me* let them in, papa, let *me!*"

She jumped down, and scampered to the door and pulled it open, crying joyously: "Come in! come in! Here they are, papa! Grenadiers! *I* know the Grenadiers!"

The file marched in and straightened up in line at shoulder arms; its officer saluted, the doomed Colonel standing erect and returning the courtesy, the soldier wife standing at his side, white, and with features drawn with inward pain, but giving no other sign of her misery, the child gazing on the show with dancing eyes. . . . .

One long embrace, of father, mother, and child; then the order, "To the Tower—forward!" Then the Colonel marched forth from the house with military step and bearing, the file following; then the door closed.

"Oh, mamma, didn't it come out beautiful! I *told* you it would; and they're going to the Tower, and he'll *see* them! He—"

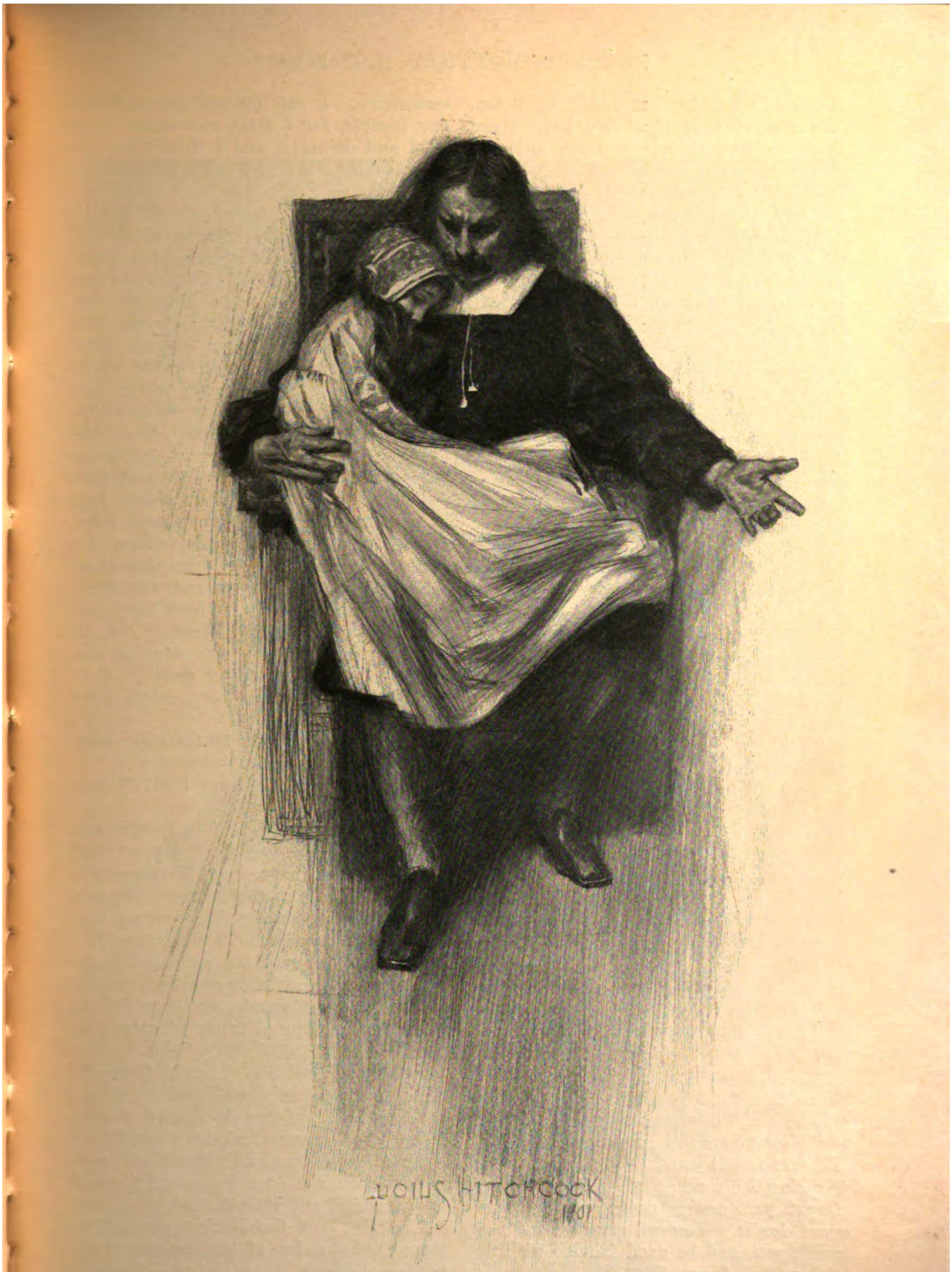
"Oh, come to my arms, you poor innocent thing!". . . . .

II

The next morning the stricken mother was not able to leave her bed; doctors and nurses were watching by her, and whispering together now and then; Abby could not be allowed in the room; she was told to run and play—mamma was very ill. The child, muffled in winter wraps, went out and played in the street awhile; then it struck her as strange, and also wrong, that her papa should be allowed to stay at the Tower in ignorance at such a time as this. This must be remedied; she would attend to it in person.

An hour later the military court were ushered into the presence of the Lord General. He stood grim and erect, with his knuckles resting upon the table, and

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.

"YOU TINY CREATURE, WHO ARE CARRYING THE WEIGHT OF ENGLAND WHILE I REST!"

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indicated that he was ready to listen. The spokesman said: "We have urged them to reconsider; we have implored them; but they persist. They will not cast lots. They are willing to die, but not to defile their religion."

The Protector's face darkened, but he said nothing. He remained a time in thought, then he said: "They shall not all die; the lots shall be cast *for* them." Gratitude shone in the faces of the court. "Send for them. Place them in that room there. Stand them side by side with their faces to the wall and their wrists crossed behind them. Let me have notice when they are there."

When he was alone he sat down, and presently gave this order to an attendant: "Go, bring me the first little child that passes by."

The man was hardly out at the door before he was back again—leading Abby by the hand, her garments lightly powdered with snow. She went straight to the Head of the State, that formidable personage at the mention of whose name the principalities and powers of the earth trembled, and climbed up in his lap, and said:

"I know *you,* sir; you are the Lord General; I have seen you; I have seen you when you went by my house. Everybody was afraid; but *I* wasn't afraid, because you didn't look cross at *me;* you remember, don't you? I had on my red frock—the one with the blue things on it down the front. Don't you remember that?"

A smile softened the austere lines of the Protector's face, and he began to struggle diplomatically with his answer:

"Why, let me see—I—"

"I was standing right by the house—*my* house, you know."

"Well, you dear little thing, I ought to be ashamed, but you know—"

The child interrupted, reproachfully:

"Now you *don't* remember it. Why, I didn't forget *you.*"

"Now I *am* ashamed; but I will never forget you again, dear; you have my word for it. You will forgive me now, won't you, and be good friends with me, always and forever?"

"Yes, indeed I will, though I don't know how you came to forget it; you must be very forgetful; but I am too, sometimes. I can forgive you without any trouble, for I think you *mean* to be good and do right, and I think you are just as kind—but you must snuggle me better, the way papa does—it's cold."

"You shall be snuggled to your heart's content, little new friend of mine, always to be *old* friend of mine hereafter, isn't it? You mind me of my little girl—not little any more, now—but she was dear, and sweet, and daintily made, like you. And she had your charm, little witch—your all-conquering sweet confidence in friend and stranger alike, that wins to willing slavery any upon whom its precious compliment falls. She used to lie in my arms, just as you are doing now; and charm the weariness and care out of my heart and give it peace, just as you are doing now; and we were comrades, and equals, and playfellows together. Ages ago it was, since that pleasant heaven faded away and vanished, and you have brought it back again;—take a burdened man's blessing for it, you tiny creature, who are carrying the weight of England while I rest!"

"Did you love her very, very, *very* much?"

"Ah, you shall judge by this: she commanded and I obeyed!"

"I think you are lovely! Will you kiss me?"

"Thankfully—and hold it a privilege, too. There—this one is for you; and there—this one is for her. You made it a request; and you could have made it a command, for you are representing her, and what you command I must obey."

The child clapped her hands with delight at the idea of this grand promotion—then her ear caught an approaching sound: the measured tramp of marching men.

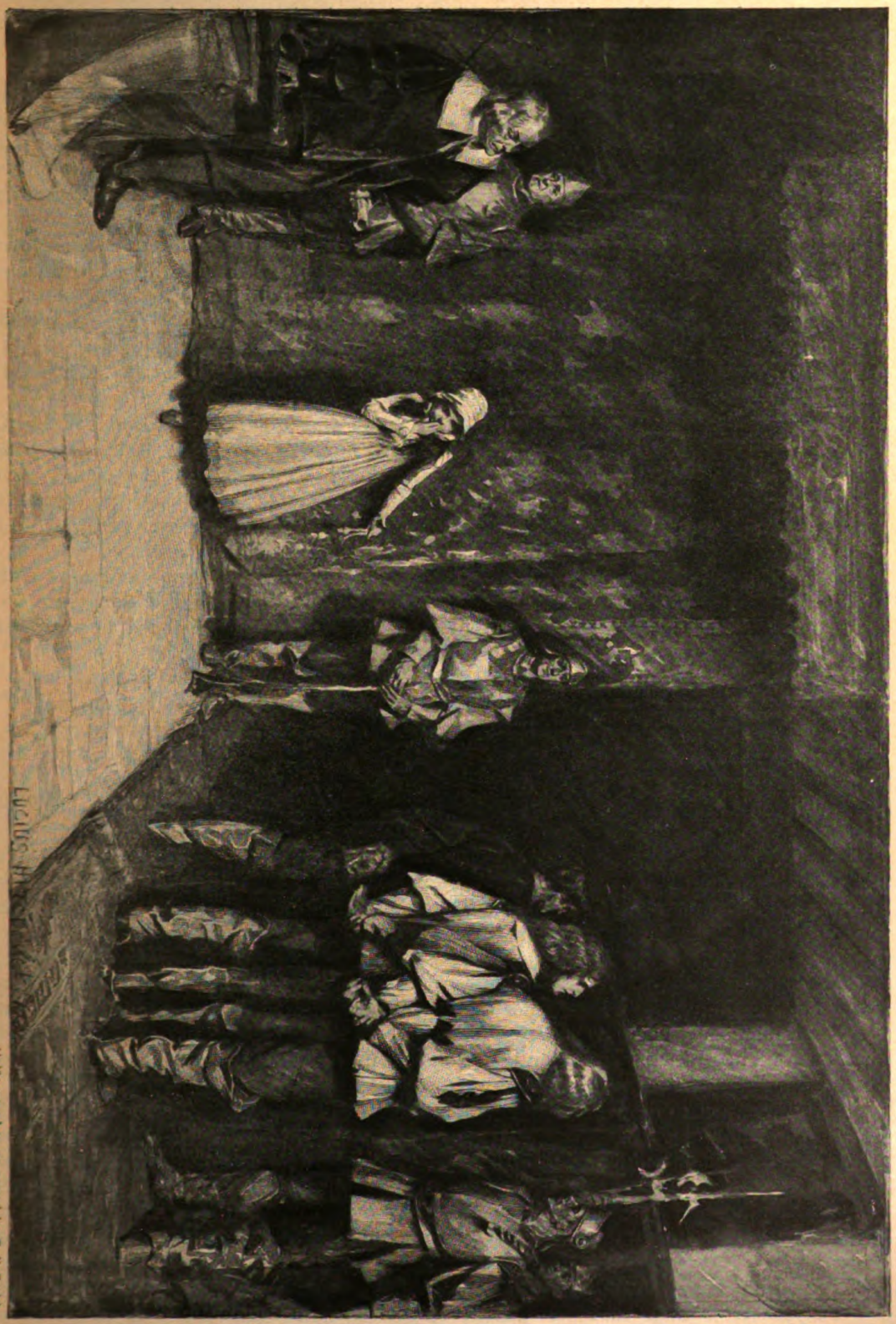
"Soldiers!—soldiers, Lord General! Abby wants to see them!"

"You shall, dear; but wait a moment, I have a commission for you."

An officer entered and bowed low, saying, "They are come, your Highness," bowed again, and retired.

The Head of the Nation gave Abby three little disks of sealing-wax: two white, and one a ruddy red—for this one's mission was to deliver death to the Colonel who should get it. "Oh, what a lovely red one! Are they for me?"

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THE SMALL FAIRY DROPPED THE CURTAIN BEHIND HER

Halftone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

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"No, dear; they are for others. Lift the corner of that curtain, there, which hides an open door; pass through, and you will see three men standing in a row, with their backs towards you and their hands behind their backs—so—each with one hand open, like a cup. Into each of the open hands drop one of those things, then come back to me."

Abby disappeared behind the curtain, and the Protector was alone. He said, reverently: "Of a surety that good thought came to me in my perplexity from Him who is an ever-present help to them that are in doubt and seek His aid. He knoweth where the choice should fall, and hath sent His sinless messenger to do His will. Another would err, but He cannot err. Wonderful are His ways, and wise—blessed be His holy Name!"

The small fairy dropped the curtain behind her and stood for a moment conning with alert curiosity the appointments of the chamber of doom, and the rigid figures of the soldiery and the prisoners; then her face lighted merrily, and she said to herself, "Why, one of them is papa! I know his back. He shall have the prettiest one!" She tripped gayly forward and dropped the disks into the open hands, then peeped around under her father's arm and lifted her laughing face and cried out:

"Papa! papa! look what you've got. *I* gave it you!"

He glanced at the fatal gift, then sunk to his knees and gathered his innocent little executioner to his breast in an agony of love and pity. Soldiers, officers, released prisoners, all stood paralyzed, for a moment, at the vastness of this tragedy, then the pitiful scene smote their hearts, their eyes filled, and they wept unashamed. There was deep and reverent silence during some minutes, then the officer of the guard moved reluctantly forward and touched his prisoner on the shoulder, saying, gently:

"It grieves me, sir, but my duty commands."

"Commands what?" said the child.

"I must take him away. I am so sorry."

"Take him away? Where?"

"To—to—God help me!—to another part of the fortress."

"Indeed you can't. My mamma is sick, and I am going to take him home." She released herself and climbed upon her father's back and put her arms around his neck. "Now Abby's ready, papa—come along."

"My poor child, I can't. I must go with them." The child jumped to the ground and looked about her, wondering. Then she ran and stood before the officer and stamped her small foot indignantly and cried out:

"I told you my mamma is sick, and you might have listened. Let him go—you *must!*"

"Oh, poor child, would God I could, but indeed I must take him away. Attention, guard!. . . . fall in!. . . . shoulder arms!". . . .

Abby was gone—like a flash of light. In a moment she was back, dragging the Lord Protector by the hand. At this formidable apparition all present straightened up, the officers saluting and the soldiers presenting arms.

"Stop them, sir! My mamma is sick and wants my papa, and I *told* them so, but they never even listened to me, and are taking him away."

The Lord General stood as one dazed.

"*Your* papa, child? Is he your papa?"

"Why, of course—he was *always* it. Would I give the pretty red one to any other, when I love him so? No!"

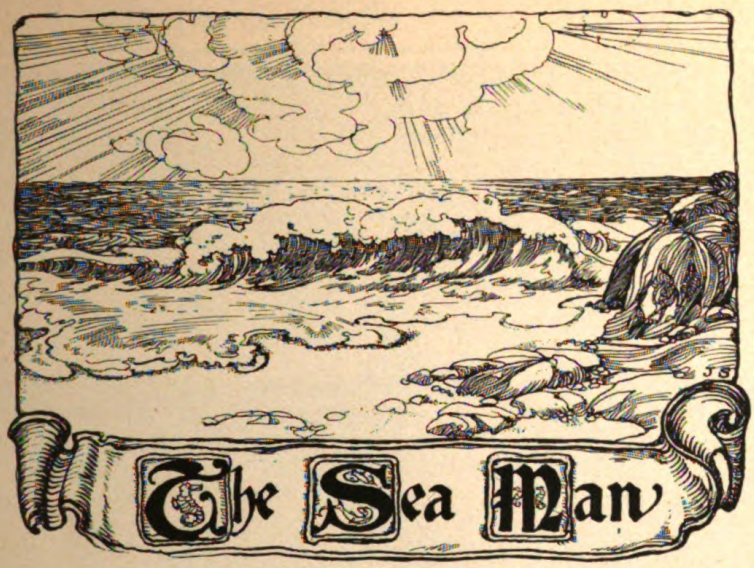
A shocked expression rose in the Protector's face, and he said:

"Ah, God help me! through Satan's wiles I have done the cruelest thing that ever man did—and there is no help, no help! What can I do?"

Abby cried out, distressed and impatient: "Why, you can make them let him go," and she began to sob. "Tell them to do it! You told me to command, and now the very first time I tell you to do a thing you don't do it!"

A tender light dawned in the rugged old face, and the Lord General laid his hand upon the small tyrant's head and said: "God be thanked for the saving accident of that unthinking promise; and you, inspired by Him, for reminding me of my forgotten pledge, O incomparable child! Officer, obey her command—she speaks by my mouth. The prisoner is pardoned; set him free!"

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The Sea Man

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

IT was the burgher's daughter,
As fair as maid could be,
That loved too well the stranger,
A man from off the sea.

"My mother she was a sea maid;
My father he loved no shore.
Thou must bury me under billows,
Or thou ne'er shalt see me more!"

She's kissed him lip and forehead;
She's given him her vow:
"Five-fathom sea shall cover thee,
But only love me now!"

. . . . . .

For seven years her sleep is sweet
Against the sea man's heart.
"But now hath come my time to die,
And now we twain must part.

"Farewell, my little daughter!
Farewell, my bonny son!
Last night the waves did call my name;
My life on land is done."

She holds him close and closer;
The bitter tears fall down.
"Remember now thy maiden vow,
Or woe betide this town!

"Remember the oath ye gave me,
Nor bury me but in sea,
For the ocean will come to seek its own
If ye cheat my waves of me!"

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Now come her haughty sisters;
  Now comes her father stern.
"This deed brings little honor
  For all the world to learn.

"Our fathers lie in holy ground;
  Their tombs are carven well;
A heathen stranger cast a-sea
  Were too much shame to tell!"

They've buried him in the minster high
  That stands beside her door,
But the winds o' the air have drowned the prayer,
  And the sea foams up the shore.

. . . . . .

"Mother, I hear the billows roll;
  I hear them hiss and moan!"
"Nay, little son, their fury's done;
  'Tis but the wind alone."

"Mother, I smell the salt sea wind;
  I taste the salt sea spray!"
"Nay, daughter mine, some dream is thine;
  I'll sing thy fear away."

"Mother, we cannot hear thy voice;
  The sea rolls loud and high!
It rushes up the minster street
  And flings the church door by!"

The waves pour out the windows wide;
  They've washed the altar bare;
They've torn the flowers from the stranger's tomb,
  And heaped wet sea-weed there!

. . . . . .

It was the burgher's daughter
  That made her prayer in vain,
For all that drownèd city
  Was never seen again.

For all its goodly gardens,
  For all its towers so high,
Five-fathom sea rolls over it
  And shuts it from the sky.

Then bury the sea man deeply,
  Five fathom out from shore,
Lest the ocean come in to find him,
  And ye see the sun no more!

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A Little Boy's Love

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

A HEATHENISH, derisive chorus was borne on the autumn wind:

"Rob-bie Dale and Vi'let Tem-ple!
Rob-bie Dale and Vi'let Tem-ple!"

For, lo! Robbie and a Girl were walking home together from school. Violet's cheeks were scarlet. "They think they're smart," she said.

Nearer and nearer came the barbarian chant, and then a rout of grinning youngsters swept by with pointing fingers and jeering cries:

"You'll be shipped, Dale-y."

Violet glared at the tormentors, but they only mocked at her:

"Violet's mad. Oh, Violet!"

And then the inquisition in knickerbockers marched on, chanting the torturing refrain,

"Rob-bie Dale and Vi'let Tem-ple!
Rob-bie Dale and Vi'let Tem-ple!"

leaving two ruffled, silent, bashful victims behind.

Across the street dallied a little tongue-tied, spindle-shanked, red-haired lad, who now and then cast a shy glance at the unhappy pair. He was touched, was Freckles—touched to the bottom of his tender little heart. He met Robbie and Violet on the corner.

"Don'th you mind what the fellerth thaid," he urged, huskily, looking timidly at Violet. Now Freckles had a soft spot for Violet; but of course it was hopeless, he was such a poor little wight, all heart and no legs to speak of.

Violet took advantage of Freckles's advent to hurry home alone. She was glad to get away. It was the first time she had ever walked with Robbie Dale. It was the second time she had ever spoken to him. Yesterday they had held the same book in the reading-class. Robbie had looked twice at Violet, and Violet had not looked the other way. Now she was angry, and, strangely enough, she seemed angriest with Robbie Dale, who had called down upon her the scoffs and jeers of the whole school.

Robbie was moody. Even Freckles's sympathy was of small avail, for Freckles was a Lobster, as Robbie himself would be on the morrow—a Lobster, he who had been one of the foremost Bulls. For the boys in School Number Four were either Bulls or Lobsters, according to tradition. The Lobsters were outlaws, though mostly of a faint-hearted sort, namby-pamby little chaps driven off the boys' playground by the tyrannical Bulls.

Kid McNeil was the acknowledged leader of the Bulls. He was short and stout, with a bull-dog chin and steady eyes. His henchmen did his fighting for him, and he ruled like the chief of a Highland clan.

When Robbie first went to School Number Four he became a Bull, and learned the law of his kind. It was construed for him by the Kid himself:

"A Bull caught with a Lobster or a Girl *ain't* a Bull; he's shipped; he's a Lobster, and he can't play on the boys' side of the grounds."

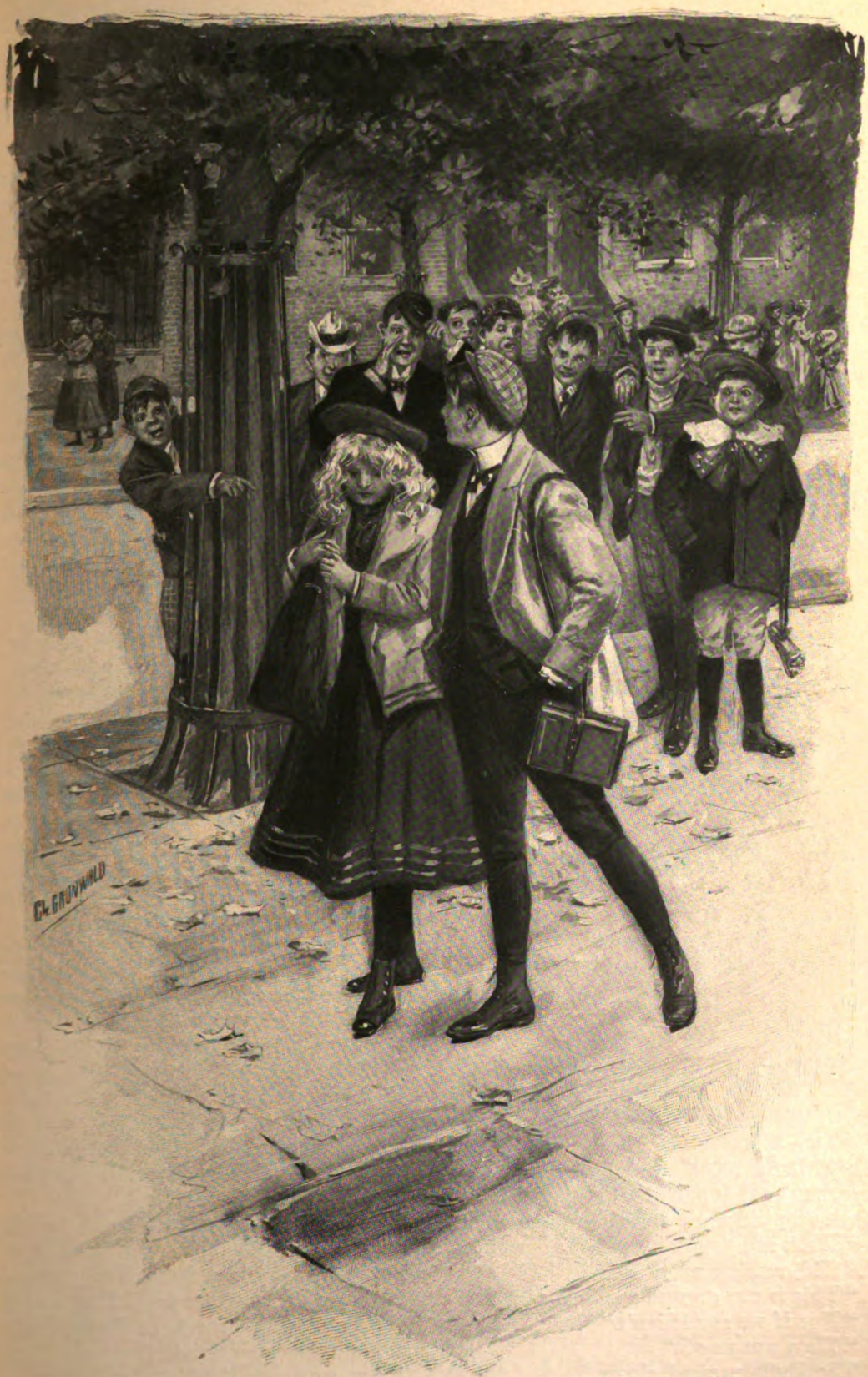
Most flagrantly had Robbie broken that law. He had been caught with a Girl, walking openly with her on the public highway in the broad light of day.

The morrow came. The first bell rang. The hour of Robbie's ostracism was at hand. Doggedly, defiantly, he went to school. Half-way there was a board fence. Scrawled upon it in white chalk was the mocking sign,

Robbie Dale and Violet Temple.

With his handkerchief he rubbed it out. Ten steps, and the same legend stared up at him from the sidewalk. He scraped it off with the sole of his shoe. Twice again he found the names together, his name and hers, and, strange as it may seem, he began to find a little pride in them, and finally did not mind at all.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"ROB-BIE DALE AND VI'LET TEM-PLE!"

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And when at last he saw on the school-house steps a rude red heart outlined in crayon, with the mystic letters "R. D.—V. T." in the very centre, he let them stay. No other boy had ever walked home with Violet Temple; no other boy's name had ever been linked with hers on fence or pavement; no other initials had ever been emblazoned with "V. T." on the escutcheon of a bleeding heart. For now the softening of the heart begins to be a conscious though incomprehensible thing—a weakness for the little girl with the mildest eyes or the prettiest hair, perhaps, or even the brightest frock, or maybe only her way of wearing it.

In front of the school three little girls were walking with arms entwined, and the one in the middle was Violet. Robbie passed, but she did not deign to see. In the yard he was greeted with a yell—"Here's Dale-y." The Kid met Robbie at the edge of the walk.

"You're shipped," he said.

And Robbie Dale, glaring defiance at his erstwhile clan, marched into Lobsterdom. It was a small domain. The Bulls said the Lobsters could not play on the boys' side. The teacher said they could not play on the girls' side. So they sat on the school-house steps. Warmly they welcomed the fallen hero, Freckles advancing to meet him. Robbie surveyed them without a smile.

"Why don't you fellows play?" he demanded.

"There ain't no place but the sidewalk, and the Bulls run into us there," whined the littlest Lobster.

"Huh!" sniffed Robbie. "Come and play pull-away."

"Where?" asked the Lobster.

"Why, on the grounds, of course."

The Lobsters gasped. But something of Robbie's valor stirred eleven Lobster hearts. A leader had risen among them. They would rebel. Led by Robbie, they marched out upon the grounds. The Bulls stopped their sports in amazement.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the Kid, ruffling up to Robbie.

"This is our ground as much as yours."

"Not if we say it isn't."

"Then put us off."

The Bulls pressed closer.

"What 'll we do to 'em, Kid? Shall we punch their faces?"

"Bet you dasn't knock a chip off the Kid's shoulder," said Spider Jones to Robbie, expectorating through his teeth by way of emphasis.

And then mercifully the last bell rang. The Kid was as pleased as Robbie. A clash of fists would prove disastrous in the end, for the principal, it was said, kept a blacksnake whip for rioters coiled in his office desk. A boy in the fourth room had once known a fellow who had seen it.

And now a wonderful thing happened—wonderful, that is, in the eyes of School Number Four, though a thing quite common in grown-up rebellions. There were discontents among the Bulls, and Robbie's valor dazzled them. That very night two of them turned traitor to the Kid and all Bulldom, and walked home with Robbie from school. They were shipped next day. Then the novelty, the audacity, of the thing caught the popular fancy, and other Bulls defied the Kid.

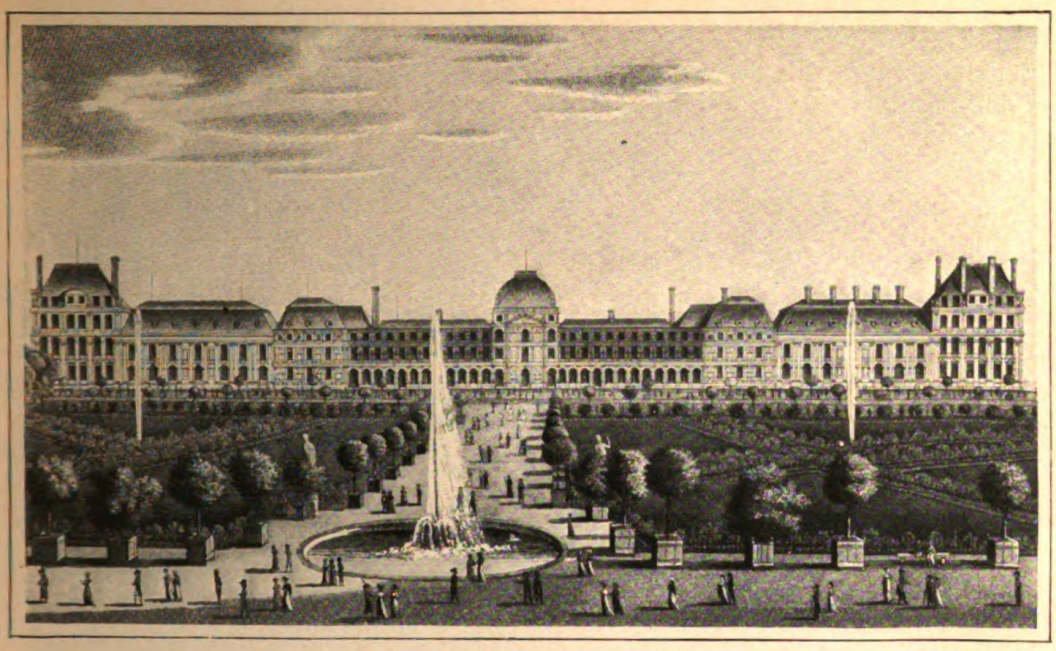
Then soft-hearted little Bulls, who had eyes for certain little maids, took advantage of the disaffection to walk home with them, and were shipped into Lobsterdom. The treason spread like wildfire, until the Lobsters outnumbered the erstwhile reigning Bulls and held undisputed possession of the grounds. Then one fine morning, in sheer joy of doing the proper thing, the remaining Bulls went over to Robbie's standard in a body—all except Kid McNeil and loyal Spider Jones.

The two held a council of war on the school-house steps to which they had been relegated. Then they walked straight out upon the grounds. Manfully the Kid extended his right hand to Robbie, who took it in token of a surrendered sword. The boys crowded around. The girls stopped their tag to listen. It was the proudest moment in Robbie Dale's career—but, alas! Robbie had not reckoned with his wily adversary.

The Kid gave Robbie his hand, looking straight into Robbie's eyes, and then, with one grand, condescending, patronizing wave of the other hand that took in Robbie and all his gleeful followers, said, magnanimously, irresistibly:

"Aw, come on, Robbie. Let's make up. Spider and I've talked it all over, and we'll take you all back."

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THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES

A Woman in the Paris Revolution of 1830

[The letters here printed, which give so vivid and personal a picture of the Revolution of July, were written in 1829–30 by Mrs. Judith Page Rives, the wife of the United States minister to France, to her older sister, Mrs. Mann Page, of Keswick, in Virginia. The writer was the daughter of Francis Walker, a member of Congress from Virginia in the early years of the republic, and granddaughter of the distinguished Dr. Thomas Walker, whose biography has recently been published by the Filsen Club of Kentucky. Her husband, William C. Rives, had been appointed minister to France by President Jackson, and Mrs. Rivés, then twenty-six years old, had accompanied him on his mission.—THOMAS WALKER PAGE.]

PARIS, *December, 1829.*

I PROMISED in my last letter, my dear sister, that when the important matter of making arrangements for housekeeping was completed, I would give you some account of our proceedings here. Though I have waited some time in the hope that all this would be finished, I find I must write now or lose some of the impressions of my *entrée* into the society of Paris.

The first step I took for this purpose was to allow the Princesse de Polignac, the Lady of the Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, to present me to His Majesty and the Royal Family. It was a mere matter of course for her to present me, as I was a *foreign affair*. . . .

After the singular though really beautiful dress of blue and silver had been sent in by the celebrated Victorine, whose taste and prices are the talk of all Paris, it was rather annoying to receive notice from the Princess that the Court was in mourning, and that it would be necessary for me to appear in a black dress. Then all the preparation was to go over with again. After it was all accomplished, and I was attired in the sable habiliments and black plumes, looking rather more

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like a wintry cloud than was altogether desirable, I sallied forth at eight o'clock in the evening. I went to the Palace of the Tuileries alone, as it is not the King's custom to receive gentlemen and ladies at the same time. The stairway and entrance were occupied by a number of gens d'armes, which appeared to be rather an unnecessary preparation for such a harmless visitor. After passing through them to the antechamber of the *grand salon,* I found the Princess and many other ladies, who were waiting for the door to be opened in order to march in and be presented. The rank of the Princess entitled her to go in first. Accordingly when the door was opened we walked in. The room is of an oblong form and very large; it was therefore rather a formidable ceremony to advance to the opposite extremity where the King stood surrounded by his courtiers. On our entrance a profound courtesy on our part was returned by a bow from His Majesty equally profound. After advancing to the centre of the salon another most profound courtesy was answered by as polite a reverence; and when we arrived close to the King, another courtesy and bow finished that part of the ceremony.

I could not realize the scene at all, though there stood the King, throne and all, and though I had been warned that I should be dazzled even to blindness by the majesty and splendor of it all. Whether it was, however, the effect of a sort of constitutional quietness of disposition, so that I am not easily scared, or that I am too good a republican to be dazzled by the paraphernalia of royalty, I do not know, but to me there was something so nearly approaching the ridiculous in the whole affair that it was with some difficulty I could refrain from laughing.

I believe the old gentleman, who is said to be one of the most amiable of kings, perceived a sort of quizzical expression about his new acquaintance, for he accosted me very merrily, laughing heartily at his own jokes, and spoke entirely in English, which the Princess told me was a peculiar compliment.

After saying a few civil things we made one more bow, and retired through a door opposite the one by which we had entered. We passed on to the apartment of the Dauphine, where we had to go through somewhat the same ceremony, though it was not quite so formal.

[The next letter selected from this correspondence describes the celebrated ball given by the Duke of Orleans at the Palais Royal in honor of the King and Queen of Naples, then on a visit to Paris. It was during the political excitement that preceded the fateful election of deputies in the summer of 1830. During the evening Monsieur de Salmandy approached the Duke and whispered, "This is a genuine Neapolitan fête; people are dancing over a volcano." The Duke replied that it appeared so to him also; that it was not his fault, however, as he had vainly tried to open the King's eyes to the danger.]

PARIS, *May, 1830.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—The most important event which has occurred since I wrote last is another fête, given in honor of the Neapolitan King and Queen. . . .

Resolving as we had done before not to be too late, we set out half an hour earlier than the invitation warranted. In spite of this precaution, by which we hoped to avoid the crowd, we were stopped by a file of carriages about half a mile from the palace. Notwithstanding the privilege allowed to foreign ministers of breaking the line, the street was so completely thronged that we arrived two hours later than we intended, having spent all this time in the street, subjected to the gaze of the multitude, who came in crowds around the carriages, gazing in and making observations on the costumes. This evil increased as we slowly approached the palace, which was brilliantly illuminated. It was with some impatience that we sat there, though with many others, forming a part of the spectacle which attracted the mob. Having no other amusement, we had recourse to staring in return, and could not help recognizing in the dark ferocious countenances of the men and the hardened faces of the women the same spirit which had wrought such horrors in the Revolution. We were really glad to escape from them, and I felt relieved when we passed the portal of the Duke and entered his princely residence.

We found assembled there an immense multitude of persons, many more than I had ever seen before at any of these grand fêtes; and on inquiring why so

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JUDITH PAGE RIVES
(WIFE OF WILLIAM CABELL RIVES)
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many were there that we had never met about the court, we were told that every one who had been presented to the Duke was invited. We even saw many of the Liberal party present, which appeared rather a strange compliment to the King, and the spectral figure of Benjamin Constant is still fresh in my memory. The fête was honored by the presence of the Kings of France and Naples, with their families and suites, but they really seemed to be quite in the background, and the family of the Duc d'Orléans absorbed public attention. I could not help thinking they assumed rather too much the airs of royalty, so that if the Duke should one day or other take possession of the crown of France, I shall claim the credit of being a prophetess, for I had this idea in my mind all the evening. After walk-

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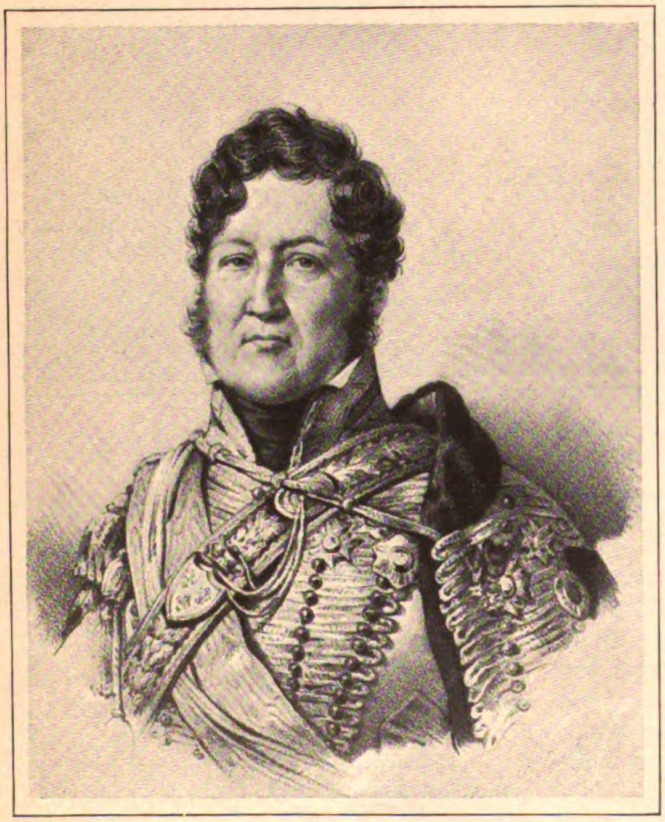
ing through the rooms, which were very beautiful and ornamented with superb paintings, but which, being much more modern than the old château of the Tuileries, were less interesting to me, we made the *grand tour*—that is, we walked around the external gallery and took a view of the garden, which is within a hollow square surrounded by shops. The gallery itself was beautifully ornamented with orange-trees and exotics, and illuminated with festoons of colored lamps tastefully disposed among the flowers. The garden we found also illuminated in the same gorgeous manner. The public had been permitted to enter it, and a description of the living mass below us would be almost incredible. Forty thousand persons at the most moderate computation filled the garden to overflowing; indeed, so closely were they squeezed together that we heard afterwards of some serious accidents. The King himself made this tour, contrary to our expectations, and the cries of "Vive le Roi!" were mingled with "À bas les Bourbons!" Some men cried "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Vive la République!" This we were told by our *valet de pied,* who was in one of the porticos below with the rest of the servants, and who seemed to be scandalized at the conduct of the people. . . .

LA GRANGE, *July 25th, 1830.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—We have desired much ever since our sojourn in France to pay a visit to our venerable friend Lafayette at his château of La Grange. Many circumstances have heretofore prevented us from enjoying this gratification, but we resolved a few days ago to pay him a short visit, as the necessity of his return to Paris as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, convoked on the 3d of August, left but a short time for him to remain at his château during the summer. We left Paris accordingly on the 24th, and reached the château on the evening of the same day, being a distance of about forty miles.

The château is very old, and the outside being flanked with round towers in the antique style with thin loop-holes, it has the aspect of a fortified castle. This effect is heightened by the stream or canal which partly surrounds the walls, and which has once been the moat.

The interior of the château is peculiarly interesting to an American, as at every turn there are objects that recall the remembrance of our native land. On ascending the large stairway, the first object that meets the eye is a large map of Virginia; a little farther on is another of the United States. The American flag presented to the General by the officers of the Brandywine forms the tapestry of part of the principal salon, and is an appropriate drapery to the picture of Washington which it surrounds. The portraits of our distinguished men have each their place, and with those of a few of the Gen-



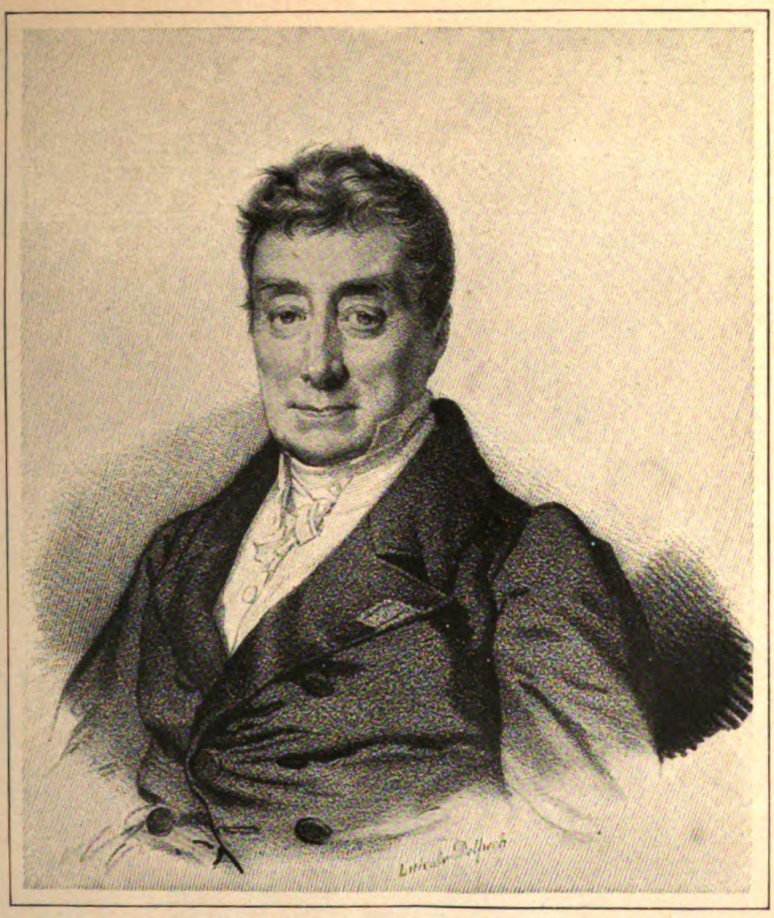
THE DUKE OF ORLEANS

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eral's countrymen are the only ornaments of the salons. Indeed, there is an air of perfect simplicity about the furniture which is in good keeping with the avowed republicanism of the owner.

The château is always full of visitors, either from the neighborhood or Paris, for whom there is a provision of twenty-two chambers. . . .

The family is quite numerous, consisting at present of the daughter of the General, who bears the name of Virginia (Mme. de Lastyerie), and the Lady of his son, Geo. Washington Lafayette, with their unmarried sons and daughters. They are all gone out for a promenade, the young people on a *donkey* party, in which they have taken our little boys, who are, as you may imagine, like birds out of a cage. All the party being mounted on asses, with little Will in one of the panniers to balance the provision of breakfast on the other side, they paced off to a fine grove in the neighborhood, where I suppose they will frisk about and take their *déjeuner* on the grass until it is time to return and prepare for dinner. . .



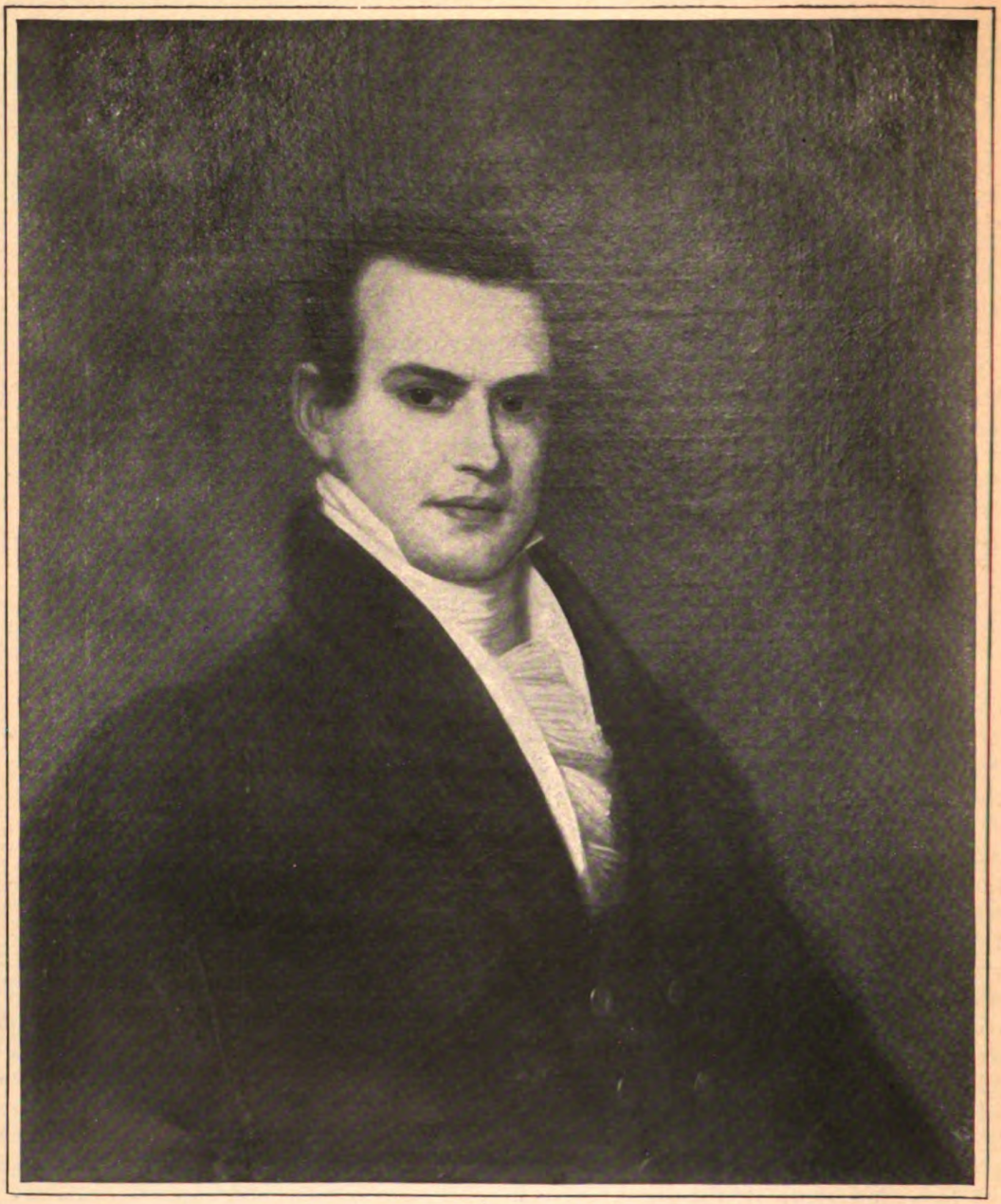
LAFAYETTE

PARIS, *July the 30th, 1830.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—I little thought on concluding my last letter, dated from La Grange, what would be the subject of my next, nor can I now hope to give you a correct idea of the events which have occurred since the date of that letter, and which ought and doubtless will fill volumes. . .

On the 25th, soon after the good General had seated me by his side at dinner, and while we were talking about his visit to Virginia, a paper was presented him with an odd-looking seal, which he broke, and read aloud an invitation to attend the expected session of the Chamber of Deputies on the 3d of August. This was couched in the ancient terms, and being very affectionate, beginning with "Très cher et bien aimé," and signed "Charles" in the King's own hand, afforded us an excellent joke, as the King's dislike of the deputies, and especially the General, is no secret. The next evening the General, with his daughters and some other persons beside ourselves, were sitting around the centre table, the ladies engaged in knitting, the gentlemen in looking over the newspapers and occasionally amusing us with remarks upon their contents, when the party of young people, who had gone out as usual for an evening promenade, returned. They were in the habit of intercepting the courier who brought the newspapers and letters every

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WILLIAM CABELL RIVES

(LATE OF CASTLE HILL, ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA)

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evening from the village of Rosay in the neighborhood, and the gentlemen immediately on their arrival expressed their satisfaction, as they wished something new for our benefit. Instead of the accustomed budget of papers, a small note was presented to the General as the only thing brought by the mail, and that contained a few lines from his granddaughter in Paris. The substance of it was:

"The Chamber of Deputies is dissolved.

"The law of Elections changed.

"The liberty of the press is suspended."

These few words, read in a calm and steady voice by the General, had the same effect which the report of a pistol in the midst of the salon would have produced. Every one sprung to the table, and all de-

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sired to hear the various words once more repeated. A silence of a few seconds succeeded, and then commenced a babel of tongues. Every one had an opinion to express; not one had patience to listen. Various were the conjectures and fears and hopes and anxieties. The General sat silent for a short time, and then quitted the room, leaving the noisy discussion to the gentlemen, who continued it after I had retired, which I took the opportunity of doing unobserved amid the confusion. The next day the General apologized for the necessity of leaving us, as he said he felt it a duty incumbent on him to go to Paris. Soon after his departure reports came in rapid succession of assemblies of the people in various quarters of the city, particularly the printers, who were very numerous, and thrown by the ordinance of the King concerning the press entirely out of employment. The next morning, not without some little lurking anxiety on my part, we took leave of La Grange and bent our way toward Paris.

When we stopped at the place where our relay of horses awaited us, we learned on inquiry that the citizens of Paris were very much excited at the ordinances of the King, and that the public indignation had been openly expressed against him and his ministers; but we heard of no violence, and hoping that what we did hear was much exaggerated, continued our route without any apprehension. When we arrived within a few leagues of Paris, the driver of a diligence warned us in a loud voice to turn back, but as he did not stop to explain, we continued our route. Another and another did the same; still they were unheeded, and we went on. On drawing near the city we made some inquiries, which were answered in so vague and inconsistent a manner that we still determined to proceed, especially as our servants, who are generally prudent, assured us that there could be no possible danger.

Accordingly we permitted them to choose their way of entering the city, which was through a part generally considered safest even in popular tumults, and which had been rather a favorite ride with us and the children, in the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes. In passing slowly along we encountered various groups of people manifesting no excitement, and apparently only talking about something very interesting to them. One of these groups stopped the coachman, and counselled him not to pass that way. He turned to the left; another group advised him not to drive through that street. He turned to the right; the warning was repeated. By this time it was nearly ten o'clock at night; and we had no light but that of the moon to direct us, as we had observed from the time we entered the *barrières* that all the *réverbères* were broken. In an open landau with our little children, the prospect was rather unpleasant, and we may be pardoned if for their sakes Mr. Rives began to be impatient; and though I am, as you know, far from being a coward, yet I felt no small degree of uneasiness. At last, after much consultation, a route was determined on, and we found our way to the bridge just opposite the Jardin des Plantes. All around us looked blank and desolate; the houses and streets appeared deserted; the lamps that usually illumine the streets at that hour were strewed in fragments on the pavements, which appeared to have been torn up in places, though for what purpose we did not then know. On the bridge, which we had so often seen thronged with gay citizens, we saw only one man, with a musket in one hand, and the signal of rebellion, the tricolored flag, in the other. On seeing the footman descend, I looked out for the cause, and saw that he turned the heads of the horses to prevent their being frightened at the view of a fine-looking horse lying near, and dying of the wounds he had recently received. Still we went on, for there was now no alternative, whatever might be in reserve.

We passed on through the exterior boulevards; not a being was to be seen. . . . Presently our attention was arrested by the sound of a cannon, but distant; another and another succeeded. I cannot describe the emotion I experienced, and I believe there was no apprehension of danger for our little cortége mingled with it, for the sound was evidently distant from the part of the city we were endeavoring to reach. . .

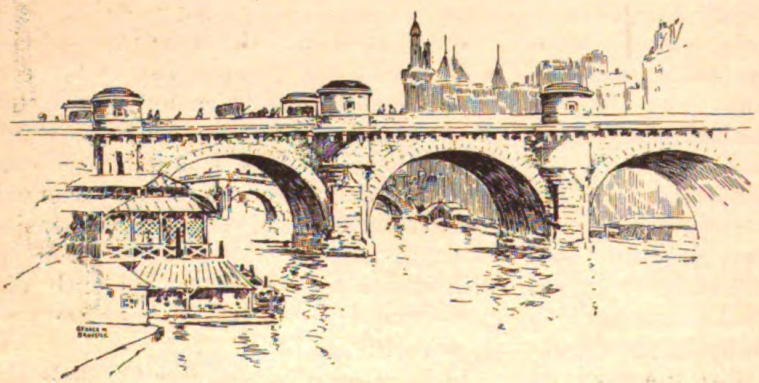
The same air of blankness and desolation reigned through the few streets we

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had yet to pass to reach our house. We arrived about eleven o'clock, and were received by the old porter and his wife, who, pale and shaking with fear, admitted us. The Marquise de Montaigne was standing at a window, and I spoke to her from the carriage. "Ah, madame," said she, in a voice of distress, "you return to us at an unfortunate time. It would have been better to remain in the country!" Her steward accompanied us to our part of the hotel, to give us some information of what was passing; but his account was entirely unsatisfactory, as he declared himself to be an old soldier who had seen thirty years of service, and never would take part in a civil war, and he had not ventured out for fear of being called on to take part for one side or the other. One of our servants, however, who had been out, and by his own account had ventured quite near one of the scenes of combat, rather relieved us by saying the soldiers manifested much disinclination to fire on the people, and that he did not think their fire had done much destruction. Still the accounts were inconsistent and unsatisfactory. The roar of the artillery and musketry mingled with the incessant and ominous sound of the tocsin, and even the distant cry of the multitude reached our ears. All night this continued. . .

The next morning Mr. Rives determined to sally forth and see for himself what was going on; but I, not seeing what satisfaction could result from it, and calculating the chances of a stray ball—for we had already had one through a window of the house—begged him to delay his project at least a few hours, though all my persuasion could not prevent him from being an eye-witness of the last battle. The Marquise contributed not a little to add to my uneasiness, as her usual courage and masculine firmness appeared completely daunted by her fears for her son, who was an officer in the Royal Guard. He had been called out on this dreadful service, and she had not heard anything of him since the troubles began. The events of the former revolution, which she had witnessed, appeared to inspire her with such terror of the populace that at one moment she supplicated that the American flag might be raised in front of the house as some protection from those lovers of liberty; at another, dreading to attract any attention to the house for fear of some investigation; at one moment betraying through her fears the hope that the royalists would succeed, and then reflecting that if Paris were besieged, as she anticipated, she would be *starved out* by her son.

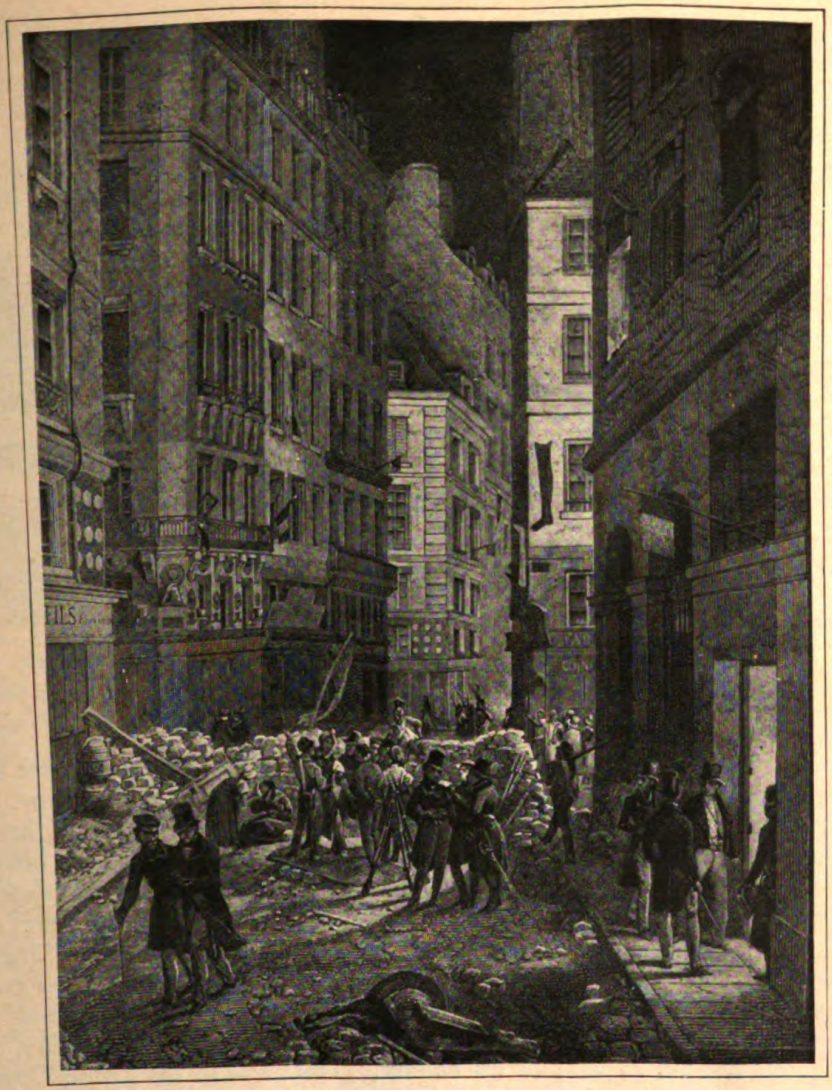
The confusion still augmented. Various rumors reached us through the servants, who eagerly watched at the gate to catch the passing news, and they brought word that an attempt was about to be made on the château of the Tuileries, which some said contained all the ministers and even the King. The château was, however, well defended by the Swiss and Royal Guard, and a bloody and obstinate conflict was anticipated. At twelve o'clock yesterday morning the firing, from the sound, was evidently at the Tuileries, and continued in one incessant roar for two hours. It then became less and less frequent, and we soon received information that the château had yielded to the populace, the Swiss and the Garde Royale were completely routed, and the rest of the troops had either retired from the contest or joined the citizens, which they did by whole regiments at a time. The firing soon ceased entirely, and various accounts poured in from all quarters. These were not all consistent.



VIEW OF THE PONT NEUF, 1830

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But all agreed that the people, considering themselves insulted, outraged, betrayed, and forsaken by an infatuated King and unworthy ministers, had taken up arms in the just defence of their violated rights. The National Guard, which had been disbanded, sorely against the will of the people, three years ago, resumed their uniform and arms and joined their fellow-citizens. The soldiers absolved themselves from their oath by firing once, and then surrendered their arms, and might be seen embracing their friends among the crowd. The name of Lafayette resounded from every quarter, and all are now placing their hopes on some provisional arrangement under the sanction of a man so revered.



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS AT THE PALAIS ROYAL DURING THE EVENING OF JULY 29, 1830

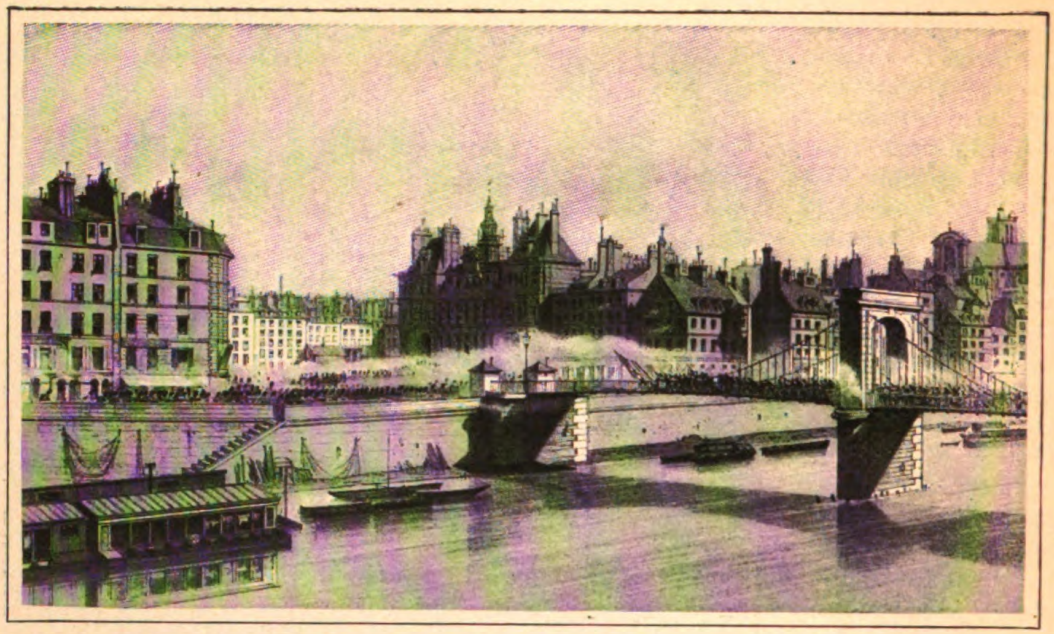
After a painting by Horace Vernet

Thus stood matters yesterday evening. . .

August the 4th, 1830.

MY DEAR SISTER,—My last letter, I fear, was too confused to give you much idea of the wonderful events of which I gave you only a few hints; for, shut up as I was, it was impossible to do more than tell you what was passing immediately around me, and what I heard and saw myself. Since that time things have assumed a more decided shape, and I can now speak with certainty of what was then only rumor. I begin already to repent of the alarm which peeped out in my last letter, but I have promised you all my thoughts, and I dare say there were other people a little frightened as well as myself. . . There are many things which begin to augur a change with regard to the ancient superstition which veils itself under the venerable name of religion, and the suspicion with which its ministers are regarded is no small proof of it. The public indignation has been strongly marked against the Archbishop and some of the priests, who are supposed to have been the counsellors of the King in some of the last mad acts of his reign. The archiepiscopal palace was roughly handled during the three memorable days of July, being ransacked and completely disfurnished. Costly and splendid furniture of every description

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ATTACK ON THE HÔTEL DE VILLE

was thrown into the Seine, nor was it permitted to save any article, no matter how rich and valuable. Many of the archives of the Church shared the same fate, and nothing but the consecrated plate was thought worthy to be transported to a place of safety. It was reported that arms of various sorts and a provision of ammunition being discovered in the palace was the first cause of its being treated as that of an enemy. The Archbishop himself was accused of endeavoring to secrete jewels and treasure, and it was with some risk that he escaped in disguise.

We have not yet heard what has become of the King and the Royal Family, who remained at St. Cloud during the days of the revolution; but they have disappeared as well as the ministers, nor does any one appear to care much about their fate, for their whole conduct appears to be marked by such meanness, treachery, and cowardice, first toward the people and then to each other, that it seems universally thought impossible that they should retain even their most violent partisans. The Duc d'Orléans was yesterday seen in the gallery of the Palais Royal, where he was hailed with enthusiasm by the people. The public attention is evidently directed to him, and the report that he was outlawed by the King has contributed not a little to excite sympathy in his favor. His eldest son, the Duc de Chartres, has already taken a decided part, and offered himself and his regiment for the defence of the Parisians. D'Orléans had been declared Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, which is supposed to be only a cover for the name of King, which is not yet agreeable to all parties. Yesterday, after showing himself at the Palais Royal, he was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, where General Lafayette is stationed, accompanied by the deputies and bearing the tricolored flag. They embraced each other in presence of the multitude, and were hailed with enthusiasm by all. Immediately after, an address was published in the name of the Lieutenant-General, declaring his desire to preserve the citizens of Paris from the horrors of civil war and anarchy, and to protect their rights and liberties according to the true meaning of the charter. . .

August the 5th, 1830.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Supposing that you would like to have a more circumstantial account of the events of which I have hastily written in my last letters, and finding some difficulty in putting them in order, I have concluded to make an extract from one of Mr. Rives's despatches to the government, which I

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read yesterday, as affording the most concise and satisfactory account that I have yet seen of these extraordinary events:

"But these prospects have for the present ceased by consequence of one of the most wonderful revolutions which have ever occurred in the history of the world. At this moment the tricolored flag waves over the Palace of the Tuileries; and the city of Paris, after passing through three days of commotion and bloodshed, is now as tranquil under its provisional government as I have ever seen it under the royal authority. The King, who with all his ministers remained at St. Cloud during the troubles here, has, it is said, abandoned St. Cloud, and taken the route of the Netherlands. The whole of his troops stationed at Paris, amounting to thirty thousand men, after sustaining severe losses from the heroic and enthusiastic onsets of the people, have either been driven out of the city or joined the standard of their fellow-citizens. . .

"Yesterday a provisional civil government was organized, with the general assent of the people, by the deputies who found themselves in Paris. The National Guard has been re-established, and General Lafayette, as in 1789, again placed at the head of it. General Girard is named commander of the troops of the line who have joined the popular cause. It is understood that the Chamber of Deputies will meet on the 3d of August, the day originally fixed for the meeting by the King. Till then it is probable no definitive measures will be taken as to the political organization of the country. Everything at present indicates that the Bourbons will no longer reign. The most probable supposition is that the Duke of Orleans will be called to the throne. . ."

PARIS, *September the 20th, 1830.*

I have permitted some time to elapse since I last wrote to you, my dear sister, though so perfect a calm has succeeded the events that recently occurred that I should not have had much to say had I written to you sooner. Since those events things have gone on quite smoothly, and even naturally, and the Duc d'Orléans is at present in undisturbed possession of the crown of France. He bears his honors so well that I feel some reproaches of conscience for having once in a sort of prophecy anticipated his *usurpation* of the throne, and having likened him to Macbeth. No blame, I think, can be attached to him for permitting himself to be placed upon the abdicated throne, and the only question even among royalists is concerning the right of the ex-King's grandson, the little Duc de Bordeaux. . .

Supposing that you may like to know some of the particulars relating to the coronation of the new King, I shall tell you something of it, having been present during the ceremony, though it must have been much less pompous than such affairs generally are.

Some days after the revolution Mr. Rives received an invitation, in the name of the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, inviting him to attend the Chamber of Deputies the next morning. There was so little order restored about these matters that we could not procure the necessary billets of admission; but having, I suppose, a sort of presentiment that something extraordinary was to be done, and as Mr. Washington Irving, who happened to be with us, coincided with me in opinion that so polite a people would not refuse admittance to a lady, and that he might be smuggled in as an attaché, we determined to make the experiment.

On our arrival we found a great crowd of citizens of every sort around the portal, looking at every one as they descended from their carriages with a degree of familiarity that was far from being agreeable. "Ah, ha, monsieur," said one of them, scrutinizing Mr. Rives, "you are quite fine with your habit brodé, but where is the tricolor?" pointing at the same time to a national cocarde which adorned his own rusty hat and a tricolored ribbon depending from his button-hole. Mr. Rives smiled. "C'est dans mon cœur," said he, putting his hand on his heart. "Bravo," replied the patriotic bourgeois, and immediately the crowd parted to the right and left, leaving a space wide enough for a coach and six to pass.

We proceeded without interruption to the tribune set apart for the diplomatic corps, where we found not one of the representatives of the powers of Europe, as they were all afraid of witnessing or

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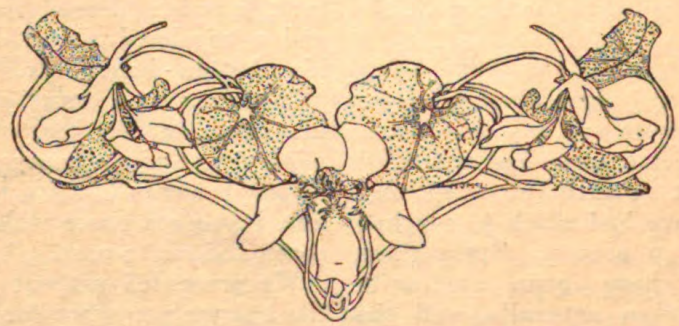
being accused of assisting at the ceremony which was about to take place, without express orders from their different governments. . .

The golden *fleur-de-lys* upon a purple ground, which usually ornamented all the seats appropriated to the former King in public places, had in the Chamber of Deputies, where we were, given place to hangings of crimson velvet, and two tricolored silk flags surmounted the tribune—or throne, as it might be called. The "jewelled round of sovereignty" was placed upon a cushion on one side, the sword and glove on another, and the Marshals of France in solemn array were apparently awaiting the entrance of some august personage. The silence was uninterrupted except by the low murmur of voices from those in the tribunes, who were busily engaged in surveying the whole scene. The persons below who attracted most attention were Prince Talleyrand and General Lafayette. Seated just opposite to each other, they presented as remarkable a contrast in their appearance as in their lives, and the open, honest countenance of the one, snugly invested in a full auburn wig, and the careworn, sharp features of the other, rendered paler by the silvery white of his hair, blanched by the snows of eighty winters, were universally observed. "There are two men," said a gay young English officer who was with us, "whom I would recommend to the new King to bind hand and foot and put into the Seine without further delay, as there is certainly no security for any government so long as they are extant, for the one has sworn fidelity to eight different governments, and the other is a revolution in himself." He was proceeding in this strain when a burst of military music announced the arrival of the Lieutenant-General. He was received in silence, though it was apparently with difficulty that the enthusiasm which was ready to burst forth was restrained.

After he had seated himself with his two eldest sons, the Duc de Chartres and the Duc de Nemours, one on each side, the ceremony proceeded. It was without any parade, yet very imposing. He rose when the Charter was read to him, and at the conclusion took the paper and pressed it to his lips; then, with his hand extended as if to command perfect silence, which was instantly accorded, the words "En présence de Dieu, je jure," with which the oath began, sounded solemn, and were highly affecting.

After he had finished, the enthusiasm, which had been with difficulty suppressed, broke forth, and the cries "Vive le Roi," "Vive la Reine," "Vive la Famille Royale," were repeated again and again. Every one pressed nearer and nearer to the King, and he offered his hand to many around him. He soon after left the Chamber, and was met in the street by myriads of people, all eager to catch a glimpse of the new sovereign and his interesting family, who passed through the crowd in open carriages, smiling and bowing, as they proceeded, to the enthusiastic multitude. We slowly followed the cortége, till we arrived at the street leading to our hôtel, where we left it, and pursued our way home. . .

Adieu, ma chère, etc.



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The Honey Tree

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

I

THERE was a great piece of news in Hillborough Friday night, which was told at a friendly meeting in Joel Simmons's store. It was the first autumn evening when the air felt frosty enough for a fire; the outside benches along the store front were wholly deserted for the first time that season. The newspapers reached Hillborough in the morning, so that those few citizens who took the *Tribune* or the *Herald* had time enough to digest any information received before the evening gathering, and to impart their refreshed ideas to those persons who came down from the upper hill country after supper.

The Reverend Mr. Dennett was the last to arrive and to ask for his belated morning mail; he had been away all day at the funeral of a former parishioner, and some of the men who sat in the store inquired about the day's events, and possessed themselves of whatever interesting facts might be available. The minister was always pleasantly communicative.

"What has been going on here to-day?" He turned back to put the question just as he reached the door; there was some influence or sudden instinct of sympathy which impelled him; perhaps he noticed an unusual eagerness in his parishioners' faces.

"Not much o' anything 'bout here," answered old Captain Foss before anybody else could speak. "No, sir, I don't know o' anything special this part o' the parish, but somewheres up there by Sunday Mountain there's b'en a bee tree discovered; one o' old Mis' Prime's gran'children, the Hopper boy, found it, and they say there's like to be fifty or sixty pound o' this year's new honey. Asy Hopper himself informed Martin Wells as he was ridin' by, this evenin'. I've got the facts right, 'ain't I, Martin?" inquired the old man, politely giving up the floor now that he had possessed himself of the glory of telling the news to the minister.

"Why, that *is* news!" exclaimed Mr. Dennett. "Fifty pounds of honey is indeed a valuable acquisition. I suppose that Mr. Hopper intends to market some of it. I shall be glad to patronize him myself; honey is very soothing to the preacher's throat. Yes, I should feel personally grateful of the opportunity."

This ecclesiastical tribute to the efforts of the hive seemed to put the occasion on a still higher and more interesting level. One man after another said that he would be willing to put his name down for five or six pounds, but an eager young voice interrupted these calm appropriations.

"His father says Johnny Hopper's goin' to have all the honey hisself to do what he's a mind to with. 'Twas Johnny found the tree," piped the boy, with such a displeasing importance in his way of giving information that even the minister's face fell a little.

"Sho! sho!" said the Captain, ready with instant rebuke. "His father said Johnny should have all the honey that was good for him, I guess. 'Tis too large a quantity to eat all up at home, and they ain't very well off neither."

"I ain't goin' to take none if a pack o' boys has been pawin' into it!" proclaimed the storekeeper, excitedly. "I ain't goin' to have what I expect to dispose of fetched back here to the store 'count o' bein' full o' dry bark an' pine spills, dead bees, an' all them sorts o' trollick. I guess Asy Hopper 'll know enough to smoke out them bees, and wedge the tree right open, and get that honey out proper, 's he knows we should want it. I guess he won't use Johnny no way but right neither," he added, being a kind-hearted man, and seeing the look of dismay on the young speaker's face.

"No, 'twas Johnny found the tree,"

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repeated the school-teacher, a long-faced man, "but he will want to do just what his father considers best, like a real good son." Mr. Dunn sighed heavily as he finished this charge to the elect, and rose from an uneasy crate where he had been sitting, and took his dignified evening way toward the door. Bill Phillips, the inelegant boy toward whom his utterance was directed, put out his tongue as far as it would go, and was red in the face from the protracted effort before the door was shut behind his natural enemy. The minister looked grave and disapproving, but some of the other men laughed.

"You don't want to be sassy like that!" said the old Captain to Bill. "You'd get hove right overboard if they see you do that on a marchant vessel, sir, now I tell you! You was talking to me about follerin' the sea t'other day," he ended, severely, but with such kindness and sincere interest that the lad looked abashed, and presently sidled off among the barrels and gained his unnoticed liberty.

"Some folks is said to be deadly p'isoned if they trifle with honey," announced old Mr. Jenkins, warningly, from one of the arm-chairs. "I don't know's it's very common to hear o' such cases, but my mother had an aunt by marr'ge that was throwed into complete fits. They thought 'twas her own notion an' she'd heared o' somebody else that was affected so, or suthin', but they tried her four or five times puttin' honey onbeknownst into sweet-cake or the like o' that, and she'd be right into them fits without fail, sir! After the last time she come out on 'em feelin' kind o' slim for a good while, and so they didn't tax her no more. They thought if they could once get a good portion consumed, and she was none the wuss, they'd laugh her out of it. She was al'ays a notional person."

"Better leave good honest honey for such as desires it," growled Martin Wells. "Asy told me hisself they should have a plenty to winter 'em, and like's not some to spare. He promised me what I could use, anyway."

Every eye in the company glistened at this information, and there was a silence, as if to resolve upon a course that could be properly maintained. It was a great many years since honey had been plentiful in Hillborough, and neither Bill Phillips nor Johnny Hopper felt a deeper interest in the simple luxury than these elderly men.

"Goes good on a slice o' rye bread and butter," said Captain Foss, smacking his lips. "Wife 'n' me used to carry a little crock along in our seafarin' days; honey or stewed cranberries was our gre't treat for Sunday night supper aboard; an', Lord! how we used to mourn 'em when they was all gone, an' we'd got three months afore us sometimes ere we'd make our port! Dried apples, even them 'd get mouldy, and down we'd come at last to plain hardtack an' beef out o' the old harness-cask."

The storekeeper gave a reassuring glance at his shelves, which were bending with canned goods and vegetables and bright California fruits. "I could fit you and Mis' Foss out very handsome now to go right round the world," he announced. But the Captain sniffed, and worked the ferrule of his cane back and forth angrily in a familiar crack of the floor.

"Them things!" he exclaimed. "I'd starve fust, and so would Mis' Foss. They taste all of 'em alike; they'd give some folks onnecessary fits worse 'n them we've heared described. Them cans would all bulge their tops and go off like guns agin the upper deck, take 'em into some o' the latitudes o' heat where I've been." And the storekeeper was humbled to the earth.

"You had some o' my peaches for supper last night, anyways," he ventured. "Mis' Foss sent over in a hurry for 'em, sayin' she'd got onexpected comp'ny come."

"I observed her preserves was dreadful poor for once," glared the Captain. "Oh, well, sir, I ain't disputin' nor cryin' down your business. They seem shiftless to me, these new-fangled notions o' eatin', but then I be an old sailor," and he laughed a little. "Dare say I should be glad enough on 'em, come to go to sea agin an' be short o' stores!" It was an irresistible chuckle, was the Captain's; and cheerfulness was at once restored.

The minister, who had been patiently waiting for a pound of tea to be weighed and put up, now said good-night and went away.

"Poor creatur'! I guess he knows whether canned goods is nourishing or

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not," said Martin Wells, impulsively. "They've got a story up our way that poor Mis' Dennett ain't no gre't of a housekeeper; my woman is dreadful 'tached to the minister since he was so feelin' for her the time we lost our little girl, an' she can't let me ride down here to the Plains 'thout a loaf o' her good bread, or a pie, or somethin' for 'em."

"I expect she's had it hard, his wife has, with their large family. Their minds is turned other ways, ministers' folks is," commented the storekeeper, compassionately. "I'll bate you some o' that honey 'll get to the pa'sonage, and if Mis' Wells's extra bread puts into port same day, they'll have a treat, sure's can be!"

Martin Wells blushed with inward delight at this tribute.

There was a man, John Timms by name, who had not spoken. He was very deaf, and had waited till the talk was done before he put a modest question.

"What'd you say when you fust come in? I didn't catch the drift on't," he asked, as the old Captain rose to go home, and the others knew by this signal that the evening was over.

"I said that Hopper's folks had found a bee tree up side o' Sunday Mountain," said Martin, bawling into his ear.

"Much honey in it?" asked Timms in a stifled voice.

"Fifty or sixty pound; this year's make!"

"Guess they'll be havin' plenty o' company up to Hopper's if this good weather holds," prophesied the latest receiver of the happy news.

II

"Mother, you ain't thinkin' o' goin' 'way up there side o' the mountain!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopper, Johnny's mother, next morning. She was busy getting out all the large dishes from her cupboard, and had already brought some large clean basswood chopping-trays and bowls from the outer store-room. Grandma Prime made her appearance dressed for the outer air, and had her big umbrella in hand as if she would need a staff. "They said 'twas nigh a mile off where they found the tree," protested the younger woman, anxiously. "'Tis rough under foot; there, you might catch your foot in a root, and get a fall you wouldn't be better of all winter long!"

"Ann Sarah, I've clim' Sunday Mountain before ever you was born, an' if anybody feels to do a thing they *can* do it; my mind is set on gettin' up to see that bee tree Johnny found; an' I'm a-goin'. I'll take it slow. If you keep a-don'tin' me an' makin' me feel I'm past everything, my heart will break. I've al'ays been used to my liberty," and her old face quivered.

"Why, of course you can go, you dear creatur'," said Ann Sarah, hastily trying to make amends. "Take it slow, as you say, mother; we'll work along together. I don't know where that Johnny is, for my part; he said he'd go up with's father and Bill Phillips an' the rest o' the boys an' men, and show 'em where 'twas, and then he'd come right back and help me with these bowls and buckets and things. Mis' Wells come along with Martin whilst you took your nap, an' said she was goin' up to see 'em fight the bees an' get the honey out; she never see such a sight in her life where she come from. It ain't but one o'clock now; they must ha' got their dinner out o' the way 'arlier 'n we did ours."

"I didn't stop to take no gre't of a nap, for all we had such a drivin' mornin'," said Grandma Prime, with importance. "I heared voices, and I wanted to be off, myself. Well, 'tis a lovely afternoon, an' happens just right to have it come a Saturday!"

"I declare you're pleased as a girl, mother," said Mrs. Hopper, proudly. "You look well an' young as ever you did!"

"Come, let's go right along!" urged the old adventurer; "'twill be all over before we git there! Johnny never 'll think o' desertin' the rest on 'em once the real play begins."

"See here, I do' know but I can put a number o' these wooden things that's light right into the bushel basket, and car' an extra pail on my arm. I wish we had a stick to run through the basket handles and take it right between us," said Ann Sarah.

"Run this umbrella through," directed Grandma Prime. "Here, I sha'n't require it. You'll waste an hour longer huntin' for somethin' else!" And they started to-

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gether up the wood-road like a careful pair of steady yokemates, with the umbrella fast held between them.

"I expect they'll have them bees all coped with, and be wonderin' what they've got to put their honey in, and be ter'ble glad to see us a-comin'," said grandma, stopping on the steep hill-side to take breath.

III

Before long they heard the blows of an axe and the loud sound of voices. The two women were more eager of heart than they were swift of foot; if the mother was hindered by age, the daughter was a stout person not given to mountaineering. It was a beautiful October afternoon; the dark woods still kept their frosty morning fragrance, but in the open spaces the sun felt as if it were still June. All the blue-jays were talking and scolding at each other; their voices were not unlike those of the bee-hunters themselves, who may have been disturbing them.

"Yes, I hear our folks now very plain," said Grandma Prime, whose ears were not quite so keen as her daughter's. "I hear 'em plain. Let's get along a little mite faster, if it's so you can, Ann Sarah."

The honey tree stood at the edge of an open space of smooth turf. It was an old apple-tree, and behind it was a thick growth of young pines. These were fast covering a disused pasture, which had been burnt so dry every year in midsummer, and was so poorly watered, that Asa Hopper had let the forest in at last to take full possession. The apple-tree was a poor ungrafted seedling; its fruit was eatable only by boys; and for lack of nourishment in the thin soil, its thick short trunk had long ago grown hollow. The bees had come and gone through a large knot-hole near the ground; only a few side branches looked alive; it had long been the home of squirrels before the bees took it. There were a few knurly little yellow cider-apples on the mossy twigs.

"I can remember this tree when I was a girl," said Grandma Prime, with much importance; "it had dreadful pretty pink blossoms then, but the fruit was poorer than most. So 'twas this tree! Why, I should have known well enough if you'd told me, Johnny." But Johnny took no notice of what any woman might say; he was busy with a man's work, and viewed their arrival, as he had received Mrs. Wells's earlier and somewhat forward advice, with great indifference. He and Bill Phillips had already suffered much disfigurement of countenance, for the smoking-out process had been most unsuccessful at first, while late-returning bees were still to be met and despatched with birch and hemlock boughs, and the fray was by no means over. There was a small fire burning, and twisted wisps of damp straw, and sulphur fuming on live coals that were heaped on a piece of bark, were still in requisition.

"You'd ought to have waited until dark to smoke 'em, or till some rainy day when they were all stopping to home," advised Grandma Prime, with the air of an expert, after Asa Hopper had made a blind run in among the little pines with a bee about his ears; but until that wise utterance it seemed to have occurred neither to him nor to anybody else to delay the great encounter. At last the smoking process was over, the tree was cut down, they had wedged the tough trunk, and the men and boys all insisted upon giving orders together, while the women looked on as if at a splendid sight of valor.

"There she goes!" shouted Johnny at last, as the wedges and a crowbar finally prevailed, and the old tree was cleft with a loud tearing sound, and lay in two hollow halves apart, solid with honeycomb through the best part of its length. A few despoiled bees crept about bewildered in the bright slow drops that glistened where the wax had crushed or parted. Johnny and Bill Phillips, and the men too, gave a shout of triumph. There were no fifty pounds in view, but there was really more honey than they could possibly eat.

"There, come here and look, grandma!" called Johnny, returning to his old allegiance, and forgetting his manly scorn of the incompetent sex. "Look there, grandma. What do you call that?" cried Johnny again, and stood to receive her admiration like a hero before the Athenian populace. Then he clutched at a large piece of honeycomb and took his due reward; the poor bees who

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had gathered it were trampled and destroyed as if they had lived but to minister to the glory and delight of others, like the vanquished army on the shore of Marathon.

It was about four o'clock or a little earlier when the hunters started to go back to the house. The bowls and trays in the basket with which Grandma Prime and Mrs. Hopper had toiled up the mountain slope were not all needed, but most of them were well filled with honey, and everybody took one to carry, even the eldest of the party, who steadied herself well enough with the umbrella. Some of the old brown comb was left behind for another day, and a good deal of new honey had leaked into the grass, but a thin, wandering bear snuffed these treasures on the light October breeze, and came that night to feast upon the honeyed ground, so that nothing was wasted.

IV

As the rich and happy company came down the wood-path and drew near the house, they saw a horse and wagon hitched to the fence, and a top-buggy beyond that, and there were several persons standing in the road by twos and threes, all looking off at the view.

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Hopper. "We oughtn't to have left the house all this time, all of us to once. I never thought to lock none o' the doors. You don't expect we've been afire? Why, see all these folks!"

"I guess they're just out strollin', 'tis such a pleasant Saturday afternoon, Ann Sarah," answered the old lady. "Some of 'em's like to come in an' call. I wish we was dressed up better."

"That's Joel Simmons's hoss," said Martin Wells, innocently. "I guess he wants to speak about engaging your fowls for Thanksgivin'."

"I declare I do believe there's Cap'n Foss rode up to see us," announced Grandma Prime. "And — yes, there's Mis' Foss too, that I haven't seen up here for so long I can't remember when! I didn't know's she'd ever get up the mountain again;" and the good soul, forgetting her own weariness, hurried along to welcome a chosen friend.

The people who were walking up the road looked somewhat abashed as they hung about the door, and each of them began to make excuse. They all declared that the beautiful afternoon had tempted them out for a walk. There were seven or eight of these guests together, and they had to be coaxed before they consented to come in. Mrs. Hopper looked at Martin Wells's wife with a funny little smile when she had at last prevailed over such reluctance, and Mrs. Wells smiled back with comprehension and amusement.

"We've all been up on the mountain; our Johnny found a honey tree yesterday," said Ann Sarah Hopper after she had followed them in. "I want, now you're here, that you should all stop and have some," she told the silent roomful as if she expected them to be surprised, and there was a feeble murmur of approval from one or two. Mrs. Foss and Grandma Prime were sitting together, holding each other's hand. Grandma Prime looked happy but a little pale, and she still kept hold of her small wooden bowl full of honey.

"We passed the teacher a little ways back. He's out botanizing," said one of the young women, impulsively, now that the first stiffness was over. "He said he was looking for some scarce bush that has a yellow bloom this time o' year. We asked him to come along with us, but he said he might join us a little later on; he was going a piece further up the road," she added. "We told him if 'twas witch-hazel he was looking for, he wouldn't find any quite so late."

"Ain't it a kind of a honey-colored flower?" inquired Johnny Hopper, smartly, with a queer brightness coming into his eyes. He had just deposited the chopping-tray on the table with lofty triumph, and then, as he viewed the company that already filled every chair in the large kitchen, he cast a wistful glance at his treasure, as if he wished it were in a safer place.

"Johnny dear," said his mother, coming from the cupboard with her hands full of saucers—"Johnny, they say Mr. Dunn, your school-teacher, 's down the road; you go ask him to come right up an' have some of your nice honey, won't you?"

"*You* go, Bill," commanded Johnny, coldly, and fled out through the shed

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and up to the woods to head off his father, who was laden with axe and crowbar and a heavy yellow bowl, and really needed his succor. But there was a look of ruefulness on Johnny's face. This did not look like a winter's store of honey for one's self, and still less like having enough to sell besides, so that a fellow would indeed be rich. Skates and a man's gun were rapidly disappearing down the throats of greedy idlers, and poor Johnny's heart felt as if it were like to break.

"I expected they'd gather by Sunday," said his father, laughing at his son when they met. "They *be* pretty prompt, but the nice weather sort o' helped 'em. Here, you take this bowl from me, and I'll step back and get my axe. I had to leave it hooked on a limb back here; it wouldn't gybe with the old crowbar nowhow."

"Father, ain't there some safe place up here where we can leave the bowl?" Johnny besought him with trembling lip. "There's a sight o' folks down to the house, an' they say there's more a-comin'."

"Why, yes," said his father, soberly. "I'm glad to have somethin' to give the folks. I made out I'd let your mother have some to give away; we're goin' to have more than enough for ourselves;" and he looked down at the boy in a kindly manner.

"I want Mis' Foss and the Cap'n to have some," said Johnny, "and I don't mind about Mr. Simmons—he's a real good man; but plague take the rest of 'em!"

"You're goin' to be just like other folks when you grow up," remarked his father, and burst into a funny little laugh. It might have been to a small boy's disadvantage, or it might not. "Here, you trot along to the house, an' I'll see to the big yellow bowl. Your mother'll be needing you, and I'm all honey up to my elbows. I've got to go an' wash me off, down to the brook."

The boy obeyed, and returned just in time to see a long black coat disappear within the front door. It was the minister, and his wife was with him; they had come to make their regular parochial visitation.

The next moment Mrs. Wells overtook Johnny, all out of breath with haste. "Here, dear, you help me carry these things," she said, carefully giving him a large brown loaf of cake. "I thought your mother'd need a little shorin' up with such a party comin' in on her, and I just run home and brought my Saturday's baking right over," said the kind-hearted, generous woman. She was always called the best of neighbors. There was a look of delight and social excitement in her face, which was suddenly reflected in the anxious boy's, and Johnny frisked away as if he were the sole giver of the feast.

Later that evening the visitors had all gone, the tea was all drunk, and the cake and the bread and honey were eaten. There was no sign left of such a great festival, except some freshly gnawed pickets in the front-yard fence where the horses had stood. Most of the guests had taken home with them a goodly piece of honeycomb, and there was not a great deal of honey left, but somehow nobody felt very sorry.

"I like to have company; don't you, father?" asked the boy.

He had a first-rate four-bladed knife in his pocket that the minister had given him. Johnny Hopper, though so wise and instructed a person, had never known before that the minister was such a nice man.

Mrs. Hopper began to feel very tired. "I thought one time, 'long at the first of it, they did look a little 'shamed, all of 'em meetin' here at once so, an' come for just what they were goin' to get," she complained, fretfully.

"Land sakes, Ann Sarah, what's the use o' talkin' that foolish way?" said Grandma Prime, who was very social by nature and still abloom with happiness. "You've al'ays got to have somethin' pleasant to draw folks round ye. I guess none o' them little bees won't think their labor was in vain in the Lord. A nice afternoon like this ought to cost a little somethin', an' we've got some honey left."

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Apples of Hesperides

BY ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH AND MARGARET CAMERON

NEW YORK, *September 23, 1898.*

MY DEAR MRS. HERRICK,—Has the complete change that scientists tell us takes place in the human body every seven years swept from your brain cells all record of one Donald Macdonald, Scotsman by birth and American by profession, who once maintained against all comers, including that prince of good fellows whose promised wife you were, the proud privilege of initiating you into the mysteries of tennis?

Last week I met Mrs. Farrell, just home after five years spent in Germany with the girls, and she told me that you were in San Francisco, and—what I was very much shocked to hear—that poor Ned had been beaten in his plucky fight for life, and had finally surrendered to a greater force than he commanded. We are selfish brutes—we men. If any one had asked me about Ned—any of the college fellows, for example—I should have said: "Why, Ned's out in Japan, getting well. He must have been there a year or two now. I'm going to write to him some day." And I let the years go by in silence, while dear old Ned fought and died; and only now, when it is too late to give him any comfort or cheer, do I pay tardy tribute to his memory. And yet, I loved him. In spite of the silence and the seeming forgetfulness, I loved him. I hope he knew it.

And you? Mrs. Farrell says that she saw you in Berlin last year, and that you are unchanged. Is it true? Do you still read *My Last Duchess?* I don't. I have no need. I know it backward now. I have always been sorry that you found that before I did, for I remember what you said when you read it to me the first time. We were drifting down the river in Ned's boat, and he was half asleep in the stern. "Now," you said, "I am going to give you a life-long memory. I am about to introduce you to *My Last Duchess,* and whatever comes to you in after-years, you will never forget me." I would have given something to have that assurance about you.

I wander confidently on, apparently convinced that the cellular record is intact, and that the reading together of *My Last Duchess* insures mutual remembrance; nevertheless, I shall be very grateful for some intimation from you that this is not pure effrontery. You have heard of the boy who whistles in the dark because he is afraid?

Therefore I hope that you will send me a line—for Ned's sake, if for no other reason. Grant me the forgiveness that I would ask of him if I could, and tell me something of him—and of yourself.

Yours faithfully,

DONALD MACDONALD.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO,
October 2, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. MACDONALD,—Your letter has come. I knew it would come some time, and that the some time would arrive so soon as you heard—and understood.

For Ned understood. He had abiding faith in you, and needed no assurance on your part to trust absolutely in your friendship. He lived—in those last days—much in his memory, and you were often by his side, as school-boy chum, as sharer in his sports, as confidant and comrade, always—as friend.

The end came five years ago, in Yokohama. Since then I have been—everywhere. That's the whole story.

And as to you? You have been doing a man's work. That I know well. I have not forgotten how you used to fulminate against my happy idleness, and urge the joy and sanity of labor. That was your gospel once. It pleases me to hope that it is your gospel still. If it has meant to you all that it promised, if it has satisfied, why, that in itself is a solution.

Have I shown you that I was glad

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of your letter, your memory? I hope so. Yes, and of the Duchess, too. Poor little Duchess! A heart

Too soon made glad, too easily impressed,

is not the wisest equipment for a long journey. Perhaps the Duke was kinder than he knew. However, I am grateful to her. Your theories impressed me—despite my gibes—and I have an impression that I have tried to act upon them.

Good-by. Ned would have been sorry to have you ask for his forgiveness. Friendships are too precious to allow their memories to hold a sting—even of self-reproach.

When you are in San Francisco, come to see me. In the mean time I am always, Cordially your friend,

DOROTHY GREENLEAF HERRICK.

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB,
NEW YORK, *October 11, 1898.*

MY DEAR MRS. HERRICK,—There is a finality about your letter that would discourage me if the memory of seven years of silence were less potent, or if there had not come from your written pages, like the faint breath from a rose-garden, a suggestion of your personality that carries me back to Mrs. Farrell's veranda, the river, and—*My Last Duchess.*

"Good-by," you say. "When you are in San Francisco, come to see me. In the mean time"—I am to believe you cordially my friend.

Is that all? It may be months before I shall be free to go to San Francisco. Must I wait until then to hear from you again, or will you cheer that tedious "mean time" by reply to my letters? I am oppressed by a sense of the waste we make of life, and having missed the chance of being all that I might have been to Ned and—perhaps—to you, I am eager to fill the days to the utmost with your friendship; to gather up a few drops, at least, of the wine that has been spilled.

I wonder if you know the comfort carried in your simple assurance that "Ned understood"? You are right; Ned always understood, and so perhaps he knew why, through all those years, though the confidence between us was unshaken, I kept my one secret from him in silence.

And you remember my preachments on the gospel of work? I was an ardent young zealot then, but it is good gospel. I hope I preach less now, but my faith in it has grown with the years. I have had time—and the necessity—to test it, and it has endured. It has meant to me all that it promised, and more, for youth may not imagine the straits through which maturity leads us; and it has satisfied me—reasonably, I suppose. But as yet the solution eludes me. Have you found it?

I always had a hope that you would come into possession of yourself, and, realizing your power, turn your energies into literary channels. I wonder if you have? There is a suggestion in your letter that leads me to hope so.

Apropos, there is a poem entitled "Belated," and published anonymously in the current number of the *Æon,* that is haunting in its suggestion, rather than in any direct expression, of an eternally unsatisfied yearning in the midst of all that life has to give. It is an old theme, but so delicately handled that it thrills one with a sense of a new and vital sorrow. Moreover, the technique deserves study; it is rarely fine. If you have not seen it, it will repay your search.

Will you write to me again? And yet again? The friendly tone of your letter gives me courage to ask it, in spite of that sternly definite "good-by."

As always,

Yours very faithfully,

DONALD MACDONALD.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO,
October 23, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. MACDONALD,— ! ! ! And yet why should I use exclamation points over anything so pleasantly characteristic as your letter? You had ever a habit, as I remember vividly, of begging with a wealth of extravagance and hyperbole that would have secured entrance to Hesperis itself, for the boon of—shall we say an after-dinner pipe? Here is the pipe.

If I admit my enjoyment of your letter, my pleasure in our renewed acquaintance, will you forgive my reservations on the subject of "Belated"? I have read it carefully, and find it difficult to see wherein it appealed to you—the man

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of "confident to-morrows." It is too hopeless, too resigned, too—feminine. It cries words foreign to your vocabulary—weariness, disillusionment, defeat. Technique? Possibly. I grant its mechanism, though personally I do not share your enthusiasm for cogs and wheels, but more than that—no.

My work? Work is too large an appellation for my triflings. Suffice it I am not writing—at least not now. That I have written a little proves only my leisure, and my sex—writing being the one safety-valve, rimmed with the bars of prudence and convention, that the world allows us idle women. Oh, you men! You robbed us of the distaff and the broom, and gave us naught in turn. Pedestals breed *ennui,* despite their gilding.

I wish that you would tell me something of yourself; some of the bread-and-butter facts of life. It is supposable that you are not quite a disembodied shade, haunting the slopes of an idealized, mechanical Parnassus.

As to myself, I am with my brother Robert, who has been stationed here since leaving West Point last spring. It is a delightful arrangement for me, and my brother seems content to have me as his châtelaine. If you think of Robert only in the indeterminate dog and football age, reform your memories. He is now that most impressive, radiant being, an officer in his first year of service. If I strive for cynicism, 'tis but to conceal my overweening pride.

Since you are to tell me of yourself, I will not say "Good-by," but will repeat that I am Cordially your friend,

DOROTHY GREENLEAF HERRICK.

Addendum.—Major Bruce has just been here, and tells me that he knows you well. He is a life-long friend of ours, and I am glad that he should prove a link between us. DOROTHY HERRICK.

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB,
NEW YORK, *October 30, 1898.*

MY DEAR MRS. HERRICK,—Your letter, so eagerly watched for and so warmly welcomed, has its surprises. *Was* it my custom in those earlier days to beg for trifles? I have not that reputation now, I believe. But I suspect that the explanation of your misconception lies in your point of view. What should the guardians of the golden fruit know of the sorrow of the wanderer shut out forever from the Hesperian gardens? How should they gauge his longing for one blossom from those wonderful trees?

But sometimes, after many years, the traveller returns and stands once more without the garden, to find that

> The apples of Hesperides hang long upon the trees.

I know this to be a fact, for a poet has said so; moreover, I am demonstrating the truth of his inspiration.

Apropos of poetry, I have been rereading "Belated"—in fact, I have been studying it somewhat exhaustively—and I fail to find in the lines any suggestion of the weakness you criticise. If it cries of "weariness, disillusionment, defeat," it is not apparent to "him who runs." No, nor to him who lingers, for I have analyzed it carefully, and to me it is fine and strong, suggesting truly a deep sorrow, but meeting it with a high order of courage. If it is, as you claim, "a confession of failure," only one who knew the heart of the writer could hear the "Mea culpa!"

Will you forgive me that I have peered rudely over your "bars of prudence and convention," and discovered your identity? I might have feigned ignorance, but I choose not to deceive you, even in a trifle, and the knowledge that this bit of verse is yours means much to me. You will forgive me?

And you are keeping house for "Robert"? When I knew him he was Bob, and I believe he admired me. I had a certain proficiency with the rifle in those days. I wonder if that would be a passport to his favor now? What is he doing at the Presidio? Licking raw recruits into shape for active service, and chafing because he is not in the Philippines? I hope, for your sake, that he will not be ordered there. War is hardest on the women.

I am surprised to learn that Major Bruce is still at the Presidio; I heard that his regiment had been ordered into action. We spent much time together when he was East on leave last year, but —while I suspect that I heard of you more than once—we never happened to mention your name.

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You ask me about myself. Well, no—I am not exactly a "disembodied shade." I have lost nothing in height, and I weigh somewhere near two hundred, I believe. Is that sufficiently suggestive of bread-and-butter? And to provide myself with the staff of life—and a hint of jelly—I still practise engineering. I build breakwaters and light-houses, etc. That is very little to be the story of a man's life, isn't it? But that is all. Naturally, I spend much time on the coast, from Florida to Maine,—I shall seek employment on the Pacific side of the continent now,—and when I am in New York, I live at the club.

Aren't you coming East this winter? There is a bit of work that will tie me down for several months, I fear, and I do not wait patiently. At any rate, you will write to me. You say that you are glad of our "renewed acquaintance." I regard that as a tacit promise to continue. And I am always

Faithfully yours,
DONALD MACDONALD.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO,
November 26, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. MACDONALD,—Robert has just left me, and I am sitting bewildered amid the verbal wreck he left behind. I am instructed to convey to you his pleasure in the prospect of taking by the hand the man who built the Eschol Point light-house, while in the same breath I assure you that it is you yourself, the Hector of his boyish dreams, for whom he reserves his warmest greeting. So much I can report with reasonable accuracy, but the rest of the message proves yet again the limitations of my education. You are, I believe, to pursue deer in Mendocino County, and tuna in the Catalina waters. It is to be grilse-fishing here, and still-hunting there, and a confused postscript, delivered as Robert hurried to the ambulance, conveyed much valuable information on the subject of trout flies.

I wish that I might do justice to his invitation, for his eyes convinced me that he was offering something that he hoped might give you pleasure. If I have made of his plans only a nebulous picture of two Brobdingnagian figures, crossing the State at a stride, and leaving carnage in their train, I trust to your sportsman's wit to supply the needed background.

I enjoyed your article on "Harbor Lights" in the current number of the *Epoch*, despite its technicalities. I am glad that you signed your contribution. I shall do likewise hereafter. I have been restrained heretofore from that more honest course only by the fear—I hope unwarrantable—that some few might confuse the personality of the writer with the written thought. Do you find that danger?

With cordial congratulations on your work, of which the papers keep us well informed, Very sincerely yours,
DOROTHY GREENLEAF HERRICK.

The Western Union Telegraph Company.

NEW YORK, *December 1, 1898.*

To Mrs. D. G. Herrick, Presidio, San Francisco:

Your letter received. Leave for San Francisco to-night. D. MACDONALD.

The Western Union Telegraph Company.

UNION DEPOT, OMAHA, *December 3, 1898.*

To Mrs. D. G. Herrick, Presidio, San Francisco:

Serious accident to my foreman recalls me to Drummonds Head. Please suspend judgment. D. MACDONALD.

OVERLAND LIMITED, *December 3, 1898.*

MY DEAR MRS. HERRICK,—The news that has just reached me of an accident to the foreman whom I left in charge of some important work at Drummonds Head is so serious that I have no choice but to return at once, although in so doing I imperil interests that are far more vital to me, personally, than the construction of any light-house.

But I beg you to believe that only a matter of serious import would turn me back, once my face was set toward you, for I have offended you, despite the warmth of Robert's invitation, and there will be no peace for me until I have won your pardon.

I could not help knowing that you wrote that poem, and it did mean much to me that you wrote it, for it was a pledge that, whether or not you had really felt, in writing it, all that it expressed, you could not fail to understand a story that I hoped some day to tell you, the

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story of one who has hungered for years for the apples of the Hesperides.

You must have seen, seven years ago, that even the knowledge that you were about to marry the best friend I ever had was not enough to dam the flow of my love for you. You must have known, during all these years, that there was some reason other than mere careless forgetfulness for my failure to write to Ned. Do not misunderstand me; my affection for Ned never suffered or grew cold, but I knew that if I permitted myself to hear from him those little intimate details of your life together that he would write to me, the longing to see you, at whatever cost of bitter heartache to myself, would grow so strong that I should eventually go where you were, and while I could trust reasonably to the discretion and honor of my tongue, I knew that you—and possibly Ned—would inevitably read my story in my eyes, and to save you—and myself—that pain, I chose the lesser evil of complete silence.

I would not give you the impression, either, that life has been entirely empty to me. You know that it has not. There has been much to fill it with interest and pleasure, and my work has been a fruitful source of happiness; but there has never been a moment of triumph for me in all these years that has not been the sweeter because I could say to myself, "I have done this to be worthy of loving her still," and never an hour of defeat that has not been tempered by the certainty that, if you knew, the old, gracious sympathy would be mine.

If I have been rash, if I have seemed to rush in rudely and ungently upon you, will you remember all this?

When I wrote to you first, my thought was all of Ned and the old friendship among us three, with no hope for what the future might hold for me; but when your reply came, it seemed the living, breathing *you,* full of the fragrance and freshness and sweet delirium of spring in the midst of the autumn tints that life had seemed to assume for me, and—you know the rest. I remembered nothing but that the years had passed, and that you—*you* were here once more, and—so far as I knew—free to listen to my wooing. I have been precipitous and tactless—never more so, perhaps, than at this moment—but it is not easy to hold one's steps and keep a steady pace when the walls of the garden are in sight, the golden apples shining over it.

I know that I have given you little preparation for this, that I dare not assume that what means so much to me is anything more to you than a pleasant acquaintance, pleasantly renewed. I am not in a position to ask anything more of you now than that you will not send me away. I must win your love, if I am to have it, and I know that I am not alone in that endeavor; there are those nearer you—geographically, at least—who have every advantage over me. And yet I do not entirely despair, if you will tell me that I am forgiven, and if you will add your invitation to Robert's. Give me my chance, dear.

I shall be at Drummonds Head, New Jersey, for an indefinite time. Will you write to me there?

And will you believe, no matter what may come, that I shall be in the future, as I have been in the past,

Always faithfully yours,
DONALD MACDONALD.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO,
December 7, 1898.

DEAR FRIEND,—You did not mean it. Oh, listen, please! Don't think I undervalue—only it isn't true. Believe me it isn't true! The girl of the river, of Mrs. Farrell's veranda, of the *Last Duchess,* of—your memory, died long ago. The present woman you know not at all. My kind friends, Mrs. Farrell and Major Bruce, may tell you that I am unchanged. That means nothing. The woman they know—have always known—you never saw. Why should I hesitate to tell you this? We all have facets for our different friends.

Forgive me for saying that you are self-deceived. I speak from out the clearer vision that loneliness has taught. You have had your work—oh, such man's work!—and your life has held no room for womankind. And then you've had my memory. That has perhaps been wise. A memory is protection against shadows, and when the substance—the true woman—comes, it fades and leaves no sting. When you see me, you will know that I've been wise. And you will come to

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see me—but not yet. We must wait awhile.

In the mean time it will be wise to end this correspondence. Not that we can afford to lose each other, but you need no written word to assure you of my steady friendship; and I have trusted you for many years. We will be the better comrades for another silence. Should I leave San Francisco I will tell you, but I expect to be here for some time, unless Robert is ordered to the Philippines. In that event I follow, as far as Hong-kong, at least.

Dear friend Don—I am going to use the old name this once—I wish that you might put your hands in mine and tell me that you understand. My words seem strained and brief—your letter has not left me quite myself to-night—but I beg you to read nothing in them but my lasting friendship; my regard. Believe me, life holds countless gardens, fair to the seeming, where the Hesperian fruit is mocked by many a guise.

You are not misunderstanding, and you are always my friend—as I am yours,

DOROTHY GREENLEAF HERRICK.

DRUMMONDS HEAD, NEW JERSEY,
December 15, 1898.

MY DEAR ONE,—What mood of sensitive, morbid shrinking, born of lonely years and an emptiness that Robert—dear as he is to you—cannot fill, induced you to write that letter to me?

Are you afraid of me, Dorothy? I ask you only not to send me away,—and you reply that our correspondence must end! I tell you that all the good work of my life has been done for you,—and you would have me believe that I have been living for a shadow! I tell you that I have loved you—and you only—for seven years,—and you assure me that "the girl of the river—and *My Last Duchess*—died long ago!" Possibly; she has been a wife—and a widow—since then. I could not love her had she remained through life "the girl of Mrs. Farrell's veranda." I have not spent my life loving that memory. I have loved the woman who I knew must blossom from that bud.

I should hardly dare say all this to you, I think, had there been in your letter, or even between its lines, the one thing that will discourage me. You tell me that I am self-deceived, that I know nothing of you, that my golden apples are but bubbles, and all the rest, but you do not say,—Dorothy, you do *not* say that you do not want my love! If you will write that to me—if you will say, in so many words, "Don, I am your friend always, but I am convinced that I can never return your love," I will cease, from that day, to trouble you with my suit. But I beg that you will not say it. Not now. Give me the chance that your letter would seem to deny, of proving to you that I am not an idle dreamer, and the right to win your love if I can. Why should you deny me that?

I am entirely aware that all that you have said of yourself applies to me; that the years have wrought their changes; and that, should you meet me now for the first time, you might not care to read Browning with me,—but I think you would! The germ, the life-*motif*, is unchanged in us both. We never lived on the surface, you and I, or the things that are could not have been; and do you tell me that you, the you that *I* knew, are changed? No, not so much as the outer shell known to Mrs. Farrell and the Major! From my heart I thank you for that crumb of comfort! Bruce has caused me many a sleepless night.

. . . . . .

I was called away just there, and spent most of the night out on the shore, watching a royal storm, and thinking how you would enjoy it.

And in this morning's paper I find the announcement that Bob's regiment is ordered to the Philippines. Dorothy, you will not go with him? Do not! I beg you, do not! There is no place for a woman like you out there, and it would be of small comfort to you to be in Hong-kong. You would still be away from Bob.

Dear, will you come home—to me? Oh, the bitterness of having to write this to you, when I would tell you with my eyes and with my lips all the love that I have borne in my heart for you these many years, and convince you—sceptic that you are!—that I know myself and you!

It is much to ask, but can you trust me, Dorothy? I am bound here, hand and foot, but I can get away long enough

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to go to Riverbank. Will you meet me there, at Mrs. Farrell's, when you have seen your soldier off for the wars?

I know how impulsive this must sound, but believe me, it is but the inevitable result of the years that have passed. I love you! I love you! *You,* understand? Not a fancy, not a dream, not an idealized memory of Dorothy Greenleaf, but *you,* the woman that I knew you must become, the woman that your letters show me you have become.

Is it hopeless, dear? Is there no response in your heart? My arms have been empty so long, sweetheart!

Dorothy, won't you come home now?

DON.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO,
December 20, 1898.

Do you know that once on a time you called me braver than my sisters, and told me that, despite my varying moods, I scorned, where'er essentials were concerned, to deal in subterfuges? I would like you to believe that of me now, and yet—and yet— You read between the lines. Don't let your vantage make you merciless, and read too much. Don't you want something left—for me to tell?

Mrs. Farrell's telegram, urging me to come to her, is in my hand. Bob, with new-born belligerence, will none of me, and, re-enforced by Major Bruce, quotes dismal statistics of fever in the Orient; a strange ungallant fever, Don, that marks only women as its prey. The florist's boy is leaving, and my room is heaped with pink roses. All this since the morning post. Oh, Donald Macdonald, how many letters did you write the night of the 15th?

Is this levity? It's only the sparkle on the surface, Don; the deeps are waiting. But, oh, there's so much time left, and, after all, we're both so young—and the sun is shining!

And if I go to Mrs. Farrell's—and, by-the-way, I'm going—why, what does that mean? Only that you will come to see me. The river will be frozen, but there are paths through the white woods under the beeches, and my heart is hungry for the snow. And some day we will come to the light-house, Mrs. Farrell and I—some day when the wind is blowing wet and salt from out the East, and the surf is rolling in with crashing breakers—and you will be, oh, very, very patient, and explain everything so carefully, while we try to look as if we understood. Perhaps one of us will understand—in spots. I am growing sinfully proud of my technical vocabulary.

Oh, there are many, many chapters yet to turn! You tried to skip and read the ending first. That wasn't playing fair.

What have I said, or haven't? Donald, be patient, please. But know that till we meet I remain—to you, at least,

MYSELF.

I am grateful to you, Don, for understanding that I would not have had you leave your work. You would not have left it even had I wished. But you knew I would not wish. Had you failed me in that, I could not—but then I haven't—have I? Oh—but I have!

DOROTHY.



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A Fifteenth-Century Revival

BY REV. D. J. H. HOBART

THE closing years of the fifteenth century saw the city of Florence, under the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, at the height of its splendor. It was the most cultured, as it was the most beautiful, of Italian cities. It had been the cradle, and was the most perfect illustration, of that Renaissance which made Italy to Europe what Byzantium had been to the civilized world — the centre of intellectual light, the model of all that was elegant in art or manners.

Yet underneath all this splendor, that was both dazzling and captivating, the city reeked, throughout all classes of society, with vice and corruption.

Italy had been for ages torn to pieces by the hands, equally rapacious, of the foreigner and of her own children. The flood of invasions that swept away the Empire left the Peninsula half desolate and thoroughly disorganized. Seven thousand revolutions are estimated by one of her own writers as having occurred within five centuries. Mere local, and often bloodless, disturbances as these were, confiscation followed them; families were ruined; social order for the time and place destroyed, and its foundations everywhere permanently weakened. These petty revolutions seamed the soil of Italy, as the surface of the earth cracks beneath a parching sun. Fraud and deceit gained and kept what violence could not. Truth and honor died out. "No man speaks a word that I can trust," said Pope Nicholas V. The Church was in a worse condition than the state—the salt had lost its savor: what should keep the land from decay? Such depravation was never exceeded, if it ever has been reached, among any civilized race of mankind.

The city of Rome was the focus of this sort, but within the circle of its influence Florence was conspicuous.

About this time it was that a wayfaring man approached the gates of Florence under circumstances that were at any rate remarkable, but around which an air of mystery has gathered. A faintness, which he thought was to death, came upon him as he journeyed wearily on. While he lay by the road-side, commending his very soul to God, a passing traveller, whom tradition has magnified into an angel, succored him, supplied all his wants with the tenderest care, and accompanied him to the very gates of the city.

Had she then recognized him, Florence herself might have met and welcomed him there as one of the most illustrious of her sons. But, at the moment, he was at a greater disadvantage even than if he had only been an obscure monk. Obscure he was not, for his growing fame in other cities was the reason why he had now been summoned back to Florence. In that, however, was the very difficulty of his position; he was coming back to the scene where, once before, he had failed. The convent of St. Mark, to which his steps were now turned, had dismissed him years before to find a humbler field of labor more suitable to his powers. He had begun on that first trial with the credit of possessing learning and ability. Much was expected. The church was thronged. The effect produced was afterwards described by himself: "I had neither lungs, nor voice, nor style. My preaching disgusted every one. I could not have moved so much as a chicken." There was nothing in his person attractive to the eye, and his audience dwindled down to twenty-five people. He went away, therefore, cast down, but *not* in despair.

Now he had returned; the same man within, only more intense in his conviction that he had a special message to that depraved world. He had fed his mind with the ideas and imagery of the Apocalypse, and was convinced that some correspondence to those awful scenes would be found in Italy; and that his part was

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From the painting by Fra Bartolommeo *Engraved on wood for "Harper's Magazine" by Henry Wolf*

SAVONAROLA

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to point it out. Outwardly he had changed. His figure, of medium height, was fuller; his face fresh, fair, and expressive; the look of his keen blue eye singularly effective; his manner, self-possessed yet vehement. His hand is spoken of as something noticeable — the long transparent fingers seeming to send forth a magnetic influence. His voice, that had been piping and unmanageable, was under control, and while it had gained in depth, retained yet a sharpness of tone that was in keeping with his style.

At last he had found his opportunity. The scene was the garden of the convent, described as crimsoned with its damask-roses, amid which, under the open air and in the surrounding cloisters, every available space was occupied. He himself stood upon the chapel steps. A strange influence sometimes reaches a whole community, one knows not how, telling it of the presence of a man not to be classed with ordinary mortals. This man had come without parade. It got about the city that on a certain day Fra Girolamo would preach at San Marco, and the crowd came.

We are not about to describe the sermon, of which we are not aware that there is any record, nor have we to tell how, then and there, a revival was begun that in two or three months counted hundreds, or even thousands, of converts, and was attended with a general awakening of religious interest. This was a movement the results of which admit of more precise and striking description. There was a plenty of emotion at the very beginning, both on the speaker's part and that of the people. But what began then lasted eight years. It went steadily on, and the last year demonstrated the power of the movement more than the first. It owed much, no doubt, to circumstances of time and place, and to political associations that became finally inseparable from the preacher. But it owed as much also to the fact that he was the right man, and went to work in the right way.

Our readers have already some idea of the man. His ability was even more moral than intellectual—force of character; the power of a life in stronger contrast with the lives of those around him than need otherwise have been, that it might more forcibly reproach theirs; intensity of conviction that his mission was to denounce the evils with which the Church as well as the world was full, and with which he should not be left alone to contend. In his boyhood he began to feel abhorrence of the all-prevalent vices. In his early manhood his first impulse had been to seek shelter for himself alone, turning from a world he loathed to what he deemed the pure bosom of the Church. But now he had long recognized the nobler part for which he was designed, and he addressed himself to it with a thoroughness and singleness of purpose the likelihood of which to end in a violent death he could not but foresee. Two years before his reappearance at Florence he had said at Brescia—applying the warnings of the Apocalypse to the existing Church—"If I do, I lose my body; if I do not, I lose my soul." His courage was supreme, as his enthusiasm was lofty. When towards the close of his career a cardinal's hat was offered him if he would stop short, "Come to my sermon to-morrow," he said, "and you shall have my answer." Then from the pulpit rang out his rejection of the proffered dignity. "No other red hat will I have than the crown of martyrdom, colored with my own blood." It is no figure of speech to say that he fought a good fight. He was defying enemies who could take his life. His rebuke of their vices was a challenge to combat in which, on one side at least, the weapons were material. When he ascended the pulpit, men looked on with the same sort of interest with which, in those days when a cause was put to proof by the wager of battle, they watched the fatal lists. No preacher moves men so effectually as he whose preaching costs him something, whether it be the desert life and fare of John the Baptist, or the endurance of the social scorn that greeted John Wesley's attempt to make the religion of his day a reality, or the exposure of himself to that slowly concentrating wrath of the nobles and priests which Jerome Savonarola looked steadily in the face for more than seven long years.

The effect of such preaching was, no doubt, greatly aided by many circumstances, independent of the unassailable

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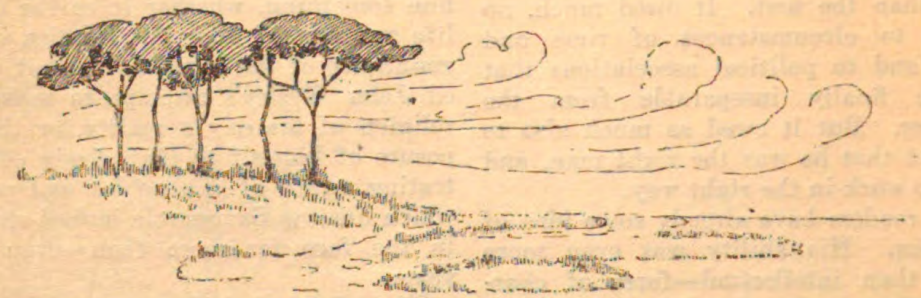
honesty and purity, the earnestness and wild eloquence of the preacher. But these accessories aided, not constituted, its effectiveness, which was beyond parallel before or since. We have already named one singular feature—its duration. There was another—it did not throw the people out of the ways of the existing Church; and therein, perhaps, was the secret why it so long endured. It was an impassioned man, indeed, who addressed a most impressionable people. One witness is quoted as saying that "the mere sound of Savonarola's voice, startling the stillness of the Duomo, thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom; a cold shiver ran through the marrow of his bones; the hairs of his head stood on end as he listened."* Savonarola himself would come down from the pulpit, bathed in tears, amid the sobs and groans of the congregation. It was no small part of his strength, moreover, that he knew the Bible by heart, and freely used the Old Testament to illustrate the New. "People of Florence," he would say, "give yourselves to the study of the Scriptures."

Thus he went on from year to year, mastering Florence as much by his preaching as by his political sympathies. The description which is given of the result seems almost incredible, yet it is unquestioned fact. The whole city fasted at his word. The streets were deserted and business abandoned when he preached. Neither the eye nor the ear was scandalized by sights and sounds that had been usual in Florence. The very attire of the people became simple. Restitution of unjust gains was largely made. The influence of the reform was felt in matters so domestic as the care which mothers took to nurse their infants rather than employ strangers. Men became as faithful and devout in prayer as women. Children came to his instructions in such throngs that he limited the age of those who were admitted. He enrolled them to the number of 8000, and made them active assistants of his work. They went about from house to house, pleading for the gift of superfluities and the sacrifice of vanities, with such courtesy and sweetness of manner that few could resist, and they returned laden with various articles of value as well as with gold and silver.

In 1495, the sixth year of his ministry, the feeling he excited rose higher than ever. The piety of all ranks and both sexes displayed itself in all possible ways, among which it is curious to note their ceasing to read amatory poetry, and to use cosmetics and false hair. Two years after, the reform reached the height of its influence, or, as indeed should be said, its extravagance. Pictures, statues, books richly bound and illustrated, and whatever might be supposed to minister to sin, were freely brought by the owners of them, and heaped together on a vast stage to be burnt. Twenty thousand crowns were refused that were offered to ransom such treasures of art from the flames.

What the end was of all this long and untiring labor, this unsparing zeal, is matter of well-known history. Savonarola was a political as well as religious reformer. The hatred he aroused on both grounds brought his life to an end.

* Pico della Mirandola, quoted by Symonds.



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A Case of Nerves

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

SHE had seen so many sunsets fade down between those hills, and then a golden glow boil up like foam in a cup and dissolve its bubbles of light on the purple of the higher sky and die on the long bank of cloud threatening storm, that the edge of all their beauty had grown dull.

It might be very fine to one who had newly come up there; but to her, who had seen it every day of her life, it was deadly monotony. She turned from the window and went back to her book—a story of travel, which, after all, only gave her more unrest.

"Yes," she said to her old aunt, half as if she were thinking aloud, as she drew the curtain and shivered at the sound of the rising wind, "you must confess that it is stupefying here. And when one feels as miserable as I do—"

"To be sure," said the old aunt, dropping the rug-knitting, to which alone her fingers were now equal. "And I don't know how many times I have found it all that. When I longed so to go abroad, it seemed as if the very longing must take me. It doesn't make me unhappy, but I long for it now."

"You!" opening the brown eyes with surprise—"you!"

"Yes. Why not I? Do you suppose I'm not tired of white houses and green blinds and wooden Gothic and the everlasting hills?"

"But—"

"Do you suppose," cried the old lady, with a light kindling in the sunken pits of her eyes, "that I don't want to see the yellowed Acropolis against the blue Athenian sky? Do you suppose that, just because I am old, I don't want to see Palestine? And I mean to, too!"

"Aunt Elizabeth!"

"Oh, I sha'n't do it in this body, probably. But there are others," and the good lady, who read the newspapers, smiled at her phrase. "My husband 'wagged his pow in a poupit' for forty years," she said. "But, for all that, I don't know what the next condition is when we shall have left this state of being. And he didn't, either. If it's pure spirit, then I've no means of forming a picture of it, or even a conjecture. If it's any fourth dimension of space, or nonsense of that sort—oh, I don't know that it's nonsense; this is a beautiful world, and I'm not too eager to leave it—but if it is, why, then I shall be close inshore, and I mean to see the Taj Mahal, and come up, as the Egyptian dynasties did, and see Philæ. And I mean to see the Sistine Madonna and the Mona Lisa—"

"Oh, I wish I could go with you!"

"I don't believe you do!" said the merry old dame, with a twinkle. "But, however, you may be looking at them with your earthly eyes at the same time. I'll try and let you know if I'm there. I shall see the Bay of Naples, and those Sicilian scenes which are so beautiful that it is just impossible for heaven to have more beautiful ones—unless our capacity for seeing it is enlarged. And that makes me sure, by-the-way, when all is said, that heaven is not something to be enjoyed with the eyes, and that mere beauty must do its work for us here."

"Then I wish I could see some of it!" said Theodosia, petulantly, as she cowered over the fire. How tired she was of this foolish optimism! How unbecoming it was at her aunt's age!

"I should like to know where you could have seen more—"

"Oh, I don't mean this sort—this bald, crude landscape sort that seems to please you so."

"It does please me. I have lived a life here full of pleasure in it. But I've waited eighty years for the other. And when you've waited eighty years you can wait a little longer."

"I mean pictures, buildings, music, plays—art! A different beauty. That into which humanity has passed."

"I like as well, on the whole, this elemental beauty here into which God has passed," said the aunt.

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"I should say He had passed into the work of art, if it were good. Oh, well! I don't know why—but the place is a prison. If there is more outside I want to know it, to see it, to take it or leave it."

The hall door had opened and closed, and after a moment's delay with his great-coat, Mr. Christiancy came in. It had grown dusk, and the wind was like a moan, irritating the hearer. As Theodosia looked up in a flash of the firelight, it struck through the tense strain of her nerves that there were other types of men than that of this pallid one, whom she had promised to marry—men who knew human nature and the world as it must be impossible for him to do, shut in here with his books and his sermons and these clods, without change, without refreshment, without stimulating companionship. And although Theodosia caught herself back as if from an ignominy, and gave him her usual greeting, yet in the next moment she was conscious of a decided pity for him, which was not at all the sentiment proper to the woman who was to be his wife. A rush of tenderness swept over her—that mother-feeling into which presently every woman's love exalts itself—and her face reddened and her smile dimpled, and she was herself again, radiating some slight portion of her old life and strength and sweetness.

"I was delayed," said Mr. Christiancy as he sat down beside her, when the old aunt, after a blithe greeting, had gathered up her rug-making, with his help, and had left the room. "The old sexton, you know, he hates grave-digging in this weather—"

"Oh, who wouldn't?"

"And I've shut up the choir to fight it out together, like the winds in the bag of Æolus," he said, changing the venue. "But your hands are cold. And why in the dark?"

"'Why not? said the March hare,'" she quoted in reply.

"I suppose your answer means that it is of no consequence; that, light or dark, it is all the same; that melancholy marks you for its own—"

"Oh, it does! It does!" she suddenly exclaimed, snatching her hands away.

But her lover had them again, and was soothing her with that quiet which always brings strength because it persuades one of power behind.

"I am afraid," he said, "the only medicine for you will be a change—"

"Oh, you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. I am sure you should accept your cousins' invitation, and go down to the city, and let the nerves have a new series of impressions that will give them a perfect rest from the old—"

"But I don't want to—I don't wish—and you— Do you mean that I must leave you here?"

"My place seems to be here."

"Oh, it is the punishment for my wickedness!" she exclaimed.

"A journey, a visit, the great gay world from the point of view of the millionaire?" he said, laughing. "There might be worse punishments. You inconsequent girl, when you were wishing for it just before I came in, I don't doubt!"

"Not that—not without you—"

"Yes, I was sure of it," he said. "There is some cabalistic tradition of a class of angels who have to be sent to the dark places of the earth to let them see how sweet is the air in the upper regions they tired of!" And she felt, as he took her to himself again, that with that wonderfully gentle manner there was a will as wonderfully strong, and realized, in a sort of dismay, that before she should be able to gainsay it her aunt would be impressed with the necessity of her going away; and who could say what might happen in the mean time? She hid her face, and wished she had let him fix the day of their marriage for one a month ago, as he had wanted to do, and then he could not send his wife away; or if she went, he would have gone with her. But of course it was impossible to say that. And she had been so wilful about it that she had even then gathered the idea that he would never ask her to fix that day again; and there would be one of those endless engagements that make laughing-stocks of people—and she was working herself up to another crisis, quite unaware how beautiful she was in the firelight with the excitement burning on her cheeks, or how her lover, through the unaccountable caprices of love, longed to stay with her all the more for her unreasonableness, when he quietly bade her good-night and left her.

But as the excitement faded, she was really too listless to feel even her dismay very long. She said to herself that

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if she were to be sent to the town, it would go hard if she were more unhappy there than she was here.

And when, a week later, she was over the wrench of parting, and had waked one bright morning in the city, she would have wondered what in the world she had felt so bad about, if she had not been so occupied with new sensations that she had no time to wonder over herself at all.

Theodosia certainly could not complain of monotony here. The noise, the bustle, the variety, bewildered her; she was wrapped in a mist; and through all the quick novelty she had little time to think of anything but the present moment. Her cousins left her one morning at a gallery, in which she presently found herself returning once and again to a painting there, and at last taking a seat before it—a large canvas aglow with a magical beauty, in whose pictured scene long levels bathed with light led into tender shadows of mountain fastnesses through all mellow gradations of violet and gold, with aerial distances that allured the imagination, and with prodigalities of color and depth of tone and tint that fed the longing for the unknown; the whole seeming the region of some fair ideal life, from which, although the veil was stripped away, she was separated by an impalpable barrier that the next moment might sublime and give her the freedom of its all but heavenly avenues in a country of immortal youth.

The spell of the painting was still over her when her cousins, who enjoyed the freshness of her perceptions, took her to hear some great singing. It was in the music-drama of the *Götterdämmerung*. The pride of the eye in the superb auditorium and the bare and jewelled women in the boxes abashed her; nor could her untutored ear at first discriminate the intervals of the music, or unravel the melodies from the harmonies; and it was not till a loveliness of deep woodland opens, and Siegfried pauses on the cliff above the Rhine maidens, who, dipping, diving, shouldering the wave below, fill the forest echoes with the sweetness of their song, that she recovered herself and began to feel awake and responsive, and as if she had been born into a new domain.

It amused her cousins; they liked to see the rich color go and come on her delicate cheeks, and the fire light up the black-lashed eyes. And they had their French maid arrange the golden masses of her hair, and they dressed her out in new fineries, and enjoyed all the sensation that her beauty made.

"It would be altogether too good to be believed," said Catherine, who, if she believed in the world to come, believed in this one too, "if she should secure a good establishment here!"

"And if she doesn't," said Veronica, "some miserable consumptive parson or up-country justice of the peace will be sure to take her captive."

"We must prevent it," said Teresa.

Still hearing the great murmurs, and in the atmosphere of the Twilight of the Gods, she went here and there about the city. She was quite done with any languor or listlessness; she was all alert and sparkling, joyous with a full sense of the richness of complete vitality. How poor seemed the little burg that she had left, without painting, without playing, without music, without glitter of conversation, the large topic, the light hand, the quick repartee, without any of this splendid friction that gave point and lustre to life!

"Mr. Van Decker is tremendously taken with you, Theodosia," Teresa said.

"Simply gone!" exclaimed Catherine.

"And he is so rich that he has a big income a second," said Veronica. "Think of it!"

"Yes," added Teresa, "his city house is a palace, with a gallery of paintings fit for a prince; and in the country his greenhouses cover acres."

And they were encouraged in their kind design by the flush that dyed her face to the roots of her hair—the flush that mounted there because she had never told them of her engagement to Mr. Christiancy.

They wished that Mr. Van Decker could see her that moment!

She had gone to church when Sunday came—all the unfamiliar service there continuing the impressions of the week. But, attracted, she had returned every morning, with a daily habit that familiarized her, till she was able to reason upon her impressions.

She said to herself, in the solemn splendors of the church, that now she was really alive for the first time. She wondered how she had existed in that living tomb among the hills before she came

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here; she wondered how Mr. Christiancy, who was acquainted with all this, existed there now.

Theodosia's letters to Mr. Christiancy, although brief and presently infrequent, had been full of her new experiences. If they had given him any chill at the heart, he had not let her know it.

She went, one night, with Mr. Van Decker and her cousins to see a celebrated dancer. The music — honeyed, voluptuous, sweet, full of yearning and of unclosed cadences—stirred the heart to beating, made the blood crimson the cheek—the forehead too, Theodosia found, when the dancer came swaying and bending, a revelation of all the beauty of life, at once veiled and unveiled in glamours of floating gauze. Theodosia had never seen anything of the sort before. She heard her cousins softly laying their gloved palms together; she knew that Mr. Van Decker was making himself red in a fury of applause. She shut her eyes that she might not see it again. Then, with a fresh burst of applause, the claps and cries half drowning the music, she opened them again. Yes, yes, it was too bad—but then it was too beautiful! One grew to like such things here. Was this what she had wanted when she complained to her aunt of longing for that beauty into which humanity had passed? It might be innocent enough—of course it was: this woman was merely translating emotion with rhythmical gesture and pose, line flowing into line, like the curves of some great splendid fragrant flower. Why, dancing was once a form of worship! But this thing, this half-clad creature—roseate, twinkling, fluttering, floating — was she a woman or a flower? One could not think she had a soul. And then all thoughts subsided, and Theodosia was as intent, as ecstatic, as those beside her.

Alone in her room that night, the music came throbbing up to her memory—the movements, the grace of the dancer. She was standing before her mirror, and she began bending her own body to the tune that was in her thoughts. And then she stopped aghast. So this was what her wish to see the world had brought about! It might be innocent enough for those born and bred to it, who saw in their bodies only subtle instruments. There might be dances that would describe the frolic of the winds, the white-armed tossing of crested waves; but this dance, that was but the expression of the coarser senses made lovely to take the higher captive, what had she to do with crowds applauding it? —she, who had been taught that the body was the temple of the Lord!

She was still wearing the flowers Mr. Van Decker had sent her—magnificent orchids like live things; she snatched them off and threw them on the coals and watched them shrivel, with a savage satisfaction. And then, agitated by the idea of Mr. Christiancy's knowing she had enjoyed that spectacle, and by her uncertainty if it were wrong to enjoy it, and submerged with the bitter consciousness of what she had too lately been thinking of Mr. Christiancy, who had used to be as ideal a hero as Lohengrin himself, she hid her head in her pillow, with a storm of tears that mightily relieved her, and tired her so that she slept soundly till the day broke.

She had a letter the next day from Mr. Christiancy, in which he said that she would see him before long, as he would join her for a day in town. And while she hardly knew immediately whether to be glad or sorry, she was distinctly surprised out of the devout frame of the moment when, on the following Sunday, she saw him with the other priests before the altar.

Theodosia had heard her cousins speaking of some stranger who was to preach that day. "They say his sermons are as eloquent as—as St. Augustine's," Teresa had said.

All at once, as she saw him, and wondered at his being here without first having seen herself, the enormity of portions of her recent emotions appeared to her, and a frozen horror seized her, lest in some subtle way Mr. Christiancy knew of it, and he had not come to the house to greet her first because all was over between them!

She shrank into the shadow of the big pillar at her side, until she could recover herself and her wandering apprehensions, and a wave of homesickness drowned out every other sensation for the moment.

Then her thoughts came back to that white face—beautiful now, it seemed to her, as a statue's—to those eyes, burning as St. John's might have burned, while a superficial consciousness made her aware of being as far outside Veronica's

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devotional rapture as the outcast Eve was outside Eden. And then she wondered, looking at him, what sermon he would preach.

They had spoken of his eloquence; she asked if he could have been meant, or if he were not rather an accident in the place of that other. It had never struck her that he was eloquent at all—only that he was convincing, and—yes, perhaps moving.

His text was from the words of the young Isaiah, "Then said I, Here am I; send me." The congregation was breathless; the words fell through a silence like that of the region of virgin snows; a flame passed from soul to soul, a recognition of the sweetness of sacrifice, a sight of the opening skies beyond.

As Theodosia listened, all at once she saw the poor people of the bleak Northern township, hidden in hill-side and hollow, receiving largess that no slighter hand could give them, light that could be shed upon them through no soul less white, faith strengthened by lofty companionship, acquaintance with the love that one who lived already as much in the other world as in this could bring back to them, the bread of life itself that could be broken to them by no one so well as by this man who held fast on the divine.

She saw the poor, the weak, the sick, the old, the dying; and it seemed to her as it used to seem, as if there were no other happiness than that of being allowed beside him in ministering to them. She recognized what she could do for the little church by means of the color and the music she had seen in her brief outlook here, and the privilege it was, moreover, to have the old aunt who had transmuted the flower dust of life to honey. She felt as if she had experienced in one heart-beat both conviction and forgiveness of sin, that there was nothing in that routine of the days up there at home that was not blessedness; and as she went out with the hushed and melting throng she had been so near the beauty of holiness that she was hardly aware she walked upon the earth.

It would have been easy for Theodosia, in one light, to tell her cousins of her engagement. But in another it seemed difficult to take advantage of their enthusiasm and find her own account in it. But it had to be done; and she waited till they were leaving her that night at the door of her room.

"To that saint!" cried Catherine.

"Whose lips have been touched with fire," murmured Veronica.

"Who ought to be a celibate!" cried Teresa.

"Oh, you lucky dear!" they all three exclaimed together, the woman in them rising above the idealist, and a wedding and a trousseau waving a pair of wings in the air overhead.

"Have you taken my ticket home too?" asked Theodosia, when Mr. Christiancy came next morning. "I can't stay another day without you! I am well, quite well—I haven't a nerve left! You were right—I was—I must have been—tired out, and it made me a little beside myself. Are you sure you have forgiven me? And—oh! I know I am the person in the whole world most unfit to be a minister's wife—"

"You will let the minister think otherwise."

"Veronica would die if she heard me call you a minister. You are a priest, she would say, and you ought not to marry—"

"I am going to marry, though."

"And then—and then—the day," and her face, with its glitter of tears and the swift blush deeper than the blush of roses, was for a heart-beat dazzling—"the day—can be when you please."

"Yes, I have taken the ticket," he said, quietly, but holding her as if he did not mean to let her go again. "And if the drifts are down, I think, as we go back, it will be like journeying to that city whose every gate is of one pearl!"

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A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's

BY BRET HARTE

"THE Kernel seems a little off color to-day," said the barkeeper as he replaced the whiskey-decanter, and gazed reflectively after the departing figure of Colonel Starbottle.

"I didn't notice anything," said a bystander; "he passed the time o' day civil enough to me."

"Oh, he's allus polite enough to strangers and wimen folk even when he is that way; it's only his old chums, or them ez like to be thought so, that he's peppery with. Why, ez to that, after he'd had that quo'll with his old partner, Judge Pratt, in one o' them spells, I saw him the next minit go half a block out of his way to direct an entire stranger; and ez for wimen!—well, I reckon if he'd just got a bead drawn on a man, and a woman spoke to him, he'd drop his battery and take off his hat to her. No—ye can't judge by that!"

And perhaps in his larger experience the barkeeper was right. He might have added, too, that the Colonel, in his general outward bearing and jauntiness, gave no indication of his internal irritation. Yet he was undoubtedly in one of his "spells," suffering from a moody cynicism which made him as susceptible of affront as he was dangerous in resentment.

Luckily on this particular morning he reached his office and entered his private room without any serious *rencontre*. Here he opened his desk, and arranging his papers, he at once set to work with grim persistency. He had not been occupied for many minutes before the door opened to Mr. Pyecroft—one of a firm of attorneys who undertook the Colonel's office-work.

"I see you are early to work, Colonel," said Mr. Pyecroft, cheerfully.

"You see, sir," said the Colonel, correcting him with a slow deliberation that boded no good—"you see a Southern gentleman—blank it!—who has stood at the head of his profession for thirty-five years, obliged to work like a blank nigger, sir, in the dirty squabbles of a set of psalm-singing Yankee traders, instead of—er—attending to the affairs of—er—legislation!"

"But you manage to get pretty good fees out of it—eh, Colonel?" continued Pyecroft, with a laugh.

"Fees, sir! Filthy shekels! and barely enough to satisfy a debt of honor with one hand, and wipe out a tavern score for the entertainment of—er—a few lady friends with the other!"

This allusion to his losses at poker, as well as an oyster supper given to the two principal actresses of the "North Star Troupe," then performing in the town, convinced Mr. Pyecroft that the Colonel was in one of his "moods," and he changed the subject.

"That reminds me of a little joke that happened in Sacramento last week. You remember Dick Stannard, who died a year ago—one of your friends?"

"I have yet to learn," interrupted the Colonel, with the same deadly deliberation, "what right *he*—or *anybody*—had to indicate that he held such a relationship with me. Am I to understand, sir, that he—er—publicly boasted of it?"

"Don't know!" resumed Pyecroft, hastily; "but it don't matter, for if he wasn't a friend it only makes the joke bigger. Well, his widow didn't survive him long, but died in the States t'other day, leavin' the property in Sacramento—worth about three thousand dollars—to her little girl, who is at school at Santa Clara. The question of guardianship came up, and it appears that the widow—who only knew you through her husband—had, some time before her death, mentioned *your* name in that connection! He! he!"

"What!" said Colonel Starbottle, starting up.

"Hold on!" said Pyecroft, hilariously.

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"That isn't all! Neither the executors nor the probate judge knew you from Adam, and the Sacramento bar, scenting a good joke, lay low and said nothing. Then the old fool judge said that 'as you appeared to be a lawyer, a man of mature years, and a friend of the family, you were an eminently fit person, and ought to be communicated with'—you know his hifalutin style. Nobody says anything. So that the next thing you'll know you'll get a letter from that executor asking you to look after that kid. Ha! ha! The boys said they could fancy they saw you trotting around with a ten-year-old girl holding on to your hand, and the Señorita Dolores or Miss Bellamont looking on! Or your being called away from a poker deal some night by the infant, singing, 'Gardy, dear gardy, come home with me now, the clock in the steeple strikes one!' And think of that old fool judge not knowing you! Ha! ha!"

A study of Colonel Starbottle's face during this speech would have puzzled a better physiognomist than Mr. Pyecroft. His first look of astonishment gave way to an empurpled confusion, from which a single short Silenus-like chuckle escaped, but this quickly changed again into a dull coppery indignation, and, as Pyecroft's laugh continued, faded out into a sallow rigidity in which his murky eyes alone seemed to keep what was left of his previous high color. But what was more singular, in spite of his enforced calm, something of his habitual old-fashioned loftiness and oratorical exaltation appeared to be returning to him as he placed his hand on his inflated breast and faced Pyecroft.

"The ignorance of the executor of Mrs. Stannard and the — er — probate judge," he began, slowly, "may be pardonable, Mr. Pyecroft, since his Honor would imply that, although unknown to *him* personally, I am at least *amicus curiæ* in this question of—er—guardianship. But I am grieved—indeed I may say shocked—Mr. Pyecroft, that the—er—last sacred trust of a dying widow—perhaps the holiest trust that can be conceived by man—the care and welfare of her helpless orphaned girl—should be made the subject of mirth, sir, by yourself and the members of the Sacramento bar! I shall not allude, sir, to my own feelings in regard to Dick Stannard, one of my most cherished friends," continued the Colonel, in a voice charged with emotion, "but I can conceive of no nobler trust laid upon the altar of friendship than the care and guidance of his orphaned girl! And if, as you tell me, the utterly inadequate sum of three thousand dollars is all that is left for her maintenance through life, the selection of a guardian sufficiently devoted to the family to be willing to augment that pittance out of his own means from time to time would seem to be most important."

Before the astounded Pyecroft could recover himself, Colonel Starbottle leaned back in his chair, half closing his eyes, and abandoned himself, quite after his old manner, to one of his dreamy reminiscences.

"Poor Dick Stannard! I have a vivid recollection, sir, of driving out with him on the Shell Road at New Orleans in '54, and of his saying, 'Star'—the only man, sir, who ever abbreviated my name—'Star, if anything happens to me or her, look after our child!' It was during that very drive, sir, that, through his incautious neglect to fortify himself against the swamp malaria by a glass of straight Bourbon with a pinch of bark in it, he caught that fever which undermined his constitution. Thank you, Mr. Pyecroft, for—er—recalling the circumstance. I shall," continued the Colonel, suddenly abandoning reminiscence, sitting up, and arranging his papers, "look forward with great interest to—er—letter from the executor."

The next day it was universally understood that Colonel Starbottle had been appointed guardian of Pansy Stannard by the probate judge of Sacramento.

There are of record two distinct accounts of Colonel Starbottle's first meeting with his ward after his appointment as her guardian. One, given by himself, varying slightly at times, but always bearing unvarying compliment to the grace, beauty, and singular accomplishments of this apparently gifted child, was nevertheless characterized more by vague, dreamy reminiscences of the departed parents than by any personal experience of the daughter.

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"I found the young lady, sir," he remarked to Mr. Pyecroft, "recalling my cherished friend Stannard in—er—form and features, and—although—er—personally unacquainted with her deceased mother—who belonged, sir, to one of the first families of Virginia—I am told that she is—er—remarkably like her. Miss Stannard is at present a pupil in one of the best educational establishments in Santa Clara, where she is receiving tuition in—er—the English classics, foreign *belles lettres,* embroidery, the harp, and—er—the use of the—er—globes, and—er—backboard—under the most fastidious care, and my own personal supervision. The principal of the school, Miss Eudoxia Tish—associated with—er—er—Miss Prinkwell—is—er—remarkably gifted woman; and as I was present at one of the school exercises, I had the opportunity of testifying to her excellence in—er—short address I made to the young ladies." From such glittering but unsatisfying generalities as these I prefer to turn to the real interview, gathered from contemporary witnesses.

It was the usual cloudless, dazzling, Californian summer day, tempered with the slight asperity of the northwest trades, that Miss Tish, looking through her window towards the rose-embowered gateway of the seminary, saw an extraordinary figure advancing up the avenue. It was that of a man slightly past middle age, yet erect and jaunty, whose costume recalled the early water-color portraits of her own youthful days. His tightly buttoned blue frock-coat with gilt buttons was opened far enough across the chest to allow the expanding of a frilled shirt, black stock, and nankeen waistcoat, and his immaculate white trousers were smartly strapped over his smart varnished boots. A white bell-crowned hat, carried in his hand to permit the wiping of his forehead with a silk handkerchief, and a gold-headed walking-stick hooked over his arm, completed this singular equipment. He was followed, a few paces in the rear, by a negro carrying an enormous bouquet, and a number of small boxes and parcels tied up with ribbons. As the figure paused before the door Miss Tish gasped, and cast a quick restraining glance around the class-room. But it was too late; a dozen pairs of blue, black, round, inquiring, or mischievous eyes were already dancing and gloating over the bizarre stranger through the window.

"A cirkiss—or nigger minstrels—sure as you're born!" said Mary Frost, aged nine, in a fierce whisper.

"No!—a agent from 'The Emporium' with samples," returned Miss Briggs, aged fourteen.

"Young ladies, attend to your studies," said Miss Tish, as the servant brought in a card. Miss Tish glanced at it with some nervousness, and read to herself, "Colonel Culpepper Starbottle," engraved in script, and below it in pencil, "To see Miss Pansy Stannard, under favor of Miss Tish." Rising with some perturbation, Miss Tish hurriedly intrusted the class to an assistant, and descended to the reception-room. She had never seen Pansy's guardian before (the executor had brought the child); and this extraordinary creature, whose visit she could not deny, might be ruinous to school discipline. It was therefore with an extra degree of frigidity of demeanor that she threw open the door of the reception-room and entered majestically. But, to her utter astonishment, the Colonel met her with a bow so stately, so ceremonious, and so commanding that she stopped, disarmed and speechless.

"I need not ask if I am addressing Miss Tish," said the Colonel, loftily, "for without having the pleasure of—er—previous acquaintance, I can at once recognize the—er—Lady Superior and—er—*châtelaine* of this—er—establishment." Miss Tish here gave way to a slight cough and an embarrassed curtsy, as the Colonel, with a wave of his white hand towards the burden carried by his follower, resumed more lightly: "I have brought—er—few trifles and gewgaws for my ward—subject, of course, to your rules and discretion. They include some—er—dainties, free from any deleterious substance, as I am informed—a sash—a ribbon or two for the hair, gloves, mittens, and a nosegay—from which, I trust, it will be *her* pleasure, as it is my own, to invite you to cull such blossoms as may suit your taste. Boy, you may set them down and retire!"

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HAPPILY UNCONSCIOUS OF THE SENSATION HE HAD CAUSED

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"At the present moment," stammered Miss Tish, "Miss Stannard is engaged on her lessons. But—" She stopped again, hopelessly.

"I see," said the Colonel, with an air of playful, poetical reminiscence—"her lessons! Certainly!

We will—er—go to our places,
With smiles on our faces,
And say all our lessons distinctly and slow.

Certainly! Not for worlds would I interrupt them; until they are done, we will—er—walk through the class-rooms and inspect—"

"No! no!" interrupted the horrified principal, with a dreadful presentiment of the appalling effect of the Colonel's entry upon the class. "No!—that is—I mean—our rules exclude—except on days of public examination—"

"Say no more, my dear madam," said the Colonel, politely. "Until she is free, I will stroll outside, through—er—the groves of Academus—"

But Miss Tish, equally alarmed at the diversion this would create at the class-room windows, recalled herself with an effort. "Please wait here a moment," she said, hurriedly; "I will bring her down;" and before the Colonel could politely open the door for her, she had fled.

Happily unconscious of the sensation he had caused, Colonel Starbottle seated himself on the sofa, his white hands resting easily on his gold-headed cane. Once or twice the door behind him opened and closed quietly, scarcely disturbing him; or again opened more ostentatiously to the words, "Oh, excuse, please," and the brief glimpse of a flaxen braid, or a black curly head—to all of which the Colonel nodded politely—even rising later to the apparition of a taller, demure young lady—and her more affected "Really, I beg your pardon!" The only result of this evident curiosity was to slightly change the Colonel's attitude, so as to enable him to put his other hand in his breast in his favorite pose. But presently he was conscious of a more active movement in the hall, of the sounds of scuffling, of a high youthful voice saying "I won't and I sha'n't!" of the door opening to a momentary apparition of Miss Tish dragging a small hand and half of a small black-ribboned arm into the room, and her rapid disappearance again, apparently pulled back by the little hand and arm; of another and longer pause, of a whispered conference outside, and then the reappearance of Miss Tish majestically, re-enforced and supported by the grim presence of her partner, Miss Prinkwell.

"This—er—unexpected visit," began Miss Tish—"not previously arranged by letter—"

"Which is an invariable rule of our establishment," supplemented Miss Prinkwell—

"And the fact that you are personally unknown to us," continued Miss Tish—

"An ignorance shared by the child, who exhibits a distaste for an interview," interpolated Miss Prinkwell, in a kind of antiphonal response—

"For which we have had no time to prepare her," continued Miss Tish—

"Compels us most reluctantly—" But here she stopped short. Colonel Starbottle, who had risen with a deep bow at their entrance and remained standing, here walked quietly towards them. His usually high color had faded except from his eyes, but his exalted manner was still more pronounced, with a dreadful deliberation superadded:

"I believe—er—I had—the honah—to send up my kyard!" (In his supreme moments the Colonel's Southern accent was always in evidence.) "I may—er—be mistaken—but—er—that is my impression." The Colonel paused, and placed his right hand statuesquely on his heart. The two women trembled—Miss Tish fancied the very shirt frill of the Colonel was majestically erecting itself—as they stammered in one voice,

"Ye-e-es!"

"That kyard contained my full name—with a request to see my ward—Miss Stannard," continued the Colonel, slowly. "I believe that is the fact."

"Certainly! certainly!" gasped the women, feebly.

"Then may I—er—point out to you that I *am*—er—*waiting?*"

Although nothing could exceed the laborious simplicity and husky sweetness of the Colonel's utterance, it appeared to utterly demoralize his two hearers—Miss Prinkwell seemed to fade into the pattern

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of the wall-paper, Miss Tish to droop submissively forward like a pink wax candle in the rays of the burning sun.

"We will bring her instantly. A thousand pardons, sir," they uttered in the same breath, backing towards the door. But here the unexpected intervened. Unnoticed by the three during the colloquy, a little figure in a black dress had peeped through the door, and then glided into the room. It was a girl of about ten, who, in all candor, could scarcely be called pretty, although the awkward change of adolescence had not destroyed the delicate proportions of her hands and feet nor the beauty of her brown eyes. These were, just then, round and wondering, and fixed alternately on the Colonel and the two women. But, like many other round and wondering eyes, they had taken in the full meaning of the situation, with a quickness the adult mind is not apt to give them credit for. They saw the complete and utter subjugation of the two supreme autocrats of the school, and, I grieve to say, they were filled with a secret and "fearful joy." But the casual spectator saw none of this; the round and wondering eyes, still rimmed with recent and recalcitrant tears, only looked big and innocently shining.

The relief of the two women was sudden and unaffected.

"Oh, here you are, dearest, at last!" said Miss Tish, eagerly. "This is your guardian, Colonel Starbottle. Come to him, dear!"

She took the hand of the child, who hung back with an odd mingling of shamefacedness and resentment of the interference, when the voice of Colonel Starbottle, in the same deadly calm deliberation, said,

"I—er—will speak with her—alone."

The round eyes again saw the complete collapse of authority, as the two women shrunk back from the voice, and said, hurriedly,

"Certainly, Colonel Starbottle; perhaps it would be better," and ingloriously quitted the room.

But the Colonel's triumph left him helpless. He was alone with a simple child, an unprecedented, unheard-of situation, which left him embarrassed and—speechless. Even his vanity was conscious that his oratorical periods, his methods, his very attitude, were powerless here. The perspiration stood out on his forehead; he looked at her vaguely, and essayed a feeble smile. The child saw his embarrassment, even as she had seen and understood his triumph, and the small woman within her exulted. She put her little hands on her waist, and with the fingers turned downwards and outwards pressed them down her hips to her bended knees until they had forced her skirts into an egregious fulness before and behind, as if she were making a curtsy, and then jumped up and laughed.

"You did it! Hooray!"

"Did what?" said the Colonel, pleased yet mystified.

"Frightened 'em!—the two old cats! Frightened 'em outer their slippers! Oh, Jiminy! Never, *never,* NEVER before was they so skeert! Never since school kept did they have to crawl like that! They was skeert enough *first* when you come, but just now—! Lordy! They wasn't a-goin' to let you see me—but they had to! *had to!* HAD TO!" and she emphasized each repetition with a skip.

"I believe—er—" said the Colonel, blandly, "that I—er—intimated with some firmness—"

"That's it—just it!" interrupted the child, delightedly. "You—you—overdid 'em!"

"What?"

"*Overdid 'em!* Don't you know? They're always so High and Mighty! Kinder 'Don't tetch me. My mother's an angel; my father's a king'—all that sort of thing. They did *this*"—she drew herself up in a presumable imitation of the two women's majestic entrance—"and then," she continued, "you—*you* jest did this"—here she lifted her chin, and puffing out her small chest, strode towards the Colonel in evident simulation of his grandest manner.

A short, deep chuckle escaped him—although the next moment his face became serious again. But Pansy in the mean time had taken possession of his coat sleeve and was rubbing her cheek against it like a young colt. At which the Colonel succumbed feebly and sat down on the sofa, the child standing beside him, leaning over and transferring

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her little hands to the lapels of his frock-coat, which she essayed to button over his chest as she looked into his murky eyes.

"The other girls said," she began, tugging at the button, "that you was a 'cirkiss'"—another tug—"'a nigger minstrel'"—and a third tug—"'a agent with samples'—but that showed all they knew!"

"Ah," said the Colonel, with exaggerated blandness, "and—er—what did *you* —er—say?"

The child smiled. "I said you was a Stuffed Donkey—but that was *before* I knew you. I was a little skeert too; but *now*"—she succeeded in buttoning the coat and making the Colonel quite apoplectic—"*now* I ain't frightened one bit—no, not one *tiny* bit! But," she added, after a pause, unbuttoning the coat again and smoothing down the lapels between her fingers, "you're to keep on frightening the old cats—mind! Never mind about the *girls*. I'll tell them."

The Colonel would have given worlds to be able to struggle up into an upright position with suitable oral expression. Not that his vanity was at all wounded by these irresponsible epithets, which only excited an amused wonder, but he was conscious of an embarrassed pleasure in the child's caressing familiarity, and her perfect trustfulness in him touched his extravagant chivalry. He ought to protect her, and yet correct her. In the consciousness of these duties he laid his white hand upon her head. Alas! she lifted her arm and instantly transferred his hand and part of his arm around her neck and shoulders, and comfortably snuggled against him. The Colonel gasped. Nevertheless something must be said, and he began, albeit somewhat crippled in delivery:

"The—er—use of elegant and precise language by—er—young ladies cannot be too sedulously cultivated—"

But here the child laughed, and snuggling still closer, gurgled: "That's right! Give it to her when she comes down! That's the style!" and the Colonel stopped, discomfited. Nevertheless there was a certain wholesome glow in the contact of this nestling little figure.

Presently he resumed, tentatively: "I have—er—brought you a few dainties."

"Yes," said Pansy, "I see; but they're from the wrong shop, you dear old silly! They're from Tomkins's, and we girls just abominate his things. You oughter have gone to Emmons's. Never mind. I'll show you when we go out. We're going out, aren't we?" she said suddenly, lifting her head anxiously. "You know it's allowed, and it's *rights* 'to parents and guardians'!"

"Certainly, certainly," said the Colonel. He knew he would feel a little less constrained in the open air.

"Then we'll go now," said Pansy, jumping up. "I'll just run up stairs and put on my things. I'll say it's 'orders' from you. And I'll wear my new frock—it's longer." (The Colonel was slightly relieved at this; it had seemed to him, as a guardian, that there was perhaps an abnormal display of Pansy's black stockings.) "You wait; I won't be long."

She darted to the door, but reaching it, suddenly stopped, returned to the sofa, where the Colonel still sat, imprinted a swift kiss on his mottled cheek, and fled, leaving him invested with a mingled flavor of freshly ironed muslin, wintergreen lozenges, and recent bread-and-butter. He sat still for some time, staring out of the window. It was very quiet in the room; a bumblebee blundered from the jasmine outside into the open window, and snored loudly at the panes. But the Colonel heeded it not, and remained abstracted and silent until the door opened to Miss Tish, and Pansy—in her best frock and sash. At which the Colonel started and became erect again and courtly.

"I am about to take my ward out," he said, deliberately, "to—er—taste the air in the Alameda, and—er—view the shops. We may—er—also—indulge in—er—slight suitable refreshment;—er—seed cake—or—bread-and-butter—and—a dish of tea."

Miss Tish, now thoroughly subdued, was delighted to grant Miss Stannard the half-holiday permitted on such occasions. She begged the Colonel to suit his own pleasure, and intrusted "the dear child" to her guardian "with the greatest confidence."

The Colonel made a low bow, and Pansy, demurely slipping her hand into his, passed with him into the hall; there was

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MISS TISH AND MISS PRINKWELL, SUPREME AUTOCRATS OF THE SCHOOL

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a slight rustle of vanishing skirts, and Pansy pressed his hand significantly. When they were well outside, she said, in a lower voice:

"Don't look up until we're under the gymnasium windows." The Colonel, mystified but obedient, strutted on. "Now!" said Pansy. He looked up, beheld the windows aglow with bright young faces, and bewildering with many handkerchiefs and clapping hands, stopped, and then taking off his hat, acknowledged the salute with a sweeping bow. Pansy was delighted. "I knew they'd be there; I'd already fixed 'em. They're just dyin' to know you."

The Colonel felt a certain glow of pleasure. "I—er—had already intimated a —er—willingness to—er—inspect the classes; but—I—er—understood that the rules—"

"They're sick old rules," interrupted the child. "Tish and Prinkwell are the rules! You say just right out that you *will!* Just overdo her!"

The Colonel had a vague sense that he ought to correct both the spirit and language of this insurrectionary speech, but Pansy pulled him along, and then swept him quite away with a torrent of prattle of the school, of her friends, of the teachers, of her life and its infinitely small miseries and pleasures. Pansy was voluble; never before had the Colonel found himself relegated to the place of a passive listener. Nevertheless he liked it, and as they passed on, under the shade of the Alameda, with Pansy alternately swinging from his hand and skipping beside him, there was a vague smile of satisfaction on his face. Passers-by turned to look after the strangely assorted pair, or smiled, accepting them, as the Colonel fancied, as father and daughter. An odd feeling, half of pain and half of pleasure, gripped at the heart of the empty and childless man.

And now, as they approached the more crowded thoroughfares, the instinct of chivalrous protection was keen in his breast. He piloted her skilfully; he jauntily suited his own to her skipping step; he lifted her with scrupulous politeness over obstacles; strutting beside her on crowded pavements, he made way for her with his swinging stick. All the while, too, he had taken note of the easy carriage of her head and shoulders, and most of all of her small slim feet and hands, that, to his fastidious taste, betokened her race. "Ged, sir," he muttered to himself, "she's 'Blue Grass' stock all through." To admiration succeeded pride, with a slight touch of ownership. When they went into a shop, which, thanks to the ingenuous Pansy, they did pretty often, he would introduce her with a wave of the hand, and the remark, "*I* am —er—seeking nothing to-day, but if you will kindly—er—serve my *ward*—Miss Stannard!" Later, when they went into the confectioner's for refreshment, and Pansy frankly declared for "ice-cream and cream cakes," instead of the "dish of tea and bread-and-butter" he had ordered in pursuance of his promise, he heroically took it himself—to satisfy his honor. Indeed, I know of no more sublime figure than Colonel Starbottle—rising superior to a long-withstood craving for a "cocktail," morbidly conscious also of the ridiculousness of his appearance to any of his old associates who might see him — drinking lukewarm tea and pecking feebly at his bread-and-butter at a small table, beside his little tyrant.

And this domination of the helpless continued on their way home. Although Miss Pansy no longer talked of herself, she was equally voluble in inquiry as to the Colonel's habits, ways of life, friends and acquaintances, happily restricting her interrogations, in regard to those of her own sex, to "any *little* girls that he knew." Saved by this exonerating adjective, the Colonel saw here a chance to indulge his postponed monitorial duty, as well as his vivid imagination. He accordingly drew elaborate pictures of impossible children he had known — creatures precise in language and dress, abstinent of play and confectionery, devoted to lessons and duties, and otherwise, in Pansy's own words, "loathsome to the last degree!" As "daughters of oldest and most cherished friends," they might perhaps have excited Pansy's childish jealousy, but for the singular fact that they had all long ago been rewarded by marriage with Senators, Judges, and Generals—also associates of the Colonel. This remoteness of presence somewhat marred their effect as an example, and the Colonel was

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mortified, though not entirely displeased, to observe that their surprising virtues did not destroy Pansy's voracity for sweets, the recklessness of her skipping, nor the freedom of her language. The Colonel was remorseful—but happy.

When they reached the seminary again, Pansy retired with her various purchases, but reappeared after an interval with Miss Tish.

"I remember," hesitated that lady, trembling under the fascination of the Colonel's profound bow, "that you were anxious to look over the school, and although it was not possible then, I shall be glad to show you now through one of the class-rooms."

The Colonel, glancing at Pansy, was momentarily shocked by a distortion of one side of her face, which seemed, however, to end in a wink of her innocent brown eyes, but recovering himself, gallantly expressed his gratitude. The next moment he was ascending the stairs, side by side with Miss Tish, and had a distinct impression that he had been pinched in the calf by Pansy, who was following close behind.

It was recess, but the large class-room was quite filled with pupils, many of them older and prettier girls, inveigled there, as it afterwards appeared, by Pansy, in some precocious presentiment of her guardian's taste. The Colonel's apologetic yet gallant bow on entering, and his erect, old-fashioned elegance, instantly took their delighted attention. Indeed, all would have gone well had not Miss Prinkwell, with the view of impressing the Colonel as well as her pupils, majestically introduced him as "a distinguished jurist deeply interested in the cause of education, as well as guardian of their fellow-pupil." That opportunity was not thrown away on Colonel Starbottle.

Stepping up to the desk of the astounded principal, he laid the points of his fingers delicately upon it, and, with a preparatory inclination of his head towards her, placed his other hand in his breast, and with an invocatory glance at the ceiling, began.

It was the Colonel's habit at such mo-



"YOU DID IT! HOORAY!"

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ments to state at first, with great care and precision, the things that he "would not say," that he "*need* not say," and apparently that it was absolutely unnecessary to even allude to. It was therefore not strange that the Colonel informed them that he need not say that he counted his present privilege among the highest that had been granted him; for, besides the privilege of beholding the galaxy of youthful talent and excellence before him, besides the privilege of being surrounded by a garland of the blossoms of the school in all their freshness and beauty, it was well understood that he had the greater privilege of—er—standing *in loco parentis* to one of these blossoms. It was not for him to allude to the high trust imposed upon him by—er—deceased and cherished friend, and daughter of one of the first families of Virginia, by the side of one who must feel that she was the recipient of trusts equally supreme (here the Colonel paused, and statuesquely regarded the alarmed Miss Prinkwell as if he were in doubt of it), but he would say that it should be *his* devoted mission to champion the rights of the orphaned and innocent whenever and wherever the occasion arose, against all odds, and even in the face of misguided authority. (Having left the impression that Miss Prinkwell contemplated an invasion of those rights, the Colonel became more lenient and genial.) He fully recognized her high and noble office; he saw in her the worthy successor of those two famous instructresses of Athens—those Greek ladies—er—whose names had escaped his memory, but which—er—no doubt Miss Prinkwell would be glad to recall to her pupils, with some account of their lives. (Miss Prinkwell colored; she had never heard of them before, and even the delight of the class in the Colonel's triumph was a little dampened by this prospect of hearing more about them.) But the Colonel was only too content with seeing before him these bright and beautiful faces, destined, as he firmly believed, in after-years to lend their charm and effulgence to the highest places as the happy helpmeets of the greatest in the land. He was—er—leaving a—er—slight testimonial of his regard in the form of some—er—innocent refreshments in the hands of his ward, who would—er—act as—er—his proxy in their distribution; and the Colonel sat down to the flutter of handkerchiefs, an applause only half restrained, and the utter demoralization of Miss Prinkwell.

But the time of his departure had come by this time, and he was too experienced a public man to risk the possibility of an anticlimax by protracting his leave-taking. And in an ominous shining of Pansy's big eyes as the time approached he felt an embarrassment as perplexing as the odd presentiment of loneliness that was creeping over him. But with an elaborate caution as to the dangers of self-indulgence, and the private bestowal of a large gold piece slipped into her hand, a promise to come again soon, and an exaction that she would write to him often, the Colonel received in return a wet kiss, a great deal of wet cheek pressed against his own, and a momentary tender clinging, like that which attends the pulling up of some small flower, as he passed out into the porch. In the hall, on the landing above him, there was a close packing of brief skirts against the railing, and a voice, apparently proceeding from a pair of very small mottled legs protruding through the balusters, said, distinctly, "Free cheers for Ternel Tarbottle!" And to this benediction the Colonel, hat in hand, passed out of this Eden into the world again.

The Colonel's next visit to the seminary did not produce the same sensation as the first, although it was accompanied with equal disturbance to the fair principals. Had he been a less conceited man he might have noticed that their antagonism, although held in restraint by their wholesome fear of him, was in danger of becoming more a conviction than a mere suspicion. He was made aware of it through Pansy's resentment towards them, and her revelation of a certain inquisition that she had been subjected to in regard to his occupation, habits, and acquaintances. Naturally of these things Pansy knew very little, but this had not prevented her from saying a great deal. There had been enough in her questioners' manner to make her suspect that her guardian was being attacked, and to his defence she brought the

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"DON'T LOOK UP UNTIL WE'RE UNDER THE GYMNASIUM WINDOWS"

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mendacity and imagination of a clever child. What she had really said did not transpire except through her own comments to the Colonel: "And of course you've killed people—for you're a Kernel, you know!" (Here the Colonel admitted, as a point of fact, that he had served in the Mexican war.) "And you kin *preach*, for they heard you do it when you was here before," she added, confidently; "and of course you own niggers—for there's 'Jim.'" (The Colonel here attempted to explain that Jim, being in a free State, was now a free man, but Pansy swept away such fine distinctions.) "And you're rich, you know, for you gave me that ten-dollar gold piece all for myself. So I jest gave 'em as good as they sent — the old spies and curiosity-shops!" The Colonel, more pleased at Pansy's devotion than concerned over the incident itself, accepted this interpretation of his character as a munificent, militant priest with a smiling protest. But a later incident caused him to remember it more seriously.

They had taken their usual stroll through the Alameda, and had made the round of the shops, where the Colonel had exhibited his usual liberality of purchase and his exalted parental protection, and so had passed on to their usual refreshment at the confectioner's, the usual ices and cakes for Pansy, but this time—a concession also to the tyrant Pansy—a glass of lemon soda and a biscuit for the Colonel. He was coughing over his unaccustomed beverage, and Pansy, her equanimity and volubility restored by sweets, was chirruping at his side; the large saloon was filling up with customers—mainly ladies and children, embarrassing to him as the only man present, when suddenly Pansy's attention was diverted by another arrival. It was a good-looking young woman, overdressed, striking, and self-conscious, who, with an air of one who was in the habit of challenging attention, affectedly seated herself with a male companion at an empty table, and began to pull off an overtight glove.

"My!" said Pansy, in admiring wonder, "ain't she fine?"

Colonel Starbottle looked up abstractedly, but at the first glance his face flushed redly, deepened to a purple, and then became gray and stern. He had recognized in the garish fair one Miss Flora Montague, the "Western Star of Terpsichore and Song," with whom he had supped a few days before at Sacramento. The lady was "on tour" with her "Combination Troupe."

The Colonel leaned over and fixed his murky eyes on Pansy. "The room is filling up; the place is stifling; I must—er—request you to—er—hurry."

There was a change in the Colonel's manner, which the quick-witted child heeded. But she had not associated it with the entrance of the strangers, and as she obediently gulped down her ice, she went on, innocently:

"That fine lady's smilin' and lookin' over here. Seems to know you; so does the man with her."

"I—er—must request you," said the Colonel, with husky precision, "*not* to look that way, but finish your—er—repast."

His tone was so decided that the child's lips pouted, but before she could speak a shadow leaned over their table. It was the companion of the "fine lady."

"Don't seem to see us, Colonel," he said, with coarse familiarity, laying his hand on the Colonel's shoulder. "Florry wants to know what's up."

The Colonel rose at the touch. "Tell her, sir," he said, huskily, but with slow deliberation, "that *I* 'am up' and leaving this place with my ward, Miss Stannard. Good-morning." He lifted Pansy with infinite courtesy from her chair, took her hand, strolled to the counter, threw down a gold piece, and passing the table of the astonished fair one with an inflated breast, swept with Pansy out of the shop. In the street he paused, bidding the child go on; and then, finding he was not followed by the woman's escort, rejoined his little companion.

For a few moments they walked silently side by side. Then Pansy's curiosity, getting the better of her pout, demanded information. She had applied a child's swift logic to the scene. The Colonel was angry and had punished the woman for something. She drew closer to his side, and looking up with her big eyes, said, confidentially,

"What had she been a-doing?"

The Colonel was amazed, embarrassed,

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and speechless. He was totally unprepared for the question, and as unable to answer it. His abrupt departure from the shop had been to evade the very truth now demanded of him. Only a supreme effort of mendacity was left him. He wiped his brow with his handkerchief, coughed, and began deliberately:

"The—er—lady in question is in the habit of using a scent called—er—patchouli, a—er—perfume exceedingly distressing to me. I detected it instantly on her entrance. I wished to avoid it—without further contact. It is—er—singular but accepted fact that some people are—er—peculiarly affected by odors. I had—er—old cherished friend who always—er—fainted at the odor of jasmine; and I was intimately acquainted with General Bludyer, who—er—dropped like a shot on the presentation of a simple violet! The—er—habit of using such perfumes excessively in public," continued the Colonel, looking down upon the innocent Pansy, and speaking in tones of deadly deliberation, "cannot be too greatly condemned, as well as the habit of—er—frequenting places of public resort in—extravagant costumes, with—er—individuals who—er—intrude upon domestic privacy. I trust you will eschew such perfumes, places, costumes, and—er—companions *forever* and—*on all occasions!*" The Colonel had raised his voice to his forensic emphasis, and Pansy, somewhat alarmed, assented. Whether she entirely accepted the Colonel's explanation was another matter.

The incident, although not again alluded to, seemed to shadow the rest of their brief afternoon holiday, and the Colonel's manner was unmistakably graver. But it seemed to the child more affectionate and thoughtful. He had previously at parting submitted to be kissed by Pansy with stately tolerance and an immediate resumption of his loftiest manner. On this present leave-taking he laid his straight, closely shaven lips on the crown of her dark head, and as her small arms clipped his neck, drew her closely to his side. The child uttered a slight cry; the Colonel hurriedly put his hand to his breast. Her round cheek had come in contact with his derringer—a small weapon of beauty and precision—which invariably nestled also at his side, in his waistcoat pocket. The child laughed; so did the Colonel, but his cheek flushed mightily.

It was four months later, and a turbulent night. The early rains, driven by a strong southwester against the upper windows of the Magnolia Restaurant, sometimes blurred the radiance of the bright lights within, and the roar of the encompassing pines at times drowned the sounds of song and laughter that rose from a private supper-room. Even the clattering arrival and departure of the Sacramento stage-coach, which disturbed the depths below, did not affect these upper revellers. For Colonel Starbottle, Jack Hamlin, Judge Beeswinger, and Jo Wynyard, assisted by Mesdames Montague, Montmorency, Bellefield, and "Tinky" Clifford, of the "Western Star Combination Troupe," then performing "on tour," were holding "high jinks" in the supper-room. The Colonel had been of late moody, irritable, and easily upset. In the words of a friend and admirer, "he was kam only at twelve paces."

In a lull in the general tumult a Chinese waiter was seen at the door vainly endeavoring to attract the attention of the Colonel by signs and interjections. Mr. Hamlin's quick eye first caught sight of the intruder.

"Come in, Confucius," said Jack, pleasantly; "you're a trifle late for a regular turn, but any little thing in the way of knife-swallowing, or plate-chucking—"

"Lill missee to see Connle! Waitee waitee, bottom side housee," interrupted the Chinaman, dividing his speech between Jack and the Colonel.

"What! *Another* lady? This is no place for me!" said Jack, rising with finely simulated decorum.

"Ask her up," chirped Tinky Clifford.

But at this moment the door opened against the Chinaman, and a small figure in a cloak and hat dripping with raindrops glided swiftly in. After a moment's half-frightened, half-admiring glance at the party she darted forward with a little cry and threw her wet arms round the Colonel. The rest of the company, arrested in their festivity, gasped with vague and smiling wonder; the Col-

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onel became purple and gasped. But only for a moment. The next instant he was on his legs, holding the child with one hand, while with the other he described a stately sweep of the table.

"My ward—Miss Pansy Stannard," he said, with husky brevity. But drawing the child aside, he whispered quickly: "What has happened? Why are you here?"

But Pansy, childlike, already diverted by the lights, the table piled with delicacies, the gayly dressed women, and the air of festivity, answered half abstractedly, and as much, perhaps, to the curious eyes about her as to the Colonel's voice:

"I runned away!"

"Hush!" whispered the Colonel, aghast.

But Pansy, responding again to the company rather than her guardian's counsel, and as if appealing to them, went on, half poutingly: "Yes! I runned away because they teased me! Because they didn't like you and said horrid things. Because they told awful, dreadful lies! Because they said I wasn't no orphan! —that my name wasn't Stannard, and that you'd made it all up. Because they said I was a liar—and *you was my father!*"

A sudden outbreak of laughter here shook the room, and even drowned the storm outside; again and again it rose, as the Colonel staggered gaspingly to his feet. For an instant it seemed as if his struggles to restrain himself would end in an apoplectic fit. Perhaps it was for this reason that Jack Hamlin checked his own light laugh and became alert and grave. Yet the next moment Colonel Starbottle went as suddenly dead white, as leaning over the table he said, huskily, but deliberately, "I must request the ladies present to withdraw."

"Don't mind *us*, Kernel," said Judge Beeswinger; "it's all in the family here, you know! And—now I look at the girl —hang it all! she *does* favor you, old man. Ha! ha!"

"And as for the ladies," said Wynyard, with a weak, vinous laugh, "unless any of 'em is inclined to take the matter as *personal*—eh?"

"Stop!" roared the Colonel.

There was no mistaking his voice nor his intent now. The two men, insulted and instantly sobered, were silent. Mr. Hamlin rose, playfully but determinedly tapped his fair companions on the shoulders, saying, "Run away and play, girls," actually bundled them, giggling and protesting, from the room, closed the door, and stood with his back against it. Then it was seen that the Colonel, still very white, was holding the child by the hand, as she shrank back wonderingly and a little frightened against him.

"I thank *you*, Mr. Hamlin," said the Colonel, in a lower voice—yet with a slight touch of his habitual stateliness in it, "for being here to bear witness, in the presence of this child, to my unqualified statement that a more foul, vile, and iniquitous falsehood never was uttered than that which has been poured into her innocent ears!" He paused, walked to the door, still holding her hand, and as Mr. Hamlin stepped aside, opened it, told her to await him in the public parlor, closed the door again, and once more faced the two men. "And," he continued, more deliberately, "for the infamous jests that you, Judge Beeswinger, and you, Mr. Wynyard, have dared to pass in her presence and mine, I shall expect from each of you the fullest satisfaction —personal satisfaction. My seconds will wait on you in the morning."

The two men stood up sobered—yet belligerent.

"As you like, sir," said Beeswinger, flashing.

"The sooner the better for me," added Wynyard, curtly.

They passed the unruffled Jack Hamlin with a smile and a vaguely significant air, as if calling him as a witness to the Colonel's madness, and strode out of the room.

As the door closed behind them, Mr. Hamlin lightly settled his white waistcoat, and, with his hands on his hips, lounged towards the Colonel. "And *then?*" he said, quietly.

"Eh?" said the Colonel.

"After you've shot one or both of these men, or one of 'em has knocked *you* out, what's to become of that child?"

"If—I am—er—spared, sir," said the Colonel, huskily, "I shall continue to defend her—against calumny and sneers—"

"In this style, eh? After her life has

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been made a hell by her association with a man of your reputation, you propose to whitewash it by a quarrel with a couple of drunken scallawags like Beeswinger and Wynyard, in the presence of three painted trollops, and a d—d scamp like myself! Do you suppose this won't be blown all over California before she can be sent back to school? Do you suppose those cackling hussies in the next room won't give the whole story away to the next man who stands treat?" (A fine contempt for the sex in general was one of Mr. Hamlin's most subtle attractions for them.)

"Nevertheless, sir," stammered the Colonel, "the prompt punishment of the man who has dared—"

"Punishment!" — interrupted Hamlin —"who's to punish the man who has dared most? The one man who is responsible for the whole thing? Who's to punish *you?*"

"Mr. Hamlin—sir!" gasped the Colonel, falling back, as his hand involuntarily rose to the level of his waistcoat pocket and his derringer.

But Mr. Hamlin only put down the wine-glass he had lifted from the table and was delicately twirling between his fingers, and looked fixedly at the Colonel.

"Look here," he said, slowly. "When the boys said that you accepted the guardianship of that child *not* on account of Dick Stannard, but only as a bluff against the joke they'd set up at you, I didn't believe them! When these men and women to-night tumbled to that story of the child being *yours,* I didn't believe that! When it was said by others that you were serious about making her your ward, and giving her your property, because you doted on her like a father, I didn't believe that."

"And—why not *that?*" said the Colonel, quickly, yet with an odd tremor in his voice.

"Because," said Hamlin, becoming suddenly as grave as the Colonel, "I could not believe that any one who cared a picayune for the child could undertake a trust that might bring her into contact with a life and company as rotten as ours. I could not believe that even the most God-forsaken, conceited fool would, for the sake of a little sentimental parade and splurge among people outside his regular walk, allow the prospects of that child to be blasted. I couldn't believe it, even if he thought he was acting like a father. I didn't believe it—but I'm beginning to believe it now!"

There was little to choose between the attitudes and expressions of the two set stern faces now regarding each other, silently, a foot apart. But the Colonel was the first to speak:

"Mr. Hamlin—sir! You said a moment ago that *I* was — er — ahem — responsible for this evening's affair—but you expressed a doubt as to who could—er—punish me for it. I accept the responsibility you have indicated, sir, and offer you that chance. But as this matter between us must have precedence over —my engagements with that *canaille,* I shall expect you with your seconds at sunrise on Burnt Ridge. Good-evening, sir."

With head erect the Colonel left the room. Mr. Hamlin slightly shrugged his shoulders, turned to the door of the room whither he had just banished the ladies, and in a few minutes his voice was heard melodiously among the gayest.

For all that he managed to get them away early. When he had bundled them into a large carryall, and watched them drive away through the storm, he returned for a minute to the waiting-room for his overcoat. He was surprised to hear the sound of the child's voice in the supper-room, and the door being ajar, he could see quite distinctly that she was seated at the table, with a plate full of sweets before her, while Colonel Starbottle, with his back to the door, was sitting opposite to her, his shoulders slightly bowed as he eagerly watched her. It seemed to Mr. Hamlin that it was the close of an emotional interview, for Pansy's voice was broken, partly by sobs, and partly, I grieve to say, by the hurried swallowing of the delicacies before her. Yet, above the beating of the storm outside, he could hear her saying:

"Yes! I promise to be good—(sob), —and to go with Mrs. Pyecroft—(sob),—and to try—to like another guardian—(sob),—and not to cry any more—(sob), —and — oh, please, *don't you do it either!*"

But here Mr. Hamlin slipped out of

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JIM WAS GLAD THE CHILD WAS GONE

the room and out of the house, with a rather grave face. An hour later, when the Colonel drove up to the Pyecrofts' door with Pansy, he found that Mr. Pyecroft was slightly embarrassed, and a figure which, in the darkness, seemed to resemble Mr. Hamlin's, had just emerged from the door as he entered.

Yet the sun was not up on Burnt Ridge earlier than Mr. Hamlin. The storm of the night before had blown itself out; a few shreds of mist hung in the valleys from the Ridge, that lay above coldly reddening. Then a breeze swept over it, and out of the dissipating mist fringe Mr. Hamlin saw two black figures, closely buttoned up like himself, emerge, which he recognized as Beeswinger and Wynyard, followed by their seconds. But the Colonel came not. Hamlin joined the others in an animated confidential conversation, attended by a watchful outlook for the missing adversary. Five, ten minutes elapsed, and yet the usually prompt Colonel was not there. Mr. Hamlin looked grave; Wynyard and Beeswinger exchanged interrogatory glances. Then a buggy was seen driving furiously up the grade, and from it leaped Colonel Starbottle, accompanied by Dick MacKinstry, his second, carrying his pistol-case. And then—strangely enough for men who were waiting the coming of an antagonist who was a dead shot—they drew a breath of relief!

MacKinstry slightly preceded his principal, and the others could see that Starbottle, though erect, was walking slowly. They were surprised also to observe that he was haggard and hollow-eyed, and seemed, in the few hours that had elapsed since they last saw him, to have aged ten years. MacKinstry, a tall Kentuckian, saluted, and was the first one to speak.

"Colonel Starbottle," he said, formally, "desires to express his regrets at this delay, which was unavoidable, as he was

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obliged to attend his ward, who was leaving by the down coach for Sacramento with Mrs. Pyecroft, this morning." Hamlin, Wynyard, and Beeswinger exchanged glances. "Colonel Starbottle," continued MacKinstry, turning to his principal, "desires to say a word to Mr. Hamlin."

As Mr. Hamlin would have advanced from the group, Colonel Starbottle lifted his hand deprecatingly. "What I have to say must be said before these gentlemen," he began, slowly. "Mr. Hamlin—sir! when I solicited the honor of this meeting I was under a grievous misapprehension of the intent and purpose of your comments on my action last evening. I think," he added, slightly inflating his buttoned-up figure, "that the reputation I have always borne in—er—meetings of this kind will prevent any—er—misunderstanding of my present action—which is to—er—ask permission to withdraw my challenge—and to humbly beg your pardon."

The astonishment produced by this unexpected apology, and Mr. Hamlin's prompt grasp of the Colonel's hand, had scarcely passed before the Colonel drew himself up again, and turning to his second, said, "And now I am at the service of Judge Beeswinger and Mr. Wynyard—whichever may elect to honor me first."

But the two men thus addressed looked for a moment strangely foolish and embarrassed. Yet the awkwardness was at last broken by Judge Beeswinger frankly advancing towards the Colonel with an outstretched hand. "We came here only to apologize, Colonel Starbottle. Without possessing your reputation and experience in these matters, we still think we can claim, as you have, an equal exemption from any misunderstanding when we say that we deeply regret our foolish and discourteous conduct last evening."

A quick flush mounted to the Colonel's haggard cheek as he drew back with a suspicious glance at Hamlin.

"Mr. Hamlin!—gentlemen!—if this is—er—!" But before he could finish his sentence Hamlin had clapped his hand on the Colonel's shoulder. "You'll take my word, Colonel, that these gentlemen honestly intended to apologize, and came here for that purpose;—and—*so did I*—only you anticipated me!"

In the laughter that followed Mr. Hamlin's frankness the Colonel's features relaxed grimly, and he shook the hands of his late possible antagonists.

"And now," said Mr. Hamlin, gayly, "you'll all adjourn to breakfast with me—and try to make up for the supper we left unfinished last night."

It was the only allusion to that interruption and its consequences, for during the breakfast the Colonel said nothing in regard to his ward, and the other guests were discreetly reticent. But Mr. Hamlin was not satisfied. He managed to get the Colonel's servant, Jim, aside, and extracted from the negro that Colonel Starbottle had taken the child that night to Pyecroft's; that he had had a long interview with Pyecroft; had written letters and "walked de flo" all night; that he (Jim) was glad the child was gone!

"Why?" asked Hamlin, with affected carelessness.

"She was just making de Kernel like any o' de low-down Noth'n folks—keerful, and stingy, and mighty afraid o' de opinions o' de biggety people. And fo' what? Jess to strut round wid dat child like he was her 'spectable go-to-meeting fader!"

"And was the child sorry to leave him?" asked Hamlin.

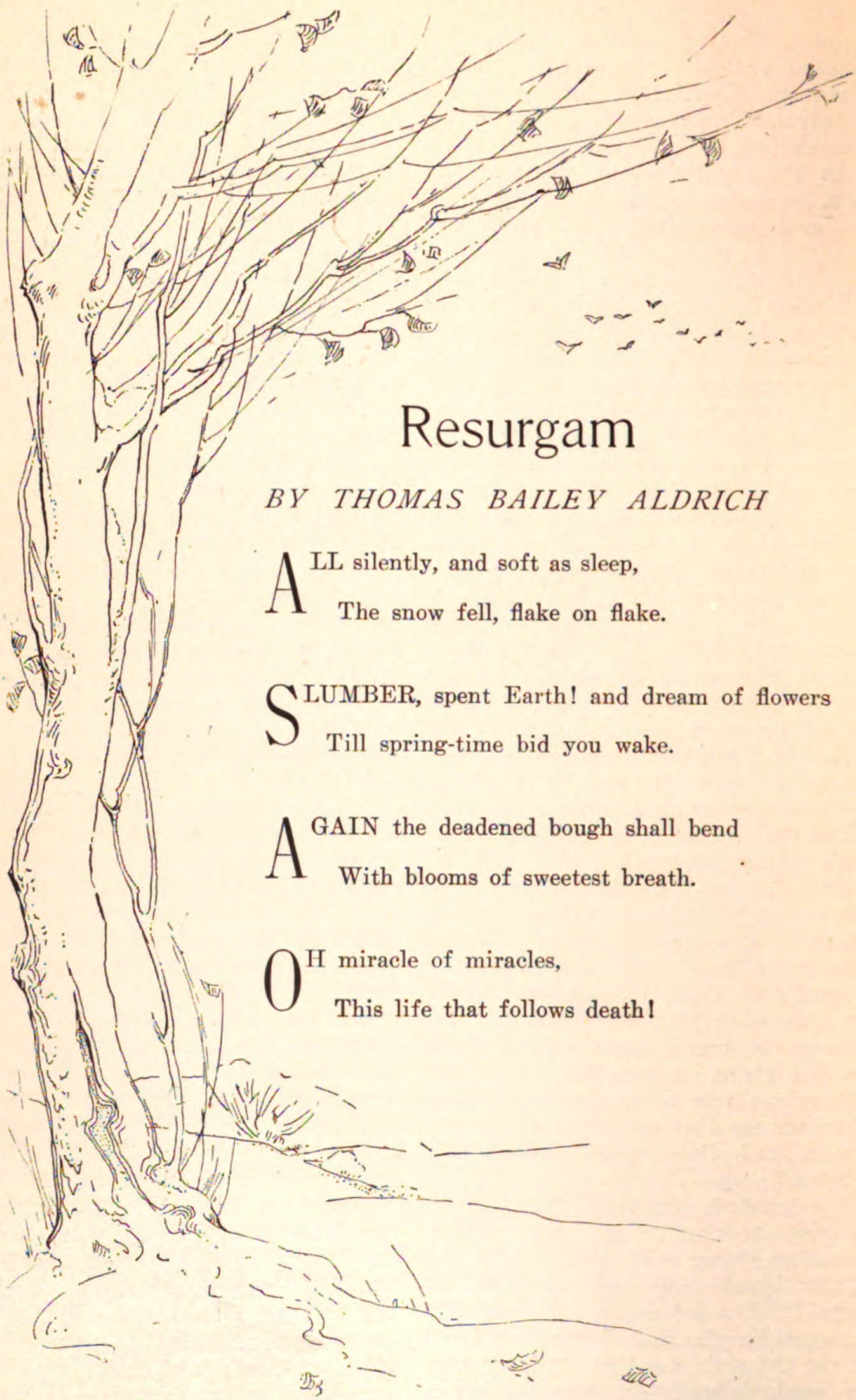
"Wull—no, sah. De mighty curos thing, Marse Jack, about the gals—big and little—is dey just *use* de Kernel! dat's all! Dey just use de ole man like a pole to bring down deir persimmons—see?"

But Mr. Hamlin did not smile.

Later it was known that Colonel Starbottle had resigned his guardianship with the consent of the court. Whether he ever again saw his late ward was not known—nor if he remained loyal to his memories of her.

Readers of these chronicles may, however, remember that years after, when the Colonel married the widow of a certain Mr. Tretherick, both in his courtship and his short married life he was singularly indifferent to the childish graces of Carrie Tretherick, her beloved little daughter, and that his obtuseness in that respect provoked the widow's ire.

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Resurgam

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

ALL silently, and soft as sleep,
The snow fell, flake on flake.

SLUMBER, spent Earth! and dream of flowers
Till spring-time bid you wake.

AGAIN the deadened bough shall bend
With blooms of sweetest breath.

OH miracle of miracles,
This life that follows death!

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PONTA DELGADA

In the World of the Azores

BY HENRY ILIOWIZI

AT the Olympian feast which followed the union of Zeus and Hera the attending deities signified their pleasure by various offerings presented to the sovereign gods. Among them was Titœa, a daughter of Pan, who caused a wonderful tree to spring from the earth; it bore golden apples of a delicious flavor, and was given in trust to the Hesperides, the seven daughters of the sky-bearing Atlas, who dwelt in Hesperis —a blessed realm somewhere in the west. Like frail Eve, those immortal virgins yielded to temptation, ate of the fruit, so that the serpent Ladon was placed in the sacred gardens to prevent the recurrence of the transgression. Hercules penetrated into the forbidden quarter, slew the serpent, and carried off some of the fruit as his trophy. Such was the ancient fable before the adventurous Moslem, Mohammed al Edrisi, discovered in the twelfth century the Cape de Verde, Madeira, and the Canary islands. Edrisi is credited with having indicated the existence of what is now the Azorean Archipelago, but Santa Maria, the first of this group, was discovered by Gonçalo Velho Cabral in August, 1432. Cabral carried out the instructions of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator. The other islands were discovered in succession, and taken possession of in the name of the crown.

On the 11th of last July, about five in the afternoon—that is, on the eighth day after our departure from New York—Father Mesguito, an Azorean priest who had lived years in the States, drew my attention to a lofty point in the east, which retained its towering outlines among the ever-shifting clouds. "That is Pico, the highest mountain of the Azores, almost eight thousand feet above the sea," volunteered the father, one of the most genial fellow-passengers on board *The Trojan Prince*.

We caught a glimmer from some habitation as we passed Fayal after nightfall; about eleven we were favored with a superb view of the apparently single-headed monarch of the Azorean mountains. Midnight found us in a light haze, winging our course toward St. Michael, the largest and most important of the islands. "These islanders are a very reli-

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gious and whole-souled people, with hardly a knowledge of the vices known on the continents," observed the good father, to whom the Azores were the Eden without a serpent; it was a pardonable partiality.

Early in the morning the outlines of St. Michael became dimly discernible, and by eight o'clock windmills and settlements of white dwellings could be distinctly seen nestled on the declivities of undulated hills, teeming with dome-shaped summits all covered with verdure to the top, with evidences of being largely under cultivation. The Azorean landscape is not without its peculiar features, and there is a suggestive melancholy hovering about the dark rock-beds of St. Michael. One need not recall to mind the tale of the lost Atlantis as told by Plato to come to the conclusion that tremendous agencies have been at work hereabout, where much that rises above the sea is either black as coal or welded into shapeless masses, bearing the unmistakable evidence of those volcanic eruptions which levelled mountains and wiped out cities. Points are shown here where, standing on a precipitous coast, you may drop a plummet into an abyss of thousands of feet. It is a plausible assumption that these islands are in reality the hilly plateaux of a system of mountains once buried under four thousand fathoms of ocean by a cataclysm of appalling proportions.

Yet on that raven-black foundation which fringes the bay of Ponta Delgada the city that bears this name is something of a surprise to the new-comer as he views it from the sea. Only the minaret and the flat-roofed Moorish habitation are lacking to give it the appearance of one of those dazzling white cities which enchant the eye along the coast of Barbary. It looks semi-Oriental, however, its church towers of white and pink, and its numerous tiled houses of all tints and colors, notwithstanding.

You enter the city through a triumphal arch built a hundred years ago in commemoration of the city's escape from destruction by a furious sea-storm. Nobody seems to bother himself about you, but you are not unobserved. The basilica with its unadorned clock-tower in close proximity records time, looks rather antique, but scarcely beautiful. To the left the oblong square is evenly paved and clean, is adorned by a few trees, which over-



A Village Scene

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shadow circular benches occupied by a queer set of half-dressed, barefooted, apparently poor fellows, and they stare listlessly before them, as though wondering what they had to do on earth. A few starved dogs, short of ear and tail, are dozing on the pavement, and a man in shoes is noticed by his heavier footfall, the majority pacing along with ghostly noiselessness. It is the rattling, shabby equipage, after all, that is the spasmodic disturber of this unique dream-world; it breaks in on the peace of a whole neighborhood like stage - thunder, tears along and disappears like a cyclone, marking its track with the wrecks of broken sleep and shattered dreams. Presently an elegant turnout brings in sight a lady dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, at the side of a gentleman in faultless attire. This is varied by a beggar or two, whose pitiful appearance more than his appeal moves you to look for your coppers. The eye lights on a basket filled with those Azorean oranges of which so much is heard; you pick out a few of the Hesperian apples; the boy names three hundred *reis* as the price, and you drop the fruit in astonishment.



A St. Michael Farmer and his Wife

At the hotel a stunning sensation comes at the sound of the amount to be paid for the accommodation. For two in a room, three thousand *reis* a day. Heavens! with a letter of credit of a short two thousand in the pocket, you start to compute how many hours you could stand it in the "Fortunate Islands" before landing in bankruptcy. The result is a revelation. Having fathomed the value of the *rei*, you stand revealed to yourself as a multi-millionaire. Two thousand dollars exceed three million *reis*.

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The general impression made by the Azores is that a piece of the enchanted, slumbering Orient has by a miracle been transplanted to be disenchanted in this unclassic quarter of the world. At every turn the Semitic type faces you in casts of countenances either Moorish or strongly Jewish. For once you behold Rome, Jerusalem, and Mecca kneeling in millennial harmony before the cross. How this came to pass need hardly be told. Spain and Portugal have too long intermingled with the Semite to escape the consequences of so close an intimacy as intermarriage.

Sunday morning is here a regular market-day; every store is open, and every one is plying his trade, while the church bells call the devout to prayer, the barefooted country folk responding in crowds. At nine in the morning mass is said, and then one may see the refined lady kneel in devotion next to the humblest peasant. At the Matriz Tabernacle, the largest church of St. Michael, mass is celebrated to the accompaniment of a military band, and the attending troops kneel at the word of command given by the officer present. The service is very short, but individual kneeling and praying is going on from morning till evening, the churches being habitual rendezvous for the humbler class, some of whom may be found asleep in the presence of some sympathetic saint.

Ponta Delgada has some great days marked in her religious calendar, the yearly procession of the "Santo Cristo" (the Holy Christ) being by far the most imposing if not the most popular. Santo Cristo is a rudely fashioned image of wood robed in splendor and studded with jewels of great value; it holds a sceptre in the right hand, set with sparkling brilliants, and is altogether one mass of tinsel and glitter. It was the gift of a pope to the nuns of the now long-extinct Esperança Convent, and has for centuries engrossed the veneration of the credulous multitude, who credit it with a record of amazing miracles. The appearance of the begemmed figure in the street is an event which causes a thrill to run through the blood of the simple-minded people—a mass of illiterate, abysmally ignorant humanity, scarcely fifteen per cent. of whom can read or write. The procession takes place the fifth Sunday after Easter; this year it was postponed until the 6th of July, so that the King and Queen had a chance to take part in the solemn march through the city.

The highest civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities are officially represented in the procession. Military bands discourse music, a special hymn is sung composed for the occasion, banners bearing gorgeous emblems are streaming to the breeze, the immense concourse of the devout is rapt in holy awe, and ladies of distinction may be seen walking barefoot under the ponderous throne of the bejewelled image in fulfilment of some secret vow made in an hour of trial. For they believe Santo Cristo to have cured many an ill, to have revealed to many a maiden the secrets of her lover's heart, and to have frustrated sacrilegious attempts to abstract some of its invaluable stones by stepping out of its niche and placing itself against the entrance to the church.

In contrast to this local festival of Ponta Delgada is the general insular ceremonial of the "Imperio do Espirito Santo," or the "Coronation of the Emperor." This now serio-comical pageant was originally meant to symbolize the Trinity, and is traced back to the Queen Isabella who lived in the thirteenth century. In the town of Alemquer in Estremadura that pious Queen conceived the idea of opening a new church, to be dedicated to the Holy Ghost by instituting a solemn festival to be thereafter a yearly celebration. At her bidding the higher clergy were present; two young nobles were appointed and crowned as kings that they might set an imperial diadem on the head of a third one chosen for the purpose. The ceremony was attended by the court, the nobility, and the people, and wound up with a graceful dance of three nobles with three immaculate maidens, whose dowry had been provided for by munificent free gifts, and then and there bestowed on the blushing virgins. From that solemn performance, long in abeyance in Portugal, is derived the less impressive but highly sensational festival of the "Imperio," as it is popularly called. In every settlement of the Azores there is one diminutive tabernacle, or more, surmounted by a cross and set

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SANTO CRISTO JUST BEFORE BEING CARRIED IN PROCESSION

apart for the celebration of the by this time rather democratized feast. The Church and the people manage to make up in quantity what the erstwhile royal festival lost in quality. The yearly "crowning of the emperor" is an event awaited with pleasurable anticipations by the crowds throughout the entire archipelago.

The candidate meant to act the part of imperial majesty is chosen among the humble, is, as a rule, in the early teens, is perfectly satisfied with a crown of more glitter than value, and his impending enthronement is blazoned in the streets by a quartet or more of egregious performers, who, combining the vocal with the instrumental ear-torture, pass along nasalizing a tune as dull as it is monotonous, and collecting contributions in coin and kind for the proper realization of the popular feast. An ancient cart follows in the rear of the musical collectors to take up the substantial offerings, the ungreased wheels, solid and heavy as millstones, screaming and lamenting, as if anxious to improve the dissonance. An attempt to enforce by law the greasing of that unspeakable conveyance, usually drawn by oxen, was threatened with an insurrection by the Azorean villagers, who would not have the evil one, supposed to be in horror of the dreadful noise, triumph over them.

Trinity Sunday finds all the little imperial temples bedded with aromatic herbs, decked with green and flowers, and adorned with flags. Hither the "emperor" is led with ostentatious display, raised on a seat, and crowned by the priest of the district. The contributions received in kind are spread on a line of tables in the immediate neighborhood; the priest blesses the bread, meat, and wine, which are distributed among the local poor on the spot, and the election of the candidate for future royalty is proceeded with. This done, his imperial majesty is marched home to the sound of music, under a banner of red damask whereon is embroidered the emblem of a crown, over which hovers a white dove. The house is brightly illumined, and the crown is

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deposited on a high altar covered with flowers. In the more populous centres the imperial court is graced by the presence of a little empress and a suite of little fairies robed in white. A ball is the culmination of the affair.

Within the suburbs of the city there is in a grove a crude reclining stone form of a woman, which is the object of a yearly pilgrimage from the entire neighborhood. "Our Lady of the Grotto" (Nossa Senhora de Lapa) became a saint through domestic unhappiness. She fled from a mean husband, led a saintly life in the woods, died unattended, was found by a hunter, and buried as a Christian woman. Soon the corpse returned to the spot where it had been found; repeated interments resulted in the same amazing phenomenon, thus indicating the saint's desire to be buried where her soul had left her. Every September there is a large gathering around the time-hallowed spot, age and youth flocking hither to have a good time.

There is no insular literature to speak of, but there are some Azorean tales and legends which are well worthy of notice, apart from the numerous popular songs, which cannot be referred to in this article. There, for instance, is the tale of the seven date-palms, which form so conspicuous a group in the heart of the city; the story is almost too adventurous to be accepted as a bit of history. It runs as follows:

It was toward the decline of the eighteenth century when Sidi Mohammed Ben Abdala, the Emperor of Morocco, was survived by fourteen sons. It was the Sultan's will that Muley Abdessalam, his favored younger son, should succeed him to the throne, but ill health compelled the prince to abdicate in favor of an older brother, Muley Eliazid. Muley Haxem, a third prince of the blood, took up arms to dispute the succession, and in a battle that followed the brothers encountered one another and fought so desperately that both fell severely wounded. At this Muley Salema, one of the other princes, declared himself sovereign, and was as such received in Fez. Before long the empire was divided into three hostile camps, the two wounded princes having recovered and taken the field against the new monarch. Apprehending danger to himself and family, the retired ex-emperor left Tafilet, his original retreat, for Agadir, in the province of Sus, where he caused Laila Amina, his beloved wife, to embark with the imperial household, comprising over two hundred persons, on board a brigantine that was to carry her to Rabat, with the understanding that he would join them shortly. An April gale blew out the vessel into the vast main, tossed her about for six days, and the princess was glad enough to sight land, which proved to be the coast of Madeira. At Funchal the governor of the island extended help to the distressed voyagers, enabling them to take the sea, but another storm drove them into the bay of Ponta Delgada. Here the princess stopped long enough to take in provisions for another attempt to reach the Moorish coast; in vain. Contrary winds forced the great



THE AWFUL CART

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THE MUSICAL COLLECTORS FOR THE "IMPERIO"

lady to again seek refuge at the same city, where she was kindly received and entertained. Probably animated by a grateful feeling toward her generous hosts, Laila Amina, attended by her veiled maidens and many local women of standing, proceeded to a chosen spot in the heart of the city, where she planted a date-palm, which, having grown to splendid proportions in the course of decades, was blown down by a storm, and became the parent of the stately cluster which stands in the neighborhood of the club-house. After a stay of about a month, the princess was enabled to embark for home. A wild sea forced her to seek shelter in

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the Tagus. Here Portuguese royalty took charge of the Moslem adventurers, invited the princess to the palace of Quelus, where she was received and entertained royally, until the day when her departure for Morocco under the Portuguese flag closed the Odyssey commemorated by those majestic date-palms.

Judging from the remarkable variety of trees and shrubbery which flourish in the magnificent gardens of St. Michael, nothing that grows in the tropics and the other zones appears to feel out of place in this equable climate. Dim, surprising grottos enhance the charm of those shady retreats, some of them elysiums of peace and beauty. Torrents of glowing lava breaking way through zigzag channels of yielding rock must have been instrumental in creating those awful caverns which are numerous in the islands. Sen. Evaristo Ferreira Travassos, the secretary of a society whose business it is to familiarize the world with the wonders of the Azores, led me by the aid of a guide and torch-lights into the cave of Rua Formoza, a melancholy tunnel, running for miles through silence and night. For twenty minutes we advanced through sombre spaces, some too low to be entered without stooping, others as lofty as the auditorium of a cathedral, the whole looking as though cut through one stupendous black mass twisted into a labyrinth of crazy windings, lugubrious galleries, and such a bewildering formlessness of shapes as words can never describe.

They have a fair library, an excellent little museum, a magnificent hospital, a fine public square, a crumbling castle, and good provision-markets in Ponta Delgada, but a great many more churches than schools, more priests than teachers, more drones than workers. And this is the capital of the otherwise fortunate islands where the soil returns every seed a hundredfold. Property is concentrated in the hands of a few, and rented out in feudal fashion, the landlord receiving the lion's share of the produce. Exorbitant duties are levied on every article imported from foreign lands. A hard day's work brings a man about eighteen, a woman nine cents, the conditions appearing devised to discourage ambition and paralyze energy.

The traveller has heard of the Furnas, and is informed that he can reach the celebrated valley by a northerly and a southerly road. It takes a good five hours either way. Owing to the hilly nature of the ground, extreme turns and uncomfortable grades are unavoidable, but both highways are perfectly safe, that of the south being alpine in the rugged scenery which hems it in as it winds its course through a wilderness of richly wooded highland clothed in a wealth of semi-tropic, unwithering vegetation. Photography is utterly inadequate to impart an idea of the sylvan surprises in store for the eye that sweeps those volcanic hill-tops and precipices from dizzy altitudes as the horses ascend and descend the extremely sinuous road; hanging forests springing from the bosom of precipitous heights tower up to the clouds, the dense undergrowth running in exuberant masses of green and blossom down to the base, the whole torn and broken by torrents which come down with roaring vehemence after showers frequent in those mountains. Glimpses of the sea through breaks in the romantic landscape heighten the sense of pleasure. The northern road, if less picturesque, has the advantage of astonishing the eye by the truly wonderful view it affords on a sudden of the region that breaks on one like the illusion of the lost Eden, to be presently regained. The panoramic vision spreads adown the steep walls of an immense concavity, the bottom of the deep hollow being hidden by mazes of trees and underbrush, varied by the distant glint of a placid lake in the lap of the extinct crater, and a system of ponds and streamlets diverted through the shaded spaces of delightful gardens. Gray columns of vapor far down inform the tourist that he is going to sleep in that white village almost on the throbbing heart of a slumbering, by no means breathless volcano.

Having passed some princely gardens to right and left, and a goodly number of wretched huts, a down-hill turn of the village road puts one in sight of the celebrated *Caldeiras*. Within a space of say two by five hundred feet of broken rock rise the fetid damps of at least five boiling caldrons, the impregnated liquid seething and bubbling up to a height of

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several feet above irregular basins of from three to five feet in diameter. These volumes of sulphurous or ferruginous water are heated by invisible fires in impenetrable deeps. Around the active Caldeiras the ground varies in color from a dash of red and orange to a shaded green and a pronounced yellow, and is entirely too hot for the foot to tread upon without discomfort. Here there is the ebullient anger of an overheated huge boiler; there the steam upshoots from a half-closed mouth in the rock with explosive fury; elsewhere the throb and the rumble are suggestive of the stroke of a muffled engine. All around the sulphurous damps cause the perspiration to run, while the gases settle on the breast; yet the damps not less than the charged waters are healing, and draw hither the sick and the crippled to get cured of their various ills.



A Belle of St. Michael

Besides the five active Caldeiras referred to, and a myriad others diminutive but equally bubbling, that of "Pedro Botelho," or the "Boca do Inferno" (Mouth of Hell), is an awful mud-spurting pit, ejecting a grayish hot slime with the rhythmic groan of a tortured demon. The sight of a mass of seething mire peeping out like the hideous head of an ever-barking fiend, and falling back, as though repelled by some minister of grace, is something to impress the intelligent and startle the superstitious mind. The denizens of the quarter have it in their legendary lore that the evil one had originally opened that infernal hole to entrap the unwary. Whoever came within the breath of the devil's mouth, the tale assures us, was swallowed in the vortex, until Pedro Botelho, a saintly hermit of the solitary wild, chanced to come athwart the spurting whirlpool. The good man lost his way one stormy night, was carried by an ill wind to the fatal spot, where he was drawn in heels over head. The morsel, however, proved this time too tough for Satan's digestion; for no sooner did the angry elements realize the nature of the saintly being they were expected to dispose of than, recoiling from the fire-and-water-proof padre, he was not alone restored to the cooler atmosphere, but was enabled to spoil the devil's business forever thereafter, leaving the fiend in that state of barking impotence in which any one may behold him without harm.

It is not to be assumed, however, that

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THE HOT SPRINGS OF THE FURNAS

the evil one is entirely disarmed, for he has his chances and auxiliaries to do mischief, unless the proper measures are taken to render him and his witches harmless. This is accomplished by a variety of talismans, such as the cross cut in the right place to protect man, and mysterious little bags tied around the necks of brutes for their protection. Many an ill is cured by the blood drawn from the veins of black hens, mixed with the substance of a pumpkin, and administered to the sufferer. The baneful effect of moonlight that falls on a sleeping child is counteracted by cutting the rays with a knife along the endangered baby. Mustard smeared on the door of a house entered by a sorceress will catch her. If you sleep while a funeral passes by the house, you will be the next to follow; and if you do not pour out the water immediately after the death of a person in the neighborhood, the departed soul will bathe therein. which is to be prevented by all means. Six successive male births in a house followed by a seventh brings to life a creature of astounding dispositions. The boy will wander in sleep, will indulge in many singular tricks, and wind up with assuming the shape and nature of the first wild animal he will come across, in which case escape from his rage is impossible. But he can be restored to his human form and intelligence by being bled.

A creditable bathing institution is open free of charge to the public, and the bathing in the thermal waters, apart from their restorative qualities, is a treat worth a trip to the Azores. Once in the deep tub, whether filled with the ferruginous or sulphurous liquid, the sensation is so pleasant that one finds half an hour gone before he feels disposed to get into the towels.

There are many private bath-houses, and numerous hot and cold fountains, each one credited with the potency of curing some special disease. The most beautiful of the gardens open to the public is doubtless that of the Marquez da Praia e Monforte. The white-headed marquis took us himself through his residence in the sylvan retreat where the King and Queen had been entertained during their recent short stay in the Furnas. The Queen was surprised at the sight of her temporary bed-room, which was a perfect copy of her royal bed-chamber in Lisbon.

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Along Untrodden Ways

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

HIS theme was one that had inspired Greek tragedy, and Persian verse, and a whole body of Christian theology. If for him there had been no mighty background from which to evolve his conceptions, if his poor dull mind could not have interpreted rightly the barest outlines of fact, still the comparison need not seem wholly grotesque. No one man, nor all men together, he said in monotonous reiteration, could by a feather's weight hinder or hasten the Divine purpose,—but at least, to his thought, there was a Divine purpose. If men could accept or reject at will the grace of God, he did not, he declared, know the Bible,—but he disclaimed the power of judgment: so far as he knew—and his dull eyes brightened—every person in the house might be a vessel of mercy.

Vessels formed for obscure and humble uses most of his congregation were—a few middle-aged men, toil-hardened and sunburnt; stoop-shouldered women in dark calico dresses and sun-bonnets, a patient goodness in their heavily lined faces; in the low shed at one end of the house a solitary, white-haired negro, the habitude of years in his clean coarse garments, his humble attitude, his dim, expectant eyes. He and one other present, like the old meeting-house itself with its great hewn logs and heavy bare rafters, belonged to an earlier day, when men were sturdy of body and of purpose; when there were fresh lands to be cleared and crops to be made, and the palpable wealth of beings who should clear more lands, and make larger crops, and help the stronger race to fulfil its instincts for government and increase. But the rest of the company had come to manhood in the cheerless transition period after a great defeat, when the old challenges were dead, and when few ears could hear the voice of a larger hope.

The old negro, grasping some vast promise of good in the rhythmic rise and fall of the preacher's voice, swayed back and forth in the mild religious fervor which had come to be the solace of his loneliness, as it once had been of his toil. The aged white man, his deep-set eyes fixed on the preacher's face, a half-triumphant smile wrinkling his thin lips curiously, heard in the halting logic confirmation of dogmas which in the absence of other interests had worn, not grooves, but sunless chasms in the fabric of his mind.

His two daughters, straight and comely, seemed to listen with the same fixed attention, but there was no change of expression in Betty's tranquil eyes, and Cornelia, who must have been eight or ten years the younger, sometimes shifted her position on the high narrow bench, or let her gaze wander to the open window near the pulpit, framing in the fresh green of oak boughs and the soft blue of the sky. Her eyes were not less blue, and the tender beauty of the spring-time was in the lovely lines of her person, but across the sweet young face an unrest, as yet scarcely conscious of itself, lay like a faint shadow.

"He made it all good and plain," Nathan Saville said from the front seat of the rockaway as they drove slowly home through the hot sand. "The stone cut from the mountain don't need any of man's help. It will fill the earth in God's own good time, and not before nor after."

His daughters did not reply. They had heard it all before many, many times; comment, even acquiescence, was unnecessary.

"Rufe Perryman is going to send Thomas off to Louisville to learn how to be a preacher." Their father spoke again, but there was no censure in his voice; rather it suggested his difficulty in getting at Rufe Perryman's point of view.

"Rufe's father and grandfather were

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ONE OTHER PRESENT, LIKE THE MEETING-HOUSE, BELONGED TO AN EARLIER DAY

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Old Baptists, but he allowed Thomas to go to a Sunday-school, and this is the upshot of it."

They were passing through the cool shadow of pine saplings. Cornelia laid her plain straw hat in her lap; rings of bright hair lay damp on her broad forehead. Sunday-schools, missionary societies, and theological seminaries had no tangible existence for her; they belonged, with the noxious doctrines of free will and salvation by works, to that shadowy realm of error against which her father and other Primitive Baptists were set to contend.

Richard Saville came out to the road to speak to them as they passed. Except two negro cabins, his house was the first they had seen in the five miles' ride from the church.

"I couldn't go to meeting to-day, father," he said, looking uncomfortably past, instead of into, the old man's face. "Myra's poorly, and my cotton's might'ly in the grass. 'D you have a good crowd?"

"About as usual for Saturday meeting," his father answered. Richard's little yellow-haired children were climbing up on the rockaway steps. Betty stooped and caught one and another to her breast. "I wish Myra would let them go home with us," she said with a little sigh as her father drove on. Her sister-in-law's peculiar views on this subject were the only thorn-pricks in her peaceful existence.

Nathan Saville spent the afternoon in his room. He was too feeble for much exertion of mind or body. The sisters sat on the wide, low piazza. Betty was sewing; Cornelia idle in the high, straight rocker that had been her grandmother's, a few old school-books in her lap. At intervals some bit of neighborhood news heard that morning at church was discussed with mild interest, but conversation between the two was always sparing.

"Do you know, Betty, what is the next book after Algebra?" Cornelia said at last.

Betty wrinkled her smooth forehead, finding it hard to take in the question immediately. During the silence she had been passing in thought from room to room of the house, refreshing herself with every detail of its cleanliness and order.

"I can't remember," she finally said; "at the Female Academy in Feriby, Miss Thatcher just carried the girls as far as algebra and natural philosophy. Mother was taken sick, and I had to come home before I got that far. I don't know what the boys had under Mr. Weyland. I know Gilbert studied Latin and all the other things, but he took his books with him out to Mississippi. That Algebra you have was Richard's."

"I wish Gilbert's books were here," said Cornelia, but not as if she expected a reply.

Betty was counting her pink and white quilt squares. Presently she went down the narrow walk, encroached upon until it was narrower still by the heavy boxwood borders, and leaning against the gate, looked anxiously down the long red hill towards Feriby. When she came back there was a troubled tenderness in her gentle eyes. "I hope Jim Escoe won't forget the mail," she said. "Father will be wanting the *Primitive Signal*. He didn't get any papers last week. Haven't you read him all that he has?"

Cornelia assented without looking up.

"Did you finish copying that piece he wrote for the *Landmark?*"

"Yes," said Cornelia. "Did you want to read it, Betty?"

"No," her sister answered, simply; "I know it's all right if father wrote it." Betty had fallen heir to her mother's responsibilities, but to a part at least of their rewards.

The afternoon shortened. Cornelia put away her books and went to the pasture for the cows. Her face grew wistful as she stopped along the road-side to look at the lonely stretches of hills and valleys softening in the sunset. Hunger of spirit she had known always, but in the poor little papers and magazines which she read aloud to her father, with their endless pages of controversy, she found, perhaps with the instinct of other young creatures, something for her need. About her, too, had been always the deep silences of these fields and hills, and above her the wide riches of the sky. But there was another hunger in her nature which she perceived had already exhausted the resources at its command.

When she returned to the house, her father was on the piazza, a letter in his hand, and a look of abstracted pleasure

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on his face. Letters from Mississippi were infrequent and precious.

"Gilbert has joined the Methodist church with his wife," he said. "I always knew that God would bring him back in His own good time." The letter contained rather a full account of the college from which Gilbert's daughter was soon to graduate, but the subject was too remote from Nathan Saville's life for him to think of mentioning it.

"But, father, did you want Gilbert to leave the Primitives?" Cornelia asked in surprise.

"There is no Primitive church anywhere in his reach," her father said. "Besides, it is different with him from what it would be with you and Betty."

To the Association, meeting in August with the congregation at Thyatira, came Aaron Nicholls, riding fifty miles southward in his new clothes and old buggy. His honest face was freshly shaven, his kindly blue eyes looked pleasantly on the world. He wanted to mingle once more with his Primitive brethren, to be edified by converse with Elder Saville. There were two little motherless children in his home; the comely form and peaceful face of Betty Saville, as he had seen her years before, drew him like an alluring vision.

There was all-day meeting Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The visiting brethren outnumbered the membership, but all told they were but few. Truly to themselves they seemed a little flock, a garden enclosed, a peculiar people. In the strength of these few days of fellowship they were to go many months.

Aaron Nicholls returned Sunday evening with the Savilles. The next morning he asked Cornelia to be his wife. His choice had been unselfish; it seemed to him wrong to take from his aged friend the support of his declining years, and he knew no more than the sisters themselves that it was Cornelia who was the child of her father's heart. But the look in the girl's eyes followed him on his long ride home like the cry of a dove which he had once unwittingly driven from her woodland covert.

A few weeks later Cornelia left home for the school in Mississippi of which Gilbert had written. For days after she had gone, Betty woke every morning with a sense of undefined calamity, which took definite form as she looked at the unpressed pillow beside her own; and yet it was less for her own than for her father's loneliness that she grieved.

The second year of Cornelia's absence passed less heavily than the first had done. After Christmas, Nathan Saville lived all days with reference to the one when she should return; but as the time drew near, a strange unrest began to eat into Betty's heart. The new interests which had filled her sister's letters, and which all along had seemed to Betty so remote and vague, shaped themselves clearly before her, and against the bright background she saw for the first time the narrowness and isolation of their lives. What if Cornelia had felt the same thing already, or should discover it when she came back? The thought was like a sense of personal shame, and a fierce purpose rose in her gentle breast to defend the home she loved against any breath of dishonoring comparison.

Richard Saville met Cornelia in Feriby. "It looks lonesome, doesn't it?" she said as they drove home together, looking out on the rows of cotton wilting under the hot afternoon sun.

"Well, I don't know," he answered, reflectively, hurrying his horse a little with a flap of the rusty lines; "not to them that's used to it, I reckon."

She found conversation difficult. Her two years at school had been suddenly divided from her by a great gulf; the old life was reconstructing itself before her eyes—shrunken like the old brown meeting-house, depressing like the lonely unkempt fields.

But there was only a great joy and a great love when she caught sight of her father and sister outside the little gate, and a moment later felt their arms around her and their kisses on her face. To Betty, as they walked together up the white path, their skirts brushing the ancient boxwood, the swift perception of her sister's beauty and of a subtle change in her dress and manner seemed to put her farther from them than all the days of absence.

"It seems strange to be mussing up this room with my belongings," Cornelia said a little anxiously the next morning,

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loitering over the pretty trifles her schoolmates had given her, and hunting places for them. "Don't you remember, Betty, how you used to make me keep everything in the little cedar chest?"

Betty assented with a faint smile. Her father was coming in with the bookshelves that had hung in his room ever since she could remember. "You can take these few old books up stairs, Betty," he said; "I never read them, and Cornelia can use the shelves for her own books."

Something in her sister's face arrested Cornelia's happy labors. "Why not let me stay upstairs, Betty?" she said. "You will feel crowded with me in here now."

"None of us ever stayed in the company-room," Betty answered, briefly.

"Well, in the boys' old room, then."

"The wheat is up there. The wheat-house has fallen down, and the barn isn't fit to keep things in, it leaks so."

"You needn't be trying to fix things different from what they are, Neely," she resumed, after a while. She seemed to be confronting an inexplicable change in the order of her existence.

"I don't want them different, except to make you more comfortable," Cornelia answered, even more perplexed by her sister's sensitiveness. "Betty," she said, timidly, after a while, "couldn't you and father tell me more about things than you do? I am not just a child."

"Father is trying to pay that Hardwick debt." Betty spoke with an effort.

"But that is not an honest debt," Cornelia argued. "Captain Hardwick defrauded father. Gilbert said father ought to sue him for damages, instead of paying him!"

"Primitive Baptists don't go to law," Betty replied, coldly. "Father is bound by his feelings, if in no other way. I want him to be satisfied if it takes everything we have."

Dr. Jamieson had written to her father urging him to send Cornelia back for her Senior year, but late in July the letter still lay in her trunk. The proposition had seemed such a simple thing in Mississippi; it was so impossible to discuss it now even with herself. She was learning for the first time the strength of those invisible cords, reaching out as from infinity, that bind life to life.

Sometimes the pursuits she had left lured her irresistibly. Sometimes, as she watched the dewy earth under the solemn sweetness of the morning, or when the three sat together in the soft summer evenings with the dim wide landscape before them, she felt herself inevitably a part of the forces that had given and nourished her being. "I belong here," she would say to herself; "I will never go away again."

Her own books were untouched, but she began to read to her father as in the old days. At first the personal communications in the poor little magazines seemed to her the merest puerilities, and the bald doctrinal statements intolerable perversions of Scripture. But by degrees the power of early impressions held her in its grasp, and her reason struggled in vain to escape. As she read, a line from a poem which she had studied at college would mock her like an echo—

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are.

"Father," she cried one morning, laying down the *Landmark* she had been reading to him, "you certainly do not believe what this man is saying. Why, he makes human beings below the very animals in volition."

"In what chapter and verse does the Bible say that man is free?" he asked.

It was the first of many arguments to which Betty was a silent and outraged listener. Sometimes she feared that her sister would be struck dead for her impiety. But Nathan Saville was confronting the vain pride of man, the ancient spirit of heresy. Long practice in the use of proof-texts, which both he and Cornelia regarded as the ultimate appeal, gave him every advantage.

Her belief in the goodness of God seemed slipping from her. "The Bible doesn't mean what you say it does," she cried, desperately, one day. "Nothing but ignorance would give it such an interpretation. I am ashamed of being a Primitive Baptist!"

A pallor overspread her father's face. Betty ran to him, turning on her sister in the bitterness of fright and pain. "Your heart is like a rock," she cried. "I would not want such learning as you have."

But love's instincts were surer. "She

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is not much more than a child, Betty," her father said, recovering himself; "you must not be so hard with her."

On the day of chill east wind and rain with which the summer ended, Nathan Saville died, almost without warning. Betty was supporting his head against her breast. He pressed her hand feebly. "You have been a good daughter all your life," he said. "God will bless you."

His deep eyes turned on Cornelia with unutterable love. "Take care of yourselves the best you can," he whispered, and death passed on his face.

Gilbert Saville and his daughter came to the funeral. The neighbors for miles around were there and many people from Feriby. Nathan Saville had been a good citizen and an honest man.

It was decided that the sisters should remain in the home till the cotton was gathered and a settlement made with the tenants; but the place was heavily mortgaged and must come to sale soon afterwards. Betty caught at even this brief reprieve. In the old home she could nurse her sorrow away from human eyes.

"I'll send two of the children to stay with them," Myra said, with sudden insight, when Richard told her. "It would be terrible for Betty not to have somebody to do for. And it won't be like having grown people there."

The ineffable softness of a Southern autumn lay on the fields and hills. Everywhere the suggestion of an inevitable change; everywhere a beauty that seemed unwilling to depart. At times Cornelia yielded to the peace of earth and sky, but there was often within her a secret unrest, and Betty discerned in her sister's sorrow an element of bitterness not in her own.

They were sitting in the long stillness of the Sabbath, satisfied to be together, but saying little, as was their wont.

"Father understood the way you felt about things, Neely, better than you think he did," Betty said, speaking in answer not to words, but to the expression in the girl's face.

Cornelia listened hungrily. Her own painful reasonings seldom led to any certainty.

"And anyway, he understands all things now," the elder woman added, gently.

Late in December Aaron Nicholls came to see them again. He had always placed the sisters above all the women he knew, but now their sorrow invested them with a new sanctity. In the wisdom of simple goodness he talked much with them of their father, whom he had loved. Then he spoke of matters which they had lost sight of in their weeks of mourning, and of the homely details of his own life in the little village growing up around him.

On the third night of his visit, Betty was sitting with one of Richard's children asleep in her arms, and the curly head of the other pillowed on her knee. Her face was sweet in the firelight. Aaron looked at her wistfully, a tender reverence in his kind eyes. "They are just the age of my little children," he said.

Cornelia left them and went to her room. From the shelves where they had stood unopened so long, she took down her books and piled them on the little home-made rug before the hearth. She turned their pages lovingly. Now and then she held a volume to her breast, while tears dripped through her closed eyelids. The old enchantment was upon her. "He knew I loved them," she said. "He wanted me to love them."

The room seemed too small, and she went out into the silence and the night. Before her were the old, old gray fields and hollows, the bare hills, the pines' unbroken arc of shadow against the far horizon; above her, the sublime meanings that take hold on eternity. But the landscape and the sky were one.

An hour later, when Betty stole quietly to bed, she thought Cornelia was asleep, but after a while each felt the tension of the other's emotion. Betty spoke first.

"Life with him would not be hard and different," she said. There was a new quality in her voice which thrilled her sister's heart. "He would make things as easy for me as he could. And there are the little children—" She paused. "But you did not think that I would leave you alone, Neely, and go with him?"

"Leave me!" Cornelia cried, sitting up in bed. "Oh, Betty darling, don't con-

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sider me. I am not worthy for you to consider me! Besides "—passing from keen self-reproach to swift exultation—"oh, Betty, I have so much, so much already! My books and my school life have filled my heart so, Betty," she said, humbly, after a long silence. "They are all, all I want. I don't think you ever understood just how it was with me. Did you, Betty?"

"No," Betty said, "I never did." For the first time she spoke to Cornelia as to an equal in years and thought.

There was another silence. "You will tell him differently in the morning, Betty?" Cornelia whispered, slipping her face against her sister's.

"Yes," Betty said, softly. "You had better go to sleep now."

But she herself did not sleep. The days she had lived in this home of her father's passed slowly before her like a throng of gentle spirits, speaking to her, in the silence, of many things. And when the last had faded into the darkness, and her eyelids closed, one returned to breathe through her dreams the echo of an unforgotten benediction, and another to smile into her questioning face with mystic sweetness.

Christmas-tide

"Because there was no room"

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

THE blasts of winter are fierce and cold,
The snow lies deep over hill and wold,
But a star shines bright through the deepening gloom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Where man's distrust and his greed for gain
Have frozen the floods of tender rain,
Till never a flower of hope can bloom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

In homes that deepest griefs have borne,
'Mid silent forms of those that mourn,
In the shadows that gather around the tomb,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Where nations are warring, life for life,
And a cry rings out from the fearful strife
As a dying people sinks to its doom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

Room for the shepherds of Bethlehem,
Room for the angels who sang to them,
Room for the Light, in the wintry gloom,—
Room for the Christ-Child, room!

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Mother and Child

BY RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D.

A SMALL boy was asked, as Christmas week was drawing to a close, "Did you have a Santa Claus at your house?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Do you believe in Santa Claus?"

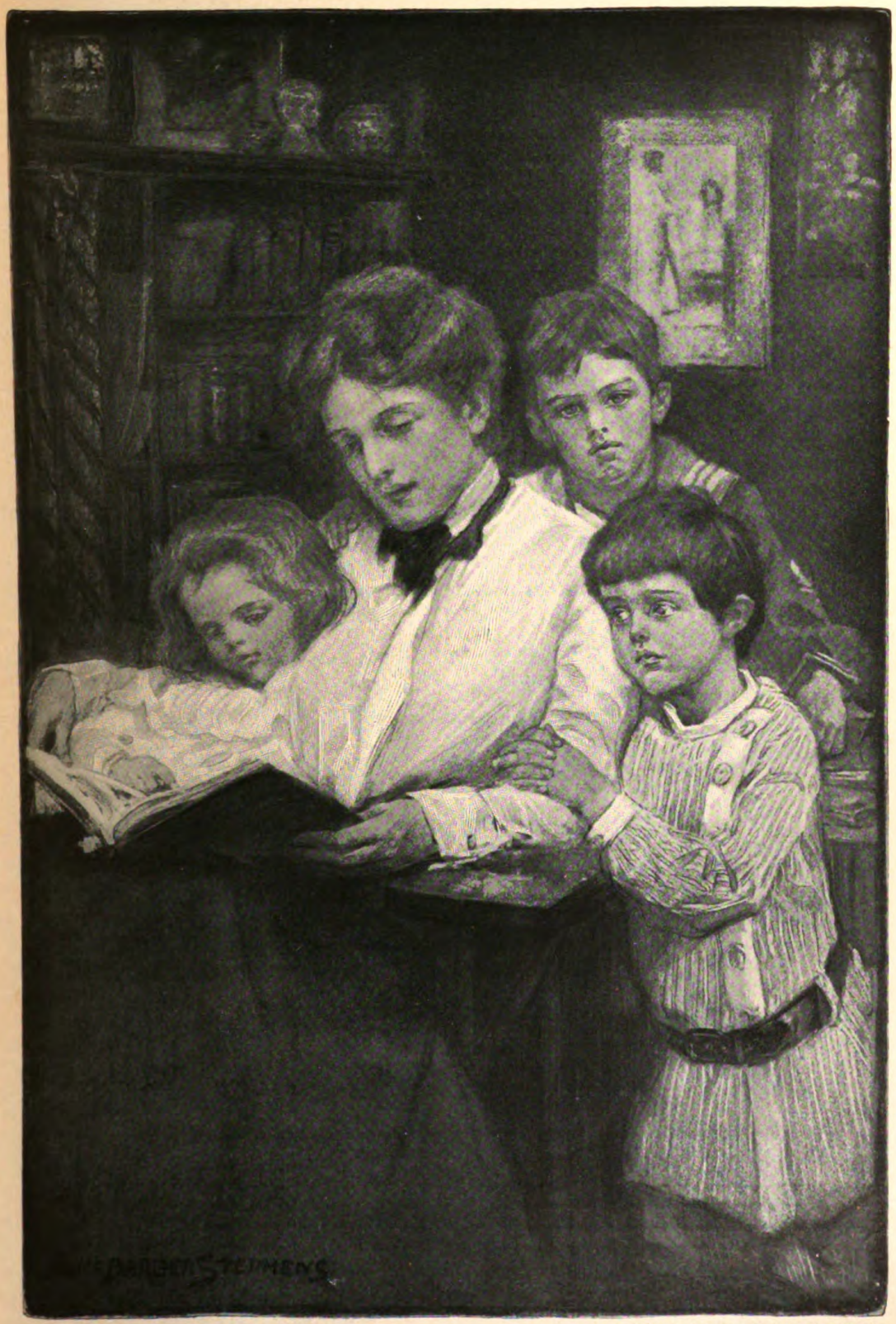
"No," answered the lad, "and I don't think my little sister does; but we didn't want to disappoint mamma."

It is hard to say whether such an answer is more comic or tragic. Its humor is certainly delightful, for it reveals that note in the average "kid"—to use the term with which he is oftenest described by his fellows—which his elders do not always, nor, I apprehend, very often, suspect. We are wont to think of children and their thoughts with a certain condescension. I wonder if we ever realize that not unfrequently they are thinking in precisely the same way of us. The smallest boy—and sometimes girl—will pick up that mysterious *argot* which passes for language in the description of a ball game or a boat race, and will use it with a freedom and fluency that, to his mother especially, are simply paralyzing. "Why, George, what on earth are you talking about?" she asks, with an expression of utter perplexity, which provokes the "kidling" to reply, with an air of immense contempt tempered by a fine note of compassion, "Oh, mother, you can't understand!" Tragic and prophetic utterance, foreshadowing so much more that, as the years go by, will come into the life of the little lad, and make his thought and speech—and that often quite innocently, too—unintelligible to those who are closest to him.

And yet, the way in which a child's life is bound up in his mother's, never to be wholly distinguishable from it, is one of the most interesting and often delightful facts in that closest of relationships. I saw, the other day, the photograph of some forty or fifty boys, taken on their school-grounds. One or two of them I knew, but the rest were strangers to me. But, running my eye over rank upon rank of youthful faces, suddenly my attention was arrested by one that, as though a curtain revealing the past had suddenly been drawn aside, opened a vista running back into many vivid memories, until it ended in the fair face of a young girl, now no longer living. "Who is that boy?" I asked, and at first the answer gave me no clew, until suddenly it flashed upon me that the name he bore was that of one whose wife had been that fair young creature whose face I had so suddenly recalled, and who lost her within a year of their marriage. She had played her little part upon the stage of life, and quickly vanished; and yet, there she was, looking out at me in the picture in the features of that motherless boy! The rare charm that I remembered so well, the eye of quick intelligence, the brow of prophetic imaginative development, the refined and sensitive mouth—no single feature was wanting; and I found myself wondering if, after all, that young motherhood was yet to project itself, in some longer span of life than had been vouchsafed to it, in rich and gracious unfolding in her boy.

The question starts us, not unnaturally, upon another. The average reader, whether he be especially curious in such matters or no, must be aware how much was made, a little while ago, under the lead of Galton and his disciples, of heredity; and how distinctly those earlier traditions have been traversed by a great German authority, who would persuade us, if I have understood him aright, that we have all been making too much of the law of heredity. Perhaps we have; but, all the same, there are certain obvious facts which, like the face of my little school-boy friend in the picture, we cannot quite ignore. Not long ago I was the guest of a friend in whose house was a charming lad of (what, alas! is not so common now as it used to be) the most

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

A CHILD'S LIFE BOUND UP IN HIS MOTHER'S

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charming manners. He entered the room soon after my arrival, and at once, without any suggestion from his elders, advanced, with outstretched hand, to greet me. The grace and charm of his salutation were altogether exceptional—and to me, as it happened, much more; for they were the most perfect, and at the same time most perfectly unconscious, reproduction of the manner, with its rare charm, of his mother. So marked was it that when, a little later, both the lad and his mother had withdrawn, I could not but speak of it. Said I to my host, "Your wife couldn't have taught that boy to enter a room or to shake hands; and yet was there ever a more felicitous reproduction of her most distinct and individual manner?" "Was there?" he replied, with some surprise; "I had not noticed it. Certainly, if it be so, the boy was not taught it. It must have been instinctive."

Undoubtedly he meant to be truthful, and strictly accurate; and yet, quite unconsciously, he was neither. In other words, in every child there are certain tendencies which are inherited. In this boy's case these were the tendencies of a gentleman, derived from his mother, who had been born a gentlewoman. But if this boy's mother had left him at his birth, like the lad of whom I have already spoken, an orphan, there is no certainty, nor even any considerable probability, that he would have reproduced a certain manner and gesture, both of which had, in her, an especial charm. It was because, besides what he derived from his filial relationship, there was the daily influence of her example, that this lad, eight or nine years old, illustrated a grace and courtesy of bearing that were so singularly engaging.

And that raises the question how far what we call "charm" is an inherited or acquirable quality. A young married woman, having asked a friend to suggest a topic of discussion for a ladies' club, was given the theme, "What is charm, and may it be acquired?" She described the meeting, later, as rent into embittered factions by the discussion of the first member of the topic, "What is charm?" and as having, by common consent, ignored the other member as presenting in no sense a debatable proposition. The club, in other words, did not believe that charm could be acquired. Whatever it was—and no two of them agreed on that subject—it was a case, like the poet, of *nascitur, non fit.* If one, in other words, were not born with charm, he or she could not acquire it.

I do not believe anything of the sort. On the contrary, I believe it could easily be proved, *e. g.,* that an American girl or youth, transplanted from some rude and crude environment, with rustic manners and awkward speech and tactless infelicities of many varieties, has recognized defects, has struggled with them, and has overcome them not only, but has substituted for them graces of carriage, of gesture, of utterance, of responsive interest, of engaging consideration, all of which are more or less included in what we call "charm"; and, more than this, that when a child has passed from unfriendly or unsympathetic hands to those of a different and kindlier type, sooner or later the fruits of the more affectionate, discriminating, and tactful handling have revealed themselves.

The subject has, surely, an especial interest at this Christmas-time, which is in especial way the children's time. They are much in evidence in these Christmas festivities, and not always, it must be owned, in engaging ways. Mr. Thackeray has somewhere a delightful paper on "Children's Parties," in which the terrors of such occasions are tragically depicted. But even there, amid the not always very seemly quarrels and greediness of the boys, or the prophetic rivalries and small sarcasms, as they criticise one another's costumes, of the little girls, he has, with that rare intuition of his, a subtone of tender admiration for lads and lassies who reflect, to the venerable "Mr. Spec," the charming presence and behavior of their mothers as he remembers them in their earlier and more guileless days.

Ah well, we may laugh, with a little note of cynicism in the laugh; but believe me, my young mother who may chance to read these lines, you and your boy and girl are bound together by a threefold cord which I am sure you would not break if you could, even as you could not break it if you would. Make Christmas-time a time to recall and brighten it. There is the strand of inheritance, the

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strand of opportunity, and the strand of affection. The youngster who is merry-making under your roof-tree, this Christmas-tide, has taken over, as in his form and features, so in many other ways, so much of you that sometimes, surely, it must set you to thinking. "I never knew," said a mother, "how hateful and hideous a thing my own anger was until I saw it in my child—and then I grappled with it in him, as I ought to have done, long before he was born, in myself!" That was a wise woman—wise enough to recognize her own infirmity, and still wiser not to despair of mastering it even when it reappeared in her child.

For then there entered opportunity. Somebody has said that the Founders of the Republic bred great offspring because, though burdened beyond the conception even of the modern mothers, the women gave themselves, first of all and before all, to the rearing of their children. We are in danger, some of us, of getting a little too fine for that, and it is a peril that should be taken very seriously. You can do for your boy, my dear young mother, what no one else in all the world can do. Remember his most sacred tie to you. Use for him your best gifts of time, of opportunity, of sympathy, and then bind him to your mother-heart by the one cord that is mightiest and most enduring of all, the cord of love!

The Coming of Peace*

BY WOODROW WILSON

THE surrender of the Earl of Cornwallis at Yorktown closed the career in America of the only British general who had shown commanding gifts in the field. It closed also the revolution itself.

Lord North knew what the news meant when it came. He is said to have received it "as he would have taken a ball in his breast, opening his arms and exclaiming wildly, 'O God! it is all over!'" But when that first moment of poignant chagrin was past, no doubt a very distinct sense of relief ensued, to offset the bitterness of the humiliating blow. It was imperative for England that the American war should end.

Opinion as well as fortune had set against the further prosecution of the war against the colonies. At first opinion had seemed to sustain it. The nation, so far as any man could tell, believed it necessary and desirable that the colonies should be brought to obedience. But with the progress of the war opinion had veered. Uneasiness and disquiet had ensued, not merely because every campaign had ended in failure, but also because of the very fact of the war,—a war against Englishmen, and upon questions which abode at home as well as in America.

There were some men who saw what underlay the doubts and agitations and dismays of the time,—who saw that the success of the English armies in America would mean such a danger to English liberty itself as they did not care to face,—the supremacy of the crown and an unreformed Parliament. The Duke of Richmond had not hesitated to declare at the very outset of the war his hope that it would end in just such a crushing defeat as this which had now come at Yorktown. Young Pitt, great Chatham's son, had denounced the war while yet Cornwallis seemed to move victorious in the South as "accursed, wicked, barbarous." Charles Fox clapped his hands at news of Washington's final victory. Lord North had himself long ago lost heart in the business. He had wished to resign ever since the news of Burgoyne's surrender; had kept his office against his will and better judgment because the king so urgently commanded him to keep it; and was heartily glad to get his release when at last the House itself yielded to opinion out-of-doors and voted that the war should stop. A soldier led the dissatisfied Commons in their tardy revolt,—the gentle Conway, who from the first had stood with Burke and the Rock-

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ingham Whigs as a champion of the cause of the Englishmen over sea. On the 27th of February, 1782, he triumphantly carried against the ministers the significant resolution, "That it is the opinion of this House that a further prosecution of offensive war against America would, under present circumstances, be the means of weakening the efforts of this country against her European enemies, and tend to increase the mutual enmity so fatal to the interests both of Great Britain and America," and on the 4th of March capped it with the still more trenchant resolution, "That the House will consider as enemies of his Majesty those who should advise or attempt a further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America." By the end of the month North was out, and Rockingham had once more taken office.

But the chief fruit of the change of ministers was peace. Lord Rockingham lived only three months to preside over the counsels of peace and reformation he had so long wished to bring about. On the second of July, 1782, Lord Shelburne became the head of the government, and some of the Rockingham Whigs refused to serve under his leadership. But the reconstitution of the ministry did not affect either its spirit or its policy. It had planned peace and was able to bring it about. France and Spain had but completed their bankruptcy by the war; England's credit was secure. She could afford to continue the war; they could not. It was a mere matter of terms: England could almost dictate what they should be.

Peace must have seemed to Washington and Greene and Knox in the field, to the executive committees of the Congress at Philadelphia, to Franklin at Paris and John Adams at the Hague, like a beneficent providence rather than a thing earned by decisive victory. It was midsummer, 1782, before they could thoroughly credit those who told them of its certain approach. That supreme stroke at Yorktown having been delivered, everything had fallen slack; it seemed impossible to add anything, by way of making victory secure. There were still, it might be, some forty thousand British troops in America, reckoning all the posts from Canada round about, west and east, to the Gulf and the islands of the Indies. There were seventeen thousand in New York, and nearly seven thousand facing General Greene in the South. Having finished at Yorktown, Washington sent two thousand men south to re-enforce General Greene in South Carolina, and himself went promptly back to his post at Newburgh, to watch Clinton at New York, leaving Rochambeau and four thousand French troops at Williamsburg in Virginia, to guard the approaches of the Chesapeake. He was deeply anxious. He knew that the country had reached a point of utter exhaustion, lethargy, and disorganization. Not a recruit could he get. The troops were unpaid, unfed, only half clothed. He deemed the situation one of grave peril; and despaired presently of so much as keeping up appearances, knowing very well that the British were as well aware of his weakness as he was, and of the apathy and confusion of weak counsels that had fallen on the states. Clinton sent word to the ministers that if they would but send him ten thousand more men he would be responsible for the reduction of the country. Rodney presently cleared the coast of the French, and there was nothing to prevent fresh troops and supplies being sent as fast as the ministers wished to send them,—nothing but the ministers' desire for peace, which Washington found it hard to credit.

But the new year confirmed the good news. The leaders of government in England had no doubt come to perceive very clearly how essentially impossible it was to conquer America, now that the alienation of feeling between the two countries was complete and final, and all thought of submission or accommodation out of the question. Their generals had seldom been beaten in battle, as it was. Burgoyne had won action after action in the northern forests, only to find himself helpless at last. Howe had had his way easily enough at New York and on his expedition against Philadelphia. Cornwallis had moved freely, almost victoriously, into the trap at Yorktown. The unpalatable fact was, that British troops could control only so much of the country as they actually occupied, and that it was out of the question to occupy all of it. With Washington always at hand, always ready to strike, and always able to

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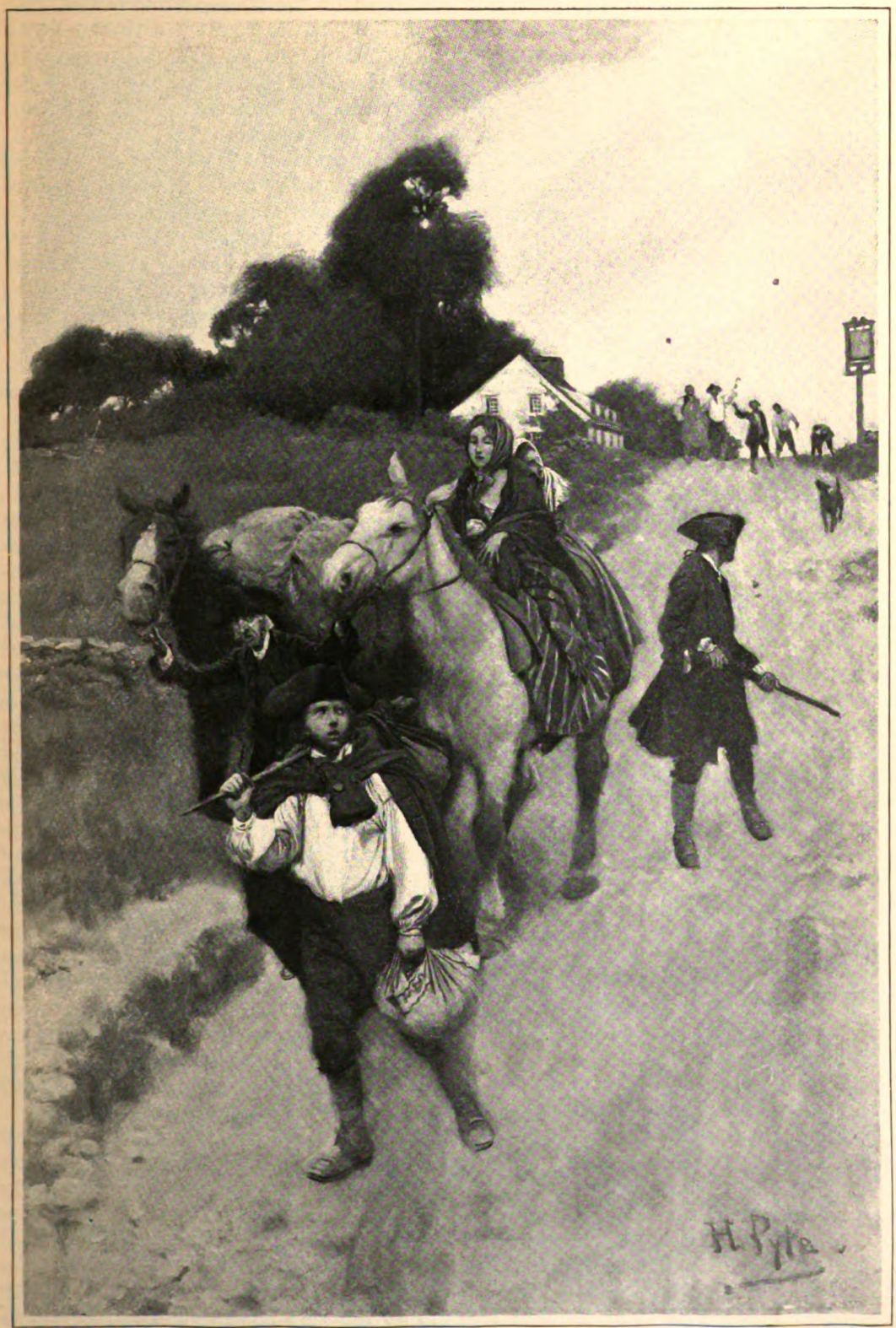
make the stroke tell, it was not safe even to attempt the maintenance of extended lines. At any rate England had grown weary of the unnatural business; the House of Commons had declared against the war; the new ministers were resolved to end it, even at the cost of granting America her independence; and it had become only a matter of terms.

In May, 1782, General Clinton was superseded at New York by General Sir Guy Carleton, who was instructed to assure the American commander-in-chief of the government's determination to seek terms of peace, and who was of the noble spirit to like his errand. On the eleventh of July the British garrison at Savannah was withdrawn and sent to New York. In August Washington received from Carleton definitive assurances that the independence of the United States was to be conceded as a preliminary of peace, and in September the French who had remained in Virginia joined the Americans on the Hudson. In October they embarked at Boston for France. By the close of November (30 November, 1782) a provisional treaty of peace had been agreed upon; and on the fourteenth of December Charleston was also evacuated, and the South left free of British troops. Carleton, when he felt that peace was indeed assured, began to disband the loyalist regiments enlisted in the British service and to despatch many of his regulars to the West Indies, to Nova Scotia, and to England. No one doubted any longer that the end of the bitter business had come at last; every one waited impatiently for the treaties which were to constitute its formal conclusion.

The actual formulation of peace, however, proved a matter of no small difficulty. America and France were bound together by the close and honorable ties of alliance; and France was in her turn allied with Spain, who now felt her interests to be by no means coincident with the interests of America. The Congress at Philadelphia explicitly commanded its commissioners "to be guided by the wishes of the French court." Dr. Franklin, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. John Jay, who bore its commission, were men of honor, and entertained, besides, a lively sense of the very deep obligations of the United States to France, for the money and the armed assistance in the field and upon the seas, without which, apparently, their victory would have been impossible. It proved impracticable, nevertheless, to act with France; for she conducted herself, not as the ingenuous friend of the United States, but only as the enemy of England, and as first and always a subtile strategist for her own interest and advantage. The American commissioners would not be tricked and made use of, and came to terms separately, secretly, and for themselves with the English, their instructions notwithstanding. They did not make peace without their ally, but they would not accept terms of her arrangement. The Count de Vergennes, her astute minister, had meant to devise a balance of power in America which might be made to redound to the advantage of France in Europe: had meant to support England in the exclusion of the Americans from the Newfoundland fisheries, and in her claim that the northern boundary of the United States should be the river Ohio, instead of the great lakes; to suggest the creation of a neutral zone of territory between the western settlements of the American states and the Mississippi, set apart for the Indians under the joint protection of the United States and Spain; and to stand with Spain for the utmost possible northward extension of the boundaries of Florida, which Spain had taken possession of. The American commissioners ignored him and got their own terms:—The independence of the United States, a northern boundary at the great lakes and a western boundary at the Mississippi, and the use of the Canadian fisheries. Between the signing of the provisional and the signing of the definitive treaty the ministry of Lord Shelburne gave place to a coalition ministry under the Duke of Portland, which brought North once more into office; but the course of the negotiations was not materially changed. The American commissioners got substantially all they had contended for (3 September, 1783).

The states had at last a common government which could accept independence. On the first of March, 1781, Maryland had given her tardy assent to the Articles of Confederation, on the understanding that the states which had claims

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TORY REFUGEES ON THEIR WAY TO CANADA

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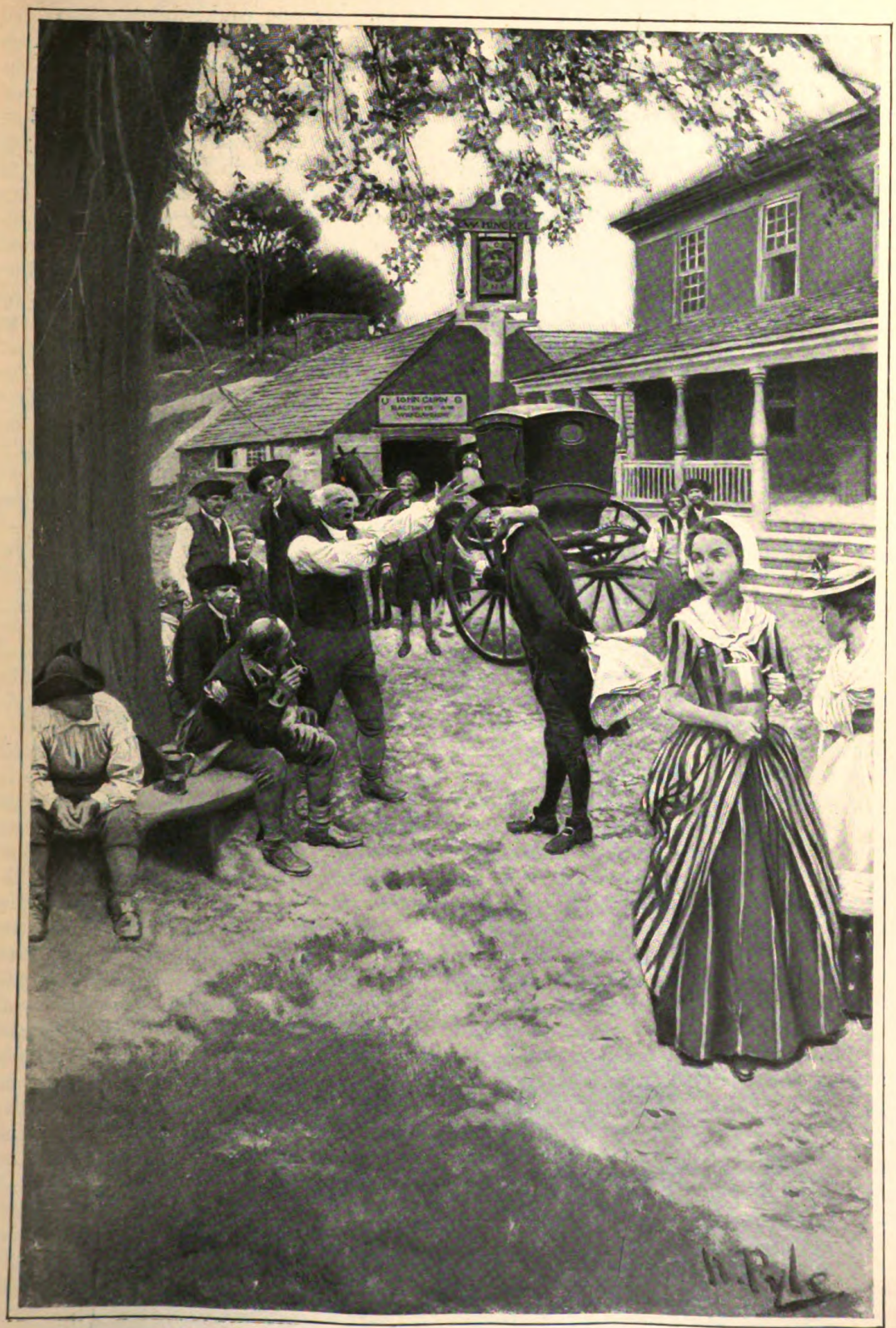
to territory in the West should as soon as possible cede those claims to the newly formed government. On the fourteenth of January, 1784, the Congress of the Confederation, not yet two years old, ratified the treaty of peace. A burst of heady indignation followed the publication of the terms of the treaty. It was well enough that the United States should have their independence, of course, and their proper boundaries, and that the immemorial right of their people to fish in the Canadian waters should be retained; but there were other articles in the treaty which gave almost universal dissatisfaction. The Confederation bound itself to urge upon the states unconditional amnesty for the loyalists and a complete restoration of their estates and civil rights, and to prevent so far as possible any legal obstacles being put in the way of the collection of the debts due British merchants at the outbreak of the war. Dr. Franklin had very candidly explained to the British commissioners that the Congress of the Confederation had no power to enforce these articles: that it could only advise the states, and that they would be free to follow or to disregard its advice as they pleased. And they did disregard it entirely and even scornfully, being bent upon vouchsafing to the loyalists neither property nor rights of any kind, and upon virtually wiping out all debts owed to Englishmen.

When peace came it proved more difficult than ever to induce the states to act, or even seriously to take counsel, in the common interest. They had made the Confederation, but they were indifferent to it. They were engaged in setting their own affairs in order after all the disquieting years of revolution and war which had brought such sad havoc upon their old-time ordinances and ways of life. Passion had run hot while the war lasted. It was not easy to put a term at once upon the license or upon the distempers which such a time had produced so rankly. Not a little poise, not a little of the sentiment of law, not a little of the solidity of tradition and the steadiness of established ways of thought and action, not a little of the training, the pride of reputation, the compulsion of class spirit,—the loyalty and honor of a class accustomed to rule and to furnish rulers,—not a little of the conservative strength of the young communities, had gone out of the country with the loyalists. There was an inevitable unsteadiness in affairs because in so many places new men, and radical, were at the front in all public business.

Those who had adhered to the old order had made their way out of the revolted states in almost incredible numbers, as the issue of the war approached and became certain. Throughout the latter part of 1782 and all of 1783 they had poured out of the country in a veritable flight, knowing themselves proscribed and ruined, and not daring to wait for the actual evacuation of the English. Out of the southern country they made their way in ever-increasing numbers into Spanish Florida, or took ship to Bermuda or the British West Indies. Those who were within reach of Canada set out northward through the forests to seek a refuge there, following the rough, uncleared trails and the watercourses, with pack-horse and boat, as in the old days of the first settlement of the continent out of Europe, abandoning home and property to escape contumely and the unspeakable hardship of being outlawed and hated in the communities of their own birth and breeding. Thousands upon thousands crowded to New York to seek the shelter of the British arms. It was the twenty-fifth of November, 1783, before Sir Guy Carleton could effect the final evacuation of the city, so great and so troublesome was the pitiful company of refugees for which he felt himself obliged in mere compassion to provide protection and transportation. More than twenty-nine thousand refugees (including three thousand negroes) left the state of New York alone, for Canada, during that confused and anxious year 1783.

Most of these had taken no active part in the struggle which had rendered them homeless. Almost without exception they had been, in opinion, as thoroughly opposed as their neighbors to the policy of the king and Parliament towards the colonies. But they had not been willing to go the ugly length of rebellion and of final separation from England. When it came to the final breach, some of them had become not merely passive but active opponents of revolution and independ-

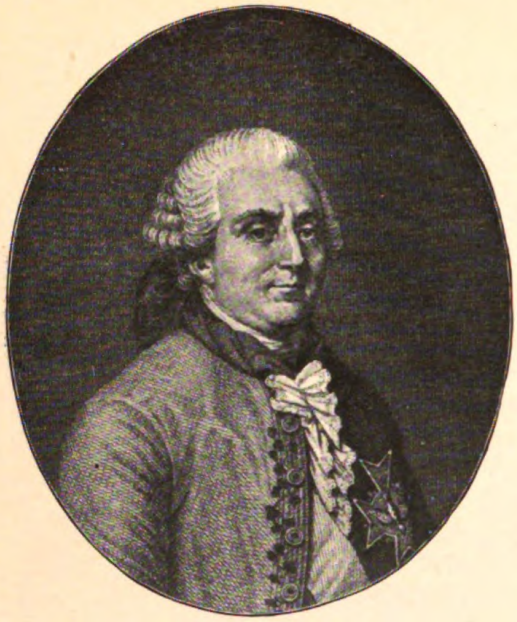
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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION

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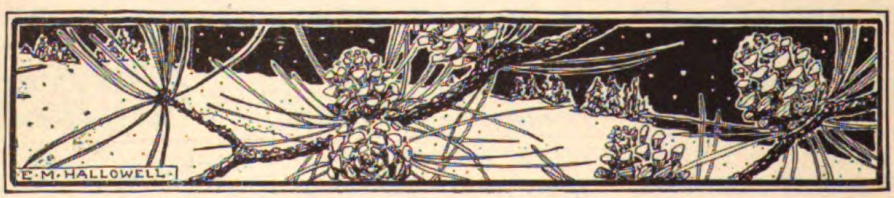
COUNT DE VERGENNES

ence. The more partisan had taken up arms for the king. First and last, there had been no less than twenty-five thousand loyalists enlisted in the British service during the five years of the fighting. At one time (1779) they had actually outnumbered the whole of the continental muster under the personal command of Washington.

Most, however, had been quiet non-combatants, and had been opponents of the revolution only in opinion. When the war was over, the men who spoke the mind of the majority and who accordingly controlled policy in the new states refused to make any distinction between those who had taken up arms and those who had not. In their eyes they were all alike "Tories" and traitors; and many an excess of persecution and spoliation, many a wanton insult, many an act of mere vengeance, darkened the years which immediately followed the war;—increasing the bands of exiles and adding in an incalculable measure to the bitterness which was throughout generations to mark the feeling of Canada for her southern neighbors.

It was but human nature that it should be so. No one could wonder that civil war had brought these too familiar things in its train. The bitterest words of the great Washington himself were uttered against the Tories. Even with his splendid moderation and poise of mind, he could not find it in his heart to forgive the men who had seemed to fill every country-side his army entered with intrigue and threat of treason to the cause he had given his life to. The best Virginians had chosen as he had chosen: he could not imagine how good men or true patriots anywhere could choose otherwise. It was part of the almost universal demoralization produced by the war that every sentiment should now exhibit its excess, every reaction prove dangerously violent. There was everywhere a sort of moral exhaustion; a relaxation of the very principles of just and temperate government which the war had been fought to vindicate; a loss of tone, an access of perilous agitation.

The war had brought many things in its train calculated to work distress and to throw both morals and business into confusion. For one thing, it had saddled the country with a quite incalculable burden of debt. The individual states, the general Congress, towns, private persons, had strained their credit to the utmost to meet the engagements and defray the expenses of a season during which business was oftentimes altogether suspended and the ordinary sources of income absolutely dried up. The states and the Congress alike had resorted to the demoralizing expedient of issuing paper money which they could not redeem. Its bulk had of course increased from year to year, and its value had as rapidly declined. The continental money in particular had fallen so in value that the commodity must have been valueless indeed which fell under the reproach of being "not worth a continental."



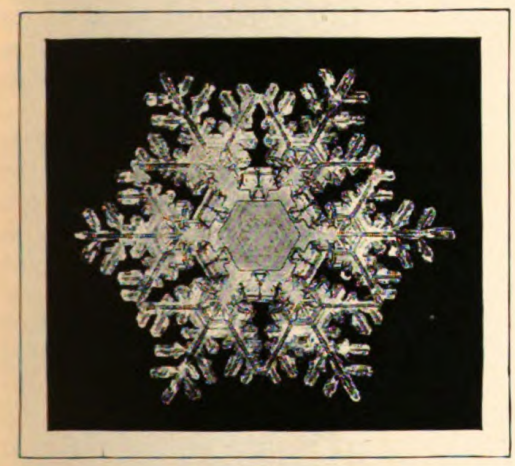
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The Story of the Snow Crystals

BY WILSON A. BENTLEY

Illustrations from photographs. Copyright, 1901, by Wilson A. Bentley

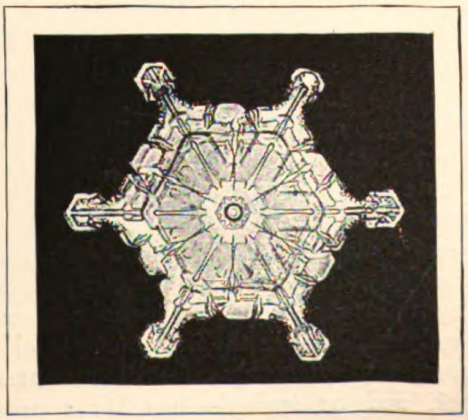
QUICK, the first flakes are falling, the couriers of the coming snow-storm; open the skylight, and directly under it place the carefully prepared blackboard, on whose ebony surface the most minute form of frozen beauty may be welcomed from cloud-land. The



mysteries of the upper air are about to reveal themselves, if our hands are deft and our eyes quick enough.

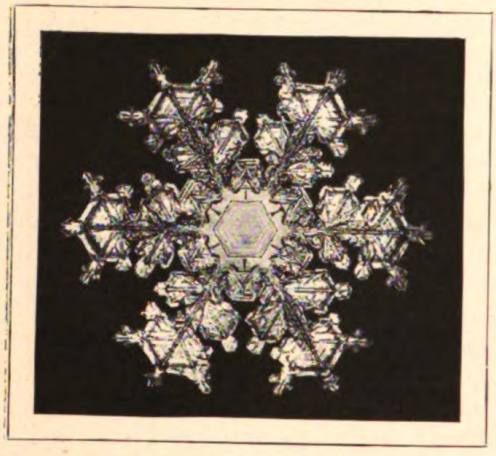
The photographic microscope with its half-inch objective is all ready, close by, centred, and focussed. The plate-holder, with its rapid plates, is in position. The room is lighted only from the window overhead, through which frail, branching, tabular crystals, big and soft, are dropping gently on the blackboard from the thin lower stratum of cloud. In doors and out the temperature is the same, and there is time, as these mysterious messengers present themselves, to study them. No two are alike. Of the tens of thousands now filling the air, an infinitesimal proportion fall on this board; nor is there good reason to doubt that when they started from equal heights on their journey earthward, many of the snow crystals were exactly alike in shape and size, and probably in density. Plastic forces have moulded them; the swirl of the storm, the pressure of air currents, have altered their configuration and density. Here they come—more compact already, smaller in size, and clearly tabular. Glancing eagerly over the surface of the board, the eye discerns some snow crystals of perfect symmetry and unusual shape. It is a delicate puzzle of geometrical beauty, this table-top from fairyland, like a spider's web frosted as it floated through the air. Lifted on the point of a broom splint, flattened on the plate by a feather, this prize specimen is soon photographed. Some come to us marvellously perfect in form and interior decoration, others scarred and broken, or exhibiting imperfections due to the violent winds of the blizzard, or to other unfavorable conditions.

Some winters I have only succeeded in getting two or three good opportunities for the study of snow crystals. In others as many as fifteen. I began by making drawings of the intricate figures, so varied and so beautiful. One hundred drawings were completed each year for three consecutive seasons. Then came the idea of micro-photographs, by the dry-plate process. In January, 1885, I made my first success with this method; now I have a collection of more than



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eight hundred photographs of snow crystals, no two alike. The present winter may bring through my skylight the twin in size and shape of some one of my eight hundred forms; or I may for many more years continue



this fascinating study, which I resume each winter with more absorbing interest, before the expected duplicate arrives. Of course there are duplicates. The first great lesson of the study of the crystals is their obedience to law, their conformity to conditions which from time to time are reproduced in the cloud strata where the crystals have their birth. But in view of the number of conditions which must coincide, it is not strange that there are no duplicates among my eight hundred photographs.

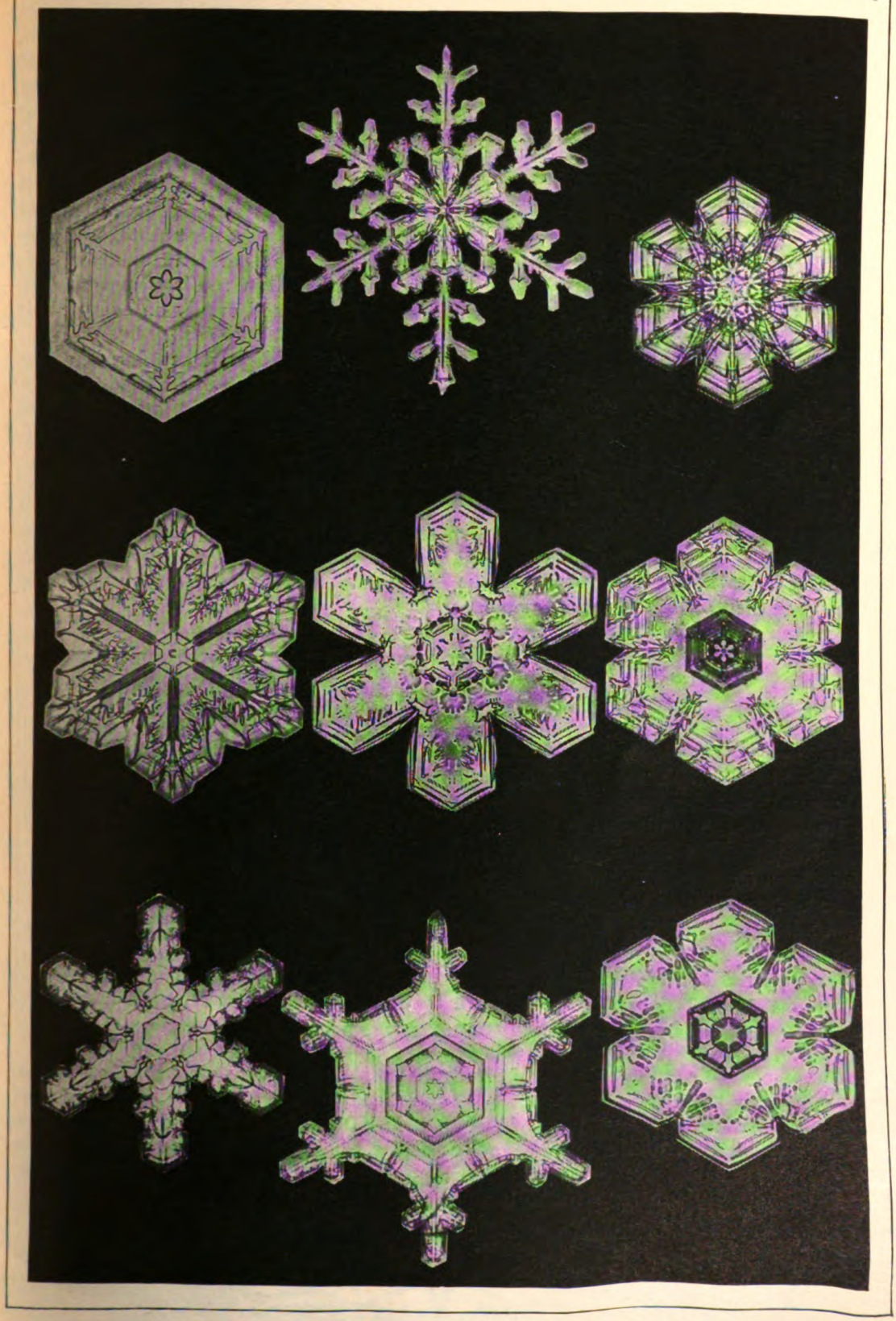
In its journey earthward the snow crystal absorbs air, and this included air modifies materially crystalline forms. The accretion of snow particles from several directions may rapidly increase the bulk of the falling crystal, and unite to it air molecules from all sides at once, yet so unfailing, so wonderful, are the silent, changeless laws of nature that when this same snow crystal emerges from the lowest of the storm strata, symmetry and beauty of design have been re-established; if it is no longer the minute column or the solid table which began its earthward journey from the highest, coldest clouds—these being the forms characteristic of the upper strata—if spangles and rods and lacelike tracery have been added in the intermediate cloud strata, its symmetry is still unmarred. Each rod or spangle has its counterbalance. From the western and northern portions of the clouds in a widespread storm the finest snow crystals are to be secured. In fact, the extent and the character of a storm may be read directly from its crystals. Each stratum generates its own types, which, if they come unmodified beneath the student's eye, indicate unerringly whence they started. From the highest cloud strata the crystals come in minute columnar or solid tabular forms, but no two alike. From the intermediate cloud strata the crystals are larger, tabular, in the main, and compact. The lowest strata send us the biggest snow crystals, in shape frail, branching, and tabular, or of granular form. The low, attenuated cloud strata of local storms give the same crystalline shapes as the similar strata of great, widespread storms.

The coarser portions of the cloud particles often coalesce with and spoil the contour of the true transparent crystals. It is here that the student of snow crystals meets his earliest and his most abiding disappointments. Many a country boy has marvelled at the great stars of wet, heavy snow which fell and melted at his feet, in the beginning of a snow-storm, before he could reason out the detail of what seemed to him a frozen figure from his Euclid—yet not frozen hard enough for examination. Given, however, snow-storms of an even degree of temperature and altitude, and the crystals exhibit, individually and collectively, the same peculiarities.

All snowfalls do not contain beautiful, perfect forms. Storms sweeping over wide areas are much the most apt to furnish them. The difference between the



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A GROUP OF SNOW CRYSTALS

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snow crystals of two blizzards is much less marked than the difference between the crystals of a blizzard and of a small local storm. Careful examination of the snow crystals which are reproduced in the illustrations to this article shows how exceedingly complex are the interior details of many of them. Each of these complexities means something; each indicates a date, or a place, or a condition in the evolution of the crystal.

Now, curiously enough, these interior details, with their rods, slats, bars, filaments, and flowery geometrical shapes, which add so much to the charm of the crystalline form, are found to consist largely of minute inclusions of air.

The crystals did not grow, up in the clouds, by a slow, continuous process, but rather by a succession of minute, numerous, and hidden accretions, alternating with periods of stagnation. The minute water molecules that furnished the material for the new growths must often have swarmed on to the growing crystals from both sides, simultaneously. This sudden joining of new to old growths caught and imprisoned air bubbles.

Judging from the number of new growths exhibited in the interior of many of the crystals, these accretions of water molecules must have been amazingly numerous, the successive impacts on the flying or falling crystal coming in rapid succession. The form of each accretion, its shape and size, must have differed from that of every other accretion by which the crystal has been buffeted in its transitory existence. Yet, marvel of marvels, in spite of these successive shocks and growths, recurring without regularity, under varying conditions of temperature, wind, density, etc., the product of it all is perfectly symmetrical; the force has been received and the accretion distributed evenly on every point and angle.

Every great blizzard has furnished its own quota of new and beautiful crystals. That of March 12, 1888, was especially interesting in the opportunities it offered for original investigation.

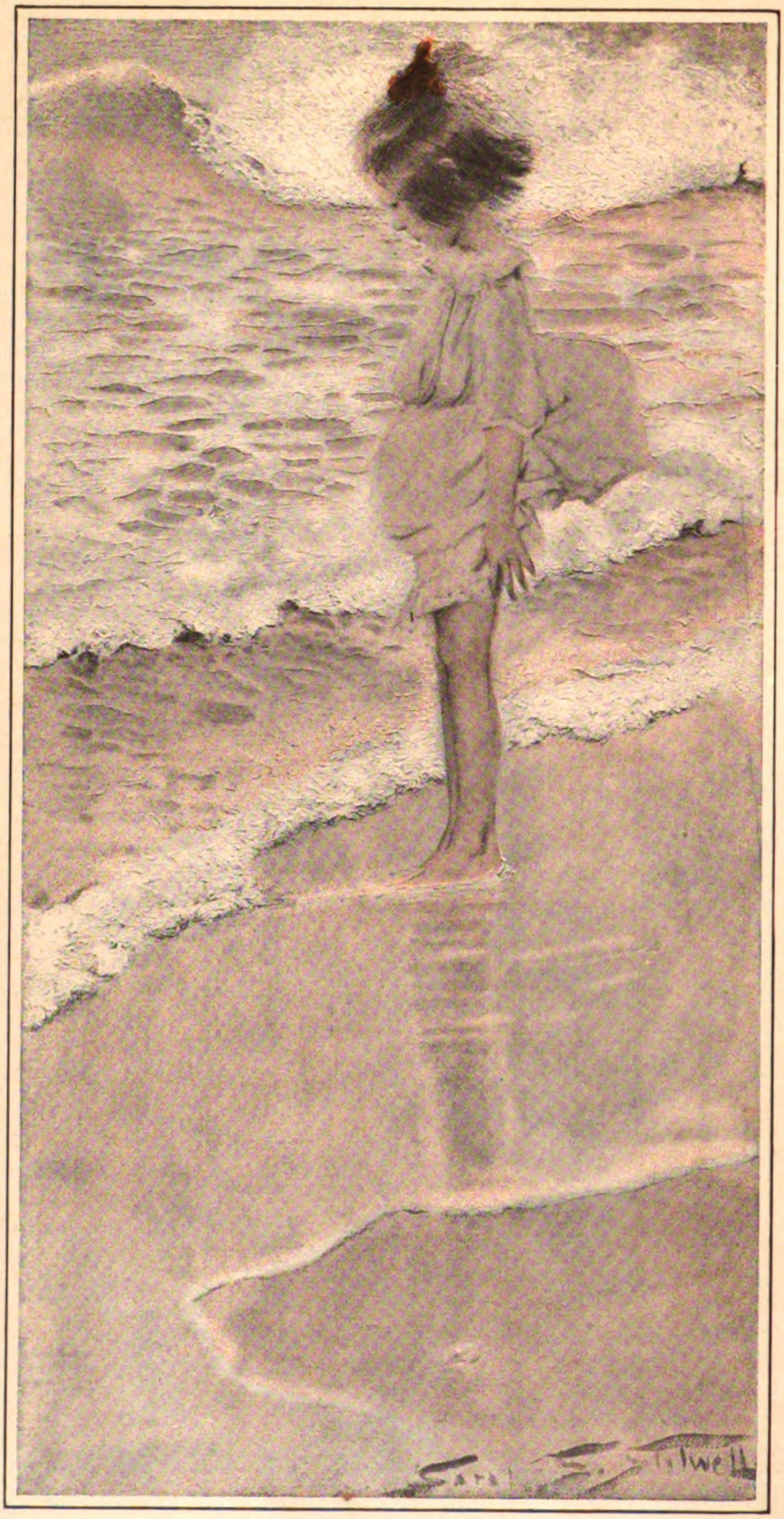
The winters of 1889, 1890, 1891, and 1900 were very unfavorable for this study. Those of 1888, 1895, 1898, 1899, and 1901 were exceptionally favorable. Nearly all of the snow crystals reproduced



in this article were observed and photographed in the course of the winter of 1900-1901, which yielded me 133 new forms. The greatest number afforded by any one of the previous twenty winters was 115, in 1899.

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IN PADDLING

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Other People's Children

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

Illustrations by Sarah S. Stilwell

IT has come to be usual when there is a great procession to bring out the boys of the public schools and make them a part of it. Their uniforms are incomplete. They don't carry weapons, or if they do, the weapons add nothing to the effect. They march, usually, pretty well, but there is very little pomp or panoply about them. They are placed far down the line near its latter end, and if the procession is a long one they don't come into view until the eyes are more or less wearied with watching the long succession of regiments and military organizations which form the more brilliant part of the show. And yet when the school-boys come along in their belated turn there is a notable quickening in the interest of the spectators. Far down the line you hear cheering, vigorous and strong, from crowds that a moment before had seemed jaded. "What's that?" You lean forward and look down the street. "Oh! the school-boys are coming!" And when they come, proud, intent, heads up, eyes to the front, and their best foot forward, you cheer too, and if you stop it is because you have to set your teeth to keep your tears back. A lot of boys; lots and lots of boys in marching ranks! That's all. What ails you? What stirs you? What is there so moving about all these urchins? You don't know. You only know that you always have sensations in the throat when the school-boys go by, and have to wink and swallow to keep from being too visibly affected. You see other persons using like measures of restraint. There's nothing sad about the boys; they are in dead earnest, that is all. Yet their youth touches us wonderfully. They are the Future, incarnate, devoted. They march to dooms of which we know a little more than they, but of which neither we nor they know much. What battles are ahead for them! What decimations, recurring and inevitable, wait for those devoted legions! But they have no misgivings. The great horn throbs; the bugle shrills; in step with



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drum-beats on goes boyhood marching where God wills.

These are other people's children that we have been watching. *Our* boys, maybe, are off at school. Our girls are looking out of yonder window. All this emotion and disturbance and pride has been, not over individual children, but over childhood. When we are asked if we like children, we are used to say that it depends upon the child; that we like some children, just as we like some grown persons, and others we don't like, or like less. That is true, but it isn't the whole truth, for children as children do appeal to most of us in a way that grown-ups don't. We feel towards all children something of paternal solicitude. An instinct prompts us to protect the young, and in most of us it is stronger than our nerves, our tempers, or our fears. The pains and distresses that befall children and which we can't help, we don't want to know about. When grown-ups die, it is the common lot, and we don't grieve unless we have personal reasons. But a child's death that seems uncalled-for hurts us. When a child is lost, we search the newspapers till we read that it has been found. When a child is stolen, anywhere, the news, when it gets thoroughly around, excites the whole country. Of course we love children; our own best; other folk's children too; preferring those who are most lovable, but more or less solicitous about all.





To people who have children of their own, other children are relatively interesting as members of the generation to which their children belong and factors in their children's development. They offer useful means of comparison. What I know of Johnny Green and William Carter, coevals of my Jonas, helps me to determine whether at this period of his development Jonas is getting in fair measure what ought to be coming to him. I compare his scholarship with theirs, his height, weight, and physical stability, his energy, his manners, and his character. They are of his world, and his place in it is going to be determined in the long-run by the relation his qualifications bear to theirs and those of their like. I trust I am not inordinately ambitious for Jonas, but I want him to have his due, and I know he won't get it unless somehow he can manage to demonstrate that it is his. If William Carter is able and industrious enough to lead the class, Jonas and I don't propose to grudge him that distinction. If Johnny Green can outwrestle his fellows, Jonas in a cheerful spirit will contribute a fall to his list of victories. But so far as any influence of mine with Jonas can effect it, they shall both work faithfully for their distinction. That leaders should lead, that superior parts should gain superior rewards, is essential to progress. That is a part of the great scheme whereof the millennium is to be the ultimate result, and it is not for us to dispute its wisdom. The competition that develops leadership, discernment, resolution, and other precious qualities is perfectly healthy, and ought to be sweet-tempered and wholesome. To make the best of one's self is to show appreciation of the handiwork of one's Maker. If William's best is better than Jonas's, it will help Jonas by stimulating his efforts; and Jonas, in turn, if he crowds William hard, will keep him well up to his pace. This is one of the great services that other folk's children do us. They help us get out of our children what is in them. We could hardly do it without them. A Ruskin may grow up solitary and leave a great name. We can be thankful for what he gave the world and yet suspect that with wiser rearing he would have given it still more. Our children need companionship, the stimulation that





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SEWING

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comes from good-humored rivalry, the stress of such a generous combat as is suited to their years. Competition carried to an extreme is ugly. Where there are not necessaries enough to go around, finer natures will contend, not to see who shall have the most, but the least. But in this competition of children pursuing strength and knowledge, the store is boundless, and the more of it the leader gets, the more will each one get who competes with him.

When the human disposition to take thought for the future goes beyond the care for personal necessities and becomes a solicitude for mankind in general, the scriptural injunction in restraint of it doesn't apply. Nothing is going to break men—the best men—of their interest in the future. The natural human craving for immortality, which is bred of the obvious incompleteness of life on earth, enters into it. We lay up money—some of us do—against the future, and don't give over doing it for all that we know what a dubious rampart it is, and how uncertain is the fate of savings when the thrifty hand that gathered them lets go. In our day and in our country the great cause for which money is most willingly poured out by bequest or by living hands is the training of the young. The feeling is that what makes better people makes a better world and a better future. Givers, though innumerable objects appeal to them, give most bountifully to education, and to what concerns the training of the young. It would not be incomprehensible if the great money-makers should say, "Knowledge is power; health is power; let us make them scarce, that our descendants, having both, may have the greater advantage." That would be selfishly provident in a certain way, even though it would be short-sighted. But our givers follow no such reasoning. They leave, indeed, accumulated money to the exclusive use of their descendants for better or worse. Many of them strive while they live to monopolize certain means and processes of money-making, but they don't try to build up monopolies in knowledge or in health. They were men before they were monopolists. They are men to the end. All children seem to be theirs. For all children, for all youth, they strive to open the paths to usefulness and all its rewards. That the fit shall come to their own, that the less fit shall improve, that genius shall not lack its tools nor industry its opportunity—these things are more to them than the chances or mischances of their remote descendants. "I have earned my advantage," says one; "why shouldn't I profit by it? But I want the next generation to have as fair a chance as I have had."



We have heirs of our bodies, and heirs of our minds and spirits. The truest heirs of the strong man are they whom his spirit quickens. They may be of his blood, they may not—but they are to take up his work, and for them he does well to take thought. If a man has children, the farther he looks into the future the more diffused is the thin stream of blood that has passed through his veins, and the slighter the relationship that his descendants bear to him. If he looks far enough ahead, the progeny of his progeny blend into the general mass of mankind, and he sees in himself merely a unit of the world that is, and a progenitor of the

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world that is to be. By as much as his relationship to prospective individuals grows less important to him, his relationship to the general mass of coming men should grow more important. No man, be he ever so great or ever so strong, can be sure that his line will not run out, or that any kind of sceptre or any accumulation of wealth that he may hand down will not pass out of his descendants' hands. But he can be reasonably sure that all lives will not run out, and that what he does on the earth that is worth doing will last, and some one will fall heir to it. If he leaves anything worth inheriting, he will have heirs. They may be his children, but they are almost as likely to be other people's children. His impulse, if he has it, to provide for childhood and for youth in general is sound and natural, for, after all, it is the expression of his desire that his own shall come to their own.



But all this is a good way from home. The other people's children that interest us parents most violently are those that our children are, or are to be, thrown with. We ought to wish that our children may be thrown with children on whom, by their fine graces of character, they may have an improving effect. We ought to send our children out like little missionaries into a world that is to profit by their companionship. I have not observed that parents live up very generally to this honorable aspiration. Incidentally it may be accomplished, but the more usual disposition is to take thought not so much as to whose children our children can most benefit, but what children they can most profit by. Very nice children indeed, well-mannered, well-trained, sweet-tempered, and intelligent, are the sort we prefer as our children's companions, and especially as companions for our girls. We seem more solicitous, if possible, that our charges should get grace by association than impart it. That seems greedy, but it is at least a compliment to other parents. What is our test of schools? Do we study the list of courses, and inquire diligently as to the capacity of teachers? To some extent we do, but much more we judge them by their fruits.

Clementine is getting old and expects to swap schools next year, and hasn't made up her mind yet which of several seminaries for girls is to have her valuable patronage. We are investigating the subject, she and I. We do it chiefly in the morning just before nine o'clock, as we walk down Fifth Avenue to the school she goes to now. Every morning we meet squads of the pupils of the other schools, and observe them with unfailing interest. Their comeliness, the modishness of their raiment, their health, spirits, manners — nothing about them fails to receive our attention. We even note how many of them come in cabs, and how many drive their own carts. Our idea is that schools are best known by their fruits, and though appearances are deceitful and don't always indicate flavor, still, looks and demeanor certainly count for something. I can't find that the desire to improve either her mind or her companions' has much weight with Clementine. What she is looking for is the best lot of girls, according to her standards; and even that is subordinate to her intention to go, if possible, to the same school that Gertrude goes to. Gertrude is some one else's child, and goes to Clementine's present school, and Clementine enjoys her society.



As for Blandina, she knows where she is going. There is not and has not been the least uncertainty. *All* Miss Adams's girls may come to school in carts. Miss Bacon's

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girls may be ever so nice, and Miss Bacon's vogue ever so sweeping, Blandina is to go neither to Miss Adams's nor to Miss Bacon's. She is going to Miss Camp's. It is a graded school, and graded schools don't suit all girls. It hasn't been necessary to consider whether they especially suit Blandina, because any good school seems to suit Blandina.

Camilla Drayton has not been to school



at all yet, so far as I have heard, not even to dancing-school. She is an only child, and is being carefully reared. She has a governess. They don't let her ride in the street cars for fear she will catch something. They seem to want her to have measles, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, German measles, mumps, and the other things, after she is grown up and can appreciate them better. Well, she is an attractive person, and it is sad to think she has so many experiences ahead of her.

In our family we have had everything but small-pox and scarlet fever, and those we hope to avoid. To have got through measles and whooping-cough is like having paid-up life-insurance. It is surprising that some of the parents of other people's children should be at so much pains to avoid experiencing so agreeable a sensation. It seems to me that Camilla's mother is too distrustful of the common lot, and over-solicitous to avoid what happens to be in the air. If she is, she has merely fallen into an error that few mothers of only children are able to avoid. They want their darlings to learn to swim, but prefer that they shall learn in the bath-tub at home. Competition, and the wisdom that comes from attrition with one's coevals, are doubtless less indispensable to girls than to boys. A boy who is to make his own way must learn to know and deal with other boys. With a girl's success, competition has less to do. Instinct and native grace and mothering do more for her. She may accomplish her destiny without any very wide experience of other girls. And yet her dealings with other people's children will be unlucky indeed if there is not a great deal more of profit in it than of loss. It should yield her friendships, and a girl's friendships for girls are affairs of great moment, or else story-writers are mistaken. It should develop her discriminations, too. How is a girl to learn the true inwardness of girls, or which she likes and which she doesn't like, and why, unless she is thrown with them? Where else than by personal investigation is she to gather the wisdom about femininity which is to be so useful to her daughters, and her sons, when she has them?

Children in families where there are other children get on better without other people's children than only children do, but even they need other people's children for their development. The elder children in families are apt to assume such authority as they may over the younger ones, and the younger ones are apt to dispute it, and it isn't an uncommon thing for sisters to quarrel. That is not necessarily a great matter. It does not imply lack of affection, but only the clashing of forces neither of which one would spare. But of course it may be

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FEEDING THE CHICKENS

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overdone, and it is preferable that energy of this sort should not be too much developed in one's own household, and that both likes and dislikes should find some field for cultivation away from home. Excellent lessons of toleration, of live and let live, are to be learned by association with other folks' children.

"I have been surprised," says Aunt Matilda to Susan's mother, "to see how well Susan has hit it off with my Jane since she has been visiting us. They seemed to get on perfectly, and yet both Jane and Susan have been thought to be rather 'bossy.'"

So they are, each in her own field. Both Jane and Susan have younger sisters, and feel authorized to lay down the law to them when circumstances seem to warrant it. But laying down the law to any one else than a younger sister is a different matter, and they instinctively feel the inexpediency of that. Yet they observe and reflect, and no beam that may be in their own eye is likely to be big enough to make them blind to the neighbor-child's mote.

"Mother," says Susan, "you should have heard Jane talk to little Lucy. When Lucy turned in her chair at dinner to look out of the window, she said: 'Don't turn around in your chair at table. It isn't manners.' When Lucy helped herself to succotash, Jane said: 'Don't take so much. It isn't manners.' And yet when the dish came to her she took more than any one else. She was after Lucy about something the whole time."

Yet this is the same twelve-year-old Susan who has been so prone to harass nine-year-old Katharine with admonition and censure. Instruction as to her own faults has at least enabled Susan to recognize, disapprove, and tolerate those faults in other children.

Older children will not wish to be always restricted to the company of younger ones, and younger children will find relief in consorting part of the time with their coevals, who cannot claim to know better than they do, nor assert an authority, be it ever so gentle, that is founded in a longer experience of life. There are advantages about being a younger child.

Younger children escape mistakes of training from which older ones suffer, and they have usually a beaten path to follow which their elders had the trouble of making. But the beaten path is sometimes irksome, and the natural assumption of older children that the way they have learned is the best way is not always well founded. Be considerate of younger children. Take care that they are not run too invariably in the family groove, and that their power of initiative is not governed out of them. If they are obstreperous, and show a disposition to be the architects of their own fortunes and to break their own paths, remember what a superfluity of guidance they are apt to have. However great the solicitude they excite at home, and however much affection and kindness they give and take there, for them the field is a little fairer and a little better for their development when the children in it are other people's children and the terms are equal.



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New Letters of R. L. Stevenson

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE AND COMMENT

BY HORACE TOWNSEND

INDICATIONS are not wanting in the two volumes of Robert Louis Stevenson's collected letters that despite his wretched health, which must often have made the mere physical act of writing a weariness and a pain to him, despite his pathetically futile attempt to keep pace with the work which crowded itself upon his attention, he yet was always ready to add to the list of his correspondents, sometimes on what seemed the slenderest of pretexts. Oftentimes, of course, these correspondents were in a measure of his own literary rank, as in the case of Mr. William Archer, with whom he exchanged letters on the strength of a pleasantly judicious criticism by the latter, and the resulting correspondence must have had all the keen pleasure of a friendly crossing of intellectual rapiers. Some interesting letters, hitherto unpublished, however, which have lately come into my hands, show that Stevenson was just as generous of his mental coin when the recipient was a young student toilsomely treading those rough stages of the thoroughfare of art the dust of which had not yet been brushed away from the writer's own shoes. Mr. Trevor Haddon is now a well-known and popular portrait-painter, whose work is familiar to the frequenters of most of the London annual exhibitions, a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, and, in short, a painter who may fairly be said to have "arrived." Twenty-two years ago he was a youngster who had just come to the conclusion that, however hard the struggle, however rugged the pathway, he had it in him to climb the hill of fame. At that time there were doubtless several thousand lads living in London who had reached the same conclusion as Mr. Haddon. To-day one could probably count on the fingers of one hand those who have arrived within measurable distance of the success of their dreams. I think it showed a curiously sympathetic sense of fellow-artistry on the part of Stevenson that when one day a letter from Mr. Haddon reached him from out of the dark, as it were (for it was addresed to him simply as the author of a magazine article which had made the young art student *think*), he should have recognized that here was a fellow-craftsman on whom advice and counsel would not be thrown away.

These letters, then, which lie before me as I write, are the outcome of this perception on Stevenson's part, for though I believe that he and Mr. Haddon never met face to face, they continued to correspond at intervals for several years. As will be seen, though Stevenson's letters never became what in one sense one might call intimate, they yet have an elder-brotherly touch which is altogether delightful. In the very first paragraph of the first letter Mr. Haddon has preserved, Stevenson betrays the whole secret of his share of the correspondence. As is the case with the majority, this letter lacks a date, but is addressed from 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, and was probably written towards the end of 1879. After referring to the pleasure that Mr. Haddon's letters have given him, he continues:

"It seems to me that you are a pretty good young fellow, as young fellows go; and if I add that you remind me of myself, you need not accuse me of retrospective vanity."

There one has it in a phrase! He reminded Stevenson of himself! The letter goes on:

"I am afraid I am not so rigid on chastity; you are probably right in your views; but this seems to me a dilemma with two horns—the real crux of a

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man's life in our state of society—and a woman's too, although, for many reasons, it appears somewhat differently with the enslaved sex.

"By your 'fate' I believe I meant your marriage, or that love at least which may befall any one of us at the shortest notice, and overthrow the most settled habits and opinions. I call that your fate, because then, if not before, you can no longer hang back, but must stride out into life and act.

Believe me, yours sincerely,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

The next in the series is also undated, and also addressed from Heriot Row, and begins:

"DEAR SIR,—If I have in any way disquieted you, I believe you are justified in bidding me stand and deliver a remedy, if there be one—which is the point.

"1st, I am of your way of thinking, that a good deal of Whitman is as well taken once; but, 2d, I quite believe that it is better to have everything brought before one in books. In that way the problems reach us when we are cool and not warped by the sophistries of an instant passion. Life itself presents its problems with a terrible directness, and at the very hour when we are least able to judge calmly. Hence this Pisgah sight of all things off the top of a book is only a rational preparation for the ugly grips that must follow.

"But, 3d, no man can settle another's life for him. It is the test of the nature and courage of each that he shall decide it for himself. Each in turn must meet and beard the Sphinx. Some things, however, I may say—and you will treat them as things read in a book, for you to accept or refuse as you shall see most fit.

"Go not out of your way to make difficulties. Hang back from life while you are young. Shoulder no responsibilities. You do not know yet how far you can trust yourself—it will not be very far, for you are more fortunate than I am. . .

"Never be in a hurry, anyhow.

"There is my sermon.

"Certainly you cannot too earnestly go in for the Greek; and about any art, think last of what pays, first of what pleases. It is in that spirit only that art can be made. Progress in art is by learning to enjoy; that which seems a little dull at first, is found to contain the elements of pleasure more largely, though more quietly commingled. . . .

"It is your own fault if I appear so pulpiteering.

"Wishing you well in life and art, and that you may long be young, believe me,

Yours truly,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

The last half of the last sentence is surely true Stevenson. The third letter, appearing after a gap of some three years, was written at the very beginning of that sojourn in the south of France in his quest for health which Stevenson referred to as the happiest time of his life, buoyed up as he then was with the hope of ultimate recovery. His own description of the villa "Campagne Defli" may be remembered:

"In a lovely valley between the hills, part wooded, part white cliffs, ... a large, large olive-yard, cultivated by a resident paysan, a well, a good deal of rockery, a little pine shrubbery, a railway station in front, two lines of omnibus to Marseilles.

"Forty-eight pounds per annum.

"It is called 'Campagne Defli!' query, Campagne Debug? The Campagne demosquito goes on here nightly, and is very deadly."

This letter is interesting only as displaying that bright and cheery spirit in the midst of bodily affliction familiar to all students of the volumes of *Collected Letters:*

"I was [says Stevenson] but three or four days in London, waiting till one of my friends was able to accompany me, and had neither time nor health to see anybody but some publisher people. Since then I have been worse and better, better and worse, but never able to do any work, and for a large part of the time forbidden to write letters, and even to play Patience, that last of civilized amusements. In brief, I have been the 'sheer hulk' to a degree almost outside my experience, and I desire all my friends to forgive me sins of omission this while back. I only wish you were the only one to whom I owe a letter or many letters."

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There is, however, an amusing postscript:

"P. S.—An excellent good new year to you and many of them.

"If you chance to see a paragraph in the papers describing my illness, and the 'delicacies suitable to my invalid condition,' cooked in copper, and other ridiculous and revolting yarns, pray regard it as spectral illusion and pass by."

The next letter from the "cramped but habitable cottage built in the Swiss manner, with a pleasant strip of garden, and a view and a situation hardly to be bettered," seems to me worth quoting in full. It was written when Stevenson was in the very plenitude of his powers. *Treasure Island,* his first distinct "hit" with the great public, was published in the autumn of the year in which this letter was written—a year, too, which saw the completion of *The Silverado Squatters, Prince Otto,* and *A Child's Garden of Verses.* The "excellent piece of news" referred to at the outset of the letter was probably the fact that Mr. Haddon had obtained the Slade Scholarship of £50 a year for three years, under the well-known Professor Legros, a noteworthy achievement in the world of art.

"La Solitude,
Hyeres les Palmiers, Var,
July 5, 1883.

"Dear Mr. Haddon,—Your note with its excellent piece of news reached me. I am delighted to hear of your success: selfishly so; for it is pleasant to see that one whom I suppose I may call an admirer is no fool. I wish you more and more prosperity, and to be devoted to your art. An art is the very gist of life; it grows with you; you will never weary of an art at which you fervently and superstitiously labor. Superstitiously: I mean, think more of it than it deserves; be blind to its faults, as with a wife or a father; forget the world is a technical trifle. The world is very serious; art is the cure of that, and must be taken very lightly; you must first be stupidly, owlishly in earnest over it.

"When I made Casimir say 'Tiens' at the end I made a blunder. I thought it was what Casimir would have said, and put it down. As your question shows, it should have been left out. It was a 'patch' of realism, and an anti-climax. Beware of realism; it is the devil; it is one of the means of art, and now they make it the end! And such is the farce of the age in which a man lives that we all, even those of us who most detest it, sin by realism.

"Notes for the student of art:

"1. Keep an intelligent eye upon *all* the others. It is only by so doing that you come to see what art is; art is the end common to them all; it is none of the points by which they differ.

"2. In this age beware of realism.

"3. In your art bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the mean while; get to love technical processes, to glory in technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can. Then, when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious.

"My health is better.

"I have no photograph just now; but when I get one you shall have a copy. It will not be like me; sometimes I turn a capital fresh bank clerk; once I came out the image of Runjeet Singh; again the treacherous sun has fixed me in the character of a travelling evangelist. It's quite a lottery; but whatever the next venture proves to be, soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, you shall have a proof. Reciprocate. The truth is, I have no appearance; a certain air of disreputability is the one constant character that my face presents; the rest change like water. But still I am lean, and still disreputable.

"Cling to your youth. It is an artist's stock in trade. Don't give in that you are aging, and you won't age. I have exactly the same faults and qualities still; only a little duller, greedier, and better tempered; a little less tolerant of pain and more tolerant of tedium. The last is a great thing for life, but query? —a bad endowment for art?

"Another note for the art student.

"4. See the good in other people's work; it will never be yours. See the bad in your own, and don't cry about it; it will be there always. Try to use your faults; at any rate, use your knowledge of them, and don't run your head against

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stone walls. Art is not like theology; nothing is forced. You have not to represent the world. You have to represent only what you can represent with pleasure and effect, and the way to find out what that is is by technical exercise.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

The curious change in his handwriting which distinguishes the last letter of the series, referred to by the writer himself, was due, as we are informed elsewhere, to an apparent threatening with scrivener's cramp. At any rate, he says he "had got to write, and so small that the revisal of my MS. tired my eyes; hence my signature alone remains upon the old model, for it appears that if I changed that, I should be cut off from my 'vivers.'" I cannot help calling attention to the touch anent the reading, by himself, of *Treasure Island*. It is of a deliciousness:

"DEAR MR. HADDON,—I was pleased to see your hand again, and, waiting my wife's return, to guess at some of the contents. For various things have befallen me of late. First, as you see, I had to change my hand; lastly, I have fallen into a kind of blindness, and cannot read. This the more inclines me for something to do, to answer your letter before I have read it, a safe plan familiar to diplomatists.

"I gather from half-shut eyes that you were Skeltist; now, seriously, that is a good beginning; there is a good deal of romance (cheap) in Skelt. Look at it well, and you will see much of Dickens. And even Skelt is better than conscientious, gray back-gardens, and conscientious, dull still-lives. The great lack of art just now is a spice of life and interest; and I prefer galvanism to acquiescence in the grave. All do not; 'tis an affair of tastes; and mine are young. Those who like death have their innings to-day with art that is like mahogany and horse-hair furniture—solid, true, serious, and as dead as Cæsar. I wish I could read *Treasure Island;* I believe I should like it. But work done, for the artist, is the Golden Goose killed; you sell its feathers and lament the eggs. To-morrow to fresh woods!

"I have been seriously ill, and do not pick up with that finality that I should like to see. I linger over and digest my convalescence like a favorite wine; and what with blindness, green spectacles, and seclusion cut but a poor figure in the world.

"I made out at the end that you were asking some advice, but what, my failing eyes refuse to inform me. I must keep a sheet for the answer; and still Mrs. Stevenson delays, and still I have no resource against tedium but the waggling of this pen.

"You seem to be a pretty lucky young man; keep your eyes open to your mercies. That part of piety is eternal; and the man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life. Please to recognize that you are unworthy of all that befalls you—unworthy, too, I hear you wail, of this terrible sermon; but indeed we are not worthy of our fortunes; love takes us in a counterfeit; success comes to us at play; health stays with us while we abuse her; and even while we gird at our fellow-men we should remember that it is of their good-will alone that we still live and still have claims to honor. The sins of the most innocent, if they were exactly visited, would ruin them to the doer. And if you know any man who believes himself to be worthy of a wife's love, a friend's affection, a mistress's caress, even if venal, you may rest assured he is worthy of nothing but a kicking. I fear men who have no open faults; what do they conceal? We are not meant to be good in this world, but try to be, and fail, and keep on trying, and when we get a kick, to say 'Thank God!' and when we get a buffet, to say 'Just so: well hit!'

"I have been getting some of the buffets of late; but have amply earned them—you need not pity me. Pity sick children and the individual poor man; not the mass. Don't pity anybody else, and never pity fools. The optimistic Stevenson; but there is a sense in these maunderings.

"Now I have heard your letter, and my sermon was not malapropos. For you seem to be complaining.

Yours truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

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The Vesper-Sparrow

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

DEAR minstrel of the twilight fields—
A voice from out a tranquil breast—
Thy vesper hymn sweet solace yields
When closing day invites to rest.
"Peace, good-will," and then good-night,
While toil and care now take their flight.

Thy form sits close upon the ground,
Or perched upon a warm gray stone,
As upward floats this lulling sound
To cheer thy mate, who sits alone.
"Peace, good-will," and then to rest,
With loving thoughts of mate and nest.

Thy nest is hidden in the grass—
If blending colors is to hide—
A dewdrop resting in the grass,
Or crystal goblet in the tide.
"Peace, good-will," then close the eye,
While daylight fades in western sky.

The shadows deepen 'neath the hills;
I breathe the breath of summer nights—
The past'ral fragrance that o'er-spills
These gently sloping grassy heights.
"Peace, good-will," then fold the wings
Till morning light new solace brings.

Thy vespers rise from near and far
When groves are hushed and meadows mute;
Sometimes I catch a single bar,
Like wandering note from silver flute.
"Peace, good-will;" warm broods the night,
While moon and stars make silver light.

A bleating lamb just stirred the hush
That fast is stealing o'er the scene;
Then faintly comes the roar and rush
Of distant train, the hills between.
"Peace, good-will," and do not fear,
Thy watchful mate is always near.

Then all is still, the day is done,
Thy head is tucked beneath the wing,
A silver web by Luna spun
O'er all the hills is glistening.
"Peace, good-will," and then good-night,
Till skies are filled with morning light.

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Campoamor

THE GREAT SPANISH POET OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR Y CAMPOOSORIO, who died at Madrid on the 12th of February, was born at Navia, in the province of Asturias, on the 24th of September, 1817. His career covers almost the whole century; he was the contemporary of Quintana, Espronceda, Zorrilla, yet absolutely untouched by the influences which made of Quintana a lesser Cowper, of Espronceda a lesser Byron, and of Zorrilla a lesser Longfellow. Coming into a literature in which poetry is generally taken to be but another name for rhetoric, he followed, long before Verlaine, Verlaine's advice to "take rhetoric and wring its neck." The poetry of words, of sounds, of abstractions, that poetry which is looked upon in Spain as the most really poetical kind of poetry, left him untouched; he could but apply to it the Arab proverb: "I hear the tic-tac of the mill, but I see no flour." In his *Poética* he declares, boldly: "If we except the *Romancero* and the *cantares,* Spain has almost no really national lyric poetry." "There are very well built verses, that are lads of sound body, but without a soul. Such are those of Herrera and of almost all his imitators, the grandiloquent poets." In the simple masculine verse of Jorge Manrique (whose great poem, the *Coplas por la muerte de su Padre,* is known to most English readers in its admirable translation by Longfellow) he saw an incomparable model, whose grave and passionate simplicity might well have been the basis of a national style. "Poetry," he declares, in what seemed to his critics an amusing paradox, "is the rhythmical representation of a thought through the medium of an image, expressed in a language which cannot be put in prose more naturally or with fewer words. . . There is in poetry no immortal expression that can be said in prose with more simplicity or with more precision." Prose, indeed, seemed to him not really an art at all, and when Valera, a genuine artist in prose, defended his own ground by asserting that "metaphysics are the one useless science and poetry the one useless art," Campoamor replied in verse, defining prose as "la jerga animal del ser humano" ("the jabber of the human animal"). "What are philosophical systems," he asks, "but poems without images?" and, protesting against the theory of "art for art," and suggesting "art for ideas," or "transcendental" art, as a better definition of what was at least his own conception, he sums up with his customary neatness: "Metaphysics are the science of ideas, religion is the science of ideas converted into sentiments, and art the science of ideas converted into images. Metaphysics are the true, religion the good, and æsthetics the beautiful." By calling art "transcendental" he means, not that it should be in itself either philosophical or didactic, much less abstract, for "art is the enemy of abstractions, . . . and whatever becomes impersonal evaporates," but that it should contain in itself, as its foundation, a "universal human truth," without which "it is no more than the letters of tattling women." "All lyric poetry should be a little drama." "In the drama of the Creation everything was written by God in sympathetic ink. We have but to apply the reagent, and hold it to the light. The best artist is the best translator of the works of God." "It has been my constant endeavor," he tells us, "to approach art through ideas, and to express them in ordinary language,

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thus revolutionizing the substance and form of poetry, the substance with the *Doloras* and the form with the *Pequeños Poemas.*" Beginning at first with fables, he abandoned the form of the fable, because it seemed to him that the fable could only take root in countries in which the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was still believed. "The *Dolora,* a drama taken direct from life, without the metaphors and symbols of indirect poetry, seemed to me a form more European, more natural, and more human than that of the Oriental fable." But the *Dolora* was to retain thus much of the fable, that by means of its drama it was to "solve some universal problem," the solution growing out of the actual structure of the story. Thus, in poetry, subject is all-important, subject including "the argument and the action." "In every pebble of the brook there is part of an Escurial: the difficulty and the merit are in building it." "Novelty of subject, regularity of plan, the method with which that plan is carried out"—these, together with the fundamental idea, which is to be of universal application, "transcendental," as he calls it, are the requisites of a work of art; it is on these grounds that a work of art is to be judged. "Every work of art should be able to reply affirmatively to these four questions:

The subject: can it be narrated?
The plan: can it be painted?
The design: has it a purpose?
The style: is it the man?"

Campoamor was no classical scholar, and it is but hesitatingly that he suggests, on the authority of "a French critic, who had it from Aristotle," that the theory of the Greeks in poetry was in many points similar to his. If we turn to Matthew Arnold's preface to his Poems, we shall find all that is fundamental in Campoamor's argument stated finally, and in the form of an appeal to classical models. "The radical difference between their poetical theory"—the Greeks', that is—"and ours consists, it appears to me, in this: that with them the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, were the first consideration; with us attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action." And, further on in that admirable preface, Matthew Arnold assures "the individual writer" that he "may certainly learn of the ancients, better than anywhere else, three things which it is vitally important for him to know: the all-importance of the choice of a subject, the necessity of accurate construction, and the subordinate character of expression." Is not this precisely the aim of Campoamor; and is it not as a natural corollary to this severe theory of poetical construction that he tells us: "Style is not a question of figures of speech, but of electric fluid;" "rhythm alone should separate the language of verse from that of prose;" yet that language should have always an inner beauty, "the mysterious magic of music, so that it should say, not what the writer intends, but what the reader desires"? And so we come, not unnaturally, to his ideal in writing: "to write poems whose ideas and whose words had been, or seemed to have been, thought or written by every one."

Upon these theories, it might well seem to us, a writer is left at all events free, and with a very reasonable kind of liberty, to make the most of himself. Only, after all, the question remains: what was Campoamor's conception of subject and development; how far was his precision a poetical precision; did he, in harmonizing the language of prose and of verse, raise the one or lower the other?

The twelve volumes of Campoamor's collected poems contain *El Drama Universal,* a sort of epic in eight "days" and forty-seven scenes, written in heroic quatrains, and worthy, a Spanish critic assures us, of "an Ariosto of the soul"; *Colon,* a narrative poem in sixteen cantos, written in *ottava rima; El Licenciado Torralba,* a legendary poem in eight cantos, written in iambic verse of varying length; three series of *Pequeños Poemas,* each containing from ten to twelve narrative poems written in a similar form of verse; two series of *Doloras,* short lyrical poems, of which I have already quoted his own definition; a volume of *Humoradas,* containing some hundreds of epigrams; and two volumes of early work, brought together under the name of *Poesias y Fábulas.* Besides these, he wrote some plays, the admira-

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ble volume called *Poética: Polémicas Literárias,* and a contribution to metaphysics called *Lo Absoluto.* Of his long poems, only one is what Rossetti called "amusing," only *El Licenciado Torralba* has that vital energy which keeps a poem alive. With this exception we need consider only the three collections in which a single thing, a consistent "criticism of life," is attempted under different but closely allied forms: the *Humoradas,* which are epigrams; the *Doloras,* which he defines as "dramatized *Humoradas;*" and the *Pequeños Poemas,* which he defines as "amplified *Doloras.*"

Applied by a great poetical intellect, Campoamor's theories might have resulted in the most masterly of modern poems; but his intellect was ingenious rather than imaginative; his vivid human curiosity was concerned with life more after the manner of the novelist than of the poet; his dramas are often anecdotes; his insight is not so much wisdom as worldly wisdom. He "saw life steadily," but he saw it in little patches, commenting on facts with a smiling scepticism which has in it something of the positive spirit of the eighteenth century. Believing, as he tells us, that "what is most natural in the world is the supernatural," he was apt to see the spiritual side of things as the Spanish painters have mostly seen it, in a palpable detachment from the soil, garlanded in clouds. Concerned all his life with the moods and casuistries of love, he writes of women, not of woman, and ends, after all, in a reservation of judgment. Poetry, to him, was a kind of psychology, and that is why every lyric shaped itself naturally into what he called a drama. His whole interest was in life and the problems of life, in people and their doings, and in the reasons for what they do. Others, he tells us, may admire poetry which is descriptive, the delineation of external things, or rhetorical, a sonorous meditation over abstract things; all that he himself cares for are "those reverberations that light up the windings of the human heart and the horizons that lie on the other side of material life." Only, some imaginative energy being lacking, all this comes, for the most part, to be a kind of novelette in verse, in the *Pequeños Poemas,* a versified allegory, in the *Doloras,* or an epigram, in the *Humoradas.*

Can verse in which there is no ecstasy be poetry? There is no ecstasy in the verse of Campoamor; at the most a talking about ecstasy, as in some of the *Pequeños Poemas,* in which stories of passion are told with exquisite neatness, precision, sympathetic warmth; but the passion never cries out, never finds its own voice. Once only in his work do I find something like that cry, and it is in *El Licenciado Torralba,* the story of a kind of Faust, who, desiring love without unrest, makes for himself an artificial woman—"la mujer mas mujer de las mujeres"—*Muliercula,* to whom he gives

> el ánimo del bello paganismo,
> que, siendo ménos que alma, es mas que vida.

Torralba is arrested by the Inquisition as a necromancer, and Muliercula is burnt at the stake. I have translated the description of her death:

Midmost, as if the flame of the burning were
A bed of love to her,
Muliercula, with calm, unfrightened face,
Not without beauty stood,
And her meek attitude
Held something of the tiger's natural grace.
She suffers, yet, no less,
Dying for him she loves, broods there,
Within the burning air,
Quiet as a bird within a wilderness.
The wild beast's innocency all awake
Enwraps her, and as she burns,
The intermittent flaming of the stake
To the poor fond foolish thing now turns
Into a rapture, dying for his sake;
And then, because the instinct in her sees
This only to be had,
Nothingness and its peace,
For her last, surest end, utterly glad,
With absolute heart and whole,
That body without a soul,
As if the bright flame brings
Roses to be its bed,
Dies, and so enters dead,
Into the august majesty of things!

There, in that fantastic conception of "la belleza natural perfecta," of woman, as the thinker, above all others, has desired to find her, I seem to discover the one passionate exception to Campoamor's never quite real men and women, the novelist's lay-figures of passion, about whom we are told so many interesting anecdotes. A witty story-teller, a sympathetic cynic, a transcendental positivist, he found the ways of the world the

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most amusing spectacle in nature, and for the most part his poems are little reflections of life seen as he saw it, with sharp, tolerant, worldly eyes. At his best, certainly most characteristic, when he is briefest, as in the *Humoradas,* he has returned, in these polished fragments, to the lapidary style of Latin poetry, reminding us at times of another Spaniard, Martial. Idea, clearness, symmetry, point, give to this kind of verse something of the hardness and glitter of a weapon, even when the intention is not satirical. With Campoamor the blade is tossed into the air and caught again, harmlessly, with all the address of an accomplished juggler. He plays with satire as he plays with sentiment, and when he is most serious, will disguise the feeling with some ironical after-thought. Here are some of the *Humoradas,* in Spanish and English. I have translated them, as will be seen, quite literally, and I have tried to choose them from as many moods as I could:

Al mover tu abanico con gracejo
Quitas el polvo al corazon mas viejo.

You wave your fan with such a graceful art,
You brush the dust off from the oldest heart.

Las niñas de las madres que amé tanto
Me besan ya como se besan á un santo.

The children of the mothers I loved, ah see,
They kiss me as though they kissed a saint in me!

Jamas mujer alguna
Ha salido del todo de la cuna.

No women yet, since they were made all,
Have ever got quite outside of the cradle.

Prohibes tu amor con tus desdenes.
Sin frutos prohibidos no hay Edenes.

Let your consent with your disdain be hidden:
No Paradise whose fruit is not forbidden.

No le gusta el placer sin violéncia,
Y por eso y á cree la desgraciada
Que ni es pasion, ni es nada,
El amor que no turba la conciéncia.

She tastes not pleasure without strife,
And therefore, hapless one, she feels
That love's not good enough for life
Which hales not conscience by the heels.

Si es fácil una hermosa,
Voy y la dejo;
Si es difícil la cosa,
Tambien me alejo.
Niñas, cuidad
De amar siempre con fácil
Dificultad.

If too easy she should be,
I, beholding, quit her;
If the thing's too hard for me,
Trying proves too bitter.
Girls, now see,
Best it is to love with easy
Difficulty.

Niegas que fuiste mi mejor amiga?
Bien, bien; lo callaré: nobleza obliga.

That you were my best friend, do you deny?
Well, well; noblesse oblige; then so will I.

Te he visto no sé donde, ni sé cuando.
Ah! si; ya lo recuerdo, fué soñando.

Have I not seen you? Yes, but where and when?
Ah, I remember: I was dreaming then.

Te es infiel! y la quieres? No me extraña;
Yo adoro á la esperanza, aunqué me engaña.

She's faithless, and you love her? As you will:
Hope I adore, and hope is faithless still.

Vas cambiando de amor todos los años,
Mas no cambias jamas de desengaños.

You change your love each year; yet Love's commandment
Is, that you never change your disenchantment.

Por él la simetria es la belleza,
Aunqué corte á las cosas la cabeza.

Beauty for him was symmetry, albeit
He sometimes cut the heads off things, to see it.

I will add three short pieces from the *Doloras.*

Shamed though I be, and weep for shame, 'tis true
I loved not good what evil I love in you.

They part; years pass; they do not see
Each other; after six or seven:
"Good Heaven! and is it really he?"
"And is it really she? good Heaven!"

The Soul for Sale.

One day to Satan, Julio, flushed with wine:
"Wilt buy my soul?" "Of little worth is it."
"I do but ask one kiss, and it is thine."

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"Old sinner, hast thou parted with thy wit?"
"Wilt buy it?" "No." "But wherefore?"
"It is mine."

In such work as this there is much of what the Spaniards call "salt": it stings healthily, it is sane, temperate, above all, ingenious; and the question as to whether or not it is poetry resolves itself into a question as to whether or not the verse of Martial, indeed Latin epigrammatic verse in general, is poetry. To the modern mind, brought up on romantic models, only Catullus is quite certainly or quite obviously a poet in his epigrams; and his appeal to us is as personal as the appeal of Villon. He does not generalize, he does not smile while he stabs; the passion of love or hate burns in him like a flame, setting the verse on fire. Martial writes for men of the world; he writes in order to comment on things; his form has the finish of a thing made to fulfil a purpose. Campoamor also writes out of a fruitful experience, not transfiguring life where he reflects it. If what he writes is not poetry, in our modern conception of the word, it has at least the beauty of adjustment to an end, of perfect fitness; and it reflects a temperament, not a great poetical temperament, but one to which human affairs were infinitely interesting, and their expression in art the one business of life.

One Poet to Another

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

(Accompanying a manuscript sonnet,—with emendations)

MY True-love's lute I love to tune aright,
So truly doth he sing of truest love;
His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright.
When his clear lute is truly tuned aright,
Each note glows golden to the ravished sight,
Each soul of man doth with that music move—
When his true lute my True-love tunes aright,
And sings, to Heaven and me, of deathless love.

His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright,
For, at his singing, see! my sun doth rise.
Then all my life is radiant in men's sight,
My earth outheavens Heaven's own golden light.
As night grows day, so day is dimmed to night,
By the true measure that my True-love tries.
His lightsome lay makes night's cold shadows bright,
For, at his singing, see! my sun doth rise.

Now, since my life is radiant in men's eyes,
My True-love's lute I seek to tune aright;
And all my flow'rs, gathered 'neath twilight skies
(Ere, to his music, my life's sun did rise),
I twine about, to please the world's cold eyes,
His lovesome lute.
Ah! fragrant flow'rs and bright,
For me he sings!
Therefore my sun doth rise,
Whether or no his lute be tuned aright.

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Thaïs

BY KATHARINE MARY CHELIER MEREDITH

"The Mummy of Thaïs of Alexandria is on exhibition at the Musée ——. Her beauty, talent, and wealth were once the fable of Alexandria. Paphnuce, Abbé of Antinoë, saw her, and through the influence of his fanaticism won her to Christianity, and she entered a convent celebrated for its austerity." — TRANSLATED EXTRACT FROM A PARIS DAILY JOURNAL.

A POOR priest was standing at a book-stall opposite the Mont de Piété—that small corner shop near the Rue de Renne. It was a sunny day of that month — September — in which Paris always seems to remember. Not a soul besides himself was at that moment enticed to linger there, where the orange-tree in its pot stood green and waxen, and where the linnet in a queer painted cage recalled, like Paris itself, those other days.

Both Paris and linnet remembered —what? Who shall say? And the books and prints lying for sale, exposed to the September sunlight, which wavered and flickered over their brown covers through the leaves of the chestnut-trees, seemed also to hold mysterious suggestions of those other hands which had once handled them and those other brains of whom they had been born.

The priest had a sense of tampering with the forbidden as he turned the leaves of a very small book, which bore upon its soiled leather cover the name *Sylvie*. He was young and pure in heart, and his work lay among the poor on this the wrong side of the Seine. But already he was winning the love and confidence of his people. He had just come from a room over a shop in the Boulevard du Temple, near that little café with its iron tables and chairs—the Café Cartailler—beloved by du Maurier and Frederick Walker, and where on bright afternoons their shades seem still to linger, giving an English atmosphere of robust mirth to the mercurial laughter of the artists who still go there to drink penny bocks.

In the little room which the priest had just left he had baptized the pale and delicate brow of an infant—the first-born —and as it lay in his arms its soul took flight. Young as he was, the priest had seen many of the children of the poor die, but never had such a singular fancy held him captive as took possession of his mind at that moment, for he had seen— yes, he had seen a star of light form over the heart of the dying child, and slowly rising, it had floated up and up, until it had seemed to melt and disappear amid the commonplace environment of the little room. And the priest was puzzled, thinking himself overworked, and in necessity of going for a while into retreat, in order that his soul might feed on that hidden manna which had been always so much a necessity of his existence. So he had loitered, thinking and dreaming and longing to follow that little white soul. Where had it gone? To Paradise? And as he walked he prayed for it.

Now, as he looked at the book, he caught some sentences here and there, and fitted them to his own mood:

"He lived between dream and reality, and much nearer to dream than to reality."

Why, that was himself, surely, and he eagerly turned the pages. Ah, here:

"He sought in the world what the world could not give him, and this it was that led him straight to madness."

Yes, and here another:

"He had arranged whole series of his previous existences . . . . he ended by being everything except himself."

The priest lifted his head and caught the eye of the linnet, which was regarding him through the bars of its cage.

"My name," he stammered—"my name is—was—Gérard de Nerval, and I loved —who—who—was Sylvie—Sylvia—who was Jennie Colon?"

He threw the book down violently, and,

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like a sleep-walker, passed on rapidly—with stealth—walking in and out of the narrow streets until he came to the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne. Here he paused, became bewildered, and seemed at a loss for what he sought but could not find.

"There had been an iron railing. Where was it now?"

He caught his head within his hands. Then he looked carefully at the fore-finger of his right hand. There had been ink upon it that night. But not now!

And he remembered with despair that he had been unable to finish "Le Rêve et la Vie." The beginning had appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. What had he done?

He remembered now. He had hung himself to a railing in that very street where he now stood. And that was on the 27th of January, 1855. And this was on the 27th of September, 1901.

Was he mad? He was certain that he was not.

He felt a sudden tension of the arteries of the head.

"I feel," he said, "as a child's magic lantern must feel when a hand has changed the slide."

And all in one moment another set of memories possessed him. He was again a priest, and he loved a woman called Clarimonde. And she had died, and so had he, and after that they had been together. No one had ever known their histories, until they had liked a brain belonging to a man called Théophile Gautier. And for amusement they together had used that brain of his—a fine, keen instrument—and he had written a story of their lives. They had led him to call it *Clarimonde,* and it had brought him great fame, although it had not been he who had written it at all, but they two together, while amusing themselves that day with his brain.

It was very strange.

At that moment he caught a—a name—on a journal at a news-stand, and stood transfixed and stammering:

"Thaïs!"

"Here? At Paris? Impossible!"

"Ah no, it cannot be. *That* had all happened longer ago than any of these other things. And at Alexandria—not Paris. She! Thaïs at the Musée ——?" Well, he would soon see.

It was a long distance, but like a shadow, his face gleaming snow white in the pale autumn sunlight, the priest passed on and on; and after crossing the Pont de l'Alma, found his way to the Museum at the Avenue and the Place d'Iéna.

"If it is she? Ah, if it should prove to be that sweet and wonderful woman!"

The crowd stared hard and long at the pallid face of the priest as, covered with the gray dust of the streets, worn and haggard, with the strain of the fierce memories crowding upon him, he passed in with the rest to form one of that court which daily pays homage to the mummy of Thaïs—actress, courtesan, and saint. All Paris goes to her now, and all Paris dreams of her. Thaïs — flower-crowned, with soft hair clinging to the small skull, overfilled to the brim with wit like a loving-cup of rare wine. The necklace lies motionless upon a withered bosom covered with embroidered stuff less changed than its wonderful wearer, and the pink tulle of the veil which wraps her in rosy folds no longer sheds its glamour over that rare body, or borrows paler tints from that delicate flesh which had once shown men, in a way never yet forgotten, the beauty of perfect form and color.

When the priest came, with others, close to where she lies in that sleep which has lasted two thousand years, he gave a low, piercing cry. His lips were parted and pale, as at dissolution, while his strange eyes gleamed with the mad passion of a love which had been so pure and high and divine as to find the lost soul of a woman, and in the end bring it into touch with holy living.

"It is not she—it was once Thaïs—but it is not—no—it is but one of her many dwellings."

No one paid the least attention to the priest or his mutterings, for, next to Thaïs herself, the attention of the crowd was riveted by a woman who came, with arching eyebrows and sweet, parted lips, to look, as they were looking, at a mummy under glass for all the world to view.

Her laugh died, and she narrowed her eyes until they became mere slits through which a soul looked forth.

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"The veil — what do I remember— where—when?" she cried, paling.

The priest came to her, and the crowd fell back, and still gathered, as a French crowd does, until the priest, the woman with the gold hair, and the mummy of Thaïs were the centre of a hollow circle.

"Thaïs," he murmured, "dost thou not remember? I was Paphnuce."

And like one under some hypnotic spell, the woman's ashen lips murmured, *"I remember."*

"Rememberest thou Electra—the triumph—the grotto—the flutes?"

"I remember."

The woman's eyes were dilated like those of a bird when charmed by a serpent.

The fire of the priest's gaze never faltered.

"How is it with thy soul, Thaïs?"

The woman cowered silently, still held as by a spell.

"Dost thou remember the light of the cross? Thaïs, forever and forever must Paphnuce save thy sweet soul. Again and again, in every land, in every century, my soul seeks yours."

A chill shook the woman, and bitter tears rolled over her cheeks.

"Look!" The priest pointed to the feet of the mummy—feet which are today the wonder of all Paris—feet so slender, so fairylike, as to resemble those of a child, the gold-incrusted sandals of which are like toys for the hand of a lover. "Look, Thaïs. Dost thou remember how those feet—even those—followed me that night through the burning sands of an awful desert?"

"I remember!" cried the woman, and sank to his feet.

"Again I say unto thee, Thaïs, follow me."

And the priest turned, and through the crowd, which parted before him, the woman followed, weeping, until her rouge stained her white veil just at the lips like a stain of blood.

"Hypnotism—wonderful, but wonderful!" cried a student.

"She has known him in other days. He will save her soul," murmured a woman with sad eyes, clad in the livery of the world, crossing herself piously.

"Marvellous!"

"But strange—so strange!"

A few more comments, a prayer or so, then a laugh and a jest.

And the world turned once more to regard the mummy of Thaïs, lying wrapped in its mysterious veil of two thousand years,—that veil which had lifted for a moment.

Ashes of Roses

BY HELEN HAY

ALL my dead roses! Now I lay them here,
Shrined in a beryl cup. The mysteries
Of their sweet hauntings and their witcheries
Are not more subtle than this jewel clear—
Are not more cold and dead. The winter's spear
Has fallen on their petals, once so wise
With beauty; yet their joyous secret lies
Still in their perfumed heart, supremely dear.

Roses of Love! Time killed you one by one,
And mocked my pains as sad I gathered up
All the fair petals banished from the sun,
Yet have I conquered! See the dead loves bless
Life from my heart, which is their beryl cup,
Warming the winter of my loneliness.

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Rosa Bonheur—An Appreciation

WITH SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED STUDIES

BY JULES CLARETIE,

Member of the Academy

THE past century has given France two supreme women—the one literary, the other artistic—the fame of whom may be said to constitute now a sort of special legend.

The former won the popular title of "La bonne Dame de Nohant." As for the other, the country which surrounds Fontainebleau, with its magnificent old forest, cherishes the memory of one who might well be called, in her turn, "La bonne Demoiselle de By."

It was not thus, however, that the peasants of Moret named Rosa Bonheur. She was to them a sort of familiar and kindly châtelaine, whom they would often meet in the woods driving in her favorite pony-carriage, and whom they addressed in respectful salutation as Mademoiselle Rosa.

I encountered a throng of these worthy people around the tomb of the great artist when we conducted her remains to Père Lachaise in sadness and tears. Every one who knew her loved her; every one who loved her is faithful to her memory.

One should have seen her in her atelier, filled as it was with paintings and drawings, and which opened into a kind of immense store-room, where the artist had stowed away designs, rough sketches, frames, unfinished paintings — an entire world, in short, of admirable works, produced by intense and unremitting labor. Amid this splendid confusion she quietly passed to and fro; and attired in a simple white blouse, with hair in crimps, she resembled, indeed, as many besides myself have noted, that other master-naturalist, the poetic painter of silvery mornings and mysterious evenings — Father Corot.

Rosa Bonheur herself has related in a curious autobiography how she came to adopt the masculine dress. While still a young girl she used to make studies of cattle and sheep in the abattoirs of La Villette. There she met butcher-boys and the like, who might be lacking in respect for a woman, but who, on the other hand, would think it perfectly natural for a young artist to sketch there garbed as a workman.

So it was that she finally renounced the feminine skirt and retained this masculine costume, which, whether in the atelier, the forest, or in the open country, was decidedly the more convenient to wear. It was for a reason analogous to this, and also in order to circulate with more freedom in the theatrical world, that George Sand assumed male dress, which, in her time, made considerable scandal.

To-day, however, Madame Dieulafoy attends official receptions attired in a smoking-jacket, and no one evinces the least astonishment.

I do not know why, but instinctively ever in my thoughts I place George Sand and Rosa Bonheur side by side. I have known them both intimately, and they have left me the same impression of re-

[NOTE.—The photographs are reproductions of a series of forty-six studies, selected and given to the Musee du Luxembourg by Anna E. Klumpke, in the name of her friend and benefactress Rosa Bonheur.—EDITOR.]

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pose, of touching naïveté, of simplicity and goodness.

George Sand possessed a unique charm in her expressive eyes—those black lakes, in which one might almost bathe, as once said to me Madame Victor Hugo, who also had most beautiful eyes.

When the great novelist took her walks abroad in Nohant, the little birds winged their flight to her instinctively, and perched upon her shoulders.

It was the same with Rosa Bonheur. She loved the animals, and the animals loved her. In fact, she exercised a magnetic power over them. The fierce watch-dogs of the house at By were like lambs in her presence. Tame lions she had about her, too, those majestic creatures that she so loved to paint, and whose manes she would smilingly caress with her delicate hand. The deer of the forest contemplated her with a glance of recognition, as if they comprehended that she was in truth their painter. M. Gérôme, when he wished to paint lions, visited the tamer Pézon at the Jardin des Plantes, and made his studies across the bars of the cages. Bonheur tried a different plan. She actually gave the freedom of her gardens to the lions of the menagerie at By. Sometimes the passers-by on the road would regard with stupefaction a tawny lion crouching on the terrace of Mademoiselle Rosa, and gazing majestically from the height of the wall which formed his pedestal.

Sorely frightened, pedestrians would hasten their steps, as if they feared the ferocious beast would leap forth upon them. The lion, however, remained quiet. Possibly he despised these bipeds; or, rather, if we may believe Rosa Bonheur, he was in reality both good and kind. It amused him to see the people stare.

However, after a while the artist grew tired of entertaining such expensive guests, which, moreover, in spite of all assurances, kept the neighborhood in a constant state of terror. The lion is all right in the landscape, but on canvas, not on a terrace overlooking the highway.

Rosa Bonheur gave her last lion, so carefully tamed, to the Jardin des Plantes, and it was a privilege to hear the charming woman tell of her visit to her imprisoned pet, of how sad he was, revelling no longer in the caresses of his mistress, while his mane looked dirty and uncombed.

One recalls the verse of Victor Hugo:

Triste comme un lion rongé par la vermine.

"The poor animal," said she, "rose up when he saw me, and his glance, so eloquent and pathetic, seemed to tell me —I am wrong; his look actually said: 'See what they have done to me. I am weary. I suffer. Save me! Take me back!'"

It was more than touching to hear Rosa Bonheur speak of her models with such sincere and deep affection. She showed for these carnivorous brutes the same tenderness that she evinced towards the deer of the forest.

For her, at least, these diverse creatures had souls that should be penetrated and that might be transformed.

She declared that Descartes had calumniated them, and that the good La Fontaine alone in the *grand siècle* had understood them. Verily I seemed to have rediscovered the dreamer Saint-Simonienne, the searcher after progress, making of goodness and virtue an apostleship in the noble woman who then said to me, very tenderly and sincerely, these words: "To conquer them one must love them. These beasts are formidable only when they are feared, or when we hunt them. Animals distinguish quickly between an enemy and a friend. I am their friend."

She was indeed the friend of all beasts, as Toussenel was their poet in a way. Painting and poetry are the complement, the one to the other. There is a chorister of nature, one Pierre Dupont, most sincere and strong in his work, who often makes me think of Rosa Bonheur. The painter of husbandry and field life in the Nivernaise and the poet of cattle are of the same period, and are filled with the same inspiration, healthy and strong. They are two sincere rivals.

Pierre Dupont says,

J'ai deux grands bœufs dans mon étable,
Deux grands bœufs blancs tachés de roux.

And then he shows us the oxen in the fields as beasts of burden, with the birds alighting on the heavy heads of the patient beasts, whose nostrils emit clouds of vapor as they drag the plough:

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Et je vois sur leurs cornes noires
Se poser les petits oiseaux.

So it is that when I think of a painting by Rosa Bonheur I am irresistibly reminded of some bucolic refrain of Pierre Dupont.

And the same association moves me when I behold the Nivernaise farmers goading the sweating oxen as they wearily drag the heavy iron through the moist brown earth freshly turned up.

All these paintings, "The Horse Fair," "Tillers of the Soil," "The Harvest," make a deep impression when seen for the first time, and, in truth, they mark an epoch in the history of contemporary art.

Some of the slighter sketches of Rosa Bonheur I can see hanging on the walls of my study as I write. Her heads of sheep, of cattle, of horses, infinite in variety, each executed with masterly touch and a distinction of its own, reveal the sum total of the splendid talent of the animal-painter.

At the close of the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855 the state had bought the famous painting "The Harvest" for the Musée du Luxembourg, and Rosa Bonheur had received a medal of the first class. The report declared, however, that the artist in this case could not be decorated. Why? Because she was a woman.

The *Journal* of 1865, ten years later, published the decree of Empress Eugénie naming Rosa Bonheur *Chevalier,* or, to be more exact, *Chevalière de la Légion d'Honneur des Arts.*

It was deemed an event of no small importance in the history of art. In fact, it was the first time that a woman had been decorated otherwise than for her piety, as in the case of Sister Rosalie, a sister of charity.

The journals asked at the time why the Institute of France should not open its doors to the new *Chevalière,* since it had formerly admitted women to the ancient Academy of painting and sculpture of Paris, the last of these *Académiciennes* having been Madame Vigée Lebrun. The question is still pending, since the privilege was not restored for an artist of such wonderful gifts.

In 1868, as if to protest against her exclusion in Paris, Rosa Bonheur was elected a member of the Institute of Antwerp. Thus did Belgium rebuke France.

That same year the Empress visited the atelier at By, and could not find a pin to attach the red ribbon to the blouse of Rosa Bonheur.

There was once at the Salon a portrait of Rosa, painted by Dubufe, and representing her, upright and bareheaded, leaning on the neck of a superb bull.

One morning a purchaser announced himself in the atelier of M. Dubufe. He was an English amateur, and a great collector of Paul Potter. He was anxious to acquire the portrait of Mademoiselle Rosa, as mentioned in the catalogue, and asked at what price the artist would sell it.

"I have not the right to reply to your request at the moment," said M. Dubufe. "This work happens to have been painted in collaboration. I must therefore ask my friend who painted the bull at what price he values it. I can dispose only of the figure of the woman."

"But, if you will excuse me, it is the bull which pleases me," exclaimed the amateur. "Tell me the name of your collaborator, as I should like to treat with him personally."

"Why, then, my dear sir," replied the other, "you must see Mlle. Rosa Bonheur herself."

The client then sought out Rosa Bonheur. But the great artist in her turn made objections. "I am not the author of the work; I have painted only the bull. The woman is by M. Dubufe." To cut the story short, the painting was sold for 15,000 francs, of which seven thousand were for the bull and eight thousand for the portrait of Rosa Bonheur. "It was by way of gallantry to the lady," observed M. Dubufe, "because the bull was worth vastly more."

This story is told in detail in the *Revue Anecdotique,* which was apt to be well informed of those *petits faits* so dear to Stendhal.

I knew Rosa Bonheur only in her residence at By, where I had been introduced by my friend Georges Cain, the amiable Director of the Musée Carnavalet, whom Rosa highly esteemed.

She was the *Providence* of the vicinity, and lived very retired and very happy.

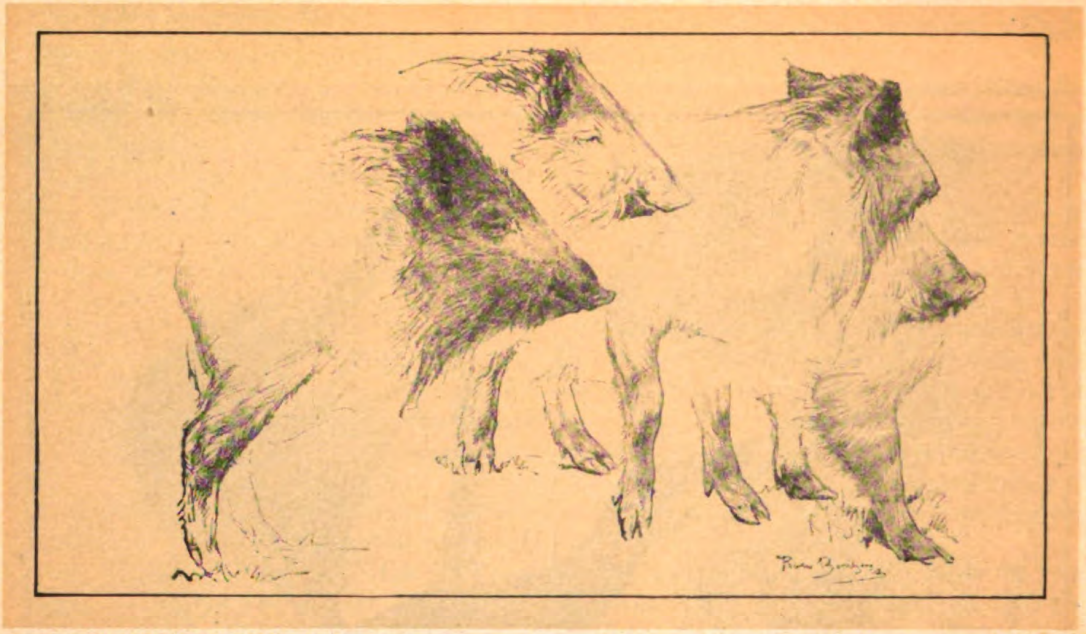
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STUDY FOR "THE DUEL"

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YOUNG WILD-BOAR

In a biography of Rosa Bonheur, which dates from 1856, I find a description of her atelier prior to her departure for the forest. She resided then in Rue d'Arras, not far from Michelet and the studio of Old Rude. A cottage in a small garden; a dining-room on the ground-floor, and three modest bed-rooms; on the first floor, the atelier, tastefully furnished with panoplies of arms on the walls revealing the artist, a monkey, some other animals, paintings, and manikins—such was the home. Rosa Bonheur sequestered herself here, receiving only on Fridays. From six in the morning until nightfall, and then by lamp-light till midnight, she painted and designed. While at work she usually got a friend to read to her some philosophical work, or perhaps a romance like *Lelia* or *Les Champs;* or, again, she would ask for music.

She was in effect charmingly simple and always natural. She lived, like George Sand, a child of nature, a being all modesty and goodness. I read the other day a pen portrait of Sir Walter Scott by the Duc de Lévis. This nobleman, after listening to the great Scotch romancer, noted as the distinctive traits of his nature a spirit naturally given to playfulness with a due balance of thoughtfulness; geniality in conversation, freely interspersed with anecdotes charmingly told; and an astonishing memory. These are precisely the traits I find in Rosa Bonheur. *Le génie bonhomme,* of which Molière spoke, is, after all, the true genius. It expresses simplicity, cordiality, and naïveté. Not one of the peasants of By, who adored "Mademoiselle Rosa," ever so charitable and kind to the poor, worried himself about the artistic superiority of the great painter—all keenly felt the charm of the good fairy, who extended relief to the unfortunate and gave playthings to the little ones of the poor. When New-Year day arrived, "What do you want?" she would ask. "I wish to have every one happy around me." And this exquisite creature would actually half protest that she distributed no alms, and was good only because of egotism.

When she visited England she was received in the best society and by artists as their queen. She was worthy of every homage, and yet seemed to flee them all. Always remaining a child at heart, she thanked me in the same way every New-Year day for the little box of bonbons I sent her, as if they had been something marvellous. In return she was proud of her Fontainebleau plums and grapes, which were superb, and she could say, as did Victor Hugo, writing from Guernsey to one of his young cousins, "Come

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and eat my plums, which are good, and press my hand, which is also good!"

All these souvenirs of Rosa Bonheur form, as I have said already, a legend of goodness. For example, let us recall the first years at Bordeaux—the trying years. We see Raymond Bonheur, the father, ancient laureate of the prize for design, a man of talent, sick and poor, earning his bread by giving lessons after having dreamed of Parisian triumphs, or the *Prix de Rome,* and teaching, too, in turn, his children, Rosa, Auguste, Isidore, and Juliette, to design, model, or to paint.

In those days there were many Spanish refugees at Bordeaux, liberals exiled for having smiled upon the French at the time of the invasion of Napoleon I. —*Afrancesados,* as they were styled. It was at Bordeaux that Goya died proscribed—he whose remains now rest in the Pantheon. To the Bonheur home occasionally came a Castilian poet, who noticed the little Rosa making designs by lamp-light on sheets of paper.

"For what *métier* is this child destined?" he asked the father.

"*Mon Dieu!* We are not rich," came the answer. "She must work. She will be a dressmaker."

"Come, now! Don't you know that would be a crime? Why, she is a born artist, and will be the perpetual consolation, while she lives, for her father's ill luck!" It was Moratin, the author of *El Si de las Niñas* (The Yes of Young Girls), too modestly, perhaps, compared with Molière, who spoke these timely words. One might almost say Rosa Bonheur was the godchild of the poet Moratin.

She related this very anecdote to me one day as, in the house founded by Molière, she witnessed from my box a performance of the *Comédie Française.*

I was presenting at this time on Sundays and at matinées *La Reine Juana,* by Alexandre Parodi. This drama is particularly sombre and poignant. In writing it the author had Sarah Bern-



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STUDY OF A LION

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ROSA BONHEUR

A portrait painted by Anna E. Klumpke, exhibited at the Salon of 1899

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hardt in mind. Seated in a corner of the box, quietly dressed in a black gown, with a simple hat, Rosa Bonheur followed the action with the eager interest of a child. She was, in truth, what is called in the argot of the theatre, *bon public*. The sufferings of Jeanne la Falle touched her deeply.

She loved the romantic in literature, reading with especial interest Eugène Sue, whose *Godolphin* afforded the inspiration for one of her best paintings: a battle between two thoroughbred horses, rending and biting each other with fierce neighs.

"I have always loved the drama, and even the melodrama," she said to me in her ingenuous way. "It helps and rests you at the same time."

I imagine she must have liked Béranger and his "Chansons" because she was patriotic, and inclined to be a republican.

For a little asking she would have given away all that she had. In her youth, when money was scarce, in order to relieve the miseries of her poorer associates, she actually pawned the gold medals obtained at the Salons, and shared the advances with needy artists. She frequently made allowances to unfortunates. Eugène de Mirecourt, who is rarely tender towards his contemporaries, tells this of Rosa Bonheur: "She lodges in Rue Dupuytren two aged and poverty-stricken women who were formerly concierges."

There was about her an indefinable something that was angelic, with a suspicion of socialism. She read much of Lamennais, and I should not be surprised if Cabet, the author of *Voyage en Icarie*, had tempted her for a moment.

A visit to her atelier was a positive joy. One could hardly choose among so many admirable paintings. How many works undertaken! What crushing, yet victorious labor! One saw at her sale, the success of which was enormous, the infinite variety in the paintings of Rosa Bonheur. Faithful to her animals, she multiplied the deer under the trees, the lions in the desert, and horses at liberty (she had followed all the representations of Buffalo Bill, crayon in hand); and then in a small room adjoining the atelier you saw, amid a superb confusion which inspired something akin to veneration, thousands of outline drawings, sketches in charcoal, subjects for future paintings. I have seen there a remarkable sketch of a battle scene. Does any one know that once, by way of adventure, Rosa Bonheur, escaping from her accustomed style, and in a manner recalling that of Meissonier, exhibited at the Salon a painting entitled, "The Three Musketeers"?

I never saw it, and know nothing of its fate. It belonged, I believe, to a group of five paintings by Rosa Bonheur at the Salon of 1846. She was then twenty-four years old.

"A woman painter can be superior in landscape, or in the study of animals, but not in figure-work," said to me once J. J. Henner, apropos of Rosa Bonheur.

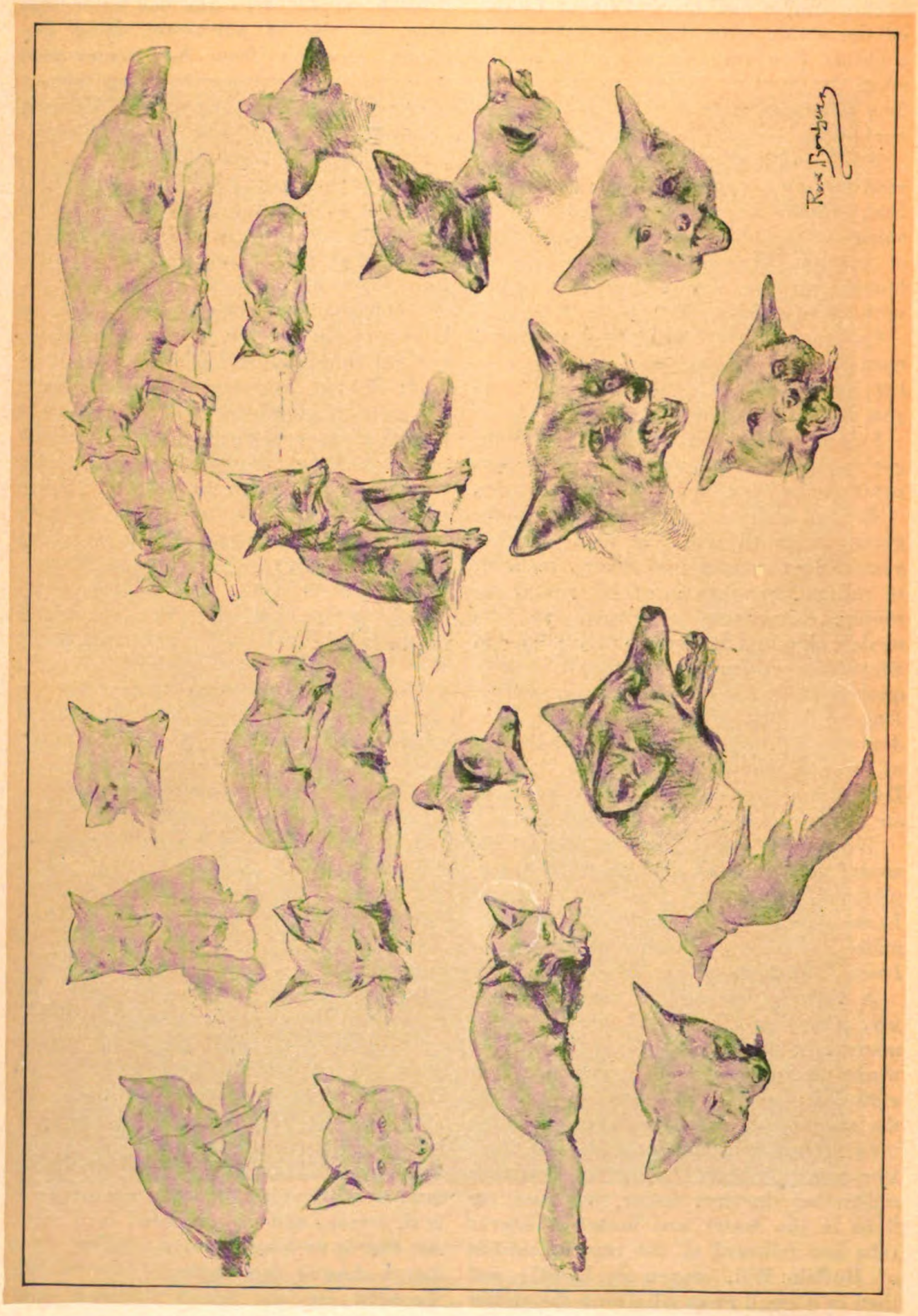
Plenty of feminine portrait-painters protest by their works at this sally of the master. Rosa Bonheur herself would surely have been able to paint the figure of Henner. But she had chosen another field. She put into practice the axiom of Charlet, "That which is best in the animal kingdom is the dog." And translating this in her own way, she could have said, "That which is best to paint in nature is the beast."

Nevertheless, the male figures that we see on her canvases have a lifelike charm entirely their own; the Nivernaise laborers have the real solidity of peasants, and the traders of the "Horse Fair," with blouses blowing about in the wind, remind one of the riders in Géricault's "Roman Races."

I have a splendid charcoal sketch by Rosa Bonheur, which she gave me herself. It depicts a storm, or, rather, the approach of a storm, in the Highlands. The heavens are obscured by dark and menacing clouds, and the wind is howling. A herd of cattle is being driven down the mountain-side by a frightened shepherd, who showers blows upon the poor beasts in his anxiety to reach shelter before the tempest bursts.

The rout of terrified cattle, the shepherd wildly waving his arms, are teeming with action, and are executed in a manner that is nothing if not masculine. One day I showed this figure of the Scotch shepherd to my friend Henner, and promptly forced him to acknowledge that a woman painter could also be superior in the study of the human figure.

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STUDIES OF FOX HEADS

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STUDY OF DOGS

Once more I can see Rosa Bonheur as I write. I behold her surrounded by those countless designs and studies, now dispersed and cherished by collectors. She was seductive in a sweet and gracious way that I love to recall. I can see her as she moved about at work, ever alert, smiling, and interested. From her girdle usually hung a bunch of about sixty keys, which made a great noise as she walked. Order is a good thing, and for that reason, perhaps, she usually left the house doors open, as well as the drawers of all her cabinets and bureaus.

These jingling keys at the waist reminded me of the rosary of a sister of charity, and indeed Rosa Bonheur the philosopher was a laic sister of charity.

I wish that she could have written her own "memoirs." M. Georges Cain has published her biography, largely dictated to him by the artist herself, which is at once most curious and interesting.

But the life of Rosa Bonheur deserves to be told more at length. M. Cain did not hear, or has failed to record, enough of the rare conversation of this noble woman who knew so well how to talk. Such as it is, nevertheless, this autobiography is of inestimable value, and with what modesty—I insist on this trait—does Rosa Bonheur speak of herself!

She came rarely to Paris. At such times she discarded her masculine costume, but her toilet displayed little luxury. Passers-by were apt to be as-

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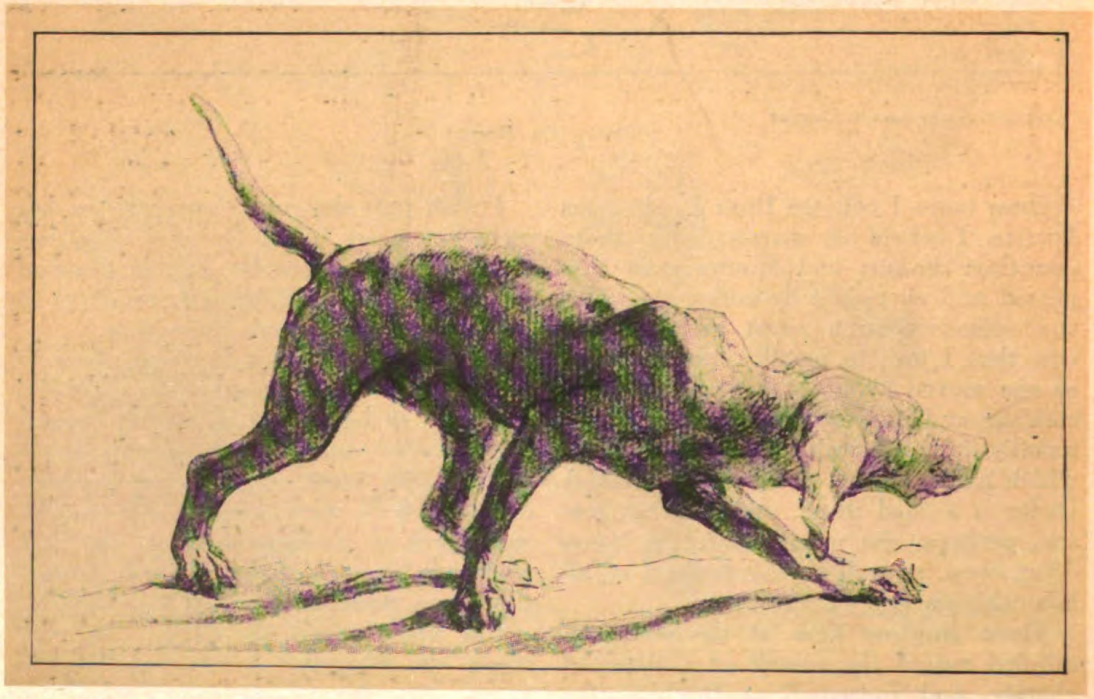
tonished, in fact, when some one would say, "That's Rosa Bonheur!" However, the Parisians loved her. Her popularity was unceasing. We realized that on the day of her funeral. Laborers and women of the people left their workshops to follow the procession.

What I have repeatedly said is absolutely correct: the fame of Rosa Bonheur constitutes a legend. At the Salons the people would ask, instinctively, "Where are the paintings of Rosa Bonheur?"

And it was while visiting Paris during a rainy spell, and after having rashly taken an open carriage from her house to the station, that the artist caught cold, and on arriving at By went to bed, never to rise up again. One might well have said that Rosa Bonheur was made for the country, for the peasantry, and for the animals, and that she should never have left them for even a day. At all events, she came back to die amongst them, and sweetly, without complaint, resigned and resolute, just as she had lived through so many years of hard work. It was my mournful consolation to be able to give my beloved friend her last pleasure. I had written in the *Journal* apropos of the medal of honor which the Salon jury wished to give her, only they knew she would have refused it. Into this article I put all my admiration for the artist, all my respect for the woman. I was ignorant of the fact that, having been imprudent enough to brave the cold at Paris, Rosa Bonheur had returned to By sick. What say I? Sick! Ah! she was lost, the victim of pulmonary congestion.

She could no longer speak when the paper was brought to her. But the faithful servant, perceiving the name of Mademoiselle Rosa on the page, sat down by her pillow and read the article in a loud voice. The dying woman shook her head, and her lips parted in a last wan smile, which seemed to express thanks. This was in the morning. Gradually her vision grew clouded. That evening she was dead.

And now I dedicate, as a new crown or chaplet for the monument erected in honor of Rosa Bonheur, these few pages of souvenirs—souvenirs of the affection with which she honored me, and of conversations far too short, alas! with one of the most noble and elevated of spirits, one of the artists most unrivalled, and certain to remain illustrious in the future, whom it has been my privilege to know, to admire, and to love.



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STUDY OF A DOG

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The Flanigan

AND

Imperial in Rosalia

BY ARTHUR COLTON

THE Impressionist had finished his story, entitled "Saint Catherine's," and described by him as "a study in shadows." It was an allegory involving human outcasts and certain spiritual presences.

"Well," said Captain Buckingham, "different folks are always falling together by sea and land, and I wouldn't mind saying that at times they might be called various, and maybe singular. Yet, for my part, having been in such companies and circumstances, and being an accommodating man that got on very well, I says, you take things as they come, I says, except some things. A shark, now, has one end of him that does no harm, but that's not the way he comes. But as regards things and companies, I was thinking of them I met once by the name of 'Bill,' and of The Flanigan and Imperial, including David. Aye, David was a—

"Well, I was captain of a coasting vessel then, named *The Henrietta,* and I took a cargo on a time of machinery and carts to the city of Tampico, in Mexico; and from there I was to go for return cargo to a little republic to the south named Guadalupe, whose capital city on the coast was called Rosalia.

"According to reputation, it was a place where revolutions were billed for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and the other days left for siestas and discussion. They were fixed that way in respect to entertainment. But there came to me in Tampico a man named Flanigan, who said he was manager of 'The Flanigan and Imperial Japanese Performers,' a company which included a tintype man from New England and a trick-dog who was thoughtful and spotted. And Flanigan said he wanted to go far from Tampico, because, he says, 'Thim Tampicean

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peons 'ain't seen tin cints apiece since they sold their souls,' he says, 'at that price,' he says, 'to the divil that presides over loafers.' I told him I was going to Rosalia, in Guadalupe, which had a local system of entertainment already, and he says: 'Guadalupe!' he says; 'Rosalia! D'ye moind thim names! It's like sthrokin' a cat.' And the company came aboard at five dollars a head—three polite Japanese tumblers and rope-walkers, the thoughtful dog, whose name was David, and the tintype man, who was cynical, and gone into tintyping, Flanigan said, as a means of expressing contempt and satire for his fellow-men.

"'But,' says Flanigan, 'it do be curious how the dagoes in this distimpered climate bejoice to see thimselves wid a villyanous exprission an' pathriotic attichude in a two be four photygraph.'

"And we sailed away down the Gulf, through the Strait of Honduras and into the Caribbean Sea, with quiet weather, so that the Japanese could rope-walk in the rigging and tumble peaceably about the deck, the only trouble being the feeling created by the vicious photographs which the tintyper took of the crew. David used to sit mostly, and look over the sea, and scratch his spots, some of which were artificial.

"Flanigan was a fiery-eyed and fluent man, who had picked up the tumblers in California and the tintype man somewhere on the plains. But David was a friend of his of some years' standing; and he was a dog I should call naturally gifted, and with that of a friendly character, sober, considerate, decent, middle-aged, comfortable, and one who took things as they came. Flanigan had hair that was wild and red, his complexion similar, and in his eyes the joy of existence. He was large and bony. His voice was windy, his manner oratorical, his nature impulsive and repentant. The Japanese spoke little English, and could not be told apart; but as to that there was little need. They were skilful, small, and dark, with rubber bones and unexpected joints, and smiled from each of a hundred and thirteen classified attitudes. So we came one afternoon into the harbor of Rosalia.

"Speaking of Rosalia, it is a green and pink and white town in a garden valley, with tall mountains behind. In the centre is the little square, or plaza, filled with palms and roses and other flowering bushes. There is a lamp-post near the middle and the ruins of a stone fountain; around three sides are shops, where you can buy your hands' full of bread and fruit for a cent or two, casinos or saloons where they play monte and fight game-cocks, and a hotel, with men asleep on the steps of it. On the fourth side is the Palacio del Libertad, which they commonly call merely La Libertad, and which contains the government and the families of most of it. There are the offices and residences of the President and departmental ministers, the legislative chambers, court-rooms, soldiers' barracks, and other things. It is the pride of Guadalupe and the record of its revolutions. It has been sixty years in building, and each new government adds something to make an immortal memory. It has white stucco fronts, innumerable towers, doors, inner courts, and roofs. If you are looking for a department, you walk along the fronts till ye see a likely-looking sign that seems to refer in figures of speech to that department, and go in. But when the government changes by revolution — or by election, which sometimes happens when no one is looking — why, then the departments shift around in La Libertad to suit themselves better, and are apt to leave their signs; besides that, each new minister will decorate himself and his department with names to fit his ideas of beauty and utility, and proclaim these in the official gazette to be the definition of his department; and the Guadalupeans argue the competence of a minister according as he has a department with titles that sweep the horizon and claim kin with the antipodes and the Resurrection. Only it seemed to me that these things tended in time to make the figures of speech on the signs far-fetched,—as you might say, too poetical.

"And it was in this way that Flanigan and I, with David, the tintype man, and the tumblers, fell upon the Department of Military and Internal Peace, when we were looking for permits to ship cargoes and deliver Japanese performances under the sign 'Office of Discretionary Regulations.' That may have been right

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enough, for most of the departments were that accommodating they would do any agreeable business that came their way; but it appeared to me, as I said, that the revolutions left the government too full of idioms, in the same way that La Libertad was what you might call an idiomatic building.

"There we waited till Flanigan became fierce with the heat and the impatience of him.

"'Discretionary!' he says, striding around with his nostrils full of wrath, and banging at doors. 'Would they be boilin' us the night wid the discreteness of 'em?'

"With that there was an opening of a door, and the waddling in of a little fat negro in red and yellow livery and shining buttons, who we thought was likely the official butler or door-boy; for he seemed to have, as a rule, eaten too much, and looked sleepy and in bad temper.

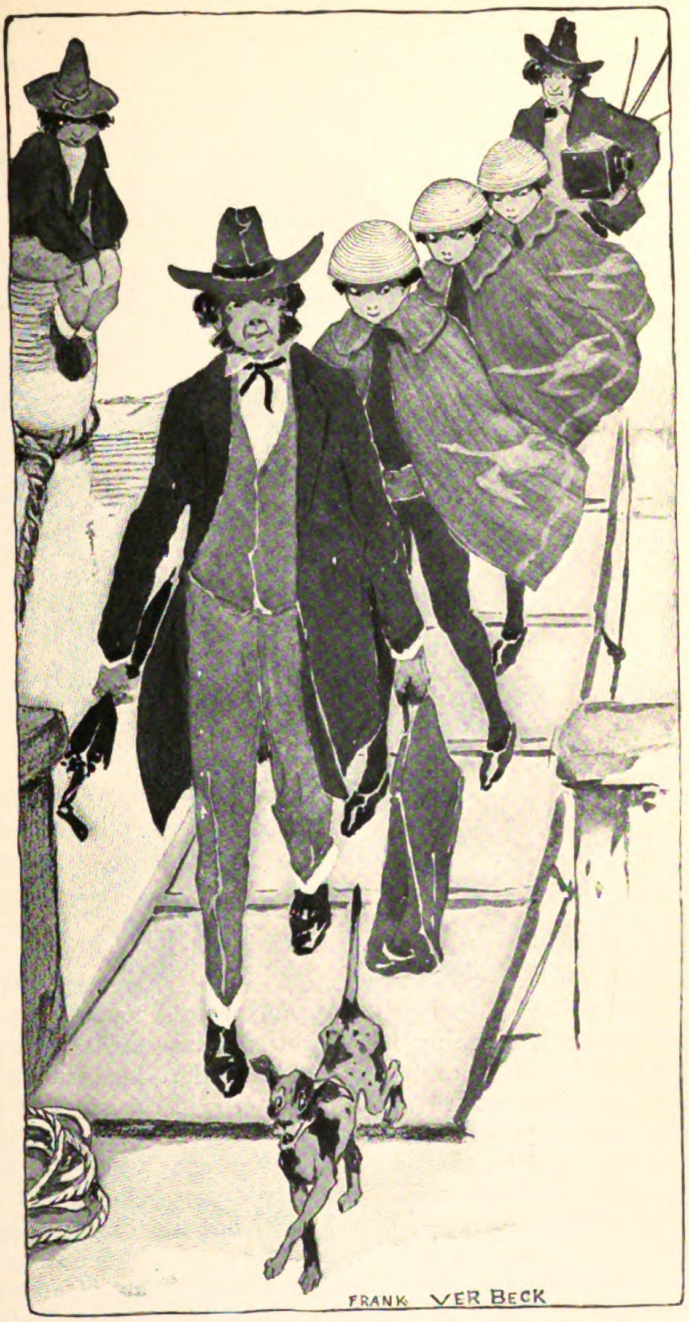
"'Boy,' says Flanigan, striding up to him, 'where's the misbegotten and corrupt official of Disthressionary Regularities? Do we wait here till the explosion of doom?—shpeak, ye lump of butther!—or do we not?"

"'Carambos!' says the extraordinary clothes, backing off and speaking snappishly. 'If you don't like it, get out!'

"'Carambos, is it?' says Flanigan, that enraged, and grabbing him by the collar. 'Impidence!' he says; 'an' ye talk so to the manager of the Flanigan an' Imparial!'

"With that he gets him also by his new trousers and heaves him into the corridor, where a handsome half-caste Spanish woman, more Spanish than negress, who looked dignified and happy in a purple dress, fell against the wall to avoid him, and appeared surprised. He scrambled up, shrieked, clutched his hair, and fled down the corridor, and the purple dress began to gobble with her laughter.

"'Why,' she says, in a mellow voice and polished Guadalupean idiom—'ho, ho! haw, haw!—why does the distinguished señor cast the Minister of Military and Internal Peace thus upon his digesting immediately his too great meal thereafter?'



THE COMPANY CAME ABOARD AT FIVE DOLLARS A HEAD

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HEAVES HIM INTO THE CORRIDOR

"'Hivens!' says Flanigan.

"'Now he will say the internal peace is disturbed, meaning his digestion, and bring the military, to the end that the distinguished señors shall be placed in the dungeons of La Libertad, which,' she says, kindly, 'beyond expectation are wet, and the señors will probably decay. He is my husband—ho, ho! haw, haw!' she says. 'He is a pig.'

"Flanigan was speechless for the moment. The tintype man pointed his camera at the purple dress, and was about to take a misanthropic photograph, and David went and stood on his head before her, so that she laughed the harder—'Ho, ho! haw, haw!'—and spread out her hands, which had two rings to a finger, and the mixed stones of her necklace clicked together with her laughter.

"'Put up your camery, typist,' says Flanigan, recovering his diplomacy. 'None of your contimptimous photygraphs of the lady. Sure,' he says, 'it's wid great discomposure I'm taken to be treatin' so the iligant buttons an' canned-tomato clothes inclosin',' he says, 'the milithary an' internal digestion of the husband of yourself,' he says, 'as foine a lady an' that educated as me eyes iver beheld. 'Tis me impulses,' he says; ''tis me warm an' hearty nature. But your ladyship won't be allowin' a triflin' incident to interfere wid enjoyin' the exhibition by me Japanese frinds of the mystherious art of ancient Asia, an' me that proud of your ladyship's approvin'.'

"'What can they do?' she says, looking interested, while the three Japanese bowed in a limber manner, and smiled their thin mystical Asiatic smile.

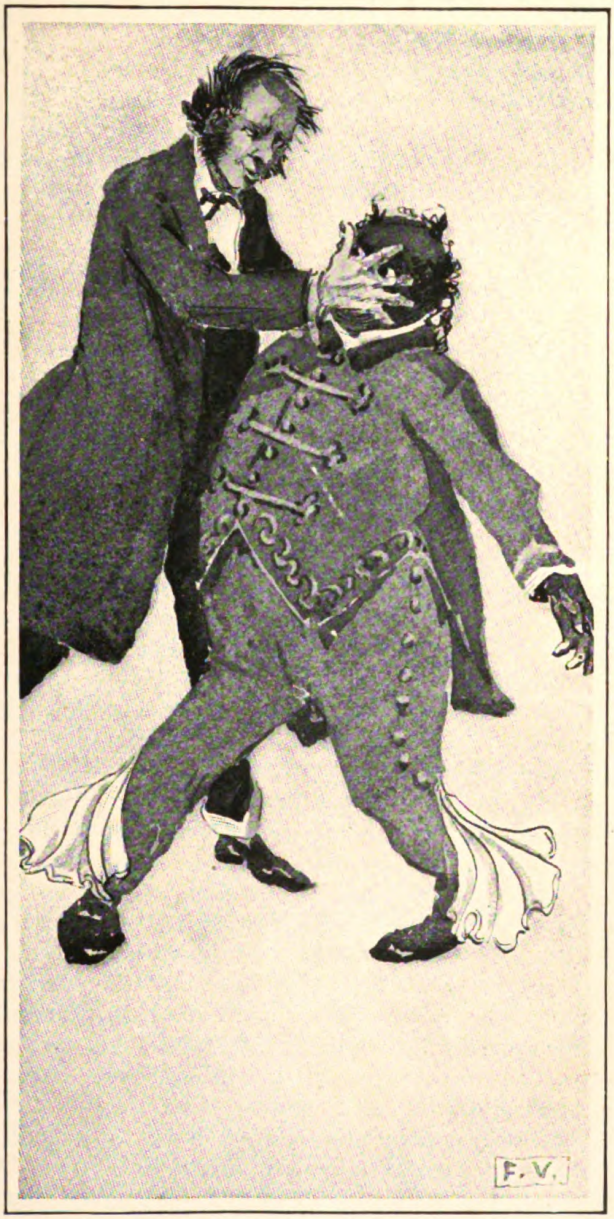
"'Oh, hivens!' says Flanigan. 'Oh, that I might see thim again the first time in the bloom of me innocence of marvels! For a thousand years by the imerald seas of the Orient—' Then one of them bent backward, and brought his head up between his legs, and smiled; and the purple dress fell against the wall with pleasure and surprise.

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"'Come after me,' she said, opening a door in the corridor, 'heretofore the arrival of my pig husband;' and we went up twisting staircases that appeared unaccountable and were not counted, saw furnished rooms through open doors, and at last came to a large room, high up under a tower, and looking out over the Plaza, and in another direction over the roofs of La Libertad. It seemed to be unused, and was darkened with shutters, and littered with the miscellaneous and upset furniture of past administrations.

"The Minister of Military and Internal Peace was named Georgio Bill, from which a man might argue the origins of his family, and the purple dress was called Madame Bill, because French titles were most popular with the official ladies. She left us there in a stately manner, and then fell down the stairs through mixing her feet. She was dignified and cheerful, but she had large feet. Aye, they were uncommon that way.

"Through the shutters we saw the Plaza beginning to stir with the evening crowds, and a few blocks over the flat roofs of houses the harbor, and the *Henrietta* floating peacefully at anchor. A breeze blew in from the sea. The white town of Rosalia drowsed in its tropical twilight and masses of pink blossoms, circled by the green Guadalupean mountains.



ENCLOSING HIS COLLAR WITH ONE HAND, AND SUPPRESSING HIS FEATURES WITH THE OTHER

"When Madame Bill came back, she brought with her two negresses with baskets, who straightened the furniture and laid the table. The shutters were closed, a lamp or two lit, and we dined with sumptuous profusion and the elegant dialogue of Flanigan and Madame Bill. 'For a thousand years,' says Flanigan, 'by the imerald seas of the Orient;' and the Japanese did moderate after-dinner tumbling and mild but curious bow-knots. David marched and saluted, and after these climbed into his chair, got his pipe, which Flanigan lit for him, fixed between his teeth, laid his head on his paws, pulled a few drowsy puffs, and went to sleep; for he was a calm one, David, as I said, and yet ingenious, experienced in life and travel, and, as you might say, a dog of the world. Madame Bill lit her cheroot thoughtfully, and there was conversation.

"'The Señor Bill,' she said, 'is at the present pursuing the foreigners throughout Rosalia and La Libertad with a portion of the Guadalupean army. It was not wise to cast the Minister of Military and Internal Peace so upon his diges-

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tion, which is to him important. But without doubt you are distinguished and experienced, especially the Señor David. They will not look for you perhaps here, which is over my apartments, but will attack, it may be, the ship of your hither coming, and in that way be imbecile and foolish.'

"'Hivens!' says Flanigan. 'But I'm thinkin', wid great admiration for yourself, ma'am, I'm thinkin' this counthry, wid its interestin' people in pajamies, its scenery resemblin' a lobster salad, an' government illuminated by figures of spache an' inspired wid seltzerwather—I'm thinkin' it would make its fortune, sure, by exhibition of itself in the capitals of the worrld, ma'am. Not Barnum's, nor the Flanigan an' Imparial, would compare wid it; an' 'tis thrue, ma'am, as a showman in the profession, I couldn't be exprissin' betther me wondher an' admiration.'

"Then the tintype man put in, sneering some: 'I ain't much on admiration and wonder.'

"'You're not, typist,' says Flanigan. ''Tis curdled like he is, ma'am, wid invetherate scorn, the poor man.'

"'The human bein' is vicious from original sin,' says the tintype man. 'Its features is rightly fit to express its sinful intentions. It comes out in the camery,' he says. 'You can't fool the camery. It tells ye the Bible truth,' he says. 'I ain't expectin' anything from a broiled an' frizzled country like this, where the continent's shaved down so narrow you could take a photograph of two oceans. And yet it's as good as anywhere else. What's the use? There ain't none. I takes tintypes an' says nothing.'

"'Santa Maria!' whispered Madame Bill.

"And Flanigan, proudly: ''Tis as I told ye, ma'am. There's not such another to be seen for extinsive scornfulness.'

"'Speaking of the ship, ma'am,' I says, 'I guess it's all right. But aren't you afraid your husband will get internationally complicated?'

"She gestured and grinned.

"'Afraid? I? My Georgio? Neither for him nor of him. Moreover, I think'—pausing, with her cheroot in the air—'that he has heard from below, and is now outside the door. He pants. He has climbed the stairs in haste, the little pig. Ho, ho! haw, haw!'

"And at that the Minister of Military and Internal Peace burst in, with the sweat of his fatness on his face, his teeth sticking out, and his features expressing intentions.

"'You do, you madame! you woman! you hide them, my enemies, insulters!'

"'You would do best,' she says to Flanigan, 'without doubt, now to enclose and suppress him, my Georgio.'

"'I go! I return,' stamping his feet.

"'Nayther,' says Flanigan, enclosing his collar with one hand, and suppressing his features with the other. 'Ye sits in the chair, me little man. Ye smokes a cigar in genteel conviviality afther coolin' down to be recognized by a thermometer—an' listens to the advice of your beaucheous an' accomplished lady,' he says, 'that has in moind a bit of domestic discipline.'

"He dropped him in a chair facing Madame Bill; David, in the next chair, woke up, appeared to say to himself, 'They're doing something else,' and went to sleep again. The tintype man sat by the window and looked through the shutters at the Plaza. They were making a noise on the Plaza. Now and then a military let off his gun, and the people shouted as if they wanted him to do it again. The Japanese bowed to Bill across the table, and smiled mystically.

"'By the tomb of my mother, you shall pay!' gurgled Bill.

"'Come off!' says Flanigan, kindly. 'She hadn't any tomb, an' ye dishremember who she was.'

"'Why,' says Madame Bill, without disturbing herself, 'the Señor Flanigan on this point speaks nearly the truth.'

"'A-r-r-r! I'll have your blood!' says the minister.

"'An' me givin' ye the soft word an' apologies for takin' ye for a decorated rubber ball an' bouncin' ye on the floor! 'Twas wrong of me. Sure, now, between you an' me, Misther Bill, an' is more needed between gintlemen?' And he looked for help to Madame Bill, who gazed thoughtfully at the smoke of her cheroot and seemed absent-minded.

"'Listen, my Georgio,' she began at last, mildly. 'I have considered, and I

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"LISTEN, MY GEORGIO," SHE BEGAN

say you have done foolishly to scatter the soldiers about the city to hurry and to inquire, so that the people become excited. Hear in the Plaza already how they cry out like children, and each one is angry at a different thing.'

"The minister started and listened, wiping his wet forehead with his sleeve. The roar in the Plaza was increasing fast. He sprang to his feet and puffed excitedly.

"'The military is scattered! It is a mob! I must go! Attend me, my wife!'

"Flanigan enclosed his collar. 'Respict for me own intherests,' he says, 'is me proudest virtue. Would ye have me missin' the sight of a rivolution from a private box, an' the shpectacle of explodin' liberty? An' ye'll be havin' me blood to-morry by the tomb of your mother? Ah, now!'

"'Let me go!' he shrieks, struggling. 'I accept your apology! Say no more!'

"Flanigan looked at Madame Bill. The crowd was shouting more in unison now. Words could be made out, 'Vivo Alvarez!' and 'Bill al fuego!' which the latter means, so to speak, as you or I might say, 'To —— with Bill!' The minister shivered and struggled, but more moderately.

"'The military will be confused, will do nothing without orders,' he pleaded to Madame Bill.

"'The military,' says the tintype man from the shutters, speaking through his nose, and soft and scornful, 'they appear to feel tolerable good. There's a batch of 'em on the steps under here, a-sittin' in their sins and shoutin' "Down with Bill!" very hearty like.'

"'Mutiny!' howled the minister. 'Alas!' and sat down, wiped his forehead with his sleeve, panted, and appeared more composed.

"Flanigan sat down too. 'I do be feelin' warm the same,' he says. 'Shall we have a drink?'

"Madame Bill was still turning things over in her mind. 'Doubtless they so

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shout,' she said. 'They are not without sense. Listen again, my Georgio. I have considered. It is perhaps not bad. Moreover, it is done. But the Department of the Military is not good for you. It worries you, therefore you disturb it, therefore it does not like you. Also we have lost popularity in Rosalia. But in the interior, as yet, no. Therefore consider. Señor Alvarez is perhaps—ah—generous. If he overthrow the government, he will desire there come an election, and who knows? We may for him go to the interior, and in reward be Minister of Agriculture, which is cooler. But if he overthrow not the government, but by compromise become Minister of Military and Internal Peace, then my Georgio will be in innocence a victim, and perhaps will have to hide, which is hot and dull, or go to the dungeons of La Libertad, which is dull and wet; or we would escape from the country in the distinguished ship of the Señor Buckingham, or in the Imperial Company of Señor Flanigan, which would be better.'

"'An' it's proud I'd be to have ye,' says Flanigan, 'as I said, ma'am, in the capitals of the worrld. Hivens!' he says, 'the tropical advertisements! By the mimory of Ireland, 'tis a filibuster expedition I foresee. Me genius is long suppressed.'

"Madame Bill shrugged her shoulders. 'Who knows? Therefore be calm, little one. We will see what they do in the Plaza.'

"The fallen or falling minister emptied a glass of iced wine, and looked more contented than before. I take it he was a pleasant enough man as a rule, lively except when not digesting well, and submissive to Madame Bill. We put out the lights, and opening the shutters, all looked out on the Plaza, except David, who woke up, and taking things in, appeared to say to himself, 'They're doing something else,' and went to sleep again.

"The Plaza was a boiling and tumultuous mess, but the military were enjoying themselves in good order, being collected on the steps of La Libertad below, about five hundred of them, and they seemed to be leading the cheering. A full moon shone. The hotel across the Plaza was brightly lit, and the windows full of heads.

"A hush fell everywhere, and the faces were turned toward the portico with the six great pillars and lamps on each, that formed the centre of the Plaza front of La Libertad. Two men stood on the top step, one in a sombrero, and the other in black coat and tall hat. The tall hat, by his gestures, was addressing the crowd, but no syllable climbed the steep wall of La Libertad.

"'The President and Alvarez,' said Madame Bill, serenely. 'They compromise. My Georgio will be hot and dull.'

"And the crowd cried 'Vivo!' everything, except Bill. They wanted him 'al fuego' just the same, which, as you might say, means like: 'Take him away. Put him somewhere and boil him!' They seemed distressed with him that way; and I took it Madame Bill was right—he'd been too lively with his military, and it was up with him. A band began to play by the hotel.



DAVID

"'My wife is ever right,' said Bill, proudly, and began feeling toward the table for the iced wine. 'Carambos! Up with me! It is not with Madame Bill to be discouraged. Hi! No! Bueno. All right, my wife. What did you say?'

"Madame Bill said we'd leave him there, which we did, after closing the shutters. We left him drinking iced wine, eating mangoes, blowing smoke, and looking like a porpoise in respect to shape and complexion.

"Aye—well—I don't know. But it seemed to me the Bill family was some various, and in that way they were a credit to the Flanigan and Imperial, as it fell out. But"—said Captain Buckingham—"that's a long matter,

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including other folks that were various.

"It was the Monday following, and my cargo shipped, when I last saw for that time the Flanigan and Imperial; and there was a platform on the Plaza, and Flanigan making a speech, in which the feeling was eloquent and the languages as they came along. The tintype man, under the platform, was making tintypes to make a man remember how he was depraved. David's spots were running with the heat, but he scratched them and made no trouble. The Japanese sat on their heels and smiled. I heard it told that Bill couldn't be found, and likely the government didn't really want him. I judge Madame Bill was a good one, that had humor and stratagem, and Flanigan was various, but the best of them was David. Then I came away and left Flanigan eloquent in Rosalia.

"'For a thousand years,' he says, 'by the imerald seas of the Orient, have the ancesthors of me frinds on me right developed the soopleness of limb an' the art that is becalled by the Mahatmas an' thim Boodthists "the art of the symbolical attichude," as discovered an' practised in the Injian Ocean's coral isles, which by the same they do expriss their feelin's till ye get the mysthical pain in your stomack wid lookin' at 'em. 'Twas so done,' he says, 'by the imerald seas of the Orient.'"

The Phoenix of the Aztecs

BY RUDOLF CRONAU

With Illustrations by the Author

IN writing of the animals of ancient Egypt, Herodotus, the Father of History, mentions the phœnix—a most wonderful bird of golden and purple plumage, which, as a symbol of the rising sun, and representing the heart of the sun-god Râ, was held sacred above all other creatures. Legend says that there was only one phœnix at a time, which appeared at intervals of five hundred years at Heliopolis, the city of the sun, to bury there in one of the temples the body of its father, which, embalmed in myrrh, it had brought from far Arabia.

Horapollo, Hecatæus, Plinius, and many other writers also mention this sacred bird, but state that after entering the temple it was consumed on the altar by sacred fire, but rose again in renewed youth from its own ashes. Considering, therefore, the phœnix also the symbol of resurrection, all Egypt took part in the pilgrimage to the phœnix temple at Heliopolis, to strengthen there the hope that everything in nature, after its decay and death, will rise again to new life, brightness, and happiness.

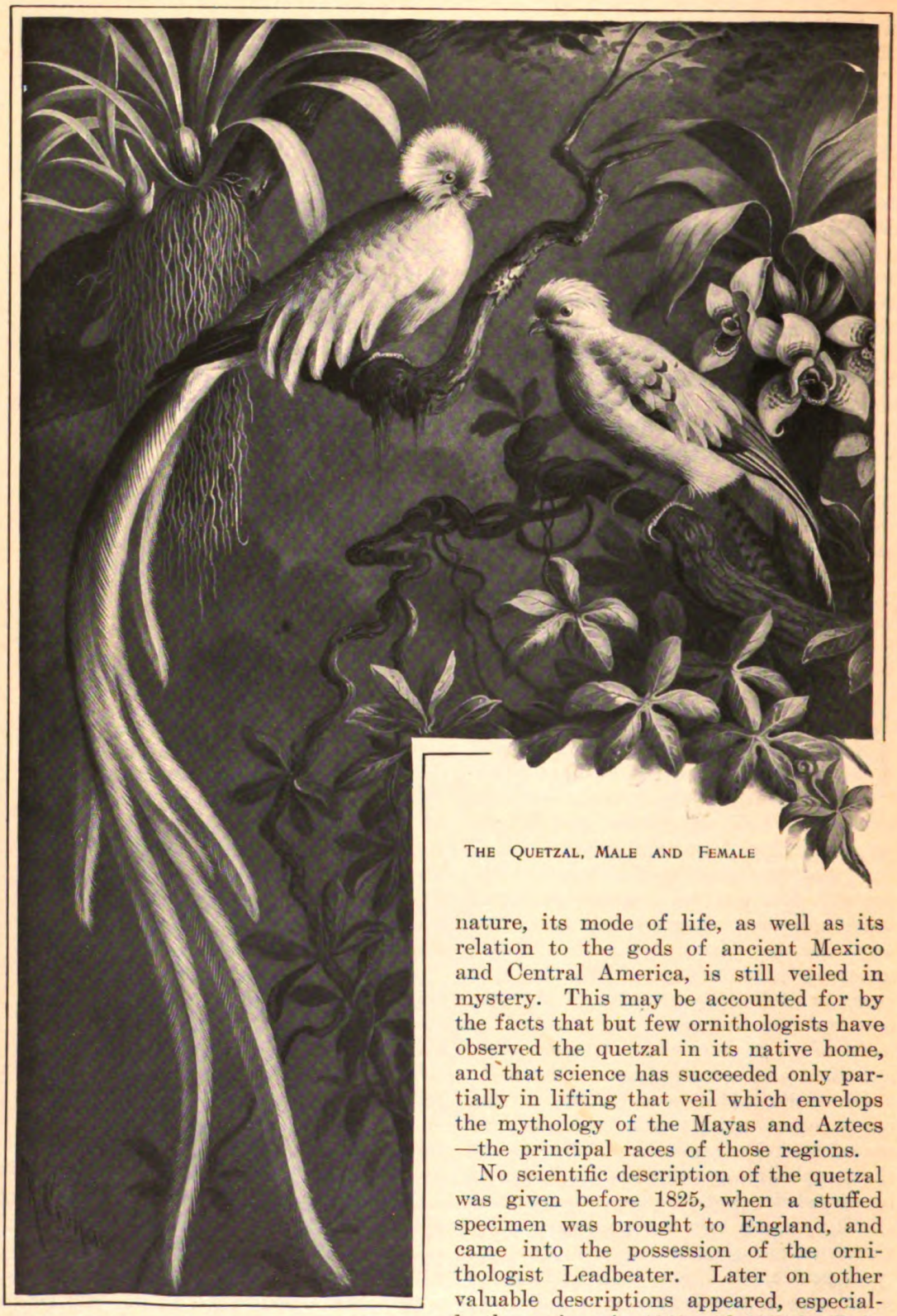
Whether this sun-bird, which as a symbol of resurrection was accepted not only by the Greeks and Romans, but also by the Christians, was purely a fabric of the imagination, or whether it had some vague connection with any real bird, no one can tell. Herodotus says that neither he nor any other person of his time ever saw the bird, and that he himself did not believe in its existence.

Strangely enough, America has a counterpart of the mythical phœnix, but with this distinction, that the American sun-bird is a reality. It is the quetzal, the sacred bird of Central America, whose primeval forests shelter this bird to-day, and also stand guard over the ruins of imposing temples in whose sanctuaries its sculptured image may still be seen.

Guatemala has honored the quetzal—because it cannot endure captivity, and is therefore indeed a bird of liberty—with a conspicuous place above the arms of the state, and, besides, has engraved its figure upon all postage-stamps which the republic has issued during the last two decades of the nineteenth century.

Aside from its figure being so familiar to many thousands of stamp-collectors,

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THE QUETZAL, MALE AND FEMALE

this bird is very little known. With peculiarities enough to attract the attention of every naturalist and friend of nature, its mode of life, as well as its relation to the gods of ancient Mexico and Central America, is still veiled in mystery. This may be accounted for by the facts that but few ornithologists have observed the quetzal in its native home, and that science has succeeded only partially in lifting that veil which envelops the mythology of the Mayas and Aztecs —the principal races of those regions.

No scientific description of the quetzal was given before 1825, when a stuffed specimen was brought to England, and came into the possession of the ornithologist Leadbeater. Later on other valuable descriptions appeared, especially those given in 1860 and 1861 by Robert Owen and O. Salvin, who observed the quetzal in its home—an undertaking not without risk, as the bird lives in far remote wildernesses, in the dense and

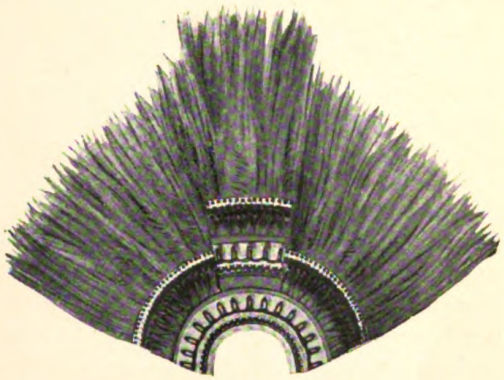
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gloomy forests of the higher parts of Guatemala, near Quetzaltenango, and in the belt which encircles the great volcanoes of Agua and Fuego, from seven thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea. It is also found in the higher mountains of Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Chiriqui, mostly on places which can be reached only by traversing dangerous swamps and fever districts. But those who dared to face these dangers and hardships were richly repaid, as the quetzal proved a prize beyond comparison. Phœnix itself, with its fabulous plumage of purple and gold, could hardly surpass the sun-bird of America, whose splendor amazed all who happened to see it.

Gould, in his monograph on the Trogonidæ (London, 1875), does not exaggerate in saying that it would be scarcely possible for the imagination to conceive anything more rich and gorgeous than the golden-green color which adorns the plumage of this splendid bird, or more elegant and graceful than the plumes which sweep pendent from the lower part of the back, forming a long train of metallic brilliancy.

Belonging to the family of Trogons, distributed over the tropics of America and Africa, nearly all of which are distinguished by brilliant plumage, the quetzal, indeed, is king of the whole tribe. This fact is clearly indicated by its different Latin names—*Trogon paradiseus* and *Pharomacrus resplendens*. The male especially stands unequalled for splendor among the birds of the New World. Its head is covered with a crest of thousands of filamentous gold-green feathers. A number of lance-shaped plumes spring from the shoulders and hang gracefully over the jet-black wings. From the rump are thrown several pairs of narrow flowing feathers, the longest of which measure from three feet to three feet four inches. But this is not all. In addition to the metallic gold-green of head, back, and tail comes a rich scarlet upon breast, while the four middle tail feathers are deep black and the others pure white.

A real revelation I had once by observing a quetzal in the full light of day. Sitting upon a branch of a tree, it appeared against the strong light as a dark brown silhouette of violet hue. As the bird turned, so that the light fell upon its side, this color changed to a beautiful steel-blue. As the bird turned still more, the blue changed to blue-green, and at last there flashed upon me a magnificent smaragdine and gold green of an intensity equalled only in the humming-bird and a few tropical butterflies. No wonder, then, that the nations of Mexico and Central America valued the feathers of the quetzal more than gold, and that by the word "quetzal-li"—the name of the bird's tail feathers—they designated everything dear, precious, and unique, as the parents, sweethearts, bride, the most favored children, rulers, and jewels.



THE HEAD-DRESS OF MONTEZUMA, NOW IN THE IMPERIAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AT VIENNA

Resplendent with all the colors of sunlight, the quetzal was, like the phœnix, revered as a symbol of the sun, as well as of the most beloved god Quetzalcoatl, the lord of the rising sun and the gentle air. That it was held sacred and enjoyed fullest protection seems, therefore, only natural. Indeed, we know from the Spanish chronicler Francisco Hernandez, who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century, that it was forbidden under heavy penalty to kill a quetzal. Only expert fowlers were allowed to secure its feathers. To this end the fowlers, after reaching the haunts of the quetzal, scattered about boiled Indian wheat, and drove into the ground rods besmeared with birdlime. The birds, becoming entangled in this, were an easy prey. As the chronicler says, these birds knew instinctively the value of their plumage,

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and made, once caught in the lime, no struggle, lest they might injure it.

A still existent Aztec tribute-roll shows what enormous quantities of quetzal plumes were obtained before the Spanish conquest. The province of Chiapas alone had to deliver every year 5680 bunches. These feathers were carried to Temixtitlan, the residence of the Aztec rulers, where skilful artists produced those marvellous feather pieces, in which the Aztecs excelled all other tribes. Great quantities of quetzal feathers were used for adorning the temples and images of gods. From others those sacred banners were made which were carried by the armies in battle to inspire the furor of the warriors. But the most costly plumes served as the principal material for those head-dresses which only the rulers and the members of their family were permitted to wear.

Such imperial crowns, worn at high festivals or important ceremonies, were most elaborate affairs. Often over five hundred tail feathers of the quetzal were used in constructing one of them. Some had in front a golden beak, so arranged as to enclose the head and face of the wearer. Often by adding two eyes beside the beak the whole head of the quetzal was counterfeited; hence it may be assumed that the bird was an emblem of highest dignity and majesty, such as was the ureus, or king-snake, in Egypt, whose golden image distinguished the head of the Pharaoh.

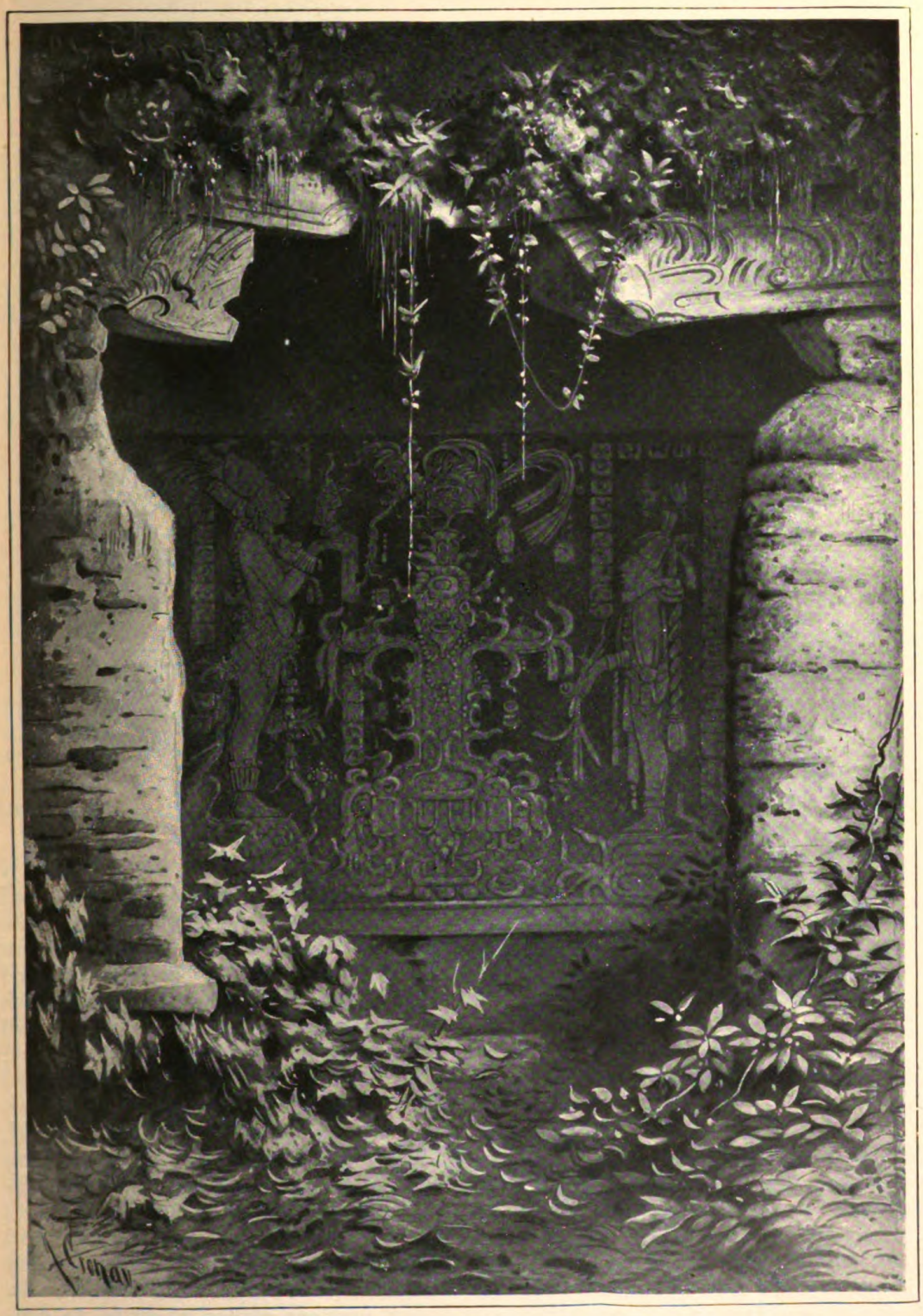
Imagine an Aztec ruler arrayed in such a head-dress of gold-green plumes and adorned with all the other insignia of his royal dignity, wearing a coat made of thousands of turquoise-blue feathers, his hips surrounded by a golden belt richly bedecked with costly jewels and glittering stones, his arms and legs covered with golden bracelets, his feet enclosed in golden sandals, and his hands holding a golden spear, and you will realize that the rulers of ancient Mexico ranked among the most picturesque figures of all times.

Only one of these magnificent head-dresses has come down to our times. It was found in the celebrated collection of arms at Castle Ambras, in Tirol. Careful historical research has brought to light that it was dedicated by Hernando Cortes to Pope Clement VII., who again presented it to the archduke Ferdinand II. of Tirol (1529-1595). The duke, a son of Emperor Ferdinand I. of Germany, was an enthusiastic collector of beautiful weapons and relics of celebrated men. Gradually he transformed Castle Ambras into a world-renowned museum. Here the beautiful feather crown, for a long time forgotten, was again discovered in 1878 by Professor F. von Hochstetter. After careful restoration, it was, by order of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, transferred to Vienna, where it ranks among the gems of the Museum of Natural History. The head-dress is composed of over five hundred long tail feathers of the quetzal, with many smaller plumes of the same bird, as well as of other delicately colored birds. Besides, there are, arranged in rows, several hundred small golden ornaments. The total height of this magnificent piece is 3½ feet. Spread out, it covers 12½ square feet, or nearly 1 1-3 square yards. In the first record of Ambras, dating from the year 1596, it is stated that this head-dress had in front a golden beak, which, however, is now missing.

In a most interesting pamphlet, forming No. 1 of the archæological papers of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall comes to the conclusion that this relic could have been appropriately owned and disposed of by Montezuma alone, from whose time it assuredly dates.

It is interesting to consider the relation of the quetzal to Quetzalcoatl, the most renowned hero-god of ancient Mexico. This lord of the sun was born, as tradition says, in Tlapallan, the land of sunrise, a mysterious place in the farthest Orient, from where he, an Indian Lohengrin, appeared in a most wonderful canoe—a gorgeously colored sea-shell of gigantic size. The hero was of light complexion, had beautiful eyes full of light, and a mild face surrounded by a full and flowing beard. Clad in long white robes, he had nothing harsh in his manners, but was the personification of sweetness and gentleness. Abhorring all evil, war, and violence, he never requested the bloody sacrifices of men or animals in which all other gods indulged.

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THE SANCTUARY OF THE SECOND TEMPLE OF QUETZALCOATL, NEAR PALENQUE, SHOWING THE GODS AS BIRDS—QUETZALCOATL ON TOP OF THE CROSS OF LIFE

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SECOND TEMPLE OF QUETZALCOATL, NEAR PALENQUE

He preferred offerings of flowers and fruits.

With his landing upon the shores of Mexico a period of most wonderful development began. Without cultivation the soil produced abundant harvests. Maize grew so large that a man found it difficult to carry an ear of it. Pumpkins measured a fathom and more around. It was unnecessary to dye cotton, because it grew in all colors—red, scarlet, yellow, orange, blue, violet, green, black, gray, tawny, and white. Everything else in nature was likewise perfect and abundant, as every step of Quetzalcoatl produced blessing and happiness. Wherever he appeared the air was filled with delicious fragrance and most wonderful birds of such brilliant coloring as never had been seen before. The most beautiful of all was the quetzal, the god's beloved bird. Where it appeared, there, such was the belief, was the god himself.

The birds sang such sweet songs that men forgot their former woes and discords, and delighted themselves with those arts which Quetzalcoatl had brought to them. He taught men to melt and forge metals into useful implements, to cut precious stones, to write, to conduct their affairs of state, and to improve their morals and religion, so that good manners and happiness reigned in every hut and palace in Mexico.

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This golden age of America came to an end by the machinations of some mighty gods, who envied Quetzalcoatl his great influence over nature and mankind. The most powerful of these gods was Tezcatlipoca, the lord of night and darkness. This archenemy of the sun-god, a cunning sorcerer, let himself down from heaven by a rope woven of spider webs. Pretending to Quetzalcoatl that he wished to bestow on him everlasting youth, he gave him a drink that not only made the god old and weak, but filled his heart with an uncontrollable longing for his home, Tlapallan. For twenty years Quetzalcoatl wandered from place to place seeking this land of sunrise, and at last reached the sea, where he found his boat ready to take him back to the place of his birth.

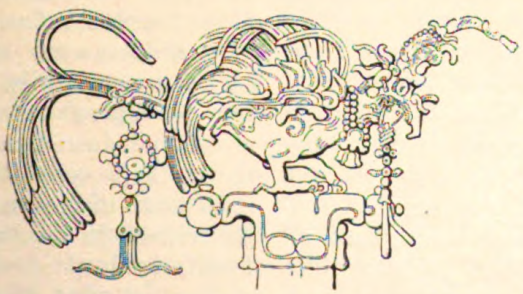
After the departure of Quetzalcoatl the labors and troubles of men began anew. Harvests and fruits diminished to their former size. Cotton grew only white, and the fragrance of the air disappeared. The blessings of peace were exchanged for the horrors of war, in which the evil gods indulged. In this dreadful time of devastation those birds which had come with Quetzalcoatl sought refuge in other lands. The quetzal flew southward to the remotest forests of Chiapas, Guatemala, and Honduras.

The priests of Quetzalcoatl, revering in the bird the memory and symbol of their beloved god, followed its course, and erected in the midst of the wilderness numerous stately temples, teocallis, in which they prayed for the return of the sun-god and the golden age of humanity. It seems that the most important of those places of worship was near the present village of Palenque, in Chiapas, the most southern state of Mexico. There, embosomed in a lovely valley, overgrown with dense trees and lianas, the picturesque ruins of imposing temples and palaces are to be found, whose sanctuaries still enshrine the images of Quetzalcoatl and his beloved bird.

In one of those temples the god of light is represented as the sun disk; in the sanctuaries of two other temples near by huge stone slabs were found, whose bass-reliefs showed Quetzalcoatl in the form of the quetzal, resting upon the top of the tonacaquahuitl, or the "tree of life,"—the ancient emblem of the ever-creating and fertilizing principle in nature. Beside this cross-shaped emblem, covered with blossoms and fruits, priests in their robes stand with uplifted arms, offering tribute to the sacred bird. Though the figure is highly conventionalized, the bird is easily recognized.

For how many centuries these teocallis have been in ruins is unknown, nor can anybody tell when and by whom they were erected. When in 1524 Hernando Cortes on his first expedition to Honduras marched through the immediate neighborhood of Palenque, no sign betrayed to his soldiers that near by were the ruins of a once important place of pilgrimage.

The august solitude which at the time of Cortes reigned in those forests prevails there to-day. The priests who once knelt here in prayer and offered up their sacrifices have crumbled to ashes. No longer clouds of fragrant copal envelop the images of the gods. The quetzal alone has survived the vanished glory and pomp of old. It still lives in those forests which enshroud the deserted temples in an almost impenetrable mantle.



SCULPTURED QUETZAL IN TEMPLE

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IT has been the belief of certain kindly philosophers that if the one half of mankind knew how the other half lived, the two halves might be brought together in a family affection not now so observable in human relations. Probably if this knowledge were perfect, there would still be things to bar the perfect brotherhood; and yet the knowledge itself is so interesting, if not so salutary as it has been imagined, that one can hardly refuse to impart it if one has it, and can reasonably hope, in the advantage of the ignorant, to find one's excuse with the better informed.

I

City and country are still so widely apart in every civilization that one can safely count upon a reciprocal strangeness in many every-day things. For instance, in the country, when people break up housekeeping, they sell their household goods and gods, as they did in cities fifty or a hundred years ago; but now in cities they simply store them; and vast warehouses in all the principal towns have been devoted to their storage. The warehouses are of all types, from dusty lofts over stores, and ammoniacal lofts over stables, to buildings offering acres of space, and carefully planned for the purpose. They are more or less fire-proof, slow-burning, or briskly combustible, like the dwellings they have devastated. But the modern tendency is to a type where flames do not destroy, nor moth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Such a warehouse is a city in itself, laid out in streets and avenues, with the private tenements on either hand duly numbered, and accessible only to the tenants, or their order. The aisles are concreted, the doors are iron, and the roofs are ceiled with iron; the whole place is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Behind the iron doors, which in the New York warehouses must number hundreds of thousands, and throughout all our other cities, millions, the furniture of a myriad households is stored—the effects of people who have gone to Europe, or broken up housekeeping provisionally or definitively, or have died, or been divorced. They are the dead bones of Homes, or their ghosts, or their yet living bodies held in hypnotic trances, destined again in some future time to animate some house or flat anew. In certain cases the spell lasts for many years, in others for a few, and in others yet it prolongs itself indefinitely.

As the reader may remember, the Easy Chair was itself in storage for eight years; and during this period it often had moments of subliminal encounter not only with other movables, but with the owners of them, which were of a quality too weird for record in any but a fiction number, and wholly unfit for this season of Christmas mirth. But the Easy Chair may mention here the case of one owner who visited the warehouse to take out the household stuff that had lain there a long fifteen years. He had been all that while in Europe, expecting any day to come home and begin life again in his own land. That dream had passed, and now he was taking his stuff out of storage and shipping it to Italy. The Chair did not envy him his feelings as the parts of his long-dead past rose round him in formless resurrection. It was not that they were all broken or defaced. On the contrary, they were in a state of preservation far more heart-breaking than any decay. In well-managed storage warehouses the things are handled with scrupulous care, and they are so packed into the appointed rooms that if not disturbed they could suffer little harm in fifteen or fifty years. The places are wonderfully well kept, and if you will visit them, say in midwinter, after the fall influx of furniture has all been hidden away behind the iron doors of the several cells, you shall find their far-branching corridors scrupulously swept and dusted, and shall walk up and down their concrete length with some such sense of secure finality as you would experience in pacing the aisle of your family vault.

That is what it comes to. One may feign that these storage warehouses are cities, but they are really cemeteries: sad

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columbaria on whose shelves are stowed exanimate things once so intimately of their owners' lives that it is with the sense of looking at pieces and bits of one's dead self that one revisits them. If one takes the fragments out to fit them to new circumstance, one finds them not only unconformable and incapable, but so volubly confidential of the associations in which they are steeped, that one wishes to hurry them back to their cell and lock it upon them forever. One feels then that the old way was far better, and that if the things had been auctioned off, and scattered up and down, as chance willed, to serve new uses with people who wanted them enough to pay for them even a tithe of their cost, it would have been wiser. Failing this, a fire seems the only thing for them, and their removal to the cheaper custody of a combustible or slow-burning warehouse the best recourse. Desperate people, aging husbands and wives, who have attempted the reconstruction of their homes with these

Portions and parcels of the dreadful past

have been known to wish for an earthquake, even, that would involve their belongings in an indiscriminate ruin.

II

In fact each new start in life should be made with material new to you, if comfort is to attend the enterprise. It is not only sorrowful but it is futile to store your possessions, if you hope to find the old happiness in taking them out and using them again. It is not that they will not go into place, after a fashion, and perform their old office, but that the pang they will inflict through the suggestion of the other places where they served their purpose in other years will be only the keener for the perfection with which they do it now. If they cannot be sold, and if no fire comes down from heaven to consume them, then they had better be stored with no thought of ever taking them out again.

That will be expensive, or it will be inexpensive, according to the sort of storage they are put into. The inexperienced in such matters, whom the Easy Chair fancies itself especially addressing, may be surprised, and if they have hearts they may be grieved, to learn that the fire-proof storage of the furniture of the average house would equal the rent of a very comfortable domicile in a small town, or a farm by which a family's living can be earned, with a decent dwelling in which it can be sheltered. Yet the space required is not very great; three fair-sized rooms will hold everything; and there is sometimes a fierce satisfaction in seeing how closely the things that once stood largely about, and seemed to fill ample parlors and chambers, can be packed away. To be sure they are not in their familiar attitudes; they lie on their sides or backs, or stand upon their heads; between the legs of library or dining tables are stuffed all kinds of minor movables, with cushions, pillows, pictures, cunningly adjusted to the environment; and mattresses pad the walls, or interpose their soft bulk between pieces of furniture that would otherwise rend each other. Carpets sewn in cotton against moths, and rugs in long rolls; the piano hovering under its ample frame a whole brood of helpless little guitars, mandolins, and banjos, and supporting on its broad back a bulk of lighter cases to the fire-proof ceiling of the cell; paintings in boxes indistinguishable outwardly from their companioning mirrors; barrels of china and kitchen utensils, and all the what not of housekeeping and housekeeping contribute to the repletion.

There is a science observed in the arrangement of the various effects; against the rear wall and packed along the floor, and then in front of and on top of these is built a superstructure of the things that may be first wanted, in case of removal, or oftenest wanted in some exigency of the houseless life of the owners, pending removal. The lightest and slightest articles float loosely about the door, or are interwoven in a kind of fabric just within, and curtaining the ponderous mass behind. The effect is not so artistic as the mortuary mosaics which the Roman Capuchins design with the bones of their dead brethren in the crypt of their church, but the warehousemen no doubt have their just pride in it, and feel an artistic pang in its final or provisional disturbance.

It had better never be disturbed, the Easy Chair insinuates again, for it is disturbed only in some futile dream of

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returning to the past; and we never can return to the past on the old terms. It is well in all things to accept life implicitly; and when an end has come to treat it as the end, and not vainly mock it as a suspense of function. When the poor break up their homes, with no immediate hope of founding others, they must sell their belongings because they cannot afford to pay storage on them. The rich or richer store their household effects, and cheat themselves with the illusion that they are going some time to rehabilitate with them just such a home as they have dismantled. But the illusion probably deceives nobody so little as those who cherish the vain hope. As long as they cherish it, however—and they must cherish it till their furniture or themselves fall to dust—they cannot begin life anew, as the poor do who have kept nothing of the sort to link them to the past. This is one of the disabilities of the prosperous, who will probably not be relieved of it till some means of storing the owner as well as the furniture is invented. In the immense range of modern ingenuity, this is perhaps not impossible. Why not, while we are still in life, some sweet oblivious antidote which shall drug us against memory, and after time shall elapse for the reconstruction of a new home in place of the old, shall repossess us of ourselves as unchanged as the things with which we shall again array it? Here is a pretty idea for some dreamer to spin into the filmy fabric of a romance, and the Easy Chair handsomely makes a present of it to the first comer. If the dreamer is of the right quality he will know how to make the reader feel that with the universal longing to return to former conditions or circumstances it must always be a mistake to do so, and he will subtly insinuate the disappointment and discomfort of the stored personality in resuming its old relations. With that just mixture of the comic and pathetic which we desire in romance, he will teach convincingly that a stored personality is to be desired only if it is permanently stored, with the implication of a like finality in the storage of its belongings.

Save in some such signal exception as that of the Easy Chair, a thing taken out of storage cannot be established in its former function without a sense of its comparative inadequacy. It stands in the old place, it serves the old use, and yet a new thing would be better; it would even in some subtle wise be more appropriate, if the Chair may indulge so audacious a paradox; for the time is new, and so will be all the subconscious keeping in which our lives are mainly passed. We are supposed to have associations with the old things which render them precious, but do not the associations rather render them painful? If that is true of the inanimate things, how much truer it is of those personalities which once environed and furnished our lives! Take the article of old friends, for instance: has it ever happened to the reader to witness the encounter of old friends after the lapse of years? Such a meeting is conventionally imagined to be full of tender joy, a rapture that vents itself in manly tears, perhaps, and certainly in womanly tears. But really is it any such emotion? Honestly is not it a cruel embarrassment, which all the hypocritical pretences cannot hide? The old friends smile and laugh, and babble incoherently at one another, but are they genuinely glad? Is not each wishing the other at that end of the earth from which he came? Have they any use for each other such as people of unbroken associations have?

The Easy Chair has lately been privy to the reunion of two old comrades who are bound together more closely than most men in a community of interests, occupations, and ideals. During a long separation they had kept account of each other's opinions as well as experiences; they had exchanged letters, from time to time, in which they opened their minds fully to each other, and found themselves constantly in accord. When they met they made a great shouting, and each pretended that he found the other just what he used to be. They talked a long, long time, fighting the invisible enemy which they felt between them. The enemy was habit, the habit of other minds and hearts, the daily use of persons and things which in their separation they had not had in common. When the old friends parted they promised to meet every day, and now, since their lines had been cast in the same places again, to repair the

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ravage of the envious years, and become again to each other all that they had ever been. But though they live in the same town, and often dine at the same table, and belong to the same club, yet they have not grown together again. They have grown more and more apart, and are uneasy in each other's presence, tacitly self-reproachful for the same effect which neither of them could avert or repair. They had been respectively in storage, and each, in taking the other out, has experienced in him the unfitness which grows upon the things put away for a time and reinstated in a former function.

III

The Easy Chair is above all optimistic, and above all cheerful, and especially at Christmas. It is in fealty to its tradition that it has touched upon these facts of life, and with the purpose of finding some way out of the coil. There seems none better than the counsel of keeping one's face set well forward, and one's eyes fixed steadfastly upon the future. This is the hint we will get from nature if we will heed her, and note how she never recurs, never stores or takes out of storage. Fancy rehabilitating one's first love: how nature would mock at that! We cannot go back and be the men and women we were, any more than we can go back and be children. As we grow older, each year's change in us is more chasmal and complete. There is no elixir whose magic will recover us to ourselves as we were last year; but perhaps (and here the Easy Chair's inextinguishable optimism sheds its cheery ray upon the desolate conspect) we shall return to ourselves more and more in the times, or the eternity, to come. Some instinct or inspiration implies the promise of this, but only on condition that we shall not cling to the life that has been ours, and hoard its mummified image in our hearts. We must not seek to store ourselves, but must part with what we were for the use and behoof of others, as the poor part with their worldly gear when they move from one place to another. It is a curious and significant property of our outworn characteristics that, like our old furniture, they will serve admirably in the life of some other, and that this other can profitably make them his when we can no longer keep them ours, or ever hope to resume them. They not only go down to successive generations, but they spread beyond our lineages, and serve the turn of those whom we never knew to be within the circle of our influence.

Civilization imparts itself by some such means, and the lower classes are clothed in the cast conduct of the upper, which if it had been stored would have left the inferiors rude and barbarous. We have only to think how socially naked most of us would be if we had not had the beautiful manners of our exclusive society to put on at each change of fashion when it dropped them.

All earthly and material things should be worn out with use, and not preserved against decay by any unnatural artifice. Even when broken and disabled from overuse they have a kind of respectability which must commend itself to the observer, and which partakes of the pensive grace of ruin. An old table with one leg gone, and slowly lapsing to decay in the wood-shed, is the emblem of a fitter order than the same table, with all its legs intact, stored with the rest of the furniture from a broken home. Spinning-wheels gathering dust in the garret of a house that is itself falling to pieces have a dignity that deserts them when they are dragged from their refuge, and furbished up with ribbons and a tuft of fresh tow, and made to serve the hollow occasions of bric-à-brac, as they were a few years ago. A pitcher broken at the fountain, or a battered kettle on a rubbish heap, is a venerable object, but not crockery and copper-ware stored in the possibility of future need. However carefully handed down from one generation to another, the old objects have a forlorn incongruity in their successive surroundings which appeals to the compassion rather than the veneration of the witness.

It was from a truth deeply mystical that Hawthorne declared against any sort of permanence in the dwellings of men, and held that each generation should newly house itself. He preferred the perishability of the wooden American house to the durability of the piles of brick or stone which in Europe affected him as with some moral miasm from the succession of sires and sons and grandsons that had died out of them. But even

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of such structures as these it is impressive how little the earth makes with the passage of time. Where once a great city of them stood, you shall find a few tottering walls, scarcely more mindful of the past than "the cellar and the well" which Holmes marked as the ultimate monuments, the last witnesses, to the existence of our more transitory habitations. It is the law of the patient sun that everything under it shall decay, and if by reason of some swift calamity, some fiery cataclysm, the perishable shall be overtaken by a fate that fixes it in unwasting arrest, it cannot be felt that the law has been set aside in the interest of men's happiness or cheerfulness. Neither Pompeii nor Herculaneum invites the gayety of the spectator, who as he walks their disinterred thoroughfares has the weird sense of taking a former civilization out of storage, and the ache of finding it wholly unadapted to the actual world. As far as his comfort is concerned, it had been far better that those cities had not been stored, but had fallen to the ruin that had overtaken all their contemporaries.

IV

No, good friend, sir or madam, as the case may be, but most likely madam: if you are about to break up your household for any indefinite period, and are not so poor that you need sell your things, be warned against putting them in storage, unless of the most briskly combustible type. Better, far better, give them away, and disperse them by that means to a continuous use that shall end in using them up; or if no one will take them, then hire a vacant lot, somewhere, and devote them to the flames. By that means you shall bear witness against a custom that insults the order of nature, and crowds the cities with the cemeteries of dead homes, where there is scarcely space for the living homes. Do not vainly fancy that you shall take your stuff out of storage and find it adapted to the ends that it served before it was put in. You will not be the same, or have the same needs or desires, when you take it out, and the new place which you shall hope to equip with it will receive it with cold reluctance, or openly refuse it, insisting upon forms and dimensions that render it ridiculous or impossible. The law is that nothing taken out of storage is the same as it was when put in, and this law, hieroglyphed in those rude *graffiti* apparently inscribed by accident in the process of removal, has only such exceptions as prove the rule.

The Easy Chair, as it has hinted, is one of these, for it has been in storage and is now out, and is serving an old use in an old place. But *is* it the exception? Is it the Easy Chair of other years, quite, quite unchanged in its outlook and its point of view? That is too much to believe, or if the reader insists, still there is a difference. The world to which it has returned is not the same, and that makes all the difference. Shall we talk now of Lablache and Grisi, of Donizetti and Rossini, to a generation that knows only De Reszke and Melba, and Wagner and Mascagni? Shall we praise quality in literature to a public that tests literary success quantitatively? Surely yes, for truth and beauty do not change, however the moods and fashions change. The ideals remain, and these alone you can go back to, secure of finding them the same, to-day and to-morrow, that they were yesterday. This perhaps is because they have never been in storage, but in constant use, while the moods and fashions have been put away and taken out a thousand times. Most people have never had ideals, but only moods and fashions, but such people, least of all, are fitted to find in them that pleasure of the rococo which consoles the idealist when the old moods and fashions reappear.

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Editor's Study.

OUR House of Imagination is made over anew in this holiday number. No relic of last year's structure, in fiction, remains—nothing of the past save a brief reminder of a historical series. Our face is toward the future. But in this number we are beginning no new thing that is to be continued in our next. The whole house is given up to the holiday function. Yet everything in it is an indication of what we would have the Magazine to be—is in the line of its aims—so that there is the continuity of growth, which, after all, is the main thing.

I

Why is it that something—a novel, or a series of papers, historical, artistic, or literary—continued from month to month is deemed a necessary feature of a magazine? The serial novel especially has always been regarded as indispensable, and there is much—formerly much more than now—to be said for it. It is doubtful if this or any other American magazine could without it have gained a considerable constituency fifty years ago. Only in this form of publication was even the best fiction then read by a very large class of our people; the taste for such literature, indeed, was in this way cultivated and extended among thoughtful readers in portions of the country where comparatively few books were bought or were even on sale.

Something, too, is to be allowed to the curiosity that, with delightful expectation, waits upon the serial publication of an interesting novel whose dramatic unfolding is richly surprising. After the book is published—especially now when books are widely bought and easily accessible in the frequent book-store or library—those who are eager to read it have probably already read some notice of it, forestalling curiosity as well as the critical judgment. In serial publication the surprises are reserved. The intensity of this curious interest was recently notably apparent in the case of Gilbert Parker's story, "The Right of Way." The curiosity regarding the fortunes of the hero, Charley Steele, received unusual dignity from its sympathetic quality. We remember the case of a girl daily awaiting death, who begged to see in advance the concluding chapters of a novel by Miss Woolson, then appearing serially in this Magazine. We dare not say what response was made to this pathetic appeal. The *morituri salutamus* might become overwhelmingly embarrassing.

Fifty years ago the novel was entering upon its golden age—a period distinguished not only by the number of eminent writers, but also by the literary excellence of their productions. The keen desire for their creative work, in the highest degree complimentary to the readers of that time, made serial publication inevitable and a prime advantage to a magazine undertaking it. Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer wrote immediately thus from pen to reader's eye, supplying copy from month to month; and it happened in the case of each of these authors that his last novel was not completed. Not so George Eliot—the last of this remarkable group—whose work was of such a character and regarded by the author with so exacting a solicitude that she would never have ventured upon publication with a work only partially finished. Yet she submitted to the serial publication of her later novels, and thus obtained an additional profit. After her, the few great novelists we have had have appeared as single stars, and not in groups. Some of them, notably Thomas Hardy, have ranked with the best authors of what we have styled the golden age, and the demand for the serial publication of their novels has seemed imperative.

The pecuniary profit of the author is something worthy of regard, as an encouragement to the best literature. Only here and there has a great novelist been willing to forego this reward, and in such cases the authors have probably thought that they gained for their books a greater value than they surrendered; though it seems to us that the book, un-

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less it be a poor one, gains rather than loses from previous serial publication.

The demand for the serial publication of fiction is, on the whole, diminishing, and while it is still imperative in certain exceptional cases, yet not only are these instances few, but it is also true that the satisfaction afforded is enjoyed by a comparatively small proportion of magazine readers—those who buy few books, but are appreciative of good literature, and those whose relish is so keen that though they will buy the book, they refuse to wait for it. But those who do not buy the best books are, among the readers of this Magazine at least, very few. The readers of serial fiction in such a magazine are for the most part they who cannot have too much of a good thing, who eagerly wait for each monthly instalment, and when the novel is finished, read and very likely re-read it in book form. These are the people who get the most out of their magazine as well as out of books. How large a class this is it is difficult to say, but with the deepening of culture it must increase. It is, moreover, the most important part of a good magazine's constituency—the class for whose satisfaction the best things exist. But depth of intellectual or of emotional culture is not general, however general culture of some sort may be — even of such a sort as is the main support of a first-class magazine. That is to say, there is a very large class of thoughtful readers who are sufficiently cultivated to be wise in their selection of the books and magazines they will read, to be fairly appreciative of good literature, and to be attracted by the best in art, but who, because of a variety of time-consuming and mind-engaging distractions, do not make the most of these things. The highest-priced magazine does not cost them so much as a dinner, and is prized by them far more; often they regularly buy a number of periodicals, meeting their various tastes and interests, and to all that is good in these they are responsive. Yet readers in the true sense they are not. To what extent is real reading a lost art? Now the class we have in mind gives some attention to whatever is of notable current interest if only for the social purpose of conversation, and while for its own use it promptly discards inferior literary productions, it cannot properly be said to read even what it fairly appreciates. It *dwells* not in any of its habitations. It is a "casual" at even its favorite inns. The mind in this kind of reading covers the surface, detects points, is sensitive to effects, but loses delicate shadings or shadowings, and ignores the deeper meanings. The book or magazine once read in this way is laid aside forever. Readers of this sort look out especially for striking points of interest, and that magazine is their favorite which gives them of these the greatest number. They usually glance along the pages of a novel published in parts, lingering only long enough to satisfy themselves as to the wisdom of reading it when it shall appear in book form.

Even the more deeply cultivated reader will often take this course, because the novel in its final shape and read as a whole yields greater satisfaction as a work of art, and he hesitates to undertake it in piecemeal fashion.

II

Outside of fiction—in history, travel, science, art, and literature—the serial habit is indulged for the sake of comprehensiveness. Here we have in view not the culmination of a keen dramatic interest, but an adequate perspective. In periodicals confined to special fields this method of publication is necessary; information being the sole object, the fulness of scope and completeness of detail are essential. The periodicals that specialize and that thus comprehensively treat the subjects within their specialty are indispensable to special students, and are easily within their reach. But in this Magazine—as in others of the same class—such a treatment of special subjects is undesirable as well as impossible. Yet every intelligent reader eagerly desires such information concerning science, art, and literature—and, indeed, concerning the general movement of human progress—as will meet and satisfy that mental interest which is inseparable from all sound culture; and he demands of a first-class magazine that it shall respond to this need, not in a merely casual way, but effectively and authoritatively. He must

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have the fresh thought of the best minds on all subjects that appeal to his intellectual interests.

Magazines will of course differ in their ways of meeting the intellectual interests of readers. One will lay more stress on literature, another on science, another on art. Some will insist upon elaboration, while others will be content with the pregnant suggestion. Some will be acutely journalistic, even rivalling the newspaper, while others will regard the historic sense as an important element in contemporaneous interest. Some will give greater attention to the practical side — to industry, to applied science — while others will regard more the interests of science and art for their own sake, stopping short of or touching lightly upon their application and commercial value. There are various types, and a field for all.

But the aim determines the method, and in a special way has to do with the question of serial publication in this large field. Such publication must be maintained to a large extent if the educational intent is emphasized as the main thing in the scheme of a magazine; more than all if practical education is aimed at with methodical persistence.

III

For ourselves this function is regarded as incidental rather than primary. The ordinary education of the schools, of whatever grade, is assumed, and whatever is included in the regular curriculum lies beyond our scope; also what may readily be obtained from books. But there is a progressive development of new science, new art, new society, new views of history and of life, and this has often its first registration in a magazine which is itself progressive. The general movement is itself a kind of serial going on independently of any literary record, and the magazine waits to make its own some critical and specially illuminating chapter. These chapters or passages, taken together in their course, have the effect of a serial story of civilization, though not in their publication having that form. We prefer the effect to the form.

Sometimes, but rarely, the serial form is frankly assumed for a sufficient reason, as in the case of Woodrow Wilson's "History of the People of the United States" —that part of it at least which laid open to view (and an entirely new view) the lines upon which our nation came to its establishment; and we trust our readers may find as good a justification for Professor Woodberry's complementary series treating "American Life and Letters."

We have in view in such material, whether given serially or in separate passages, not merely information, but mainly illumination and inspiration—a literature of power, of the creative imagination. The past is not excluded from this view. There is in the retrospect the Human Ghost that forever haunts us, and will not be laid until we hear what revelations it has to make.

In perfect accord with our purpose is the ministration thereto of the best art of the time, and, to a considerable extent, of all time. So intimate harmony of art with literature in our whole scheme there could not be if in any part of it we were to lose the vivid imaginative thread that runs through and binds together all vital themes—if we were to enter the unvibrant region of sterile worldliness and merely material aims. In this respect there is no essential difference between the fiction in the Magazine and its other contents, and with these, as with that, the desirability of publication in serial form depends upon the interest and demand of the readers.

IV

If we were disposed to be prophetic, we should say with still greater emphasis what we said in our last month's Study, that the time will come when the serial publication of any kind of literature will be an extremely exceptional affair. The habit began from the desire to hold readers by a continuity of interest, and the serial novel or history seemed the readiest way to do this. In the early days of American magazine literature the material presented apart from such serials was comparatively miscellaneous, and these were depended upon to relieve the magazine of the imputation attaching to a mere miscellany; moreover, their comparative excellence as literature made the demand for them imperative.

The situation is so far changed that not only are stories that may be read at

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one sitting more generally read than those which are continued, but those contributions which appeal to a large curiosity rival in interest even the short stories. This development of magazine literature will continue through new writers and better writing until the surprises of the brief essay will be as great as those of the story or dramatic sketch, engaging the feeling of the reader as well as his intellect. How much, indeed, of what is distinctively the most engaging in our foremost works of fiction is precisely that which endears to us the finest essay — the bright and intimate interpretation of our human ways, or of ways no less human in other times! As the essay — on whatever subject — comes to have more and more the interest of the story, so the story in its highest intellectual form has more and more in common with the best essay.

The mistake most commonly made by writers of short stories is their attempt to make them condensed novels. The extended and elaborate dramatic development of such stories can have no due expansion or proper perspective within the set limitations, and the undertaking has no justification. A large amount of space may be taken, and yet the foreshortening appear cramped and ugly. The aim of the short story is better comprehended by a few of our new writers, as well as by some of those who have had long experience, and the result is shown in our pages from month to month. The general motive in all fiction is the same—the appeal to the emotional sensibility, and, in the best examples, to an intellectual interest as well; but, in the short story, the *motif* is particular and simple, the effect is more immediate, and both the texture and background are less elaborate. Simplicity is comparative, and so is brevity. The novelette has its place, and in the early numbers of this new volume we shall give some examples of this kind of fiction, such as in the present number is furnished in Bret Harte's story. It is not a condensed novel; it has to the novel somewhat the same relation as a curtain-raiser has to a five-act play.

The latest development of the short story is not only away from the old conventional pattern, but into an infinite variety of effects. Now it is the effect of a portrait in a character-sketch so suggestive that the reader's imagination readily completes the lines and even supplies situations, as it does in dreams; now it is a single dramatic situation—a moving picture; now it is a lively succession of humorous incidents—a quick comedy; now an equally quick tragedy—quick in its effect, if slower in movement. Again it is a brief glimpse of social life —a living view, an embodied essay; then again it is a subjective drama, a spiritual revelation. Still again it is a naïve picturesque view of some old time, antique or mediæval, as in Maurice Hewlett's wonderful stories.

The instance of Mr. Hewlett's work given in this number is a quite perfect example of an artistic blending of the outward physical world with the world of human romance. Not a line can be added or taken away: such is the economy of true art.

In these ways the scheme of the Magazine is being perfected, so that in time it may wisely and without sacrifice give up the serial habit, save for an occasional indulgence and for very special reasons. The book will then also be independent of the magazine, and will be held to its supreme office, which is one so high, and so highly to be esteemed by authors, that any accommodation of it, or any division, will seem to involve some sacrifice of artistic value.

The magazine is itself a serial, reflecting in this regard the story of nature and our own. Its continuity is not simply perennial, as is the case in nature's seasons; it is the continuity of growth, as in a living human institution.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Randolph P. Ruggle's Christmas Tree

BY FREDERICK VEEDER

RANDOLPH P. RUGGLE was a remarkable man — a very remarkable man. Everything considered, I believe he was the most remarkable man I ever knew. He was a New-Englander, born in Connecticut, and was of the best Puritan stock. He was always proud of the fact that most of his male ancestors had been clergymen, or at least teachers. At the time of which I am speaking he was middle-aged, or somewhat past, tall, thin, long-whiskered, and with a wonderfully magnetic eye. He was, in fact, something of a mystic in feeling, but strictly practical in his actions and fully conversant with the ways of the world. He was resourceful, full of energy, and never lacking the courage of his convictions; all of which made him a natural leader of men.

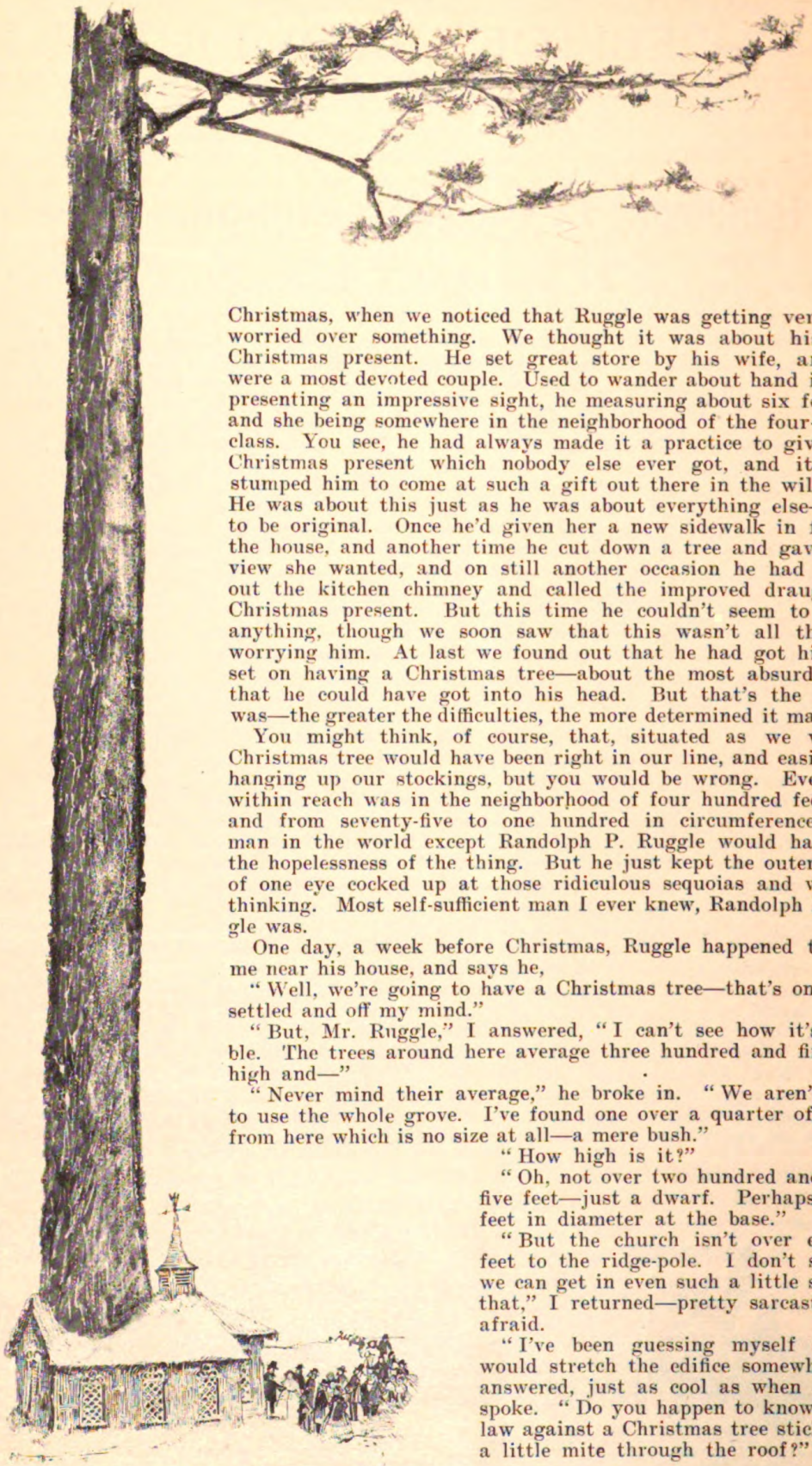
It was early in the year '48, or it may have been '49 or '50—the exact date doesn't matter—that Ruggle formed a colony to go to California. I was among the first to join. There were some sixty or seventy families, making, counting the children, over two hundred souls. We arrived early in the spring, in time to plant our crops, which Ruggle did not fail to see included plenty of beans, pumpkins, and other New England luxuries. He had a strong love for everything pertaining to the region of his birth, and his dream was to build up a community which should be a slice cut out of the Connecticut River Valley. Tobacco-culture, however, he barred, as well as the manufacture of New England rum. But he had brought along a quantity of turkey eggs, mindful of the Thanksgiving season, and these he set under blue-jays, one egg to each jay. Strange as it may seem, he had very good luck with this rather odd form of incubation, since he seemed to have the same mysterious influence over the brute creatures that he did over men.

The efforts of Randolph P. Ruggle to establish a little New England were pretty successful, notwithstanding that we were in a perfect wilderness and with no communication with the outside world. Our colony included a Congregational minister named Snow, and one of the first buildings erected was a church—meeting-house, Ruggle preferred to call it. This we used also for a school-room on week-days, the oldest Ruggle girl assuming the position of school-ma'am. Ruggle established town meetings, and we met and elected road overseers, though there were no roads, and a justice of the peace, though there wasn't any crime, and select-men, though they had precious little to do. In fact, about the only thing we missed was the New England weather, or, rather, weather served in the New England style, samples of all the different kinds in one day; and sometimes we thought Ruggle was thinking about introducing that, as he spent a good deal of time gazing at the sky. But if this was his idea nothing came of it, and we had to get along with the regular native climate.

Thanksgiving day was a great event with us, and we couldn't have seen it through in better shape if we'd been living at East Upper Puddleford Centre, Connecticut. Early morning services in the church, and later pie of all kinds, hot and cold, with and without upper crusts; and those blue-jay turkeys. It ran on till shortly before



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Christmas, when we noticed that Ruggle was getting very much worried over something. We thought it was about his wife's Christmas present. He set great store by his wife, and they were a most devoted couple. Used to wander about hand in hand, presenting an impressive sight, he measuring about six feet four and she being somewhere in the neighborhood of the four-foot-six class. You see, he had always made it a practice to give her a Christmas present which nobody else ever got, and it rather stumped him to come at such a gift out there in the wilderness. He was about this just as he was about everything else—bound to be original. Once he'd given her a new sidewalk in front of the house, and another time he cut down a tree and gave her a view she wanted, and on still another occasion he had cleaned out the kitchen chimney and called the improved draught her Christmas present. But this time he couldn't seem to hit on anything, though we soon saw that this wasn't all that was worrying him. At last we found out that he had got his heart set on having a Christmas tree—about the most absurd notion that he could have got into his head. But that's the way he was—the greater the difficulties, the more determined it made him.

You might think, of course, that, situated as we were, a Christmas tree would have been right in our line, and easier than hanging up our stockings, but you would be wrong. Every tree within reach was in the neighborhood of four hundred feet high, and from seventy-five to one hundred in circumference. Any man in the world except Randolph P. Ruggle would have seen the hopelessness of the thing. But he just kept the outer corner of one eye cocked up at those ridiculous sequoias and went on thinking. Most self-sufficient man I ever knew, Randolph P. Ruggle was.

One day, a week before Christmas, Ruggle happened to meet me near his house, and says he,

"Well, we're going to have a Christmas tree—that's one thing settled and off my mind."

"But, Mr. Ruggle," I answered, "I can't see how it's possible. The trees around here average three hundred and fifty feet high and—"

"Never mind their average," he broke in. "We aren't going to use the whole grove. I've found one over a quarter of a mile from here which is no size at all—a mere bush."

"How high is it?"

"Oh, not over two hundred and sixty-five feet—just a dwarf. Perhaps fifteen feet in diameter at the base."

"But the church isn't over eighteen feet to the ridge-pole. I don't see how we can get in even such a little sprig as that," I returned—pretty sarcastic, I'm afraid.

"I've been guessing myself that it would stretch the edifice somewhat," he answered, just as cool as when he first spoke. "Do you happen to know of any law against a Christmas tree sticking up a little mite through the roof?"

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"No," I replied.

"That's what ours is going to do."

"But it seems to me that the job of moving this shrub that you're talking about is going to be something of a staggerer."

"I didn't say that we were going to move it. Did you ever hear of Mohammed and the mountain?"

"Yes."

"Precisely. Mohammed was all right in many ways, if he was a foreigner. We shall move that church over to the tree, take off the rear end, cut a fifteen-foot scollop in the floor and roof, back it up around the tree, and then clap on the end; and there you are. I don't see what more any reasonable person could want. We're in a new country, and we've got to make the best of things. It won't stick up but two hundred and forty-seven feet anyhow."

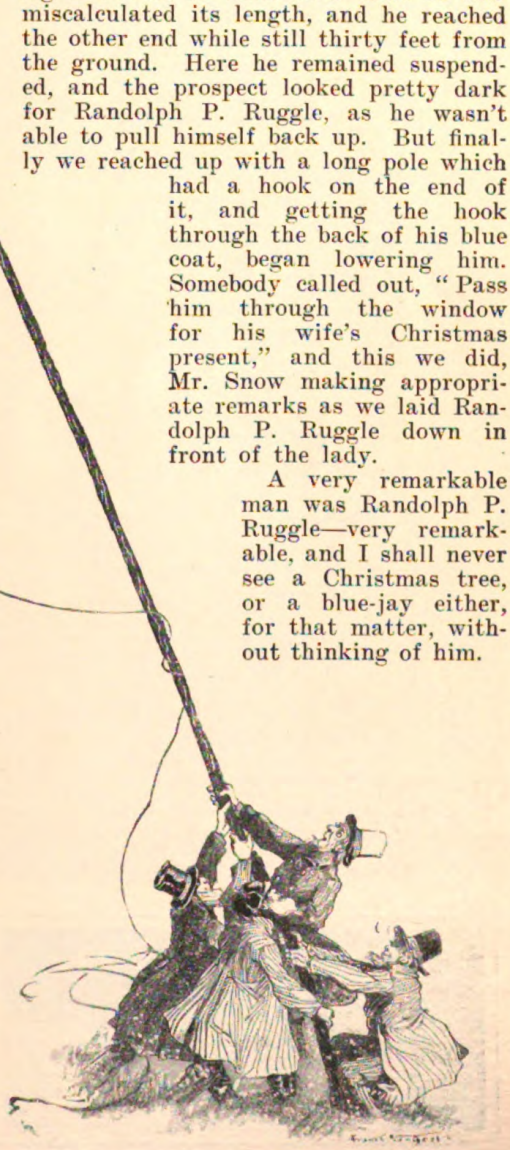


Well, of course when Randolph P. Ruggle made up his mind to a thing, that settled it, and in three days everything was arranged as he had planned. "There!" said Randolph P. Ruggle; "there you are. The children won't have to go without their Christmas tree. Only a little over one hundred and fifty feet to the first branches, and plenty of room for the presents. A man can put on a house and lot or an ocean steamer if he wants to. No crowding of the wax candles and setting things afire. Beats one of those little house trees all hollow. Everything shut off from the view of the audience and the element of surprise introduced."

But Ruggle couldn't get over his inability to think of something to give his wife. When people began to fetch things to put on the tree the last afternoon it brought this to his mind more than ever. "She'll be expecting something, and she'll be the only person who won't get anything," he said. "But I'll let her go without before I'll give her some commonplace gimcrack."

Of course the trimming of the tree and the putting on of the presents fell to Randolph P. Ruggle. We thought he was going to find it difficult to get up, but he didn't. The bark was pretty rough, and he went up like a cat, driving in spikes occasionally where the trunk was too smooth to afford a foothold. Before he started he tied the end of a ball of twine to the tail of his long blue coat, with the brass buttons, which he always wore; and when he reached the top he drew up a rope with the string and hoisted the other things with the rope. Trimmed it all up with festoons of pop-corn, and red apples, and tinsel, and candles, and it blazed and sparkled like a sky-rocket just as it explodes. When it came time for the exercises Randolph P. Ruggle went up in the tree again and let the presents down with his rope, a dozen at a time, and we passed them through the window of the church, where the Rev. Mr. Snow distributed them to the congregation with chirpy and good-natured little humorous remarks. When the last present was off, Randolph P. Ruggle started to let himself down by tying one end of the rope around his body under his arms and then throwing the rope over a branch, taking it in both hands and paying it out as he descended. But he had miscalculated its length, and he reached the other end while still thirty feet from the ground. Here he remained suspended, and the prospect looked pretty dark for Randolph P. Ruggle, as he wasn't able to pull himself back up. But finally we reached up with a long pole which had a hook on the end of it, and getting the hook through the back of his blue coat, began lowering him. Somebody called out, "Pass him through the window for his wife's Christmas present," and this we did, Mr. Snow making appropriate remarks as we laid Randolph P. Ruggle down in front of the lady.

A very remarkable man was Randolph P. Ruggle—very remarkable, and I shall never see a Christmas tree, or a blue-jay either, for that matter, without thinking of him.



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Vanity, saith the Preacher

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I LOVE my little gowns;
  I love my little shoes
All standing still below them,
  Set quietly by twos.

All day I wear them, careless,
  But when I put them by,
They look so dear and different,
  And yet I don't know why.

My oldest one of all,
  Worn out; and then the best,
Though that I haven't worn enough
  To love it like the rest.

The dimity for Sunday;
  The blue one, and the wool,
Now that I see them resting,
  Are somehow beautiful!

Of all, the white, with ribbons
  Gray-green, if I could choose;
The fichu that helps everything
  Be gay; and then my shoes—

My shoes that skip and saunter,
  And one that will untie,
They look so funny and so young,
  I hate to put them by.

I wonder if some day,—
  All this will be The Past?—
Poor Hop-the-Brook and Dance-with-me!
  They cannot always last.



AN EVENING OF PLEASURE

MY name is Gordon Livingso, and I reside in New Jersey. I hang pictures, not as a livelihood, but as a recreation. I like to hang pictures, just as I like suburban life, and mixing with men in the fore-and-aft jerks of the commuting trains, and walking eight block to my domicile with my overcoat buttoned on to my under-coat while I fish for a handkerchief with a cold glove.

On the morning of December 18 last, while hurriedly leaving my home with a half-masticated muffin in my mouth, my wife said she hoped I could get back early that evening to hang half a dozen pictures in my son Walter's room as a surprise for him on his return for Christmas. My son Walter is an able-bodied young man who employs me to put him through college. Feeling and the muffin prevented my voicing the joy felt over the prospect for the evening, but I gave my wife's hand a grateful squeeze, slammed the door furiously, and sprinted for the train.

The thought of the picture-hanging diversion remained with me during the day, and grew stronger as I stood, a bent icicle, on the ferry in the evening. How a bit of pleasurable anticipation marks out a day in this work-a-day world of ours! On reaching home I thawed out, and then jarred the furnace for ten minutes to keep my family from dying of pneumonia. I take my pleasure quietly, and during dinner did not refer frequently to the pictures, but allowed my wife to talk of them, enjoying the subject as a young man does hearing another talk of his sweetheart.

Directly after dinner we went to my son's room, and I lit a high gas-jet. The pictures, seven in all, were laid out on the bed. They were certainly pleasant to look at.

"That etching is good," I observed; "what is it—a meadow scene?"

"That," said my wife, "is Trafalgar Square on a rainy night."

"I threw off my coat, undid my sleeve-links, and rolled up my sleeves. "Well, here we are, my dear!" I exclaimed. "Where are the hooks?"

My heart sank at the thought that they had been forgotten, and I should have to loll around with a book.

"Here they are," said my wife.

"And the wire, the wire?" I cried, again alarmed.

"I have it right here in a box," replied my wife.

"This you want here, do you not?" I said, seizing a longish Vandyck, and rushing to the fireplace, where I stepped on an infant chair of my son's and tried to reach eight feet to the moulding.

"Not at all," said my wife, "it is too narrow for there. We will put the hunting scene there. But all these little pictures will have to come down first," and she pointed contemptuously to numerous colored harlequins and flower girls in white frames that had been suitable to my son's juvenile

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THE PIGEON—AN IMITATION

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NOT TO BE DISTURBED

"Now, Harold, put away those toys that lie there in a heap."
"Shs-s, Grandmamma, don't speak so loud—I think my foot's asleep!"

eyes. I mounted a chair and began removing these pictures. On each occasion that I attempted to lift the wire, I jerked loose the picture hook, which hit me in the face and then rattled down behind a bureau or table.

"Don't throw the hooks away," protested my wife, "we can use them again."

I refrained from laughing at my wife's misunderstanding my little diversion with the hooks. Behind each picture was an accumulation of carpet sweepings that ascended to my throat and nostrils and suspended respiration. I cannot see why my wife repudiated the statement that it was dust. It was dust.

When the condemned pictures and part of my facial cuticle had been removed, I placed the hunting scene back up on the table and prepared to string it with wire. Picture-wire comes in a flat box, and when drawn out through a hole in the side impresses one with its resemblance to the conventional bed-spring. It is itself impressed with the delusion that it is an angered serpent which must coil about your arm and bite you on the knuckles. The end of the wire divides prettily into five flowerlike tendrils which are not only ornamental, but prevent the wire from being passed through the hooks in the back of a picture. It is a pity we do not know the name of the man who conceived the idea of suppressing thirty feet of picture-wire in a 2×4×1 box. He should have a monument erected to him after he had been beaten to death and dismembered. I laid the wire across the table, and my wife put books on it to keep it from curling up into the size of a finger ring. Eventually, I strung the picture.

Having taken a hasty glance at the position for the picture, I stepped with it on the edges of a cane-seated chair and swung it to the hook. The hunting scene, which was meant to hang high, draped itself on the mantel, wrecking two china ornaments, and the wire, which had been knotted firmly, had to be pried loose with a nail file and shortened. Then to the cane-seated chair again, standing bow-legged on the edges while I estimated the picture's central position by looking at both corners of the wall at once. Perceiving that the device of prolonging my pleasure by miscalculating the wire was annoying my wife, I adopted another method with the succeeding pictures. I fastened the wire to one side, passed it over the hook, and then sawed the picture to its place. In order to knot the wire I held the picture to the wall with my chest,

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while I cut the wire with an old pair of embroidery scissors. At this juncture my wife, who stood with wrinkled forehead and half-shut eyes, surveying first the wall and then the remaining pictures, would say something like this:

"Wait a minute. I do believe that one would go better lower down over near the corner there." This pretty feminine indecision caused me much pleasure. I hung the seven pictures by 11.30 P.M., and what an evening of delicious surprises and harmless mirth it was!

One especially amusing thing occurred. While I was adjusting Rubens's "Cherubs" my foot slipped, and I caught the picture between wall and waistcoat. I did not dare move, or the "Cherubs" would be precipitated to the floor. My wife, thinking I was indulging in a frivolous conceit at the expense of her æsthetic consideration, said,

"Be serious now; do it nicely."

"Serious? Why, great Cæsar!" I replied, "do you think I am playing a game?"

However, the best of times have an end, and I finally gazed sorrowfully on the empty bed and then at the zigzag of art on the wall.

"Won't Walter be pleased?" said my wife with enthusiasm.

While putting back the strap of my cravat, which had slipped over my collar, the door-bell rang. I thrust my head out of the window, and requested who the visitor might be.

"Telegram," came the response.

I opened the despatch in the hall, with my wife looking over my shoulder. It read:

"New Haven, Conn. Dec. 18. Collect. Chosen for Glee Club trip. Can't be home for Christmas. Walter."

But nothing could rob me of the joyous evening which I had just passed.

CHARLES B. DE CAMP.

MR. CHOATE AS A WAITER

AMBASSADOR CHOATE was present one evening in London at an elaborate reception. He wore conventional evening clothes, all the other guests of distinction appearing in the richest uniforms, brilliant with gold lace and orders. During the evening the ambassador was approached by a stranger, who said, peremptorily,

"Call me a cab."

"You are a cab," instantly responded the ambassador.

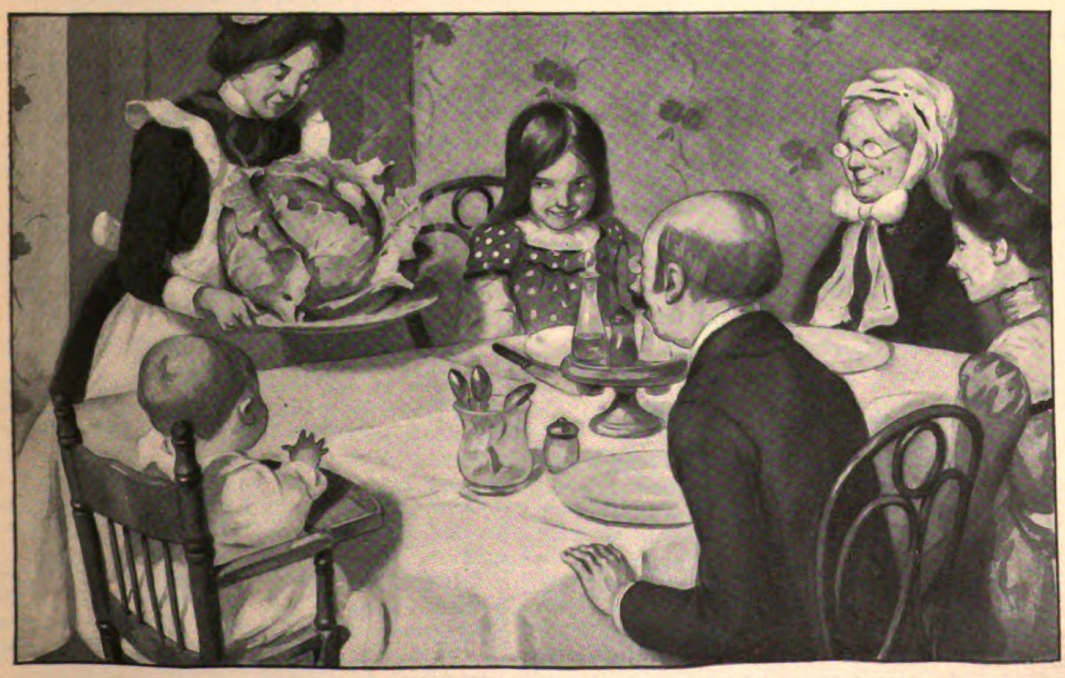
The stranger stared at him in astonishment, turned on his heel, and went direct to his host, complaining of the insolence of a waiter whom he had instructed to call a cab. The host, surprised and indignant, requested that the impudent menial be pointed out to him, that he might make the punishment fit the crime. This was immediately done.

"Waiter!" exclaimed his host, "why, that is the American ambassador! Come up and I will introduce you."

The crestfallen guest made his apologies.

"He told me," explained the ambassador, pleasantly, "to call him a cab, and I called him a cab. If he had been a little better-looking I would have called him a hansom cab."

S.



YULE-TIDE IN A VEGETARIAN FAMILY

Bringing in the Cabbage-Head

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THE OCEAN MISTLETOE

WHEN CLARENCE CALLS

When Clarence calls, oh, happy day!
'Tis fine to see the pretty way
Cecile does up her hair. At night
She puts it in curl papers tight;
But somehow it will never stay.

It may be that his manner gay
Affects her tresses—who shall say?
But anyhow her hair's a sight
When Clarence calls.

He talks of love from Z to A;
For him the month is always May,
For him the skies are always bright;
While she, in fear that's half delight,
Keeps wondering what on earth's his pay
When Clarence calls.

D. C.

FOILING THE COMMON ENEMY

The widow of an English army officer was visiting me with her son, a charming little fellow about five years old. The mother told me with pride how honorable he was, how high-minded, and that she had never for an instant seen in him indications of any traits that were low or base.

The child was put to bed every night at six. We dined at seven. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening before dinner. The room was dark, the doors open, and my seat commanded a view of both the stairway and the dining-room. The table was set, and in the centre was a dish of tempting peaches.

Presently there came to my ears the patter of little bare feet, and a childish figure, clad in a night-gown, stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, up to the table. Small fingers seized the topmost peach from the dish, and the little fellow turned and trotted away up stairs again.

As I sat in the dark, in an agony of apprehension, there came again the patter, patter of little feet, and a white-clad figure stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, up to the table. Small fingers replaced the stolen peach just where it had been, and a stubborn little voice muttered, "Done again, old devil!" H. B.

A BOSTON BOY EDIFIED

It was at one of the summer schools that flourish up New England way every year, and the white-haired lady had just finished her address. Among the crowd surrounding her, swayed by a congratulatory spirit, was a little boy—a Boston boy. Presently, when he had his opportunity, he shook hands and said:

"I was very much pleased with your remarks. I have been waiting for years to hear you speak on this topic. It was one of the best addresses on the subject I ever heard."

The boy was nine years old, the subject of the address "Motherhood." R.

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What the Next Number Will Bring

THE February Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain the first of the pictures which Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., the world-famous artist, is to contribute to the MAGAZINE during the year. Eight of these drawings are to be published in this number. They illustrate scenes in Goldsmith's poem "The Deserted Village," and they are accompanied by a portion of the text of the poem and a critical article by Austin Dobson. The pictures are reproduced on a paper especially manufactured for this purpose and represent the best work in black and white which Mr. Abbey has done.

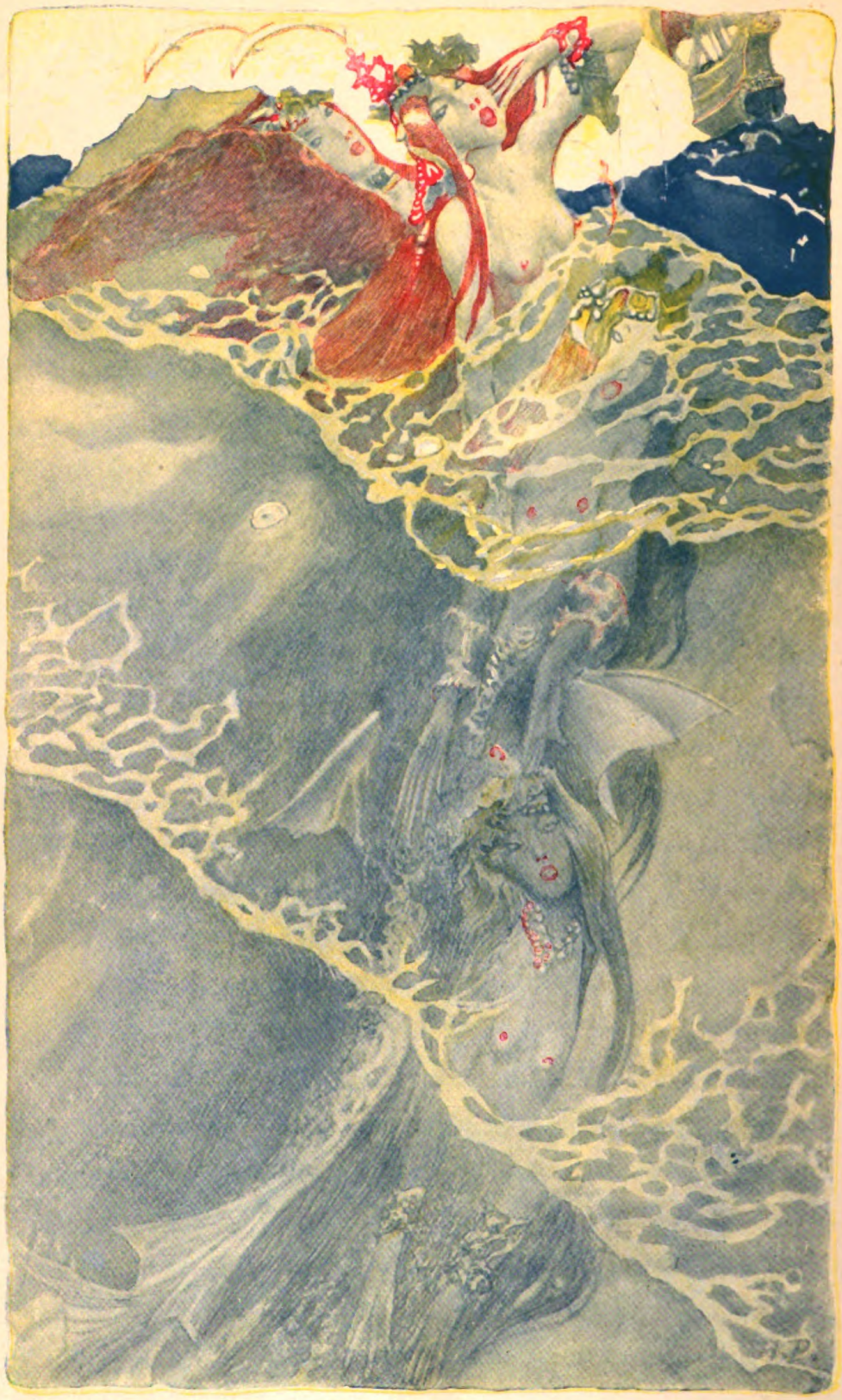
In its literary features the MAGAZINE is equally strong. The opening contribution is a poem of uncommon beauty by Henry van Dyke, entitled "The Dwellings of Peace." There are six short stories in the February Number. Notable among them is "The Story of Amabel and Amoris," by the anomymous author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." This is a story of an uncommon sort, with many beautiful illustrations and decorations in color and black and white by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Other short stories are, "Blandinah," a powerful and dramatic story by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, with striking illustrations by John Wolcott Adams; "The Lost Kirk," a humorous tale by Herman Whitaker, with pictures by F. Luis Mora; "In a State of Sin," a notable Western story by Owen Wister; and "Misery and Company," by Virginia Woodward Cloud, with dainty colored illustrations by E. M. Ashe. Mr. E. S. Thatcher contributes a delightful little essay in story form, "The Better Half," and Annie Hamilton Donnell another of her sketches of child life entitled "Bobby Unwelcome."

The special articles of particular interest are Katherine P. Woods's study of "Captain John Smith," a paper giving an entirely new idea of this famous man and his real relation to the founding of our nation; Maurice Maeterlinck's "Motor-Car Impressions," a study of automobiling sensations; "Man and the Upper Atmosphere," by Professor Suring, of Berlin, whose feats of ballooning have attracted general attention; and "Art Effort in Belgium," by Charles Mulford Robinson, with illustrations in tint by H. S. Watson. Waldon Fawcett contributes a scientific paper on the recent inventions which are to succeed the telephone, and B. W. Evermann has written a delightful nature study. Ernest Peixotto, the artist, writes of "Rapallo and the Italian Riviera." This article is illustrated with many drawings by the author.

Two more features deserve special mention. They are Mark Twain's novelette which is completed in this issue, and Arthur Lawrence's paper on Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, with many delightful anecdotes and selections from Sir Arthur's diaries.

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JANUARY

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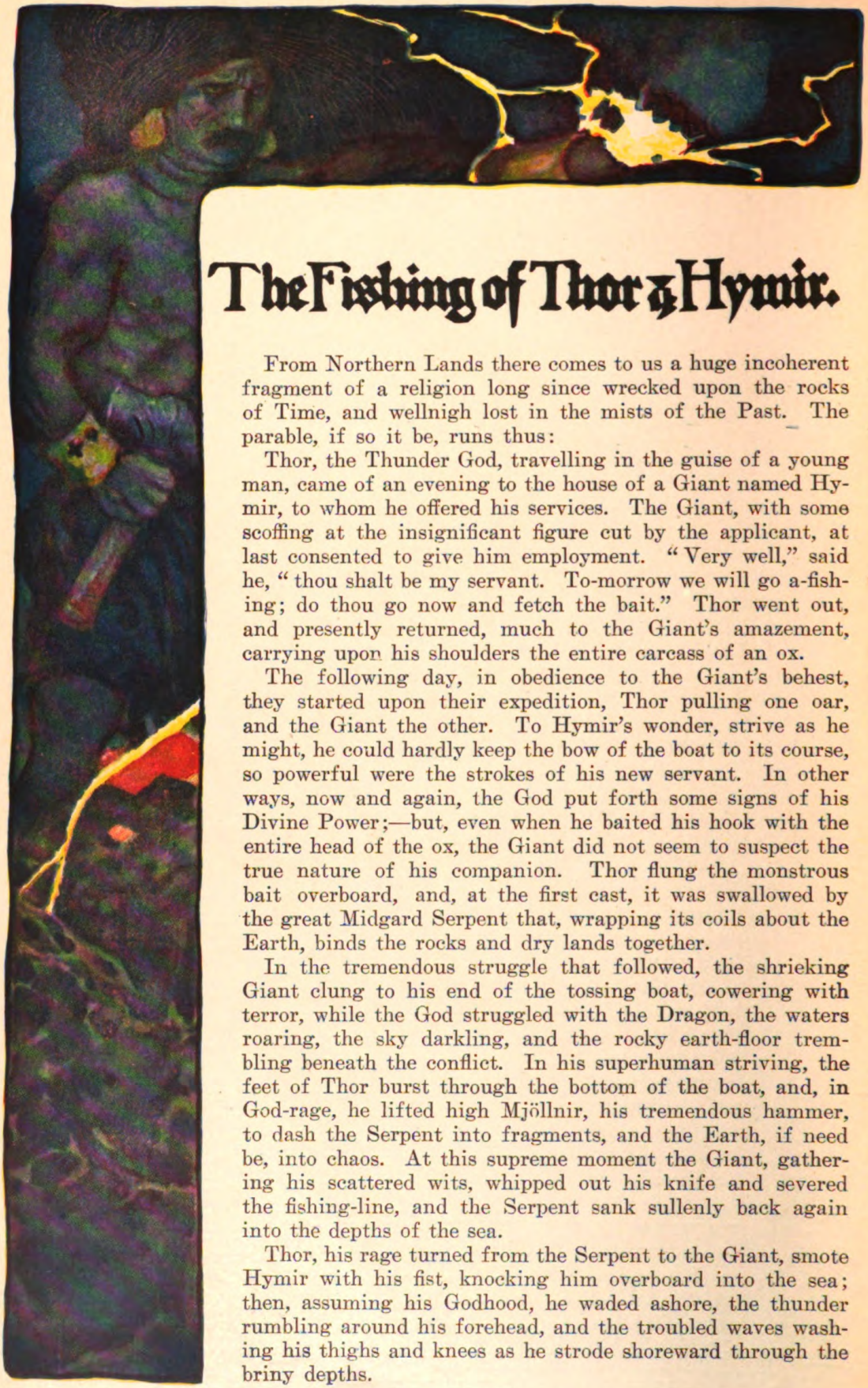
North-Folk Legends of the Sea, with Illustrations by Howard Pyle.

THE Sea, it has been said, is the Mother of all things. In her deep waters was born the first throb of awakening life that was to dawn upon the earth. Perhaps it is some inborn sense of the mystery of such a vast beginning that has always stirred within the spirit of man, whispering to him of strange things hidden from his sight by the very Mother who first gave life to the earth.

Standing upon the shore and gazing across the stretch of waters into limitless spaces, what wonders in the earlier days of man's life upon the planet did not the rim of the horizon hide behind its level! What marvels lay beyond the sharp division between the water and the sky! In the fiery glow of the setting sun the human fancy builded for its own enchanted palaces of gold and crimson, or shining fairy islands of rest and of peace; in the murmur of waves upon the beach the ears of the imagination heard the sibilant whispering of strange sea folk from coral depths; in the shouting of the tempest and the cataracts of roaring waters the awe-struck fancy beheld the Wars of the Gods waged against the creatures of the depths. Everywhere surrounding the man of those days was the mystery of an unknown and unfathomable life, remote from his, yet kindred to his—a link connecting the Infinite that lay beyond his ken with the finite of which he himself was an integer and a part.

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The Fishing of Thor & Hymir.

From Northern Lands there comes to us a huge incoherent fragment of a religion long since wrecked upon the rocks of Time, and wellnigh lost in the mists of the Past. The parable, if so it be, runs thus:

Thor, the Thunder God, travelling in the guise of a young man, came of an evening to the house of a Giant named Hymir, to whom he offered his services. The Giant, with some scoffing at the insignificant figure cut by the applicant, at last consented to give him employment. "Very well," said he, "thou shalt be my servant. To-morrow we will go a-fishing; do thou go now and fetch the bait." Thor went out, and presently returned, much to the Giant's amazement, carrying upon his shoulders the entire carcass of an ox.

The following day, in obedience to the Giant's behest, they started upon their expedition, Thor pulling one oar, and the Giant the other. To Hymir's wonder, strive as he might, he could hardly keep the bow of the boat to its course, so powerful were the strokes of his new servant. In other ways, now and again, the God put forth some signs of his Divine Power;—but, even when he baited his hook with the entire head of the ox, the Giant did not seem to suspect the true nature of his companion. Thor flung the monstrous bait overboard, and, at the first cast, it was swallowed by the great Midgard Serpent that, wrapping its coils about the Earth, binds the rocks and dry lands together.

In the tremendous struggle that followed, the shrieking Giant clung to his end of the tossing boat, cowering with terror, while the God struggled with the Dragon, the waters roaring, the sky darkling, and the rocky earth-floor trembling beneath the conflict. In his superhuman striving, the feet of Thor burst through the bottom of the boat, and, in God-rage, he lifted high Mjöllnir, his tremendous hammer, to dash the Serpent into fragments, and the Earth, if need be, into chaos. At this supreme moment the Giant, gathering his scattered wits, whipped out his knife and severed the fishing-line, and the Serpent sank sullenly back again into the depths of the sea.

Thor, his rage turned from the Serpent to the Giant, smote Hymir with his fist, knocking him overboard into the sea; then, assuming his Godhood, he waded ashore, the thunder rumbling around his forehead, and the troubled waves washing his thighs and knees as he strode shoreward through the briny depths.

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The Fairy Morgana.

Of a different sort, half mystical, half fanciful, are the obscure legends that surround that strange creature the Fairy Morgana. We know of her as a mysterious being who appeared now and again in ancient legends, only to disappear into the dim enchantment that forever surrounds her. She was the sister of King Arthur and the daughter of Pendragon.

Now and then, in the mythical Arthurian legends, she figures as a strange, half-malevolent, half-benign enchantress, who dwells in the enchanted Isle of Avalon, far away in the West, of which she is the mistress and the queen. Here she holds her court of fairy attendants, courtiers, and pages, to the music of lutes and zithers and of singing voices; here golden pinnacles rise into the still blue sky, only to vanish into fairy mist or to disappear into thin air at the near approach of mortal fisherman or hardy mariner; here flowers bloom forever, and golden fruit hangs forever from the boughs, and all is gladness and peace and a repose of fairy tranquillity. Oftentimes the sailor sees those remote and beautiful shores; he calls his vision "the Fata Morgana"—a golden land that he may indeed behold, but may never hope to attain. It was from this realm of shining beauty that the Fairy Morgana occasionally emerged, to appear in events that concerned her kingly brother Arthur.

In the ancient legends, handed down perhaps from untold ages, we read how, at the passing of Arthur, when the dying King was carried to the rocky sea-shore in the arms of his faithful only remaining companion, Sir Bedivere, she appeared out of the darkness of the night, drifting shoreward in a magic boat, surrounded by a bevy of weeping women. Into the boat the fainting King was taken and laid with his head in his fairy sister's lap. Then, as the last Knight of the Round Table stood solitary upon the rocky headland, misty in the moonlight, the strange craft, without sails, without oars, floated away into the night as it had come thence, the wailing of women's voices sounding fainter and fainter in the distance, until they were gone, and only the splashing of the waves upon the shore remained to break the silence of the night.

So with King Arthur passed away the Fairy Morgana, but for years and years there were many who believed that, in her enchanted Island of the West, she yet sat waiting and watching, while King Arthur lay slowly healing of his wound, some day to return to the world, and to make right the wrongs and to cure the ills of those whom he one time ruled so wisely and so well.

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Saint Brendan's Island.

Emerging still farther into the light of later times come the tales and the legends that surround the wonderful travels and marvellous adventures of Saint Brendan, in the discovery of his Western Islands of the Blessed. The crabbed Latin monkish story tells of how the good Saint and the fourteen monks who accompanied him, sailing away into the West, reached at last these wonderful islands, that yet contained what had once been the original Paradise of Adam and Eve.

Two of the fourteen Brothers who accompanied the Holy Brendan were warned by the Saint before embarking that they had best stay at home; for it had been revealed in a vision to the holy man that they must be surely and certainly lost, *corpus et spiritus,* should they venture to attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the Western Ocean. Undeterred by this threatened peril, however, and moved by the lust of travel, they embarked with their saintly superior in spite of this solemn warning of evil, and sailed away into the unfathomed West.

Of the realization of the Holy Brendan's prophecy, and of the horrific fate that befell the two foolhardy monks, the Latin chronicle by-and-by tells at length.

In the mean time, to the marvellous adventures that befell the voyagers in those remote parts, only the narrative of the veracious Sindbad can supply a parallel. The Latin story tells of how, at the first island, they were welcomed by a "fair hound" that fell down at the feet of the saintly navigator and bade him welcome to a sumptuously spread table of food and a magnificently appointed castle. It carries the travellers to the back of a great whale, yclept Jascon, or Jasconius, which they mistook for an island until they built a fire upon his back. It tells of a certain marvellous island of pasture, where the sheep were as big as oxen.

Of a certain Paradisiacal Island of Birds which the navigators fetched upon an Easter morning, the narrative says: "And when they had gone some distance, they found a well of pure water, and thereby stood a tree full of boughs, and on every bough sat a bird; and they sat so thick on the tree that not a leaf could be seen, the number of them was so great; and they sang so merrily that it was a heavenly music to hear."

May this be the first faint image of those veritable Western Islands of the Canaries that afterward were to become solid facts upon the globe of knowledge of a later day?

At last we are introduced to the fearful adventure in which the two over-venturesome monks met their predicted fate. One day—but just why it occurred we are left in the dark—the marvellous chronicle of these wonderful events tells that a host of foul fiends suddenly assailed the holy travellers, threatening the boat's crew with red-hot hammers and hooks. The two monks, frightened by the hideous uproar and the terrific stench, leaped overboard into the sea. There, not being protected by the holy influence that surrounded the boat, they met both death and perdition—a lesson to all such as hearken not to the warning of revelation. And so ends the narrative.

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Mother Carey's Chickens

"Who," asks Mr. Bridge, "is Mother Carey, and where does she rear her chickens?"

It is an axiom that one man may in a single phrase ask more than twenty may answer in as many volumes. Mr. Bridge, in speering the question, was very well aware that Mother Carey had no existence in mythology nor in tradition, in legend nor in folk-lore; that she is only a vast disembodied Presence;—the possessor of a name, without identity.

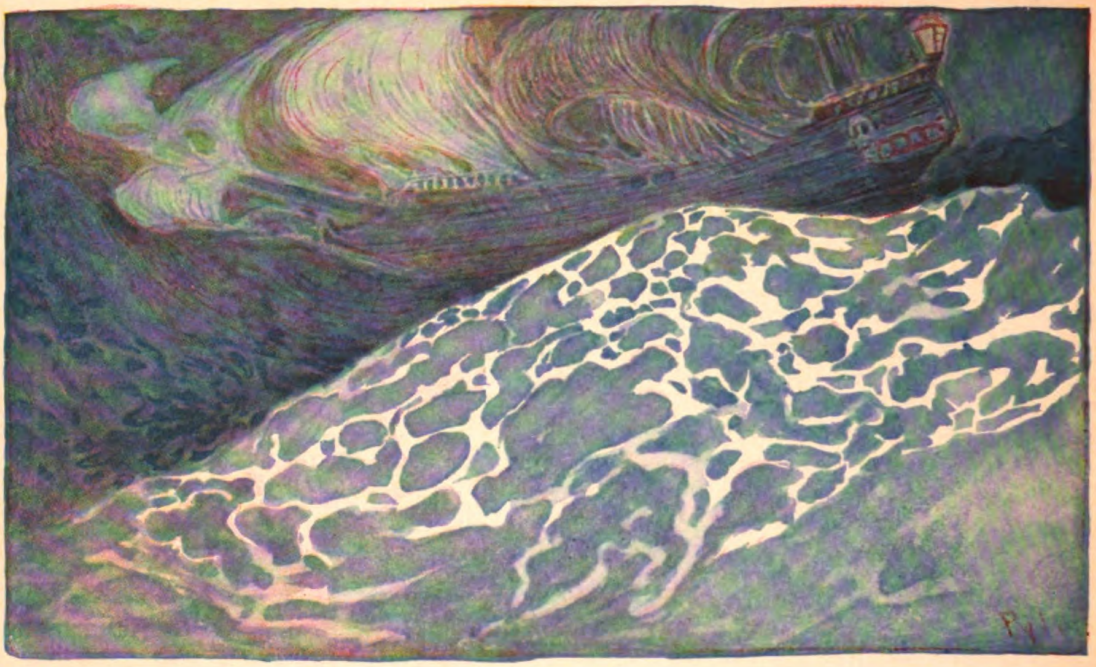
The title "Mother Carey's Chickens," one learned writer assures us, was given to the stormy petrel by Carteret's sailors, in the eighteenth century—"probably some ideal hag of that name," he adds. Another writer opines that the name is a corruption of "Mater Cara"—one of the pseudonyms of the Virgin Mary.

But neither explanation supplies the lost identity to that strange and mystical being; nor does it satisfy the popular sense of a vast, intangible presence that fills the spaces of salt air and of limitless reaches of briny ocean. For one thing, indeed, is known of her: she is the forerunner of storms. With the little black petrels drifting about her feet in skimming delight, with the wind whining in her salt hair, and with her salt raiment floating about her, she comes from somewhere in the great white North, and behind her follows, thundering, the huge ocean storm, bringing wreck and destruction in its path. In this quality of storm-brewer she is, as it were, the wife of Death, and the mother of the Tempest. Embodied in such a thought, she very much more nearly fills the popular image of her in a satisfactory fashion than in the thinner raiment supplied by the somewhat pallid explanations of the scientists and students of folk-lore.

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The Flying Dutchman.

A legend of still later date is the story of the *Flying Dutchman*—a marine parallel to that of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew. "Go forward!" said Cartaphilus, rudely, to the tortured Christ. "Nay," said the sufferer, "*I* shall rest, but THOU shalt go forward until I come again." And so until the Day of Judgment the doomed shoemaker of Jerusalem must continually wander upon the face of the earth he cannot quit.

Just why such traditions of Divine cruelty should have thrust so singularly deep a root into the human imagination it is hard to understand, but the legends of perpetual curse are not few in the collections of folk-lore. The huntsman, hunting upon a Sunday, must hunt forever; the fisherman, casting his nets or lines upon a holy day, must forever fish; the maiden, overproud of her red shoes, must dance till the day of doom. And so on, through a long list of sins, seemingly moderate, but followed, for the most part, by punishments as preposterous as those that befall the heroes of the "Slovenly Peter" poems.

The fate of Captain van Stratten, or Captain Vanderdecken, as he is interchangeably called, is identical with these.

In the stormy season of the year he was endeavoring in vain to beat about the Cape of Good Hope. "Put back, Captain," urged the first mate. "Put back!" roared the furious mariner;—and then, with a tremendous and blasphemous oath, "I will not put back though I have to beat about this Cape until the Day of Judgment!"

The Deity heard and was affronted; took the sea-captain at his word, and thenceforth he has been compelled to fulfil his doom until the ending of time. That was three hundred and more years ago, and still the hapless Dutchman is striving to beat about the Cape. His ship is white with age, his sails are mildewed tatters, he and his crew are skeleton shadows. But still he rides the storm like a bubble of Fate. Woe to the ship that meets him, for, though death never overtakes him, the shadow thereof hangs about his ship, bringing to those who enter its radius the doom the fated man himself would gladly embrace for the sake of rest. But the gates of mercy are forever closed against him.

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The Courtship of a Careful Man

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT is a serious thing to be thirty-five, and old of one's age, and feel constrained to get married. Love at twenty-two comes away from one easily, like children's milk-teeth, but the second teeth come away hard. Theophilus Bronson was not at all disposed to fall in love. He had done it in early life, and though falling in love is always a valuable experience — provided it doesn't happen periodically, like fits —his had hurt him and made him wary. He didn't want to fall in love again. He wanted to get married. He knew it was time, and even past time. He was a discreet, observing person, with a habit of reflection, and he realized that if he kept on in the celibate state, he would come to no kind of good that would satisfy him. Moreover, after due searching of the spirit, he had about concluded that of all the women he knew, Eleanor Cunningham was the one likeliest to make him happy if she would. If she would! It had come to the point where that was the main trouble.

He stopped to see her on his way up town the next afternoon. She gave him tea, and refreshed his spirit with discourse. He liked it amazingly; the more because the fountain of his own thoughts did not incline to overflow.

"Do you know," he said to her, finally, "that I contemplate getting married?"

"So?" she cried. "Great news! And who is the happy lady? Let me think: Lalage, Neæra, Cloris, Lucy, Margaret, a girl from Chicago, a Boston girl, an old love? Who has been setting snares for my friend Theophilus—Theophilus the fancy-free?"

"None of them," he answered; "no snares at all."

"Is it any one I know?"

"I will tell you next week. But don't expect too much. It is only a provisional intention, and it may come to grief."

"Come in next Wednesday and tell me," she said; and with that he betook himself off. As he went up the street he stopped at a florist's and sent her the most ingratiating flowers he could find. But she sat still and alone, and meditated; and as she meditated, idly she poured out of her cup the few drops of tea that were left in it, and noticed a shred of tea-leaf that stuck to the side.

He went to church the following Sunday and sat where he could see her. Outside the church he met her. "Thank you for the flowers," she said. "I received them as a consolation prize. But what are you doing here? Where the treasure is, there look on a Sunday morning for the heart and the man. Have I overlooked any one?"

"I guess not," said Theophilus. "I saw only you."

He reappeared on Wednesday.

"Now," said Eleanor, "I am to hear who the lady is?"

"What lady?"

"The girl you are going to marry."

"I'm not sure there is one."

"But you said you were going to marry!"

"No; I only said I contemplated it."

"Even that presupposes a girl!"

"Yes."

"Well, don't keep me in suspense. Who is she?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes; yes!"

"Ever so much?"

"Ever so much!"

"And won't tell a soul?"

"Not a living soul."

"And will take it kindly?"

"Like an angel."

"Well, bear up, then. Since you will know, it was you. I was thinking I'd marry you, if you didn't mind."

"Come! no evasions. Who is it?"

"Just you: nobody else; just you. Do you think well of the idea?"

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Half-tone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

SHE NOTICED A SHRED OF TEA-LEAF THAT STUCK TO THE SIDE

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"Not at all. You knew I wouldn't have you. Pshaw! You really made me think you were engaged."

"No, I'm not. But it is true that I hope to be."

"To whom?"

"To you. As I said before, to you."

"Incorrigible! Haven't you been courting any one at all?"

"Only you."

"I don't believe it. Yes, I do, if you say so. But you haven't courted me."

"How can you say so! Five, six, seven long years have I been unobtrusively faithful. Fourscore and eleven balls and receptions I have been to because you were there. Sevenscore and thirteen gatherings I omitted to attend because you were not going. Only last week I sent you some roses, and this makes twice I have been to see you in five days. If that is not courtship, do tell me what your idea of courtship is, so that I may buckle to and try to realize it."

"So shall I not. You ought to know that who lays his snare according to the plans of the bird catches nothing. So there was no girl, after all. Well, I do not grieve. After all, the marriage of a good—even a fair—bachelor involves a loss to society."

"No doubt a good-sized squad of unattached men—'loose men,' Mrs. Rhinderpost calls them—is a convenience to ladies who give dinners, but do not deceive yourself about the unattached state. It may be laudable at twenty-five, but it is discreditable at thirty-five, ominous at forty-five, and desperate after fifty. A true friend should encourage a friend to get himself saved before it is too late."

"Have I discouraged you?"

"May I speak to your father, then?"

"Surely. But not about me. How impertinent you are!"

"Oh no; only old and out of practice. It is so long since I have courted any one but you. You, to whom each season continues to bring its appointed victims, cannot realize how rusty the persuasive arts grow by disuse."

"Maybe the dissuasive art does, too. I suspect so sometimes when I see the men some women marry. Which of us knows what is in store? Even at twenty-seven one is not sure of one's fate."

"Not quite; but some women are terribly wise at twenty-seven, and of course it is a grave matter to court a woman who has grown wise and keeps her wits about her. I suppose that once she has put her illusions into storage she hesitates to get them out and back into her life."

A week later. The same to the same:

"Would it interest you, ma'am, to know that my landlord has had notice that my lease, which runs out on May 1, will not be renewed?"

"That delightful bachelor apartment? How could you? I have always considered it ideal."

"Oh yes, a comfortable place—ideal at twenty-seven, no doubt, but no longer ideal at thirty-five."

"One or two lumps? I would never remember though you drank my tea once a week for a year."

"Two, please. It takes daily exercise to impress such things on the mind."

"Oh, daily practice might do it, no doubt. But where and how do you propose to live next?"

"Who can tell? Several benevolent young real-estate agents are trying to provide me with a house."

"A house! Are you going to housekeeping?"

"You might have inferred that from what I have told you of my desire to be rescued from the odious condition of bachelorhood."

"But you will still be a bachelor, even though you hire a house."

"Perhaps; but no more than I can help. When I have a house and a maid and a man, at least it cannot be said of me that, knowing better things, I prefer worse."

"'And a maid and a man.' Dear me! I suppose you have the man already, but where will you look for the maid?"

"I shall have to look as other helpless men do."

"Get a man and his wife. That's the best way for a lone man."

"Then I shall not do it. The best way for a lone man is not what I am looking for. Maybe I shall have two maids and not a man at all."

"And you feel competent, then, to manage two women and keep a clean house?"

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"Far from it. Heaven knows how I shall fare!"

"Where are you going to find a house?"

"Where would you advise me to look?"

"They say there are very good houses up on the west side."

"Do you like it up there?"

"I? No; it's too far from home and friends for me. I like it here where father lives, or else on the east side somewhere not too far up."

"The upper west side is too remote for a bachelor. I had not thought of going there. The Park Avenue neighborhood between Forty-second and Thirty-fourth Street is not bad, if one's aspirations and one's income can be successfully adjusted there."

"I dare say. I have friends that find it satisfactory. But they are married."

"Yes; I never heard that being married necessarily made life less supportable in that region, provided one was married to one's taste. That reminds me. Have you had any better offers since I filed mine?"

"Since you what?"

"Since I proposed to you?"

"You didn't."

"My dear lady, you have no memory. The last time was only a week ago. Have there been likelier ones since?"

"None could be less likely, but there have been none likelier—none at all."

"And you are a whole week older, and, alas! wiser by a whole week's experience."

"Comfort yourself. One does not grow steadily wiser week by week. Wisdom comes by jumps. You go on being foolish for long periods of time, and then grow suddenly wise overnight."

"I suppose that's true. It takes a jolt. Are your summer plans made yet?"

"Father talks of our going abroad for six weeks."

"That would take you to the middle of July. How about August?"

"Who can tell? Paul Smith's, Bar Harbor, somewhere. We are such a small family that we don't settle to anything beforehand. It may be Newport, if father has to keep near town. Could it possibly be you, sir, that I have to thank for the anonymous flowers that come to this house from day to day?"

"It might. Who can say? Do they please you?"

"They are lovely. They excite the admiration of this household; also its curiosity. But what an extravagance for a man who is about to move into a house!"

"Oh no; I put it all down to necessary expenses in furnishing. When you buy a new frock you don't try to save money on the trimmings, do you?"

"Indeed I do; but it is so hard to do it that I usually get the trimmings first and try to save on the rest."

"I wish I could. But you are so obdurate. At least you realize that I realize that the trimming is the more important. Thank you for that."

"Thank me for very, very little. I realize chiefly that you are persistently saucy."

In the passenger-list of the *Plutonic*, which sailed from New York to Liverpool on May 29, were the names of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Cunningham and Miss Eleanor Cunningham. In the list of the *Omaha*, which sailed on June 19, was the name of Theophilus Bronson. That was how it happened that a lady who was inspecting the National Gallery in London, on the morning of June 26, exclaimed in tones of surprise, as she held up her hands: "Theophilus, of all men! When did he come, and what brought him?"

"Yesterday, by the *Omaha*, on an errand."

"An errand of business?"

"The most important. To see a lady."

"And have you seen her?"

"Yes; I have found her, thanks to her mother's kindness in telling me where to look. How does she do, and how did she sustain the perils of the voyage?"

"Meaning me, as usual. I do very well, and there were no perils."

"And is she happy here?"

"Perfectly. Delightful weather, delightful shops, delightful sights, and agreeable people. No cloud in the sky, except one that overhangs the New York Custom House. And you?"

"I am happy, too."

"Do you stay long? Will you come with us to Paris on Saturday?"

"I go to New York on Saturday."

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"Three days ashore? Crossed the ocean for a visit of three days?"

"It is all the time I can spare now. I must save something for August and September."

"Why, the trip won't pay you!"

"Who can tell? I thought it would. I planned six weeks ago to come."

"No doubt you needed the voyage."

"I think I could have worried along without the voyage. But, as I said, I had an errand."

"Oh yes: to see that girl. It wasn't worth so much trouble, was it?"

"Amply. I wanted to know what she was doing and who was helping her. I don't like these spring trips to Europe for girls very much."

"You might have written and inquired."

"Oh, I didn't want to inquire. I wanted to know. It costs five cents to inquire, and you are apt to get back about five cents' worth of information. Besides—"

"Well?"

"Perhaps I am foolish to tell you, but —well, I feared the girl distrusted the completeness of my infatuation."

"Oh!"

"And as I am a conventional person, and have passed the age of violent indiscretion, and live in New York, and cannot stand within eyeshot of Fifth Avenue and sing to a guitar by moonlight under her window, I had to use such means as the times permit."

"Yes?"

"And, besides, I got restless. It is a serious matter to get restless at thirty-five."

"Of course you were restless. What could you expect after giving up an apartment where you had lived for seven years? Have you got a house yet?"

"Not yet. There seems to be no hurry. I have stored my belongings and hired a couple of rooms for the summer."

"I told you you were rash. Of course you were restless."

"Why, the rooms are comfortable enough, and the town is full of clubs. I'm not so deadly old yet that it's a vital matter to me always to sleep in the same place."

"It seems to me that you are disposed to shift part of the responsibility for your impulses. Now that's quite unlike all I have ever known of you. I begin to think you're a dangerous person, with whom it becomes one to be circumspect in one's dealings."

"I fear not. Any surety company in New York will give a bond at its lowest rate that I am sane, solvent, and safe —oh, distressfully safe! As for shifting any part of the responsibility for my moods, I won't be able to do that until I find some being of enough benevolence to assume what I put off."

"That girl you say you came to see, does she show any signs of harboring benevolent intentions of that sort?"

"Not the least. I wish to Heaven I could think she did!"

"I guess not. If I thought she did, I should feel compunctions about gossiping with you so long in this gallery. It's time we moved on, anyway. It doesn't seem to be a favorable morning for pictures."

"Eleanor," said her mother, "Theophilus Bronson was here inquiring for you. Did he find you?"

"Yes, mother. He's coming to dinner."

"What's he doing in London?"

"He said he came on business. Partly on business, perhaps, like the rest of us."

"How long does he stay?"

"He goes back Saturday."

"He seems in a hurry. What did he want of you?"

"Oh, just the pleasure of my improving society."

"Was that all? For a man who came to London for three days on a matter of business, he seems extraordinarily appreciative of ladies' society. Why, Eleanor—"

"Yes, mother!"

"Well—nothing, except that you and Bronson seem to have more interests in common lately than you used to find."

"I don't know, mother. It's always pleasant to meet one's friends in London."

It had come to be the 29th of August, especially at Paul Smith's, where the culmination of summer means more than it does at humdrum places where people

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live all the year around. There the first of September is about the height of the season. Many go, but more come. The little yachts race almost daily on Upper St. Regis, and launches and boats ply incessantly from lake to lake through the connecting slews. At the lower end of Spitfire Lake, Eleanor Cunningham reposed with her back to a tree, Theophilus Bronson sat on a log, and the Adirondack boat which had brought them to a bit of imperfectly pre-empted land rested beside a rude landing which marked the beginning of a little-used carry.

"You seem happy up here," said Bronson.

"Surely. Why not?"

"You are happy, then, unless there is some definite, effectual hinderance. Now that shows a fortunate nature."

"Oh, but there are plenty of tangible reasons for being happy: the air tastes so clean; the lakes are so pretty; the boats are so light; my dear parents are so bland and indulgent; and now, to crown all these blessings, I have the company of my friend Theophilus."

"An edifying list of assets, especially the last item. I wish I might be assured that it was not rightly last as being of least importance."

"Oh, I can change the order if you like. But, anyway, it is in good company, and who knows that I did not put it last for purposes of special emphasis?"

"Dear me, how plausibly you put things. Have you had any fly-fishing up here?"

"None. I believe they use worms in August. Why?"

"There is that in you that I am sure would cast a fly to the satisfaction of a trout; but whether you would care to land the fish you hooked is another question. Have you put many back this season?"

"Now you are a little vague, and, I suspect, a good deal saucy. I have not been fishing. Life here is too polite for fishing. I wear my next-to-best clothes, and return the civilities of the Upper Regis aristocracy, and make afternoon calls by boat, and go out to lunch or to dinner, and climb the mountain, and go on picnics."

"And are the Upper Regis aristocracy kind to you, and do you like their ways?"

"They are very kind indeed, and very nice, and so are their ways. Their dinners are better than dinners ought to be in the wilderness, and to wear even one's next-to-best clothes in a boat on a rainy night is disturbing, but such drawbacks are trivial."

"To be sure; too good a dinner is a bearable hardship, even when you sleep in a tent. But we digress. Am I here to talk about dinners? Please, will you marry me this fall?"

"My, how sudden and unexpected of you! I guess not. Why should I marry you this fall?"

"It would greatly oblige an old friend. That is one good reason."

"I have never married any one for such a reason as that, and I am not going to begin now. Do see how that sail-boat goes over!"

"Hang the sail-boat! Please pay attention. There are other reasons. You are twenty-seven years old. You have got to marry somebody, sometime—at least it will probably be better for you to, if you can suit yourself; but the longer you wait, the harder it will come. Now I dare say you could marry a better man and an abler man and a richer man than I, but you don't seem to be doing it, and though it is not for me to be cracking myself up, it is of course possible that you might go further and fare worse."

"Dear, dear! Theophilus. What reasons! Am I so critically old? Come, get in the boat, and I'll row you back to the hotel."

"No, no! not yet. Of course the reasons are absurd. No young thing of twenty-seven is going to marry any man for stated reasons. I can't furnish you with reasons. Make any excuse for yourself you like, only marry me! I know *my* reasons well enough."

"Oh yes. *Your* reasons — I know them. 'I, Theophilus, being thirty-five years old, and feeling mine infirmities to increase upon me, to oblige an old friend, the same being my other and more prudent self, am determined, upon due consideration, and in spite of all that may reasonably be urged to the contrary, to marry the maiden Eleanor, if nothing hinders, lest some worse thing

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"OH, NOTHING, DEAR, BUT THAT I DARE SAY IT WOULD SUIT ME"

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befall.' Those be thy reasons, O Theophilus! Come; help me into the boat."

"Oh no! Well, if you will—careful! No, take the stern seat, please, and leave me the oars. Now we're so far apart one needs a megaphone. Go to with your reasons. I'll none of them. They're not mine. *Conspuez* reasons, anyhow. What have they got to do with it? I have but one, Eleanor. I love you! That's why!"

"Love me! So prudent a man go to such rash lengths at thirty-five!"

"I dote on you; I'm just crazy about you! Just marry me once and see if I am not."

"Why, that *is* news! Why didn't you tell me so last spring?"

"I didn't think your mind was prepared for it. And besides—"

"And besides?"

"What was the use of my telling you unless you were going to have me? To love a woman at twenty-two and blurt it out is a relief to the feelings, and no discredit, for at twenty-two one is not expected to know better. It is different at thirty-five."

"At five-and-thirty it seems to be more convenient that the lady's assurance should precede the declaration."

"Oh yes; far more convenient."

"But I have given you no assurance."

"None, Eleanor. But I cannot withdraw the declaration. It is true—lamentably true, perhaps—that I love you. It seems to have been growing on me. But that was natural. That would have happened to any man who did not grub the tendency out at the first appearance of symptoms. You see, Eleanor, you are a charming woman!"

"Ah, Theophilus! You, too, are a flatterer!"

"Well, as to that, ask your mother. What I have learned about you I have learned apparently to my sorrow."

"You're steering wild, Theophilus. Our slew is to the right. That's better."

"The lady is in haste to be quit of her admirer's company. Have courage. It is not far."

A long pause. They approach the opening of the slew. "Did you find a house?"

"I had one in mind. I was going to consult you about it."

"Where was it?"

"Oh, hang the house! It was off Park Avenue below Forty-second Street."

"Did you like it?"

"It is not bad. I dare say I shall take it, anyway."

"Is it high stoop or English basement?"

"American basement. Not a bad house for the money."

"Take it if it suits you. Those American basement houses run overmuch to stairs, but still, if it suits you I dare say—"

"Dare say what?"

"Oh, nothing, dear, but that I dare say it would suit me."

"You! Eleanor—"

"Oh, look out! You're running into the bank. To the right! To the right! Now do be careful!"

"Suit *you*, Eleanor?"

"Sit still, Theophilus. Don't try to move in this boat. You'll upset us, surely. Sit quietly and row home like a good man thirty-five years old. Poor dear! Why, I always meant to take you when you really asked me. Is it a new house?"

"I have a good mind to tip you over."

"Better not. Caught is not caged. Is it a brick house or stone? To the left; there are two boats coming. There! Of course there is a butler's pantry?"

"Drat the house! It is a modern house, and there is everything in it that belongs in a house of its size. Since it seems to suit you, I'll telegraph to the agent as soon as we get ashore."

"To the right a little. Now you're headed for the landing. Aren't you going to speak to father first?"

"I have spoken to him. I asked if you were a good daughter."

"Well?"

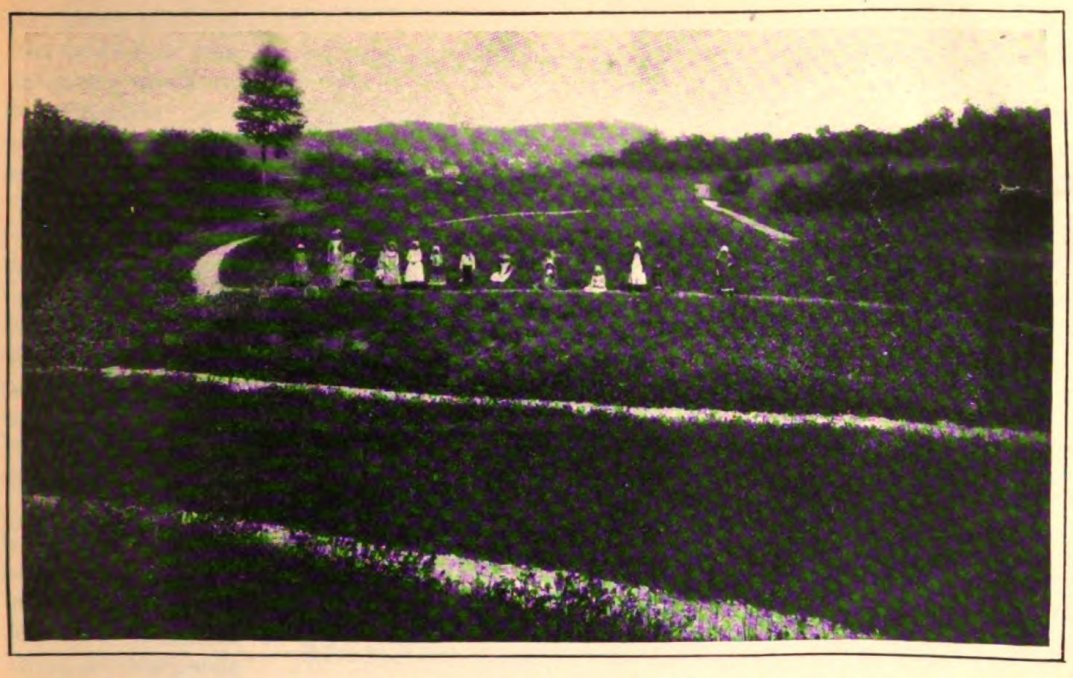
"And he said: 'Too good to lose. I hope you won't get her!' You see he is unsympathetic, so I shall telegraph without waiting. I say, Eleanor!"

"Well, Theophilus."

"If you had made up your mind to take me, what did you make me get back into this infernal boat for?"

"For your sins, dear, and because I wanted to know more about the house before I was committed to live in it."

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SHINING PATHS ALONG THE FOLDS OF THE GREAT SERPENT, SHOWING WHERE THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN WALK
From photograph by John Cone Kimball, for the Peabody Museum

The Great American Pyramid

BY HARLAN INGERSOLL SMITH

Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History

ONE of the most interesting and among the least known of the monuments of the American mound-builders stands neglected and disintegrating near the site where the city of St. Louis is preparing the World's Fair of 1903. Unguarded from the elements, unprotected from the plough, the great Cahokia mound, which rises, in terraces, from a base eleven hundred and eighty by seven hundred and fifty feet, to a height of one hundred and two feet, covers an area greater than that occupied by the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The Cahokia mound is itself a truncated pyramid, the type of a series of truncated pyramidal mounds constructed in the rich soil of the Mississippi Valley by probably the most powerful and highly civilized of the aborigines of the United States. Of these unique memorials of the past, whose history is yet undeciphered, the Cahokia mound is by far the most imposing, as it is, indeed, of all the aboriginal mounds. It is situated in Madison County, Illinois, six miles from St. Louis.

The entire archæological exhibit of the State of Illinois at the World's Fair of 1893 is said to have been made up of pottery and weapons found in a single excavation not far from one of the sixty smaller mounds lying near by and subordinate to the mass of the Cahokia. What scientific treasures may there not be in the interior of this mightiest vestige of the earlier Americans? What an opportunity it presents for exploration!

The interest in all things American which is already aroused, and will be continuously increased as the date of the St. Louis Fair draws near, could be no better utilized than by taking the right steps to preserve the Cahokia mound in a public park, free from taxation, under the auspices of the State or of the national government. This course has al-

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DISTANT VIEW, SHOWING COMPLETE OUTLINE OF SNAKE AND EGG ON THE PROMONTORY EXTENDING INTO THE VALLEY OF BRUSH CREEK, OHIO

ready been adopted with gratifying results in regard to some of the animal effigy mounds of Wisconsin, the Great Serpent mound, and the Fort Ancient embankments in Ohio, as well as the conical mound at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Two of the effigy mounds of Wisconsin have been preserved on the college campus of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. They are both bird-shaped, rising to a height of from two and a half to three feet above the surface. The first shows the outstretched wings, thirty feet each in length, of a symbolic bird forty-three feet from the end of the beak to the tip of the tail. The second has a split tail, suggestive of the swallow. On one side the half tail, which is nearly straight, extends to a length of sixty-six feet; the other part of the tail, which is curved, is forty-eight feet in length. The body of the bird effigy is fifty-eight feet long, and shows, curiously enough, a double set of wing or cross embankments, which measure thirty-six feet from tip to tip. In these effigy mounds practically nothing has been found, although they are generally in the vicinity of ancient villages and burial sites which have been found productive of fragments of pottery, household implements, and weapons, and in some cases of art objects of striking design and ornamentation.

In a class by itself, the Fort Ancient embankments follow the brow of the terrace of the Little Miami River, and of the two small ravines through which brooks flow into the river near the little village of Fort Ancient, named after the aboriginal fortification. The latter is an earth-work about twenty-two feet at its highest point, and extending nearly four miles, in the contour, roughly, of a figure 8. It walls in artificially the area naturally enclosed by the Little Miami River and the two creeks. It is now preserved in a public park, like the Great Serpent, Ohio's other famous aboriginal earth-work, and, like that, is controlled for the public good and preserved for posterity by the Ohio State Historical Society. Nor should it be forgotten that the good work initiated by Professor Putnam of the Peabody Museum at Harvard, and followed by the Ohio State Historical Society, is of the highest value to the country at large and to future generations, as well as deserving of the highest praise in our own time.

Of all these mounds, the Great Serpent appeals peculiarly to the imagination. About its story, which is yet to be told, the fancy of the twentieth century weaves traditions of serpent-worship in a forgotten civilization, or dreams of Eden and

Man's first disobedience.

On the top of a rocky promontory extending into the beautiful valley of Brush Creek, in Adams County, Ohio, in

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the year 1848, Squier and Davis, the pioneers of American archæology, located the Serpent in a dense forest, and first described it.

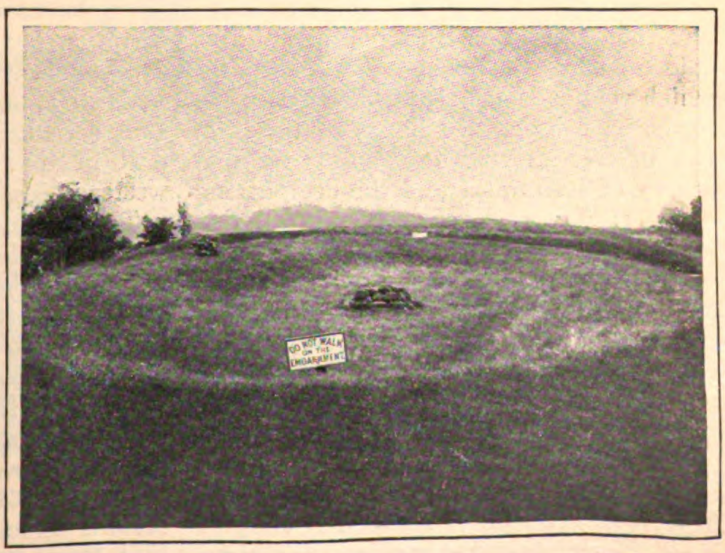
An earthen effigy, complete and symmetrical, the Great Serpent measures from the upper jaw to the tip of the tail twelve hundred and fifty-four feet, in folds so lifelike, as they rise near the head to a height of five feet above the ground, that their very view inspires the beholder with awe. In front of the mouth lies the outline of that part of this monumental earth-work which has been called the Egg, around which open the jaws of the Serpent as if in the act of swallowing. From the outer wall of this small oval, or Egg, the tip of the Serpent's tail is four hundred and ninety-six feet distant. The Egg is itself one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet at its greatest width. The Serpent's jaws are banks of earth seventeen feet wide each, and sixty-one and fifty-six feet respectively in length. The distance across the open mouth, from lip to lip, is seventy-five feet.

In the centre of the oval there is now standing, as there has been from time immemorial, a mound of burnt stones. This sacrificial mound, or altar, perhaps, has in past years been uprooted by white men in the vain search for buried gold, but still preserves its identity; at the base of the cliff upon which the Great Serpent was constructed similar stones showing the action of fire in past ages have been found in comparatively recent years. Fortunately further depredations have been prevented by the purchase of the Great Serpent and the surrounding land with a fund raised by private subscription among the ladies of Massachusetts, who subsequently transferred the property to the trustees of the Peabody Museum in Cambridge. They in turn made over the Great Serpent Park to the people of the State of Ohio, who now protect it by legislative enactment under conditions similar to those by which the Fort Ancient Embankment is safeguarded.

This, the first successful attempt to preserve American antiquities of this description for the American people, was heartily encouraged by the Legislature of Ohio, which, on March 27, 1888, passed an act exempting from taxation all lands upon which are situated prehistoric earthworks "not held for profit." Similar legislation has been agitated in the States of Michigan and Colorado and in the Territory of New Mexico. The Legislature of Illinois would in all probability follow that excellent example and preserve the great Cahokia mound were the subject properly brought before the lawmakers.

The associations which link the Great Serpent and its rough altar of charred stones to the religious history of remote ages conduct the imagination back to human sacrifices on the mountain altars and templed plateaus of the Aztecs, and reconstruct upon the truncated apex of the Cahokia mound a mighty altar, the human sacrifice, the unmoved priest, and the people arrayed in solemn ranks upon the surrounding plain.

The preservation for future generations of the site upon which such scenes may



THE GREAT SERPENT MOUND
View of egg, looking towards the Serpent's jaws. Stone altar in centre of oval
From photograph by M. H. Saville, for the Peabody Museum

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THE GREAT SERPENT

The end of the tail, showing the decreased altitude of the convolutions

From photograph by M. H. Saville, for the Peabody Museum

have been enacted by our predecessors—if not ancestors—in our own country; the safeguarding against the waste of time, and the desecration by ignorance of this colossal memorial of that civilization of which we have such scant knowledge; the exploration by skilled hands of the interior of this American pyramid; the discovery of its import and the deciphering of its records and relics—surely all this would be a fitting task for the American people, and especially for the people of the State of Illinois when about to celebrate at St. Louis, close by the Cahokia site, other and later events which perhaps are no more intimately bound up in our common history.

Mound-exploration has been carried on, in the past, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, the Bureau of American Ethnology, and the Peabody Museum of Harvard. At present but little is being done in this line. Of the simple type of conical or burial mounds, a good example is preserved in Bronson Park, in the city of Kalamazoo. No mounds of this description have yet been found in Maine, Massachusetts, or Vermont, and only one in New Hampshire. There are a few in Connecticut and Rhode Island; and several in the vicinity of Buffalo and in western New York.

These conical burial mounds are most numerous, however, in the Mississippi Valley. I have had the opportunity of exploring several in British Columbia, besides many in the United States. They generally have the form of a low dome, varying in height from a few inches to sixty feet, and in circumference up to many hundred feet. It is especially in southern Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, eastern Tennessee, Ohio, and Kentucky that the burial mounds are found. In Mason County, Kentucky, I have explored mounds and graves for the American Museum of Natural History. Here

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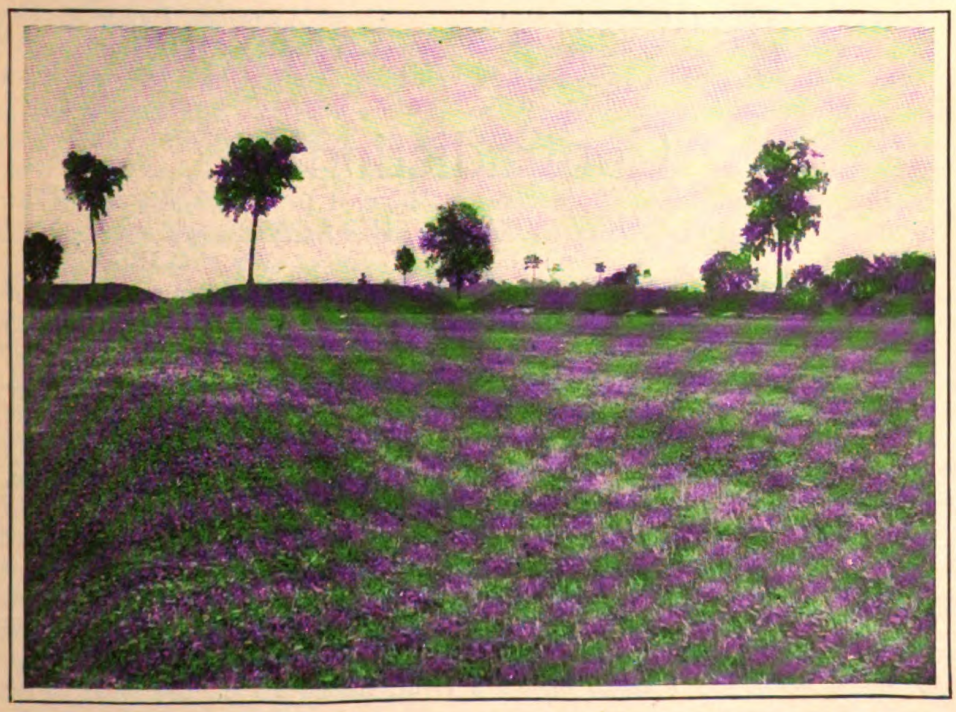
a number of interesting skeletons were discovered. For the most part these skeletons were found in stone graves; and in a number of instances pottery of interesting design and form, stone hatchets, knives, and similar objects were unearthed.

The stone graves are not coffins, having no integrity independent of the ground about them. The rough slabs of which they were made in the Mason County mounds and graves were brought by the Indians in comparatively recent times from the beds of near-by water-courses. In some cases a bottom slab, or row of slabs, would be walled up by side stones, and the rude structure completed by a top layer. In others there were side slabs only; in still others a top layer of stones only, to protect the body from injury from above. In some of the stone graves beads were found made of shells that had been brought from salt water on either the Atlantic or Gulf coast. Arrow-points, stone axes, and other implements of war, probably also used in securing food, were found in great numbers, as well as a few less necessary articles, such as stone pipes and pottery vessels. The handles to some of the vessels were of exceedingly peculiar shapes.

It is of unusual interest to notice that thirty-five per cent. of the adult skeletons, both male and female, showed the effects of terrible bone diseases.

But there is no warrant to reason from the known contents of the conical burial mounds, the commonest form of aboriginal earth structures, to the unknown interior of the great pyramid called the Cahokia mound. No pyramidal monument of any size approaching this has yet been scientifically explored. Of them all the Cahokia mound is the chief of the type.

Its contents, which could properly be laid bare only after weeks of patient effort, by hundreds of laborers, working under skilled direction, may prove to be of farthest-reaching importance. The fancy may run riot at the contemplation of such a store of scientific trea-



FORT ANCIENT

An aboriginal earth-work in Warren County, Ohio, extending about four miles, and about twenty-two feet high at the point shown. Preserved in a public park, of which the Ohio State Historical Society has charge

From photograph by C. J. Strong. Presented to the author by Warren K. Moorehead

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THE GREAT CAHOKIA MOUND, OR AMERICAN PYRAMID, IN MADISON COUNTY, ILLINOIS

In sight of the World's Fair grounds in St. Louis

From photograph by D. I. Bushnell, Jr.

sure. Assuredly the secrets of the Cahokia mound, if properly exploited, would constitute an exhibit, at the World's Fair of 1903, which would be admirably calculated to interest every thoughtful American who has the history of his own country at heart, as well as the archæologists from all over the world. Prompt action is necessary to prevent the ploughing down of the sides and the heedless digging away of the structure and contents of the Great American Pyramid.

Contradiction

BY WILLIAM S. WALSH

GOOD that smites and bad that blesses, these are what my senses see
In the silence and the darkness of the eyes you bend on me.

In their silence sleeps the thunder, from their darkness leaps the light—
Leaps the light that joys in darkness, stirs the tumult, sears the sight.

Love that spurns and hate that beckons flash from out their sombre calm.
There is healing in their venom, there is poison in their balm.

I have tears for all their laughter; I have laughter for their tears.
I could tremble at their courage; I could bluster in their fears.

I have nay for all their yeses; I have yea for every no;
Every mood my fancy guesses makes a rival, wakes a foe.

Turn by turn I'm meek or haughty; I am strong or I am weak.
Thou art angel, thou art demon; I must shun thee, I must seek.

Angel, yes! whose hate might lure me to the hell where sin is sweet.
Demon, yes! whose love might hurl me at the Christ-Man's bleeding feet.

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What One Man Can Do

BY OCTAVE THANET

WHEN Timothy Macdonald was buried, the day was Sunday, and most of the men at the Standish Wagon Works who had worked with the old engineer walked after him on his last passing down the road. The little yard of Timothy's house was filled with them. They overflowed the little piazza where Tim used to sit of an evening in the rocking-chair with the red cushion that had been his wife's, and smoke over his paper; they filled the lawn which had been his pride, and the gravel path between the carefully tended rose-trees and geraniums. Miles Standish himself stood in the doorway. And the men looked at his big figure in its unusual formal frock-coat and stiff linen, and his strong profile and crisp black curls, with a grave approval.

"No more'n fair," said one foreman. "Tim's worked for him ever since he started the works; and Tim was an awful good man. He was down to see Tim jest before he died. 'Bout Donald. Tim was awful anxious about Donald."

"Say, I always thought that rough on Tim. Only child he'd got, to have him crack—"

"I'd hate to have called him that to Tim"—the foreman's voice fell on the word, breaking it off short.

"Yes, Tim was techy 'bout Don's being different. Well 'tain't much wonder. Before that emery wheel busted on him, I guess he was the brightest boy in the High School. 'Twas jest wonderful the way that boy would do figgers and say speeches. Tim and his wife used to go to school public days to see him; and they say you could see 'em smiling through the back of their heads. So pleased."

"And a emery wheel knocked him looney?"

"Jest a wheel busting. When he warn't working neither. You see, he was always poking into machinery, regularly *loved* it. And he was over to Hollister, and the emery wheel bust on him. Hit him on the head. Nobody's fault, of course; flaw in the making. Comes once in a thousand times that way, and *he* got it. They thought he'd die. Maybe better for him if he had, but you couldn't git Tim to own to it. While he was so sick, Tim's wife got pneumonia and died, worrying 'bout Don to the last minnit. Tim told her he'd look out for Don, and he did."

"Looks like it would 'a' been better if Don had died too, poor fellow, don't it?"

"That's all you know about it, Milt Wicks," a woman's voice interrupted—the flutelike voice of an Irish-American, the voice which has lost the brogue without losing the melody brought by another generation from the old sod and the peat smoke.

The speaker was comely, and still had the better of middle age. Her neat black skirts (for she wore mourning) brushed the brilliant cockades of the geraniums. Her figure was tall and shapely and straight, but built on a larger plan than most women's shapes. Her face had fine eyes and a fresh skin, and the features were delicate if not regular. "There's many a father," she continued, "who's a right to envy Tim, for his son don't give him half the care or obedience or the comfort that poor Don gave his father, and that's God's truth."

"It is that," said the foreman; "and Tim took it that way too; he was always kinder working in, like he didn't mean nothing, things about Don's smartness with the machines. And I mind he was scared stiff if Don got sick a bit."

"Don is bright—most ways," the woman persisted; "he's awful queer in his religious notions; and he worries over folks having to suffer and to die, and all such things; and he thinks the engine's kinder human; and anybody could fool him about money; but there ain't a better machinist in the country."

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[See page 209]

"Stop!" thundered Donald. "Stop! That ain't true!"

"That's right," agreed two or three voices.

"How's he now, do you know, Miss Tiernan?" some one asked in a lower key. Bridget Tiernan shook her head. "Poor lad! he's like no one else you know, and he takes it jest his own way. Awful quiet. He sets there and looks at his father—looks all the time, like he was fixing every line in his face in his own memory. He 'ain't been out of the room more'n ten minutes at a time, I do believe, since the old man died. He sat beside him all last night, talking to him and patting his hand. I jest made them let him. But he's quiet's a lamb."

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"It must 'a' been awful for Tim to have to leave him, if he mistrusted he would not get well," said the foreman. The foreman had a little crippled daughter at home. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and winked them with a frown.

"Well, he did, then, Mr. Williams; for he told me, and he told Mr. Standish. He made Donald promise to always mind Mr. Standish. 'He ain't a boy, nor yet he ain't a man,' he says, and I knew then he'd given himself up, for he'd never admit as much as that before. So he jest made his will and put Mr. Standish in as guardeen for the boy, some way; give him all the insurance money, and all he had in the bank, and the house, in trust for Don. And he called Don to him and told him to always go to Mr. Standish, for he'd never tell him wrong. And Don stood there, trying to smile, for the doctor'd told him he mustn't ever let his father see him looking worried; so he never did; he'd make his lips smile while his forehead had little creases in it, and he'd choke before he would speak."

"Is he in there now?"

"Yes; he's a-setting by the coffin, dressed up nice in his very best, not crying. He told me he wouldn't cry till 'twas dark, lest his father might be somewhere and see him. And he's setting there alone. He 'ain't got kith nor kin nearer than Ulster, Ireland. He's setting there, keeping himself from crying—"

"Aw, the cratur!" cried an Irish voice with a tremor in it.

"He ain't alone now," said Williams. "I seen the old man go in and set with him. Well, that's right. The old man's *white*. Don't know so much 'bout the young feller— Ain't that him, Van Orden, coming in now? And there's the preacher."

At the same moment the little cabinet-organ, which had not been opened since Mrs. Macdonald died, rolled forth sonorous, slow waves of melody, the quaint and solemn drone of an old Scotch Presbyterian hymn. The service was in charge of the neighbors, old friends of Mrs. Macdonald. She had been a devout Presbyterian after a Scotch order strange to American church-goers. Of Timothy's creed nothing was known except that he could swear fluently when Donald was not by; for he went to church every Sunday during his wife's lifetime, and had never set his foot within a church since her death. Therefore the friends fell back upon Mrs. Macdonald's faith and feelings. They gave her favorite hymns to the church choir, and engaged the new Presbyterian minister at the "Fifth Street Church."

The men decorously lifted their hats; but they looked at the new-comer (not the preacher, but Van Orden, the vice-president of the company), in a distraction of attention strong enough to fix their glance through most of the stanzas. He was a little man, so slight of figure and low of stature that one would turn to look at him on the street. But he had a handsome, keen, determined face, and his carriage was erect and graceful. Seeing him, a woman would be likely to say: "What a pity! If he were only a foot taller, he would be fine-looking!" His black frock-coat and gray trousers were of an admirable fit; his collar, gloves, the diamond and sapphire pin in his scarf, and his black silk hat were all of the very latest fancy of fashion. At the gate his nervous, clean-limbed trotters stamped and tossed their heads at the groom, whose brown whipcord livery was as immaculate and carefully studied as Van Orden's clothes. The man stood in front of the horses, his arms hanging at his sides, in an attitude as novel to the beholders as the glittering high tilbury wherein he had sat, his back to his master.

The men's glances held no kinder feeling than curiosity. Some of them scowled. The new vice-president was held in small favor, being considered "too airy," although, in fact, Steven Van Orden was as unassuming a creature as ever despised his fellow-man. Moreover, he had his own troubles, his own chagrins, and his own humiliations, which took the savor out of life as completely for him as their anxieties took it for any of the men who resented his equipages and his smile.

But we cannot see the thoughts of a man, and his face is in the light.

"Say, Jack," whispered the shipping-clerk to the head bookkeeper, "did you ever see such a meeching little tyke put on so much side?"

"Huh! Hard times don't pinch *him* much, I guess."

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"Lets old Standish earn the dividends, and he spends them. Say, is it true they're going to lay off a hundred more men Saturday?"

"Not if Standish can help it; but money is almighty tight; everybody shutting down until after election. Cochrane's running half a force; and the Edgewater's running out of old Jabez's pocket, I'm told; and we're running, that's all."

The men near the speaker caught the sentence. One could see that it had affected them. A sallow, undersized man, who stooped, edged nearer the foreman to whisper: "Say, Dick, 's that straight? 'Bout laying off a hundred?"

"I'm not telling," said the foreman. He didn't know.

The man fell back with a faint sigh; and the foreman added, under his breath, "Don't you worry; you're all right." Then he sighed himself: "D—— these hard times! If there's one man wants work and is willing to work for 'most anything there's ten a day that comes to me. I wonder the old man keeps up his spirits like he does, for *he's* got bowels!"

"Them socialists 's got a good deal to say for their ways," said Wicks.

The foreman only returned an impatient shrug.

So the crowd, outside, gave its passing tribute of compassion, but busied itself really with its own cankerfret of care, and the air was sweet with the breath of the late roses and carnations, and penetrated by the singers' voices:

"I cried to God; I cried, He heard;
In day of grief I sought the Lord;
All night with hands outstretched I wept;
My soul no comfort would accept.
Hath God forgotten to be kind?
His tender love in wrath confined?
My weakness this, yet Faith doth stand,
Recalling years at God's right hand."

Inside the little parlor, swept and garnished, with the comfortable big chairs banished and the others ranged primly against the wall, and the flowers from the neighbors' gardens massed on the mantel-piece, and the great spray of roses from his comrades brushing the faded tints of the portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, in his costly, tasteless coffin, surrounded by the undertaker's lugubrious pomp, Timothy kept the working-man's one hour of state. Donald sat beside him; and two or three of Mrs. Macdonald's friends, elderly women, who were in charge, had chairs against the wall. One of them was a Catholic, and fingered her rosary while the Protestant hymn was singing. The others sighed at intervals, and ran their eyes from Standish, who was seated opposite, in a chair too small for his bulk, to Donald's motionless figure and his arm on the coffin. Donald was as handsome and athletic a young man as one often sees. His form was perfect in its muscular grace, and his face would have been beautiful had not the beholder felt that it was no longer the mirror of a soul. Nevertheless, it still retained the look of singular purity and sweetness which had been its boyish charm. No woman ever studied it without a moving of the heart. Life had been too hard and hurried a passage for the women in the room to permit them to be of a romantic turn; but they looked on it now, haggard with watching and sorrow, yet infinitely patient, and their own faces softened.

"Ain't there nothing to be done for him, the poor boy?" one whispered her neighbor.

"Bridget will take him home; she promised Tim. Her mother's dead now, you know."

"One care lifted off her shoulders, she takes another on; well, that's Bridget. Look at him now; something's started him!"

"My word! it's the *hymn!* Why didn't we think?"

"What's the matter with the hymn?"

"Oh, don't you know how queer he is? He thinks the Lord ain't responsible for anything that's bad. 'Twas all Tim could do, sometimes, to keep him from breaking out and telling folks what he thought was revealed to him in visions. That's where his crazy streak comes in. Oh dear! Say, you don't think he'll *do* anything? Look!"

Donald had come out of his daze of grief or of his self-control, whichever may have chained his emotions. He was staring at the singers in the next room with an extraordinarily wild and wavering stare. He frowned; he half rose. Distress and anger were mingled in his

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convulsed features and his straining eyes.

"Will God cast off for evermore?
His favor will he ne'er restore?
Has grace forever passed away?
Or doth his promise fail for aye?"

The singing dragged, therefore every word smote the ear with its full measure. Bridget, in the doorway, caught signals of distress from the women inside, and slipped behind the organist; she whispered in her ear, receiving a nod in return; and the song ceased with the triumphant chorus:

"Hath God forgotten to be kind?
His tender love in wrath confined?
My weakness this, yet Faith doth stand,
Recalling years at God's right hand!"

Donald's knitted brow smoothed itself; he put his arm about the coffin lid with the gentleness of a caress, and turned his dark eyes on the minister. The minister looked ill at ease as he rose, as if wishing that he might, for once, shift his responsibility of individual prayer on an impersonal, official funeral service. He was an austere man, whose sympathies were unwieldy of motion and needed the beaten track. It was a question in his own mind whether Timothy's irregular and uncanonical virtues might save his soul alive. He hoped the best, but felt that the path of safety, in discourse, lay in avoiding Tim's character and leading his hearers through the customary platitudes about the suddenness of death, the need for preparation, and the duty of submission. He read a psalm in a dry, ecclesiastical voice; he exchanged a whispered word with the organist, who audibly explained that he must not expect more than two hymns from the choir. He made a short prayer, weighted with scriptural phrases instead of thought. Then he rubbed his hands and cleared his throat. There was a flicker of curiosity in the faces of his Roman Catholic auditors as he began; they had heard of the gifts of Protestant divines, and were not averse to testing them in a manner which threw no cast of disloyalty upon their presence; but it faded gradually into weariness; to judge from the sample, such gifts had been vastly overrated; even Father Dennis More, who called a spade a spade and a fool a fool, bluntly, and talked as fast as a fly-wheel, had more of interest (if sometimes of disagreeable interest) in his sermons. The other auditors had been decorous and bored from the beginning; in fact, a chill apathy was settling down, like a fog, on the audience, when they began to notice Donald. With every commonplace on the suddenness and awfulness of death, and the call for resignation to an all-powerful and all-merciful Will, whose workings were past our finding out, he grew more agitated. Bridget showed a reflection of his excitement. She looked imploringly at Standish; but Standish, who went to church regularly with his wife, had long practice in abstracting his mind from sermons, and was deep in an exhaustive calculation of the saving on a low contract. He did not turn to the preacher until a sudden electric thrill ran over the listless rows of faces, for Donald had sprung to his feet.

"Oh, why didn't I tell the preacher!" moaned Bridget. "Oh, let me by!"

"Stop!" thundered Donald. "Stop! That ain't true!"

The minister turned like a top on a pivot; he frowned at the unseemly interruption; but he knew something of the lad's unhappy condition, and he hesitated; besides, he was an after-witted man, always a little behind the occasion. Donald, in a voice vibrating with emotion, yet holding sweet and thrilling chords, cried out: "It ain't *true* it's God's will. They teach wrong things in the churches; that's why my father never would take me. This man is telling you God is all-merciful and all-powerful. He *is* merciful; He wants to help more than we want Him to help us; but He ain't so powerful; He ain't! Don't it say in the Bible, He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men? That means He can't help it. Look at the awful things that happen! Good folks suffering so and dying; and all the wickedness men do when they don't want to do it, like Johnny Kidd getting drunk and smashing that sewing-machine he'd given his wife himself! And he cried 'bout it afterwards. And you know how hard the times are, how everybody's shut down but the Edgewater and the Standish, and lots of you men here don't know where

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you'll git money to pay the grocer-man and the butcher; or how you'd keep from starving if they didn't give you credit; and this feller asks me and you to believe the good kind Lord does that; I tell you He 'ain't done a thing of it; it's happening against Him; He tries; He tries all the time; but we don't help Him enough; and some folks say there are the devils, awful devils, and one's worse than the others; and they try to fool us; all the time they are trying to fool us; *don't let them*—"

Bridget had worked her way into the room. "Oh, hush, Donald lad," she whispered; "they understand; you've said enough." The people were whispering together; between curiosity to hear Donald, embarrassment, and sympathy they were at a loss what to do, so they nudged each other and waited for Standish. He, commonly of a violent promptitude, stood, his arm in the air, looking appealingly at Bridget. When he spoke, he laid his hand gently on Donald's shoulder. "She's right," said he, soothingly; "you've made it plain to them."

"That's all *true* about the devil?"

"Of course it is; yes, you're right, Don!" two or three men agreed, hastily. They had gotten to Standish's side and watched him out of the tail of the eye.

"I haven't said anything I oughtn't to?" asked Donald, anxiously, looking at Standish.

"'Deed you haven't, Don; you've talked beautifully," cried Bridget; "but you might—you might be hurting the gentleman's feelings if you was to go on. And you know your father was particular about that."

He paid her no attention, but he must have heard her, for he said, keeping his burning eyes on Standish, "Did I do wrong to speak? Did I hurt his feeling? 'Ain't he come from the devil?"

"No, he's not the devil; but you did all right to speak," said Standish.

"Was it—it wasn't making a fuss like the doctor said I wasn't to do, was it?" begged Donald, clasping his hands and his face working. "I didn't make a bit of fuss. But it didn't do no good. The devil was too strong! Now, it can't hurt him; and I got to fight the devil."

"Sure," said Standish, soothingly; "we all have to do that; this gentleman"—Standish was hampered by forgetting the name of the minister, whom he had never seen before—"this gentleman is fighting him too. But you have followed your conscience. I wouldn't say anything more."

Donald looked at the quiet face in the coffin; his lips quivered; he nodded; he couldn't speak for a second; then he said: "He told me you'd know. I guess that's right. You—you don't mind—"

"Certainly not, certainly not," soothed Standish.

"I just want to say one word; it ain't about religion; may I?"

"Yes, Don." He spoke in answer to the noiseless moving of Bridget's lips: "Let him, let him."

"I only just wanted to thank you, my dear friends, for coming to my father's funeral; and I want to thank you for being so kind and generous and sending him all these beautiful flowers"—a woman sobbed, and, instantly, several more women sobbed, and the others wiped their eyes; "he loved flowers, and he liked to give them away; he liked to give things away, and he liked to be kind, and he kept his word and never lied, and he did his work jest as well as he knew how—"

"That's so!" said Wicks, at the window.

"It is so," said Standish, in a clear voice, good and round. It reached those outside, for they were now pressing against the door and the windows. "He was a good, true man, and we all mourn him, Don." The women were weeping all over the room, and the men stirred uneasily. Young Van Orden brushed a dry smile away with his handkerchief. "Thank you, Mr. Standish," said Donald; "thank you all." There was a grave composure, even dignity, in his bearing; those who had known him in his promising youth seemed to catch a glimpse of what he might have been. "'Tis no wonder his poor father worshipped him," said Bridget to Standish.

"Do you think he'll want to do anything more?" asked Standish, rather anxiously.

"No, sir," said Bridget; "he'll give no more trouble, poor lad."

"But when he comes to say good-by"—the outraged minister was pronouncing a parting prayer—"he'll feel—"

"He won't bother anybody about what

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he feels," said Bridget; "it's when he thinks other folks will be hurt that you can't hold him."

She was right. Donald made no one any trouble. He sat, looking at his father's quiet face, while the long procession of old friends and comrades filed past; and when the undertaker entered, his arms laden with his grim paraphernalia, he turned white, but rose obediently, shutting his eyes. It was Van Orden who motioned the man back. "Say good-by now, and be brave, Don," said Standish. Then he and Bridget turned away; Bridget put her handkerchief to her eyes.

But Donald went up to Standish. "We oughtn't to keep the folks waiting," he said. "I'm ready now."

Miles and his partner were driving to the wagon-factory. There is a mile of highway between the town and the Standish Wagon Works, which is like an untended garden. An October landscape in the Middle West has not the sumptuous color of its kind in New England; there are too few hard maples to splash the hill-sides with red and gold, too little sumach burning along the woodland paths; but it will have a delicate delight of its own, infinite softness in dull reds and browns and exquisite grays, here and there brighter color, as well, not laid on with lavish brush, but daintily and brilliantly, like the illumination of missal pages. On either side the road elms and maples were turning, and a tangle of wild flowers crowded the grassy borders, crimson points of sumach enriching clusters of starry white ironweed and purple phlox and asters, and splendid plumes of golden-rod waving above the humble and dusty jimsonweed. As Standish drove he could see, on one side, the low hills of the town, where, still, the house lawns kept a jewel-like green. The distance swept the pastures clean and smooth as velvet. On the other side, the river was a shifting, shimmering silver mist through the trees. Directly before Miles, on a lovely undulation of the fields, rose the brick buildings into which the best of his life had gone. The Standish factories embodied "Standish's queer notions." They did not stand out a grim pile of brick rectangles, with cinder heaps for ornaments. They had their own yards, their own lawns, and (a curious sight to the passers-by on the cars) their own little court, brave with hollyhocks and cock's-comb around the fountain. Van Orden (who was Standish's brother-in-law) had his own opinion of the taste of the landscape-gardener who had planned the court, an opinion never expressed after he discovered that this personage was Standish himself, and that he was vastly proud of his work.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said Standish, with a complacent smile. "I never did anything of the kind before either. Wouldn't this time, if Paula hadn't been in Europe."

"Poor Paula!" thought Van Orden. He wondered (not for the first time) what had Paula seen to fancy in this man. (Miles's mother had Hebrew blood.) His own attitude was a mixture of admiration and good-natured forbearance. "My dear brother-in-law," he was thinking behind his courteous smile, "you are nearly a man of genius, industrially; but you are a good deal of a big child!" "Miles," he said aloud, "do you really suppose that because you have given the men a lunch-room and reading-room, and stuck a few flowering shrubs about, and lent some of them money at four per cent.—do you suppose that they won't turn on you and squeeze you the first chance they get?"

"I dare say you think me a blooming idiot," said Miles, cheerfully, "but that's just what I suppose."

"Miles, you are a man of a great deal of sense—some of it *good* sense—but I can tell you something. Those fellows are getting it into their heads that they ought to have it *all;* and do you suppose they are going to let you off with some rubbishy presents? Not they. They think you are only giving them a little of their own. How many of the men you lend money to, at four per cent., are grateful?"

"All who pay it back," returned Standish, with a grin.

"And the others naturally feel you ought to have given it instead of lending, and they look upon the loan as a kind of mortgage on their job, and you won't fire them until they have paid up. Didn't that Freddy Neeley brag to his foreman

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that *he* wouldn't be laid off, because you'd lose your money if he was?"

"And he got laid off, just the same: he was in the paint-shop, wasn't he?"

"Yes; and he bears you a grudge for it. He freed his soul to me last night on Front Street. He was very much in liquor, and I was a fool to notice him, but he said some things made me lose my temper, and I let him see I couldn't be bullied if I wasn't a giant. I knocked him into the gutter, and he got up and made a rush on me. I did some nimble dodging, but it would have been confoundedly unpleasant for me if Don hadn't appeared and knocked Neeley out very neatly, after which he explained to me it wasn't Neeley's fault; it was the devil which had entered to him, because he opened the gates of his soul with whiskey."

"Poor Don," said Miles, musingly, "I ought to go and have a good talk with him. It's rough on him losing his father, and I know he wants to see me. He hangs on at noon, sometimes, with a kind of wistful, doglike look, just to hear me say it's pleasant weather. Sometimes he says, 'Ain't times any better?' and I say, 'They will be soon, I hope, Don,' and he goes away cheered up. I really *must* look him up."

Van Orden shot an eyeblink at the big figure, ponderously getting out of the runabout, for they were now arrived at the works. He flicked a speck of dust off the velvet collar of his smart top-coat.

"You're sure of Don, are you? I saw him with Tom Ireton the other day. Tom was spouting socialist slush, and Don was listening to him as if he were an angel."

"Tom's going to write a labor novel," said Miles, grinning; "he's only going through socialism as a preparatory phase."

"Is he? Well, he has a pretty style, a lot of sentiment and sympathy; and he doesn't know a blamed thing about the working-man or business; he ought to make a great hit!"

"But I don't just like his talking to Don," said Miles. "Don's too worked up over working-men's troubles, these hard times, anyhow. I don't let him read the papers."

"How do you prevent him?"

"Oh, just tell him they have bad things in them; he's perfectly obedient. His father told him to mind me; and he does, poor fellow. Do you know, he is thinking up some awfully clever devices. The boy has real genius in machinery."

"Is he an inventor too? Well, he's no crazier than a good many of them."

"I made him an offer; I think it's fair to him and to us. It will mean quite a saving."

"Miles, do you think it is quite safe, having him?"

Miles stared. "Why, he's a lamb, and the most conscientious fellow. He takes as much care of Ellen, as he calls that big engine, as he would of a baby. And, Steve, he has described it all to Victor; and I wish you'd hear Victor talk; I got him a toy engine, and he was so scornful of it because it hadn't all the little things on Ellen."

Van Orden listened with polite attention, but he was used to stories of Victor; he went on with his own train of thought. "Miles, that crazy boy is a type of the working-man. He is groping in the darkness; he doesn't know what is the matter with himself, and he is blindly furious with some unknown creature of his own fancy whom he believes the cause of all the mischief. Don has about as much sense as the average agitator. The working-men don't believe anything anybody tells them outside their unions, nowadays; to even up things, there isn't a lie rank enough for them not to lick it up if only their leaders will offer it to them! Our industrial system is the devil. So's democracy."

"Democracy's all right," said Miles, easily; "so's Don. Let's take a look at him."

"There's no limit to what working-men demand nowadays of capital," said Van Orden, warming up to his subject. "They take everything as their right, and grumble because they don't get more. Why should there be rich and poor? Why shouldn't every man share alike? And all have enough?"

"Well, if you ask *me*," said Miles, laughing, "I guess because there isn't enough to go round. Some people will always have more than others, because there always will be the weak and the strong. Strength will always grab more than its share, and weakness will always

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howl. The problem, as I take it, is to teach strength its duty to be merciful, and weakness its duty to get a brace on it and to pick up a little horse-sense."

"Hmn!" sniffed Van Orden; "the latter-day moralists are ready enough to lay down the law of self-sacrifice for strength, but they only put weakness up to discontent. There never was a time when employers, for example, were doing so much for their men, or when men so little appreciated it."

Miles shrugged his shoulders.

"Unluckily there is some reason for that. We do treat our men decently to-day, but we did skin them alive half a century ago, and some of us would skin them alive now if we could."

At this Van Orden laughed.

"Oh, I'm not denying we can see our sins better when they find us out. When they aren't chasing us we forget about them. No doubt when the manufacturer began to be afraid of his working-men he found his conscience. I'm just stating facts. We're going through an industrial revolution." By this time they were in the engine-room. Some repairs were making, and the engine was not running. The two men stood looking at the silent, shining giant, but with very different thoughts. Miles was calculating how much of saving Donald's new smoke-consuming device would make. Van Orden, half pensively, half in irony, was following his own train of thought.

"Yes," he spoke, as much to himself as to his companion, "yes, we are going through an infernal industrial revolution. I believe our—your children will look back on our chaos of business and frantic struggle in the dark, and wonder how we lived through it. Once, if you got a big trade, you could keep it with ordinary diligence, but to-day you have got to strain every nerve to keep as well as to win. There are the other fellows ready to fly at your throat. There is no small, safe business possible any more. There is no profit except in the big plant. The small factory is doomed. It's a pity, some ways, too; for in the small business the manufacturer could know his men, the human element entered into business. But the instant transportation was made so simple, that was the end of every man having his field. When the steam-engine was invented, there was an end to the small business. The steam-engine did it all, displaced hand labor, annihilated space; defeats the unions, let them organize as closely as they may, for if we can't get hands of flesh to work for us, we can invent better and surer hands of steel. Yes, Ellen, you are responsible for it all. Don talks of the devil. *You* are the real devil, Ellen!" He tapped the gleaming brass balls with his finger; and the balls reflected the red spark of a ruby on the white skin.

"How's that, Miles?" said he.

"You're right enough," said Standish; and out of a medley of stinging thoughts which Van Orden's words had awakened he frowned and sighed.

"You're the fellow, Miss Ellen," Van Orden mused aloud, "you and your tribe, that has crowded out the little business, and crowded out the human feeling with it. You've made the unions a necessity; yet you are the one too strong for any union. You are the one to settle the strikes, for you give us the whole country to draw from. You are at the bottom of the revolution, Miss Ellen. You certainly are the real devil."

He did not see the figure on the other side, clasping the iron cylinder as if to guard it, or the face growing pale.

"Come on," cried Standish, "you old maunderer." As they passed out, he took up the other's word: "Real devil, maybe, but real angel too; for without the steam-engine and machinery we could never hope to produce enough to go round."

They passed out of the house. Don had not heard the last sentence, but he had heard every word of what went before. Since his father's death, Don had lived like a man in a nightmare. His loneliness was inexpressible. While the one human creature whom he loved, who understood him, was alive, the dim intellect and the sensitive heart were content.

He obeyed instead of thinking. Even the vagaries of his bewildered brain yielded to his trust in his father. To use his great strength gave him the artless joy that motion and action give to a child; he loved his work keenly; he loved more keenly his father's pleasure in his skill. He had the artisan's delight in mastering the stubborn forces of nature.

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True, for this darkling dreamer there was an alloy of

> The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
> That weighs us down, who live and earn our bread.

He sorrowed vaguely for the world; and his visions haunted him, visions that were perhaps the old ambitions and problems of a gifted lad who read and thought too much, traced in his brain, and reviving under obscure influences of suggestion. But his father could always distract him. Now, in his desolation, he turned to these visions; and a colossal, shapeless spectre of duty rose out of them. He lived with Bridget. Her house was full of boarders. For the first time Donald came into touch with his world. It was a narrow, hard-working, struggling world. The baffling problems of this inadequate, groping, sometimes savagely jostling and crushing civilization of ours were forced on him. The suffering which his father had kept from him poured down on him like a suffocating vapor. Not gradually, but in a flood of knowledge, the privations of toilers, the futile efforts of weakness, the despair of aged workers, came over him. It was with a daily deepening of the sense of misery about him that he would go to his own well-paid work. He lent all the money he could get, save what was due to Bridget, and what with simple shrewdness she borrowed from him and carried to Standish. He pondered in silence, for his was a dumb nature, but he pondered unceasingly; Ellen was his only confidante. He would stand watching the gleaming brass balls of the governor swing with resistless, unhurrying power. "Of course I *know* you ain't a really human creature, Ellen," he would say, "but I kinder like to talk to you. *He* used to let me talk all I wanted to you. Maybe you're a prisoner, Ellen, that the devil's bewitched. I heard some kinder things like that, Ellen, once. When I used to understand. Before the devil hurt me. Some time maybe you can get up and walk, or maybe your soul can come out and talk back to me and tell me when you're cross. I wouldn't mad you for the world, Ellen; I love you. There's nobody else to talk to. I wish I could talk to Mr. Standish; but he's got lots on his mind. Trying to get all the boys work. What makes the hard times, Ellen?—the devil, think? I wish I could get at him!" This morning he had been more depressed than usual. "The devil's getting ahead; our folks are getting licked, Ellen," he moaned. Then it was he heard Van Orden's voice. Van Orden had a beautiful voice, mellow, musical, trained to the purest and clearest enunciation, but always a little dry, as if some cynical undertow sucked the feeling out of his words. Don listened with straining ears and nerves. Was it true what that little, queer fellow was saying, in his soft, sneering voice? Not *Ellen!* No, never Ellen! But when Standish, whom he believed and obeyed with the same implicit faith and docility that he had given to his father, to obey and believe whom was his father's last desire—when Standish agreed and sighed, he sank down, crushed. It was true, then, those things in the papers. And Ellen was to blame. If they did not have Ellen, more men would have to be hired. Ellen was a real creature who had fooled them all! He gathered himself up, and stood looking at the great engine. The muscles of his face slowly settled into an immobility which was not calm; his jaw dropped; his eyes stared; they were like bits of glass; his limbs grew rigid. He stood thus a long time. It was the moment which his father had dreaded, from which he had been used to wile him with the unconscious hypnotic art of a strong will and affection. But, to-day, his father was not.

Van Orden came earlier than his habit to the works the next morning, but, as usual, Standish was there before him. Miles had brought his little son. Van Orden saw the boy dancing ahead of his father. His light figure and his yellow hair (Paula's beautiful hair) were rimmed with opal, seen through the glittering veil of the fountain. He turned his head to call (in his high, sweet, childish voice), "Take me to drive with your horses, Uncle Steve?" He was so lovely and radiant a sight that the men in the court-yard all smiled.

The smile was still on their lips when, with a roar that shook the ground under them, and a hideous, indescribable screech of steam, the great door

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leaped, like a black, living monster, straight at the child. In the same awful second of sight a blood-red gush of light filled the door space, followed instantly by immense volumes of steam, through which they could see the blurred silhouette of a man staggering backward, with a limp golden head on his breast. It was Van Orden; he had reached Victor first. He would have handed his burden to Standish. His breath came in sobs as he cried, "He's stunned; but only a corner was over him; his heart is still going, Miles."

But Standish dropped the arms which involuntarily extended themselves. "You keep him, Steve," he said, setting his teeth. "Where's Don? where's Don Macdonald? Ring up the hospital corps! See if there's any chance of fire!"

The short, sharp sentences came over his shoulder as he plunged into the fog of steam.

"Hell!" groaned Pratt, the time-keeper. "Ring up, you fellows, and come too."

Wherewith he ducked his head and made after Standish.

Van Orden carried Victor into the purer air. He looked first at his own shoulder, then at his nephew's face. With a shudder he turned the golden head and covered the face.

"Jest a flying bolt hit him," one of the hospital men muttered. "The eyes. Good God, what 'll the old man do!"

"Hus-sh! there he comes—with Don."

The others ran forward with their stretcher. The factory hospital corps was one of Standish's "new notions." They had been well drilled, and more than once had the drill stood them in good stead. Now, although they were pale under the grime of the shop, they did not wince as they very gently lifted a moaning, mangled body which had been Don.

"Put something over him; don't let him see!" said Standish, before he turned to go to his only son. Van Orden would have stopped him. "Don't look!" he begged; "a flying bolt struck him, and—the blood—it looks ugly—wait, please, Miles—the doctors—"

But Standish had lifted the handkerchief. There was not a man there dared to see his face. They shivered at a gasping, smothered groan. Van Orden put



VAN ORDEN SAW THE BOY DANCING AHEAD OF HIS FATHER

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out his hand to touch the big shoulder at his knee—he could see it trembling—but he let the hand fall and shook his head. "I'm glad—I—didn't look before," said Standish, in a thin, strange, small voice which did not seem to belong to him, "I maybe couldn't have gone in." He took the little figure in his arms. "No, *I'll* carry him," he muttered; "you boys take Don; and get the doctor, quick."

He led the way. Van Orden would have followed, last of all, but he was aware of a hand on his coat sleeve and a cautious voice in his ear. "Jest a minnit, please." The man who spoke to him was Pratt, the time-keeper. "I don't want to bother him," said he, "but will you step this way, Mr. Van Orden?"

Something in his manner made Van Orden follow him without a word, to the engine-room. Just outside he paused. The air still vibrated grotesquely with vapor, and the man's finger seemed to waver as he pointed, but the stone at his feet was stationary.

"It's broke," whispered Pratt, running his finger along the edges; "you can tell that. It's cracked too. I heard the boys saying, how could it be that Don had let the steam git down? Don *never* let the steam git down! Some of 'em was talking of the rivets expanding; it wasn't no rivets done this; and they was wondering why didn't the valve blow off? Naturally the valve hadn't no call to blow off. And what's more"—his whisper sank almost below Van Orden's ear-shot—"what's *more*, I saw Fred Neeley sneaking 'round this morning. He was standing jest opposite that rockery, and the stones come out of there; look at the hole. Well, maybe poor Don won't never be able to tell anything, but I miss my guess if the old man don't find it out."

Little Victor's life was not in danger, but before night they knew that the optic nerve was injured, and the gay, happy little creature could never see again.

Miles himself told Van Orden. He told him in a dry, crisp tone, and when he had told him, walked to the window and looked out over the river and the hills. Van Orden choked over a commonplace.

"I wanted to make a manufacturer of him," said Miles, very quietly; "I wanted him to grow into it from a baby. When he was just a little chap, and we had only one shop, instead of four, I used to hold him up to see the engine. He knew how to take care of himself just like a man; and he knew about machinery. He never cared for in-door things. Now"—he took a few steps, and added—"there are lots of things people who are—who can't see, can do, ain't there?"

"Yes, lots, *lots*," said Van Orden.

"What?"

Van Orden stammered and flushed. "Well, it's hard to think all of a sudden, but I am sure there are."

"There was a man who was Postmaster-General of England and he was blind; I told Victor about him."

"You don't mean—he doesn't know?"

"Good God, no, not yet; he don't need to know for a while. He will get more used to it, and learn things first. He thinks it will just be a month. But I told him so he would have it to fall back upon, when he does have to know. And what do you think he says, every day, to his mother? 'Oh, I don't mind it so much, mamma; it doesn't hurt; and it will be such fun seeing again.' He—is—pretty sandy." He said the last words slowly, but he got them out.

And Van Orden watched him in greater wonder than before. He had no doubt of his suffering; he had seen him as he would stand looking at his boy, his face like gray stone; but he marvelled over the instant diversion of his mind into schemes of relieving Victor's dark and dull days. Within the next day he had sent off letters to half a dozen schools for the blind, inquiring about their methods and about books for the blind.

He was equally energetic tightening the net about Neeley. The man protested with tears and oaths that he only came to the factory to beg his old foreman to take him on again, but that his heart had failed him, consequently he had gone home without seeing any one. The chief of police admitted to Standish that he considered this "a pretty gauzy tale."

The men all believed in his guilt, and Standish said nothing. Donald recovered consciousness the second day. In the afternoon of the same day Bridget Tiernan came to the office, inquiring for Mr. Van Orden. "It is Donald is seeking

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you, sir; if you would kindly spare the time to stop in and see him on your way home—if it wouldn't be too much trouble," she apologized. She said that the doctors gave no hope of Donald's ever being able to walk; but he was showing marvellous vitality; and there was a chance of his living. It was on Van Orden's lips to say that life was hardly desirable for Don, but after a second glance at Bridget's eyes he merely bowed gravely and answered that he would come, and bring Mr. Standish.

They found Donald in a white little room, fragrant with violets and mignonette which Victor had sent him. On the walls, amid colored devotional prints such as one sees in shops, hung two large and vividly black and white crayons, one the portrait of an elderly, tired woman, the other of a smiling young man: Bridget's mother, who lived to drag many infirmities and sorrows into the grave, and her father, who died in his vigorous youth. Bridget had given up her own room to Don.

At first the interview was a disappointment to Van Orden, for Don began an eager and trembling inquiry about a devil. "I heard you say, sir, Ellen was the real devil; you remember, sir, don't you?"

"Oh yes," soothed Van Orden, who remembered nothing, but would give any crazy man a soft answer.

"You were going through the engine-room and you didn't see me; I was oiling; and I was on the other side; but I could hear you, and you said"—he hesitated a second, then repeated the whole of Van Orden's speech about the industrial revolution, word for word.

Van Orden winced; his face changed with a sudden vague lightning flash of premonition. He did not look at Standish, but he saw his brother-in-law's white, square-tipped fingers clinch into their palms.

"I felt awful bad," said Don, in his slow, soft tones, lifting his sad eyes to Van Orden; "it seemed like I couldn't *live* without Ellen; and yet if Ellen was the devil; if she was making the hard times, and getting other engines to make trouble too, then—then I *must* kill her. But I couldn't bear to live too, so after I prayed all night about it, I put the stone in her. I knew Mr. Standish was insured, and he wouldn't lose. So I put the stone in. Neeley didn't do anything; he never does do anything; he only talks."

"Do you mean that you blew up the engine?" said Van Orden. He laid his hand on Standish's shoulder, as if to restrain him. Standish had risen and towered above the bed.

"He didn't know, the poor lad, he didn't guess," begged Bridget, trembling. She had stolen into the room, and she put herself between the sick man and the employer. "Oh, for God's sake remember he ain't responsible; he don't know!"

"I do know, Bridget, I know every word I'm saying." Then with an effort he turned his face—he could not do more—and stared piteously up at Standish.

Van Orden's own passion shrank back at the look on Standish's face.

"Wait a bit, Miles," he murmured; "it's true what she says. Get a grip on yourself, first, old man."

"Have I done something wrong? Dad said to mind you and to believe what you said, you'd never tell me wrong. Have I done wrong? You said she was the real devil."

"Wait a minute," said Standish, "you wait a minute." He took two strides to the window and turned his back on them; for a minute. Then he came back and laid his hand on Don's, which was trembling. "You made a mistake," said he, gently, "and there was harm done, but I know you meant none. I'm sorry for you, Don."

"God bless you, Mr. Standish!" sobbed Bridget. "When you're in need of mercy, the Lord will remember this day for you!"

"If there is any one to blame," said Standish, bluntly, "I am the one, for putting him there, and for—not going with Victor."

"Did I hurt the things? Won't the Insurance Company pay?" asked Don. "I didn't mean to hurt the things. I'll pay my own money—"

"He don't know a thing," Bridget's lips syllabled mutely; and her eyes implored him. Standish nodded.

"I'm not angry, Don; you be good, and mind Miss Tiernan, and get well." Then Standish shook Don's hand, and with his

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lips held stiffly over shut teeth, walked out of the room. Bridget followed Van Orden.

"God bless him!" she said.

"*I* couldn't have done it," said Van Orden; "but it's true, the man is not responsible. He ought to be where he is safe."

"He is safe here, sir," said Bridget; "he'll never be able to walk again, my poor lad."

"But you ought not to have the burden—"

"It's no burden. Oh, Mr. Van Orden, don't go to have him taken away!"

"That will rest with Mr. Standish," said Van Orden; "I think he has the right to decide."

"'Deed he has," agreed Bridget; but she sighed with relief.

Van Orden wondered a little to himself, but he understood her relief at his first sentence to Standish.

"No," said Standish, "there is no fear of his harming any one again." They had gotten into Standish's runabout, and Standish was driving swiftly down the familiar road.

His eyes went absently along the hedge-rows. The sunshine on the waters made a silver glare. Van Orden thought how many times Standish must have gone over that same road, companioned by how many hopes, how many dreams, in which moved always the little lad who would tread his path in the dark. His own heart was bitter and sore. "The dogs!" he cried to himself; "this comes of trying to help them. Don is the very incarnation of his kind, forever ruined by its own virtues, sure only to strike the wrong man. Well, this will knock the nonsense out of Miles, anyhow."

Standish lifted his head. "By God," said he, "there's only one way to live, and that's to play fair. I'm only one man, my son's only one man's son; the other poor fellows love their boys as I do mine. I know what I'd say if it had been one of them. I ought to have been more careful. I've no right to take it out of anybody else. Steve, the real devil is this miserable state of things back of it all, which drove Don to do what he did. And the only way out is to do what one man can to mend it."

"You're all wrong, Miles," said Van Orden, "but you're a d—d good fellow."

Peace

BY HESTER BANCROFT

THE desert calls the sky, calls out to come
Releasing from the weary burning day,
From anguish of the hours long and dumb,
And bring forgetting of the hoof-scarred way
Of camels, treading, treading in unrest.

All day with beating steps have passed the throng,
Each endless hour stamped upon the sands,
While through the white-hot air have rung so long
The strident voices shrieking forth commands;
And still the sun hangs burning in the west!

Till quietly the darkness brings release;
The yearning of the sky is free for love,—
So long, so long in waiting for such peace;
And silently descending from above,
Deep heaven meets the desert breast to breast.

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LOCH CLUNIE

Clunie

BY ARTHUR COLTON

WE left the steamer, with a sense of pathos in the parting, at Cullochy, beyond the far end of Loch Oich, which lies hard above Loch Lochy, on the Caledonian Canal.

These are not mistaken attempts to pronounce each other. I took them to contain terms of family endearment. Cullochy is a loch, which is a wedding of water levels, a lawful and defined union. The loves of the waters, and of the stars for one another, are their gravitations. But Loch Oich is a slim shy lake, cool and sweet, covered from all winds of passion, and her maiden views are confined by brotherly mountains to a selected circulating library of clouds; and Loch Lochy is a sister lake of larger girdle and longer reach, though with no more worldly knowledge of the sea, the throb of tides, or the bitterness that is in salt waters.

Pathos in the parting! There was an Irishman aboard, of a downward look and a certain subtle humanity, who had lived a combative, various life, and admired many things and people—(he liked, he said, the dwellers in graveyards—"You can step on 'em; they won't get up and write to the papers"); and a young American, with a trenchant face and wide mouth of mobile laughter; and a Scotchman, with a thin beard, somewhat redder than the heather on a barren moor, somewhat thinner than the bracken, a man ever left behind in the pursuit of Irish wit, but fervid and not to be discouraged of comprehension;—three choice spirits, foregathered on the steamer *Chevalier* on the Caledonian Canal.

But the regret was more general than for these. It was the closing of an episode. Kindred and friends are seen again or remembered long, but strangers disappear, forgotten, and forever.

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The faces on the crowded deck looked after us curiously, with a certain compassion. We shouldered our knapsacks and set our feet to the desolate glens and the mountains that stood about them. The mountains in their distance seemed to wear green velvet garments, supple as a panther's hide. We walked in the foresight and instinct of their silence, and came presently to the hunted rushing of the river Garry, and in the afternoon to Loch Garry.

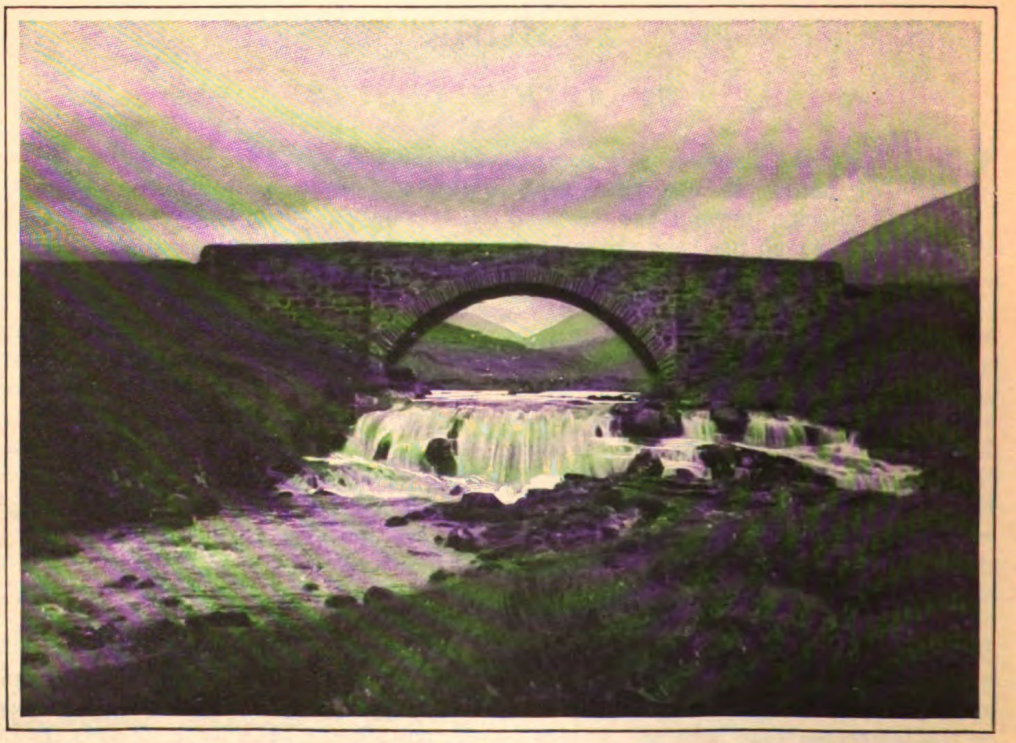
The loch was a few miles of silken surface that narrowed placidly, till the fir woods darkened over it, and it dropped to the river with a sudden waterfall. A patient fisher sat in his boat and looked as natural as the shores.

"This is better than the Trosachs," said the Wise Traveller.

I had never seen the Trosachs; I was contented with better things, and the Wise Traveller took photographs of them.

One may take photographs of things that are merely better than the Trosachs; Loch Garry is probably a lovelier lake, a sweeter strand; but the best of the better still dodges the camera. There is the sense that the sore feet are at ease, that Loch Garry and the peak of Ben Tee beyond it are enjoying themselves, their comfortable years, their panoramic climate. They do not suffer change themselves. They are careless that the tartan is no longer worn, and MacDonell and MacKenzie have ceased from feud in order to pass the winters in Piccadilly. The fisher may catch his trout, or go over the waterfall in careless absorption—which appears probable—and return no more at night to the Tom Down Inn; it is all one to them and the untroubled continuing of time. They have other conversations. Their Scotch skies are like *The Laird of Logan,* a book of anecdotes, a book of caustic innocence, of infinite wet and dry humor, which may be purchased in Edinburgh hard by the university.

And so one seems to see in the tempered excellence of Loch Garry that it is worthy to be classed among better things; how it is well to sit beside it and learn from Ben Tee, an original Brahmin, that all things are one, whether the trout is caught or the fisher goes over the water-

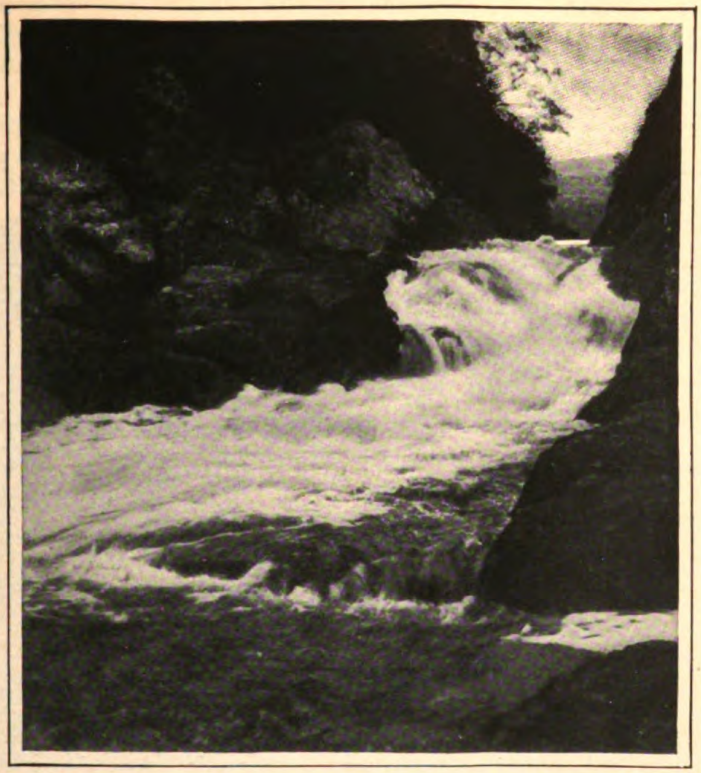


CLUNIE BRIDGE

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fall—which seems to be yet more probable. And this unity, I was saying, cannot be photographed. The Wise Traveller had faith in his camera, because it could be carried in the pocket and opened out like a jack-in-the-box.

We came late to the Tom Down Inn, and found it a new building by the highroad in the wide naked glen. The old inn stood near by. The landlord explained that the rats had gotten themselves intrenched there and driven him out. They had predatory Highland habits, and skirled the pipes of a night between the floors. The new inn had for guests some London sportsmen, whose talk over the cigarettes in the smoking-room was of the state of the fishing and the novels of the season. There was a nervous young man wearing pumps, a white-mustached colonel in the Indian service who seemed likely to have things locked in his memory, and a hesitating gentleman of seventy who had fished the Garry these thirty summers. The winds without cried in black night on the moors a melancholy Celtic cadence.



FALLS OF THE GARRY

—"But is it a reputable magazine?"

—"You must look sharp at the lower end. There's a suction from the falls."

—"Donald is a talkative gillie, but Rob MacDonell is too dumb. I like a talkative gillie."

—One grows drowsy after the long day's travel.—It must have been the wind on the moors that invented the Celtic cadence.—So the old house had been given over to the wars of clannish rats.—But the fishing season was very good.

To come from Glen Garry to Glen Clunie is to climb a thousand feet and go down seven hundred. But there are ten miles for it, of lonely desolation over treeless open moors, past a loch called Loyne, black, torpid, and tangled among bogs, and a stone mountain with a desolate name, Creag a Mhaim.

Clunie has no history. Events have encircled and avoided it. Praise has passed it by. The nervous young man wearing pumps at the Tom Down Inn spoke indifferently of it, and advised us to go on to Shiel. The authors of *Anderson's Guide* wrote seventy years ago of a loch with "no interesting features," an inn as good "as could be expected where the chief customers are drovers," a glen "barren without grandeur." The Young Pretender came over the moor of Loch Loyne after wild days with the Seven Men of Glen Moriston, and twice saw Clunie in his wanderings of 1746, while Scotland in her old age felt the pang and sweetness of a sudden romance; the ghost of Knox could not keep her to propriety and the Covenant; she gave her glove and breast-knot to Prince Charlie, and sighed long, for he had a bonnie face. Johnson and Boswell rode through the glen in 1773. In Boswell's eyes the sage loomed larger than Creag a Mhaim, and the sage remarked on "the wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is," he ob-

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CLUNIE BRI INN

served, "of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by nature from her care, and disinherited of her favors, left in its original elemental state or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation." But he justified himself for travelling far to see a "uniformity of barrenness," for laborious journeys "which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding," by the thought that "regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth. And he that has never seen them must live unacquainted with much of the face of nature." He will have ideas untested by realities, for "as we see more we become possessed of more certainties, and consequently gain more principles of reasoning, and found a wider basis of analogy." The horses needed rest, and they dismounted. The doctor sat down on a bank. "The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me and on either side were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration."

And Clunie lay before us—Glen Clunie, Loch Clunie, Clunie River and Clunie Bridge, Clunie Lodge, and far away the Clunie Bri Inn, a snow-white spot by the brown thread of the old military road. There was not a tree on glen or moor or mountain, except the planted fir grove about the Lodge, but only miles of green flowing velvet with brown splashes of the heather. Three or four of the mountains had burst through and bared stone heads and chests of cliff. They had craggy names of rugged lettering, Garbh Leac, Tigh Mor, Aonachair Chrith, Carn Fuaralach.

The doctor did well according to the form of his time, and spoke wisely enough. He was a solidly planted man, with a head that had weathered storms and known melancholy. He had the roots in him of hardy green and purple growths, and flowed with conversations, as Garbh Leac with streams that are full

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of wrath and boisterous laughter. One need not be looking for principles of reasoning in Clunie, and yet be willing to find analogies. He wrote a style that needs forgiveness. He never became the brother of his pen. He was always on ceremonial terms with it. But the man of Boswell's Life is a keen reality that age cannot wither nor change of customs stale. God made him a man, and made Garbh Leac a mountain, and bade either tell no lies.

We put up some days at the Clunie Bri. There was a grave, decent landlady who possessed the English for the glen, and was silent under the responsibility, a fat girl who picked gooseberries, and the landlady's husband, who had a vast flat beard, a plot of oats and potatoes away somewhere in the wilderness, and a store of Gaelic melodies that he crooned of a night mournfully and unseen in the back of the house. The fire in the grate was of the brown rooty peat. The lift of Carn Fuaralach began at the door, and on the right was the lower end of a narrow glen, a smooth trough with brilliant green sides of a delicate slope and curve, by name, Alt a Chaoruinn Mhoir.

The Gaelic is better left, like Yarrow, unvisited. There is a dictionary in the look of things. It is your only lexicon of solitude, and grammar to the language between sky and soil. And it seemed interpreted that Alt a Chaoruinn Mhoir meant "The Valley that leads to the Unattainable Desire"; else why a name sounding of aspiration, despair, and half-syllabled infirmities; a glen so shaped and significant?

The Wise Traveller climbed the two thousand feet of Carn Fuaralach, and reported him wet, but spoke well of the carn's wide views and knowledge of perspective and color; and went down to consult Loch Clunie on other points of culture. I left the military road and went alone by a path that was not so much a path as scattered, sad, uncertain traces, signs that others had sought that way before, and gone blindly or astray, and none come to their goal up Alt a Chaoruinn Mhoir; for some, it would seem, had gone down into the bog-land, some fallen in sudden gorges stormy



LOCH DUICH

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with waterfalls, some climbed by a ruined stone enclosure of roofless walls up the side of Garbh Leac, and there wasted their purposes on the mountain; the rest had vanished mysteriously from their own footsteps. You may walk four abreast, if you choose, on General Wade's military road, but not except alone up Alt a Chaoruinn Mhoir.

> Space is ample east and west,
> But two cannot go abreast.

It is solitary among fourth dimensions.

The green surface of the glen was smooth, gleaming with the afternoon sunlight, turned green and pale to the spirit and compulsion of the place. There was no sound except the wide whisper, the distilled vapor of the sound of distant streams, hurrying in invisible sluices. The slopes on either side came down with fluid sweep and perfect curve, and met at an accurate centre. There seemed no doubt at the time of the purport of the valley, so austere, so cut to a central line, so clean and shapely for a preparation, lifting its slow green miles to vanish from the edge of heaven under clouds that were darkened beneath with dreaded knowledge and comforted over with sunlight.

I give Alt a Chaoruinn Mhoir not as having followed and proved it, but as having known an hour spent in considering it, as having seemed to see the shadows of all I hope for and shall not find.

One cannot go far northward up valleys of the unattainable and at the same time go westward to Skye. I came down across the shoulder of Carn Fuaralach, which was wisely said to be wet. It was a tilted swamp. The night drew on under the piled banks of a storm. The mists stirred and rolled from the peaks where they hung brooding. Aonachair Chrith undid her gray hair with mutterings of Cumean prophecy, and hid her breast and sultry lap in purple shadows and the fogs and solemn steam of her altars. A shepherd was driving a flock along the military road. The ruined enclosure on the side of Garbh Leac, he said, was the remains of a sheepfold, and those blind broken paths were sheep tracks.

Your sheep has been busy at signs and parables these five thousand years. He is ever your symbolic animal. His habits and habitations are the visible significance of spiritual facts. He is compact of instincts. He leaps visionary obstacles. It is difficult to keep him in conservative roads. Your practised industrious collie labors with him. His innocence is called folly. His looks are absent, sad, appealing. The world clips utility from him, and values him in markets, but his ways are not its ways. Was he not the companion of patriarchs in the morning of time? He feeds on high places of the mountains, remembering Sinai. Whose steps but his should be in Alt a Chaoruinn Mhoir?

The fat girl was chasing the cat among the gooseberry-bushes, and four bicyclists were dismounting for a night at the inn. The scones were heavy and depressing, the oatcakes bitter; human life seemed wayward and illusory; and the bicyclists confided in us that they did not like Americans.

At Shiel, on Loch Duich, a far inland bended arm of the sea, there are meadows, and planted fields, and flowers in gardens, and an inn from all quarters called "comfortable."

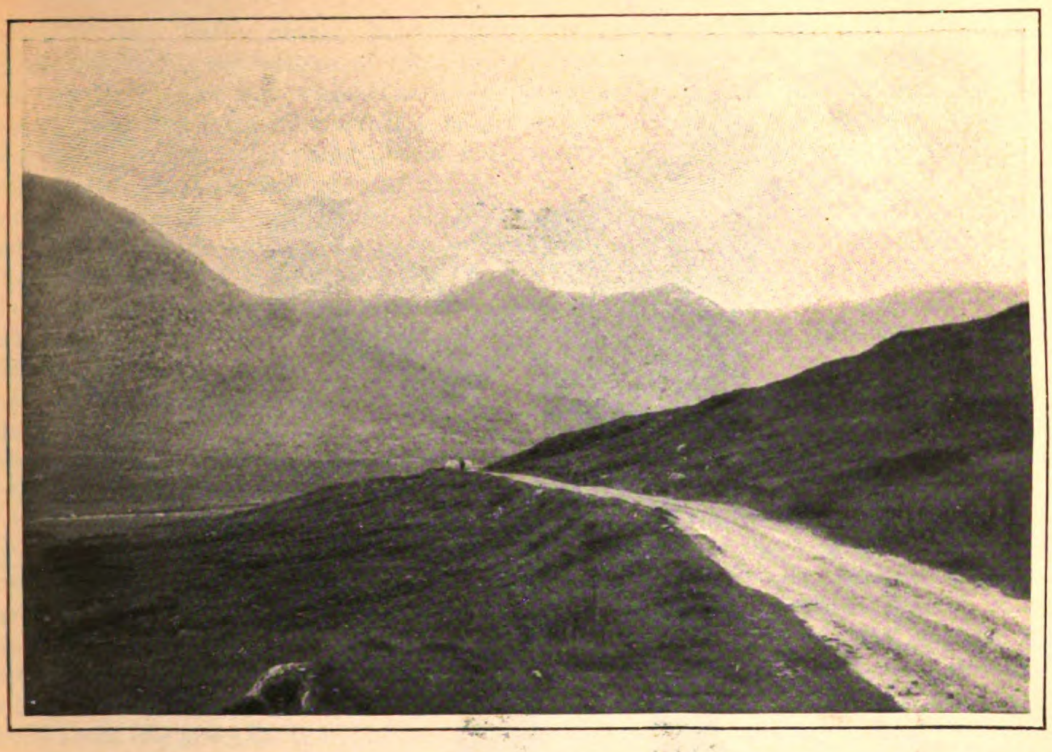
One meets by the way in large part what he carries with him; and part is whatever at any place may be going on in the flux of incident; only the remnant is the fixed face of things. We came to Shiel through soaking, saddening rain. The stern, portly landlady refused us a fire as against the customs of August in the Highlands, and bade us smoke, if we must with her disapproval, on the cold porch where the rain was splashing drearily. At Clunie there were no meadows, or planted fields, or flowers in gardens, and no customs.

"'Tis a private sitting-room," said the maid, waving me back from an inviting doorway in the hall. "'Tis the gentleman's inside."

"Mine, is it?" said the gentleman inside. "Didn't know it. Thought it was public. But I only came last night."

Singular hostelry! Whose comfortable fame had gone abroad, which frowned on sodden and sad guests, and threw private sitting-rooms at an unconscious third. "She'll take it out of you someway," I said, to introduce discord, and

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GLEN CLUNIE

went to bed and slept out the cold murmuring day, and woke feeling that all things were solid and dull.

Who ever found that what he met with in his pilgrimage answered the descriptions of his elders, though they claimed to have travelled that way before? "At thirty you will feel this, at fifty that, and in old age will see that our words are true:" and none of those things were so. Neither the Evangelist nor the Interpreter gave the Pilgrim of Bunyan's *Progress* anything accurate. It might easily have gone quite differently, and the record run something like this: Though both advised him strictly, yet what their advice was he somewhat forgot, not meeting with somewhat to remind him of it. And having obtained a certain scroll or written guide, he went on without accident, and happened upon a house that was called the House Beautiful, where were lions fast asleep by the gate because it was noon. And there, being eager to go forward, he was wearied by the long discourses of the ladies who lived there, and hastened on, and met with one Apollyon, who had suffered defeat before, it seemed, of some other pilgrim, and did not desire battle; for fighting, he held the opinion, was but a foolish employment. So to the valley called of the Shadow of Death, which the Pilgrim disliked as much as another man; and to a city called Vanity Fair, in which was one Faithful, stopping in such distaste that it was a marvel he remained, for at that time he was free to go. Yet many there were who, being born and accustomed to it, lived justly in that place and spoke what seemed to them true. So he departed, and thereafter fell, though not into Despair, yet into great Mishaps, and came to certain High Hills in a soured complexion, for which he later had repentance. For there were shepherds on the Hills, but he thought they were not pleased to see him, though civil; and he went down and came to a barren plain, and there met three Shining Ones, who comforted him with wonderful words, and walked with him all that day.

It is ten miles by the shore of Loch Duich to the fishing village and ferry of Dornie, and the first sight of the hills of Skye. The people of Dornie were coming home from church in their boats, and we were ferried over the loch for a penny.

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YOU COULD WALK RIGHT UP TO HIS WHITE BEARD LIKE A FLY

Grandfather

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

WHEN you gave Grandfather both your hands and put one foot against his knee and the other against his vest, you could walk right up to his white beard, like a fly—but you had to hold tight. Sometimes your foot slipped on the knee, but the vest was wider and not so hard, so that when you were that far you were safe. And when you had both feet in the soft middle of the vest, and your body was stiff, and your face was looking right up at the ceiling, Grandfather groaned down deep inside, and that was the sign that your walk was ended. Then Grandfather crumpled you up in his arms. But on Sunday, when Grandfather wore his white vest, you walked like other folks.

In the morning Grandfather sat in the sun by the wall—the stone wall at the back of the garden, where the golden-rod grew. Grandfather read the paper and smoked. When it was afternoon and Mother was taking her nap, Grandfather was around the corner of the house, on the porch, in the sun—always in the sun, for the sun followed Grandfather wherever he went, till he passed into the house at supper-time. Then the sun went down and it was night.

Grandfather walked with a cane; but even then, with all the three legs he boasted of, you could run the meadow to the big rock before Grandfather had gone half-way. Grandfather's pipe was corn-cob, and every week he had a new

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one, for the little brown juice that cuddled down in the bottom of the bowl, and wouldn't come out without a straw, wasn't good for folks, Grandfather said. Old Man Stubbs, who came across the road to see Grandfather, chewed his tobacco, yet the little brown juice did not hurt him at all, he said. Still it was not pleasant to kiss Old Man Stubbs, and Mother said that chewing tobacco was a filthy habit, and that only very old men ever did it nowadays, because lots of people used to do it when Grandfather and Old Man Stubbs were little boys. Probably, you thought, people did not kiss other folks so often then.

One morning Grandfather was reading by the wall, in the sun. You were on the ground, flat, peeping under the grass, and you were so still that a cricket came and teetered on a grass stalk near at hand. Two red ants climbed your hat as it lay beside you, and a white worm swung itself from one grass blade to another, like a monkey. The ground under the apple-trees was broken out with sun spots. Bees were humming in the red clover. Butterflies lazily flapped their wings and sailed like little boats in a sea of golden-rod and Queen Anne's lace.

"Dee, dee-dee, dee-dee," you sang, and Mr. Cricket sneaked under a plantain leaf. You tracked him to his lair with your finger, and he scuttled away.

"Grandfather."

No reply.

"*Grand*father."

Not a word. Then you looked. Grandfather's paper had slipped to the ground, and his glasses to his lap. He was fast asleep in the sunshine with his head upon his breast. You stole softly to his side. With a long grass you tickled his ear. With a jump he awoke, and you tumbled, laughing, on the grass.

"Ain't you 'shamed?" cried Lizzie-in-the-kitchen, who was hanging out the clothes.

"Huh! Grandfather don't care."

Grandfather never cared. That is one of the things which made him Grandfather. If he had scolded he might have been Father or even Uncle Ned—but he would not have been Grandfather. So when you spoiled his nap he only said, "H'm," deep in his beard, put on his glasses, and read his paper again.

When it was afternoon, and the sun followed Grandfather to the porch, and you were tired of playing House, or Hop-Toad, or Indian, or the Three Bears, it was only a step from Grandfather's foot to Grandfather's lap. When you sat back and curled your legs, your head lay in the hollow of Grandfather's shoulder, in the shadow of his white beard. Then Grandfather would say,

"Once upon a time there was a bear. . ."

Or, better still,

"Once, when I was a little boy. . ."

Or, best of all,

"When Grandfather went to the war. . ."

That was the story where Grandfather lay all day in the tall grass watching for Johnny Reb, and Johnny Reb was watching for Grandfather. When it came to the exciting part, you sat straight up to see Grandfather squint one eye and look along his outstretched arm, as though it were his gun, and say "Bang!"

But Johnny Reb saw the top of Grandfather's blue cap just peeping over the tops of the tall grass, and so he too went "Bang!"

And ever afterward Grandfather walked with a cane.

"Did Johnny Reb have to walk with a cane too, Grandfather?"

"Johnny Reb, he just lay in the tall grass, all doubled up, and says he, 'Gimme a chaw o' terbaccer afore I die.'"

"Did you give it to him, Grandfather?"

"He died 'fore I could get the plug out o' my pocket."

Then Mother would say:

"I wouldn't, Father—such stories to a child!"

Then Grandfather would smoke grimly, and would not tell you any more, and you would play Grandfather and Johnny Reb in the tall grass. Lizzie-in-the-kitchen would give you a piece of brown bread for the chaw of tobacco, and when Johnny Reb died too soon, you ate it yourself, to save it. You wondered what would have happened if Johnny Reb had *not* died too soon. Standing over Johnny Reb's prostrate but still animate form in the tall grass, with the brown-bread tobacco in your hand, you even contemplated playing that your adversary lived to tell the tale, but the awful thought that

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in that case you would have to give up the chaw (the brown bread was fresh that day) kept you to the letter of Grandfather's story. Once only did you play that Johnny Reb lived—but the brown bread was hard that day, and you were not hungry.

Grandfather wore the blue, and on his breast were the star and flag of the Grand Army. Every May he straightened his bent shoulders and marched to the music of fife and drum to the cemetery on the hill. So once a year there were tears in Grandfather's eyes. All the rest of that solemn May day he marched in the garden with his hands behind him, and a far-away look in his eyes, and once in a while his steps quickened as he hummed to himself,

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

And if it so happened that he told you the story of Johnny Reb that day, he would always have a new ending:

"Then we went into battle. The Rebs were on a tarnal big hill, and as we charged up the side, 'Boys,' says the Colonel, 'Boys—give 'em hell!' says he. And, sir, we just did, I tell you."

"Oh, Father, Father—*don't*—such language before the child!" Mother would cry, and that would be the end of the new end of Grandfather's story.

On a soap-box in Abe Jones's corner grocery, Grandfather argued politics with Old Man Stubbs and the rest of the boys.

"I've voted the straight Republican ticket all my life," he would say, proudly, when the fray was at its height, "and, by George, I'll not make a darned old fool o' myself by turning coat now. Pesky few Democrats ever I see who—"

Here Old Man Stubbs would rise from the cracker-barrel.

"If I understand you correctly, sir, you have called me a darned old fool."

"Not at all, Stubbs," Grandfather would reply, soothingly. "Not by a jugful. Now you're a Democrat—"

"And proud of it, sir," Old Man Stubbs would break in.

"You're a Democrat, Stubbs, and *as* such you are not responsible; but if I was to turn Democrat, Stubbs, I'd be a darned old fool."

And in the roar that followed, Old Man Stubbs would subside to the cracker-barrel and smoke furiously. Then Grandfather would say:

"Stubbs, do you remember old Mose Gray?" That was to clear the battle-field of the political carnage, so to speak—so that Old Man Stubbs would forget his grievance, and walk home with Grandfather peaceably when the grocery closed for the night. If it was winter-time, and the snow-drifts were too deep for grandfathers and little boys, you sat before the fireplace, Grandfather in his arm-chair, you flat on the rug, your face between your hands, gazing into the flames.

"Who was the greatest man that ever lived, Grandfather?"

"Jesus of Nazareth, boy."

"And who was the greatest soldier?"

"Ulysses S. Grant."

"And the next greatest?"

"George Washington."

"But Old Man Stubbs says Napoleon was the greatest soldier."

"Old Man Stubbs? Old Man Stubbs? What does he know about it, I'd like to know? He wasn't in the war. He's afraid of his own shadder. U. S. Grant was the greatest general that ever lived. I guess I know. I was there, wasn't I? Napoleon! Old Man Stubbs! Fiddlesticks!"

And Grandfather would sink back into his chair, smoking wrath and weed in his trembling corn-cob, and scowling at the blazing fagots and the curling hickory smoke. By-and-by—

"Who was the greatest woman that ever lived, Grandfather?"

"Your Mother, boy."

"Oh, Father"—it was Mother's voice—"you forget."

"Forget nothing," cried Grandfather, fiercely. "Boy, your Mother is the best woman that ever lived, and mind you remember it, too. Every boy's mother is the best woman that ever lived."

And when Grandfather leaned forward in his chair and waved his pipe, there was no denying Grandfather.

At night, after supper, when your clothes were in a little heap on the chair, and you had your nighty on, and you had said your prayers, Mother tucked you in bed and kissed you and called Grandfather. Then Grandfather came stumping up the stairs with his cane. Sitting

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ON SUNDAY WHEN GRANDFATHER WORE HIS WHITE VEST

on the edge of your bed, he sang to you,

"The wild gazelle with the silvery feet
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet."

And after Grandfather went away, the wild gazelle came and stood beside you, and put his cold little nose against your cheek, and licked your face with his tongue. It was rough at first, but by-and-by it got softer and softer, till you woke up and wanted a drink, and found beside you, in place of the wild gazelle, a white mother with a brimming cup in her hand. She covered you up when you were through, and kissed you, and then you went looking for the wild gazelle, and sometimes you found him; but sometimes, when you had just caught up to him and his silvery feet were shining like stars, he turned into Grandfather with his cane.

"Hi, sleepy-head! The dicky-birds are waitin' for you."

And then Grandfather would tickle you in the ribs, and help you on with your

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stockings, till it was time for him to sit by the wall in the sun.

When you were naughty, and Mother used the little brown switch that hung over the wood-shed door, Grandfather tramped up and down in the garden, and the harder you hollered, the harder Grandfather tramped. Once when you played the empty flower-pots were not flower-pots at all, but just cannon balls, and you killed a million Indians with them, Mother showed you the pieces, and the switch descended, and the tears fell, and Grandfather tramped and tramped, and lost the garden path completely, and stepped on the pansies. Then they shut you up in your own room upstairs, and you cried till the hiccups came. You heard the dishes rattling on the dining-room table below. They would be eating supper soon, and at one end of the table in a silver dish there would be a chocolate cake, for Lizzie-in-the-kitchen had baked one that afternoon. You had seen it in the pantry window with your own eyes while you fired the flower-pots. Now chocolate cake was your favorite, so you hated your bread and milk, and fasted and wailed defiantly. Now and then you listened to hear if they pitied and came to you, but they came not, and you moaned and sobbed in the twilight, and hoped you would die, to make them sorry. By-and-by, between the hiccups, you heard the door open softly. Then Grandfather's hand came through the crack with a piece of chocolate cake in it. You knew it was Grandfather's hand, because it was all knuckly. So you cried no more, and while the chocolate cake was stopping the hiccups, you heard Grandfather steal down the stairs, softly—but it did not sound like Grandfather at all, for you did not hear the stumping of his cane. Next morning, when you asked him about it, his vest shook, and just the tip of his tongue showed between his teeth, for that was the way it did when anything pleased him. And Grandfather said:

"You won't ever tell?"

"No, Grandfather."

"Sure as shootin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, then—" but Grandfather kept shaking so he could not tell.

"Oh, Grandfather. *Why* didn't the cane sound on the stairs?"

"Whisht, boy! I just wrapped my old bandana handkerchief around the end."

But worse than that time was the awful morning when you broke the blue pitcher that came over in the *Mayflower*. An old family law said you should never even touch it, where it sat on the shelf by the clock, but the Old Nick said it wouldn't hurt if you looked inside—just once. You had been munching bread-and-butter, and your fingers were slippery, and that is how the pitcher came to fall. Grandfather found you sobbing over the pieces, and his face was white.

"Sonny, Sonny, what have you done?"

"I—I d-didn't mean to, Grandfather."

In trembling fingers Grandfather gathered up the blue fragments—all that was left of the family heirloom, emblem of Mother's ancestral pride.

"'Sh! Don't cry, Sonny. We'll make it all right again."

"M-Moth—Mother'll whip me."

"'Sh, boy. No, she won't. We'll take it to the tinker. He'll make it all right again. Come."

And you and Grandfather slunk guiltily to the tinker and watched him make the blue fragments into the blue pitcher again, and then you carried it home, and as Grandfather set it back on the shelf, you whispered,

"Grandfather."

Grandfather bent his ear to you. Very softly you said it:

"Grandfather, the cracks don't show at all from here."

Grandfather nodded his head. Then he tramped up and down in the garden. He forgot to smoke. Crime weighed upon his soul.

"Boy," said he, sternly, stopping in his walk. "You must never be naughty again. Do you hear me?"

"I won't, Grandfather."

Grandfather resumed his tramping: then paused and turned to where you sat on the wheelbarrow.

"But if you ever *are* naughty again, you must go at once and tell Mother. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Grandfather."

Up and down Grandfather tramped moodily, his head bent, his hands clasped behind him—up and down between the verbenas and hollyhocks. He paused ir-

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YOU STOLE SOFTLY TO HIS SIDE

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resolutely—turned—turned again—and came back to you.

"Boy, Grandfather's just as bad and wicked as you are. He ought to have made you tell Mother about the pitcher first, and take it to the tinker afterward. You must never keep anything from your mother again—*never*. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Grandfather," you whimpered, hanging your head.

"Come, boy."

You gave him your hand. Mother listened, wondering, while Grandfather spoke out bravely to the very end. You had been bad, but he had been worse, he confessed; and he asked to be punished for himself and you.

Mother did not even look at the cracked blue pitcher on the clock-shelf, but her eyes filled, and at the sight of her tears you flung yourself, sobbing, into her arms.

"Oh, Mother, don't whip Grandfather. Just whip me."

"It isn't the blue pitcher I care about," she said. "It's only to think that my father and my little boy were afraid to tell me."

And at this she broke out crying, with your wet cheek against her wet cheek, and her warm arms crushing you to her breast. And you cried, and Grandfather blew his nose, and Carlo barked and leaped to lick your face, until by-and-by, when Mother's white handkerchief and Grandfather's red one were quite damp, you and Mother smiled through your tears, and she said it did not matter, and Grandfather patted one of her hands while you kissed the other. And you and Grandfather said you would never be bad again.

When you were good, or sick—dear Grandfather! It was not what he said, for only Mother could say the love-words. It was the things he did without saying much at all—the circus he took you to see, the lessons in A B C while he held the book for you in his hand, the sail-boats he whittled for you on rainy days—for Grandfather was a ship-carpenter before he was a grandfather—and the willow whistles he made for you, and the soldier swords. It was Grandfather who fished you from the brook. Grandfather saved you from Farmer Tompkins's cow—the black one which gave no milk. Grandfather snatched you from prowling dogs, and stinging bees, and bad boys and their wiles. That is what grandfathers are for, and so we love them and climb into their laps and beg for sail-boats and tales—and *that* is their reward.

One day—your birthday had just gone by and it was time to think of Thanksgiving—you walked with Grandfather in the fields. Between the stacked corn the yellow pumpkins lay, and they made you think of Thanksgiving pies. The leaves, red and gold, dropped of old age in the autumn stillness, and you gathered an armful for Mother.

"Why don't all the people die every year, Grandfather, like the leaves?"

"Everybody dies when his work's done, little boy. The leaf's work is done in the fall when the frost comes. It takes longer for a man to do his work, 'cause a man has more to do."

"When will your work be done, Grandfather?"

"It's almost done now, little boy."

"Oh no, Grandfather. There's lots for you to do. You said you'd make me a bob-sled, and a truly engine what goes, when I'm bigger; and when I get to be a grown-up man like Father, you are to come and make willow whistles for *my* little boys."

And you were right, for while the frost came again and again for the little leaves, Grandfather stayed on in the sun, and when he had made you the bob-sled he still lingered, for did he not have the truly engine to make for you, and the willow whistles for your own little boys?

Waking from a nap, you could not remember when you fell asleep. You wondered what hour it was. Was it morning? Was it afternoon? Dreamily you came down stairs. Golden sunlight crossed the ivied porch and smiled at you through the open door. The dining-room table was set with blue china, and at every place was a dish of red, red strawberries. Then you knew it was almost supper-time. You were rested with sleep, gentle with dreams of play, happy at the thought of red berries in blue dishes with sugar and cream. You found Grandfather in the garden sitting in the sun. He was not reading or smoking; he was just waiting. "Are you tired waiting for me, Grandfather?"

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YOU AND GRANDFATHER SLUNK GUILTILY TO THE TINKER

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THE SAIL-BOATS HE WHITTLED FOR YOU ON RAINY DAYS

"No, little boy."

"I came as soon as I could, Grandfather."

The leaves did not move. The flowers were motionless. Grandfather sat quite still, his soft white beard against your cheek, flushed with sleep. You nestled in his lap.

And so you sat together, with the sun going down about you, till Mother came and called you to supper. Even now when you are grown, you remember, as though it were yesterday, the long nap and the golden light in the doorway, and the red berries on the table, and Grandfather waiting in the sun.

One day—it was not long afterward—they took you to see Aunt Mary, on the train. When you came home again, Grandfather was not waiting for you.

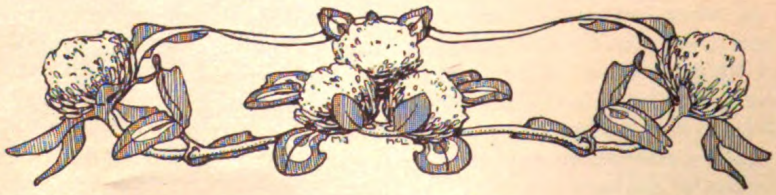
"Where is Grandfather?"

"Grandfather isn't here any more, dearie. He has gone 'way up in the sky to see God and the angels."

"And won't he ever come back to our house?"

"No, dear; but if you are a good boy, you will go to see him some day."

"But, oh, Mother, what will Grandfather do when he goes to walk with the little boy angels? See—he's gone and forgot his cane!"



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The Evolution of Girlhood

BY HENRY T. FINCK

HUMORISTS have, like musicians, a habit of taking popular themes and subjecting them to a process of endless variation. Perhaps of all the jokes with which the funny men of the newspapers have harassed the human race, none has been presented in a greater variety of forms than that which satirizes the eagerness of women to seem younger than they are. Undoubtedly there is a good deal of justification for these gibes, since there are still a great many women who fail to understand that every age has its peculiar charms and advantages, and that a woman of thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty may be as much admired in her own way as a girl of sixteen or twenty. At any rate, it is undeniable that at present, as in the past, the two blessings which the vast majority of women covet most ardently are youth and the beauty of girlhood.

As cruel fate would have it, youth and beauty were, until quite recently, of all things feminine the most evanescent. While statistics show that women live, on the average, about two years longer than men, they have always (of course with individual exceptions) lost the charms peculiar to their sex at an earlier age. This was true even of the Greeks, famed among all nations for their personal beauty and their devotion to it. Socrates called this beauty "a short-lived tyranny"; and Euripides, counselling young men in regard to marriage, bade them remember that "a man's strength lasteth, while the bloom of beauty quickly leaves a woman's form"—a theme on which the lyric poets too were eloquent. In mediæval times the culture of beauty, like other branches of culture, was neglected, and it is only within a century or two that a considerable proportion of women have enjoyed the delights of lasting beauty and the advantages of prolonged girlhood.

Extremes *do* not always meet. To realize vividly the great change civilization has brought about, we need but compare the white American girl of the present time, who usually retains her girlish appearance till the age of twenty-five, and often, indeed, far into the thirties, even years after marriage, with the red American girl as sketched by eyewitnesses. In his book entitled *Our Wild Indians,* Colonel Dodge wrote that Indian girls attend dances and social gatherings at eight or ten, "when they already begin to feel matrimonial hankerings." "Their hard life and constant work tell upon them very soon, and by the time they are sixteen very little of their early freshness is left. Indeed, it is almost impossible, after that age, to make from appearances even an approximate guess at the age of any Indian woman. I know a married woman of eighteen who looks as old as her mother, who must be thirty-five, and this is not at all unusual."

I have had many opportunities in the West of testing the correctness of Colonel Dodge's observations. In the East, where Indians are less numerous and accessible, we may note the same phenomenon in the case of another colored race. Ever since I was a boy I have often asked myself and my friends, "What becomes of all the negro girls after they have reached the age of fifteen?" They seem to pass from that age directly into the thirties. I do not remember to have ever seen a negro girl who looked eighteen or twenty, though I suppose there are such among those who have received an education and have not married too early.

Nor is it among the colored races only that women age prematurely. Southern peoples in general are apt to belong in this category. In an article on the women of Venezuela, a correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* some years ago, graphically illustrated the astonishing suddenness with which they age: "The

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blooming beauty of this year is liable to be transformed into a crone, wrinkled, yellow, and bent, next year. . . Girls of thirteen, and even of eleven years old, are often mothers. And at an age when the women of Northern climes are at their best development, these have lived their active lives as wives and mothers, and are either skinny and bony or fat and flabby old women. It does not follow that they die soon. They seem simply to pass into a sort of grandmotherly condition, and remain there a long time."

The same may be said of Oriental peoples in general, white or colored. That indefatigable traveller R. F. Burton, who studied woman all the world over, summed up the matter in two brief sentences: "Among Eastern women age and ugliness are synonymous. It is only in the highest civilization that we find the handsome old woman."

How shall we account for this transitoriness of female beauty among the less cultured races? What changes have taken place in the life of women that have enabled them to retain their much-coveted youth and beauty so much longer? Surely a question more important and interesting to men and women alike could not easily be asked; the more so inasmuch as it would be rank flattery to say that all the women of civilized countries, or even the majority of them, have already secured these blessings. The future evolution of prolonged girlhood and beauty may be accelerated if women will heed the lessons of the past which this article is an attempt to reveal. It is commonly assumed in a vague way that climate—a convenient word—is responsible for the rapid aging of women in certain regions. But the girls in cold regions, such as those inhabited by the Esquimaux, Patagonians, Tibetans, and many others, lose their youthful charms quite as prematurely as the girls who are born in the tropical latitudes. Other things being equal, dwelling in the tropics ought, in fact, to imply superior advantages, inasmuch as it encourages life in the open air; and fresh air is the best antiseptic against advancing age and ugliness. We must therefore seek elsewhere for the agencies which retarded the evolution of girlhood. Three of these, as a matter of fact, have already been hinted at in the foregoing paragraphs—hard work, early marriage, and neglect of education.

That hard labor shortens female youth is a fact which has been brought to the attention of numerous missionaries and other students of uncivilized races. The young children are sometimes, they tell us, bright and pretty, but often even before they have reached what we should consider real girlhood compulsory drudgery has aged their faces and marred their figures. "It is a sad sight," writes Brooke Low, "to see the Dyak girls, some but nine or ten years of age, carrying water up the mount in bamboos, their bodies bent nearly double, and groaning under the weight of their burden." Another writer, Denison, says that "some of the girls showed signs of good looks, but hard work, poor feeding, and intermarriage and early marriage soon told their tale, and rapidly converted them into dirty, diseased old hags, and this at an age when they are barely more than young women." To take one more instance, in place of a hundred. H. Zöller writes regarding an exceptionally pretty negro girl in Kamerun: "Though she was at most fifteen years of age, one could already see the first faint signs of that fading process which sometimes begins even before maturity has been reached, and, as a consequence of hard labor, cheats the poor girls entirely out of what ought to be the rosiest period of their bloom."

It is not necessary, however, to go to Borneo or Africa to witness this sad phenomenon. In Switzerland I have often had my sympathies and indignation aroused by the sight of young girls—sometimes not more than seven or eight years old—toiling up steep mountain-sides, carrying on their backs and in their hands burdens which would have fatigued a strong adult. Their serious, sad faces looked ten — nay, twenty — years older than they were, and their bodies were being pressed into squat and stunted shapes. Hard work had made them look more like old dwarfs than like young girls.

Yet we have hardly a right to throw stones at the Swiss peasants for such cruelty to their children. There are in the United States plenty of factories

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where girls of no more than twelve years (being the cheapest kind of labor) are employed by the hundred, doing work that would wear out adults. Poverty is no excuse for such barbarity. It undoes all the work of civilization, as any one can see at a glance by looking at these little girls, with their bent forms and tired, prematurely aged faces. That is the way back to savagery. Yet there are persons who look on the employment of tens of thousands of girls in factories as a sign of progress and the emancipation of woman! When the men are willing to let them play the rôle of flowers, they clamor for their "right" to be cabbages and turnips! Some girls, to be sure, are absolutely compelled by poverty to do such work; but the vast majority are not. They are—often for the sake of dress and trinkets—throwing away their health, youth, and beauty prematurely.

In the matter of marriage, fortunately, there is no such reaction threatening to arrest and retard the evolution of prolonged girlhood and bring back the conditions of savagery. What savagery means from this point of view is a thing painful to contemplate. Sutherland found that among savages of all grades the average of forty-six races showed that the men appropriate to themselves the girls of their tribe at the age of 12.2 years, while the average of fifty-eight races of barbarians was not quite fourteen. At this stage of human development girlhood as distinguished from childhood *can hardly be said to exist at all!*

In such countries as China and Japan the average age of marriage is 16.9, while in Europe, according to Ansell, the daughters of laborers and unskilled workers marry at 23.2, and those of the more highly educated classes at 26.4. Thus the most cultured European women are enabled to enjoy about ten years more of the happy period of girlhood—the spring-time of life—than the Japanese and Chinese, and twelve to fourteen more than the uncivilized races.

Concerning the United States I have no definite figures, but it is certain that there has been a steady progress in the prolonging of this spring-time of woman's life. A Louisianian once gave me a graphic illustration *à propos*. His great-grandmother married at fourteen, his grandmother at sixteen, his mother at eighteen. I told him I hoped his daughter and granddaughter would be sensible enough to marry at twenty and twenty-two. These ages are quite early enough for any girl. In many cases twenty-five is better still; and no great harm is done if they wait another ten or fifteen years, though there is no special reason why they should.

They need not be afraid of being taunted as old maids. The evolution of the higher girlhood has done away with that bugaboo. In North Carolina I was told a few years ago that among the ignorant farmers of the mountain regions it is still customary to call a girl an old maid if she remains unmarried at sixteen or seventeen. More convincing proof of barbarism could not be adduced. If one of these farmers hitched a colt or a calf to his plough, all his neighbors would cry shame, and call him a fool besides. But a poor girl of fifteen is expected to do all the work of a wife and mother, and a great deal of in-door and out-door drudgery too, before her body is fully developed. It is this combination of early marriage and hard work, this doing of *double duty,* that explains why among barbarians, colored or white, women lose their good looks sooner than men.

In Italy I have seen country girls of a sweet and pure loveliness that almost equalled the celestial beauty of the Bellini Madonna in the Academy of Venice—which painting, by-the-way, has at last received the merited honor of a separate room. But I also saw the hard labor to which these poor maidens were condemned, and it made me sad to think that in a few years all this beauty would vanish. Among the well-to-do classes in the cities, who do not compel their daughters to work, it is early marriage that makes them fade so soon. The legal limit of marriage, which used to be twelve, has now been raised to fifteen; but that is still too low.

The notion that climate is responsible for the more rapid aging of Southern women is thus shown to be a needless assumption, inasmuch as we have found other agencies which obviously and glaringly account for it. Indirectly, however, climate does have an injurious ef-

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fect, inasmuch as it breeds indolence, discouraging the exercise of body and mind except under the compulsion of necessity. Education is the greatest of all beautifiers, the most potent prolonger of fresh and lovely girlhood; and of education the girls of Italy have heretofore had little or none. Only ten years ago Madame Fanny Zampioni Salazaro, of Naples, wrote: "As neither at home nor in school have we in Italy yet attained a general high-toned intellectual and moral life, girlhood can hardly be expected to be what it ought to be—the smiling spring season of a happy woman." Another writer declares that "girls in Italy are listless, and care only for dress"; that there is no real home life, and no occasions when the men and women of the family discuss together the latest books and what goes on in the world. Spanish ladies of both continents are in the same predicament as the Italian. Like other tourists, I have often had occasion to echo the remark of Professor Holton anent the New-Granadans: "I wish it were more common for old women to be pretty here, but that cannot be without education." It ought to be a comfort to the women of Spain and Italy, and other Southern countries, to know that the transitoriness of their rare girlish beauty is not an inevitable curse of climate, but can be overcome by training of the mind, and avoiding drudgery and too early marriage. The magic power of education to improve the features and ensure youthfulness of appearance is strikingly illustrated by a sentence in the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Board of Indian Commissioners (1885). The writer observes that a few years of contact with civilization sufficed to transform the Indians in the schools: "They came children; they return young men and women; yet they look younger in the face than when they came to us."

"Training is everything," as Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson wrote in his calendar. "The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education."

The women of the ancient Greeks lost their beauty so soon because they received no education. The features of Venus herself would be marred by the vacant stare of an idiot; and between that vacant stare and the bright looks of a woman of genius there are countless gradations, bespeaking degrees of intelligence and education. Not that education can remould plain features; but it can kindle the beauty of expression, which is more important even than beauty of features, and *more lasting*.

By education I do not mean so much the lessons girls learn in school and college as the culture their minds receive by talking with other women and with men, and by reading newspapers, magazines, and books. In both kinds of education the women of America are admittedly pre-eminent, and that is why Max O'Rell could write that even when one of these women is plain, "she is always in the possession of a redeeming something which saves her. . . She looks intelligent, a creature that has been allowed to think for herself."

While exercise of the mind improves and conserves youth and beauty, overstudy hastens their end. There is some danger that the further evolution of girlhood may find as serious an obstacle in the school as in the factory. To the vanity of the pupils and the criminal encouragement of vain parents, who want their daughters to "make a record," thousands of girls are sacrificed every year. It is a new phase of that disregard of the laws of health which in the past has done almost as much to hasten the decay of girlhood as hard work and too early marriage. It seems as if some demon had set himself the special task of assassinating girlhood, and being thwarted in one way, sought another. It is not so long ago that to be an invalid was supposed to be a woman's normal state. It was brought about by lack of out-door exercise, living in unventilated houses, errors of diet and dress—tight lacing, high-heeled shoes, etc. But today thousands of girls not only cultivate their minds rationally, they also walk, ride, play tennis and golf, live in the open air as much as possible, enjoy good appetites, and consequently look as hale and healthy as their brothers. Regarding the families that are blessed with such girls, it can no longer be said that the men retain their youth and good looks longer than the women.

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"Whither Thou Goest"

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

AN open letter lay spread on Dr. Gilbert's office desk, and at the desk its owner was sitting, his pen in his hand, a blank sheet of paper before him; but the ink on the pen was dry, the page was clear, and Dr. Gilbert was leaning back in his desk-chair, his brow heavy with thought, his eyes lifted absently as if to a scene far away. His face was not one that lent itself easily to dejection. It was clever, keen, and hard in spite of its youth, and the features were too strongly marked and immobile, but they had a certain aloofness of expression not without its charm—as there is charm in the strength of any bold, unchanging outline, harsh and craggy though it be. The eyes were but just redeemed from coldness by the intellect behind, which could light them to brilliancy, and at all times gave to them that penetrating depth of expression which goes with power of mind. With this face and a frame large, vigorous, and muscular there was little chance for morbid expression; and yet, as Dr. Gilbert sat at his desk gazing into space, in both his face and figure there were depression and discouragement. The letter which lay open before him bore the post-mark of a distant Western city, and was from a physician well known to the medical world. The writer spoke with brief simplicity of his age and failing powers, and in terms as direct recalled an old debt of gratitude to the young physician's father, in that remembrance offering to the son a partnership for the present, later the full inheritance of a long, successful life. As a graduate of but a few years' standing, unmarried, with no future before him save what in a small village he was slowly carving out for himself, it would have seemed that to such an offer Dr. Gilbert could make but one reply. Yet it was long after midnight, and he was still sitting as he had sat for hours, his answer unwritten. The night bell ringing at his bed-side upstairs roused him at last with a start. Usually the night call had an insistent jangle, as if in self-justification, but there was an indecision in this ring which made the young physician pause, half risen from his chair, waiting for the sound to be repeated. A moment later the bell pealed out again more strongly, and, his quick footfall resounding in the quiet house, Dr. Gilbert went to the door. The light from the high hall lamp streamed out of the open door on the figure standing on the upper step—a man heavily built and rudely clad, whom Dr. Gilbert recognized as a young master-mechanic he had seen going to and from his work. He knew that the man was an old resident of the town, also that he was not his patient.

"Well?" he asked, shortly, for the workman, taken by surprise at the physician's abrupt appearance from his dim office, and blinded by the bright light, pulled off his hat awkwardly to stand silently blinking. "Well?" repeated Dr. Gilbert, impatiently.

"We—we—need a doctor at our house, and I—we thought—"

Dr. Gilbert's ready frown gathered. "Who's your family doctor?" he asked, curtly. "Why don't you go to him at this hour of night?"

The workman raised his eyes. His short thick eyelashes were wet, and his twitching face crimson with his effort for self-control. Dr. Gilbert's manner changed as he recognized the evidence of a real distress.

"You ought to get your own doctor, you know," he repeated, but less harshly. At the change of tone the workman seemed to find courage.

"My wife won't have him for this, sir," he said, manfully. "But we don't owe him a cent. She seen you, and she wants you, and—we thought if you'd come—"

Dr. Gilbert glanced again doubtfully

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at the waiting applicant. Something in the man's expectant attitude as he leant anxiously forward, the undisguised trouble in the rugged face, decided him, little as it was his wont to be swayed by emotional appeals. "I'll go with you," he said, briefly. "Is it surgical?"

"No, sir. And we don't live far from here. My name's Martin."

His childlike sigh of relief, his grateful voice and manner, again somehow touched the physician, inured as he was to such responses. He glanced again with a degree of personal interest at the workman's rough, excited features, but as he turned back to his office for his doctor's bag his eyes fell on his desk with the open letter, and he paused to roll the desk lid down, locking the contents in, the old look of gravity and preoccupation settling back upon his face. Mechanically he followed Martin from the house, and in absorbed silence walked by his side through the dark streets. It was a cool summer night, gloomy with clouds that drooped low over the earth, hiding the stars. A light wind with a promise of rain in its gusty breath swept by, making the great globes of the arc-lights that lit the town sway and swing on their wire ropes. The pretty, mysterious shadows of the leaves cast down by the white light twisted into constantly varying shapes and symbols under their feet. As they passed beneath one of the swinging lamps, Dr. Gilbert raised his eyes and paused involuntarily. The globe hung opposite a stately Colonial house, lighting brilliantly the old-fashioned, white-pillared front and the beautiful garden laid out before it. Martin looked up also.

"There ain't another garden like it in this town!" he said, with an air as of personal pride and the sudden ease and loquacity born of that possession. "Half the flowers wild, an' kinder blowy vines, but there ain't a garden touches it! Seems to me garden flowers oughter sit tight and smell hard, but she—she won't have it so!" He seemed to wait for a reply.

"It is a beautiful garden," said Dr. Gilbert. The forced constraint of his tone must have caught his own ear, for he added, indifferently, "Yes, it is beautiful," and moved on. Martin nodded agreement, his eyes roving back over the spread of grass and flowers, seen clearly in the bright electric glare.

"She moves in all the wild ones nights," he volunteered, his thumb jerked over his shoulder towards the garden. His tone was partly indulgent, partly proud of the whim. "She's got a notion they do better. Kinder sneaks 'em in when they're 'sleep. I do all her movin' for her after-hours — she pays me. I ought to know how. My wife's kep' me cartin' in wood vines and weeds and such truck to our yard ever since we had one. Take 'em up easy and quiet, plenty o' dirt to the roots, you can move 'em anywhere, any time."

Dr. Gilbert heard, but it was not in the present that he was moving. Was there a foot of this garden they were passing that he did not know? Every vine, every flower, every blossom, he had watched her tending until he too knew each one. In the arbor, covered with its blowy vines, at the end of the long path yonder, he had first asked her his question; and at last, under the shadow of the gnarled old garden tree, its moonlit festoons hanging low about them, she had given him her answer, pledging herself to him by every vow. What had such vows meant to her? At the first test she had failed him! He could see again her white, startled face as she lifted it from the letter he had given her to read, see it anguished, entreating, but wholly shrinking from him. At the first it had been impossible for him to believe her. She could be his only while her people were his people! Whither he went she had not the courage to follow! He had known that she was as sensitive, as clinging, and exquisitely dependent as the flowers she tended. He was to learn that she was also as tenaciously rooted. Those delicate tendrils which she had wound shyly, but as he had believed inextricably, about his strength she was able to unfold, to draw back again to herself, the moment that strength threatened her uprooting. Her tenacity of purpose bewildered him, shocked him, outraged all his ideals of her tender womanliness, her selfless love. Fixed as it was frightened and wordless, neither his argument nor his tenderness could shake her resolution. Nor did it yield at his final test. She had

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wept and trembled, but in the last appeal turned from him, and then it was that he left her—forever?

Dr. Gilbert hurried his footsteps past the house and its garden of memories. Opposite the side wing of the old mansion rose the older garden tree, screening the windows from the street with its dress of green leaves, aided by a dense vine that had crawled from trunk to crown, twisting about the gaunt limbs, and looping down in giant swings, from which, again, hung strange bunched groups of leaves, like the mammoth clusters of grapes brought from the Land of Promise. From between two of these drooping leaf bunches an upper window looked out as from a green frame. All the other windows were dark; from this one the yellow lamp-light was streaming into the very heart of the old tree, lighting its bright leaves and brown boughs with a soft, almost startling radiance. Dr. Gilbert was walking next the house, and as the open window came suddenly into view he started and looked up with a quick anxiety in the motion, controlled as soon as shown. Of what was she thinking, wakeful also in the night?

"That's her room," said Martin, ponderously. His eyes had followed his companion's. "She likes that vine round her window. I'd just as soon sleep in a tree and be done with it."

"Where is your house?" asked Dr. Gilbert, shortly.

"Just a little way, sir," the workman answered.

At the sharpness in Dr. Gilbert's voice the man's awkwardness, his uneasy manner, had instantly returned. He was glancing at the physician furtively, as if waiting for something he watched to avert, and it was with an air of relief that he pointed ahead as they turned into the next street.

"That's the house," he said, quickening his pace.

"I remember now," said Dr. Gilbert, but his voice showed that he still spoke with an absent mind. "You have a neat, pretty place here. I noticed it when I first came to town."

"It's my wife does it," said Martin, but there was neither pride nor pleasure in the tone.

The heavy odors of the blossoms on the damp night air told Dr. Gilbert he was walking up a path luxuriantly flower-bordered. He recalled the garden with its delicate plants and graceful beauty of vines and shrubs—an unusual approach to a workman's home. Martin strode on ahead and opened the door.

"Upstairs?" asked the physician.

"Yes, sir. I'll have a light in a minute."

The house had evidently been closed for the night before its master left. The only light came from a room on the upper landing.

"Never mind," said Dr. Gilbert. "Don't bother about the lamp. I've got the step now."

He was already half-way up the stair while Martin was fumbling with the matches, and led by the light above, turned to a room on the upper landing.

"Go right in, doctor," said Martin's voice behind him, and the physician went in, glancing about the bed-room with a quick eye for whatever it might tell him. With irritated mortification he realized that, absorbed as he had been in his own thoughts, he had asked no questions of Martin, not even as to who was his patient.

He was in a room most simply yet almost delicately furnished, its neatness was so dainty. A sleeping child lay in a crib in one corner, and on the bed at the further wall lay a young woman. She was still dressed, but her clothing was partially loosened, as if she had flung herself down in an abandon of distress, too ill or too anguished to help herself further. Her face was turned from the door, half hidden in the pillow, and she did not move as their footsteps crossed the floor. Dr. Gilbert glanced at the crib, but Martin nodded towards the bed.

"It's her," he said. "My wife."

He moved to the foot-board, and stood looking down at his wife, frowning, his face heavy and disturbed. There were both uneasiness and mortification in his manner, which Dr. Gilbert noted, with a quick sense that something here was out of the usual order. From the fixed constraint of her attitude and the nervous twitching of her hand as it hung by the side of the bed he knew the woman had

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heard their entrance, and would not or could not move.

"How long has she been like this?" he asked.

He drew nearer to the bed as he spoke, and to his trained and instinctive perceptions it was plain that at his closer approach the woman shrank back, her whole being closed in upon itself, as her hand had convulsively closed. Dr. Gilbert looked up inquiringly at Martin, but though he still stood at the foot-board, it was stolidly and with an air of one whose whole duty is done. He would not meet Dr. Gilbert's eyes, but was gazing obstinately aside. Dr. Gilbert was used to these strange unpractical reticences in those who had sent for him to help them, and aided by a keen eye and a positive manner, was usually successful in speedily learning what he needed to know. Now, with a slight shrug of impatience, he bent forward and slipped his hand and arm under the woman's side, his practised movement lifting her easily and bodily from among her pillows. When he laid her down again she was perforce looking up full into his face with her wide and startled blue eyes.

"That's better," he said, not unkindly. He drew a chair near the bed. "Now we can see what we are about."

What he saw as he gazed keenly at his patient was the face of a very young woman looking shockingly ill, but only, the physician thought, as prolonged hysterical weeping might give a look of illness. There was no sign of past or present physical distress. It was, in spite of its tear stains, an attractive face, and one unusually delicate for a workman's wife. In its tenderness of outline, the pointed sensitiveness of the trembling chin, the soft blue of the eyes, the timidity of expression, there was something familiar to Dr. Gilbert, and yet the face was strange to him. Under his searching, seeking regard the woman suddenly flushed hotly and sat upright.

"Tom!" she cried, desperately, her eyes fixed on her husband, "I do think you haven't told him! Oh, doctor, didn't he tell you? . Tom, how could you? Now he may be so mad at us! Oh, doctor, we couldn't have our old doctor for this. He'd just laugh at us. We didn't know *what* to do, and we couldn't seem to stop. It just kept getting worse and worse all the time. I was almost crazy." She drew herself together, trying to speak more calmly. "Nobody's, so to say, sick here, doctor. It's just that he—I—we—" She broke down and hid her face in her hands. A flash of revelation broke in on Dr. Gilbert.

"Look here!" he said, turning to the husband. "If you two have only been quarrelling, and dragged me out here in the middle of the night—" He glanced from one to the other and was answered. For a moment Dr. Gilbert was thoroughly angry; the next, in spite of himself, a saving sense of humor compelled him to laugh. "Well," he said, rising from the bed-side, "this is out of my line. Martin, you ought to have kept on to the parsonage. I'm not even a married man. It's not a doctor you want."

He looked back with a half-humorous word of parting, and as he turned he glanced again at the woman on the bed, and then stood suddenly silent and motionless, watching her. Her hands had dropped from her face, and she was lying on the pillows, her eyelids closed but sharply quivering, her lips set, the breath coming in little suffering gasps through the nostrils. As she held herself thus quiet as by force, hearing his refusal of aid with that desperate submission of the humble which always painfully impressed Dr. Gilbert whenever and wherever he saw it, again her face was curiously familiar to him, but again he knew that he saw it for the first time. As he stood thus lingering, he hardly knew why, with one of those strange, introspective flashes of prophecy to which every successful worker looks back in the history of his work, Dr. Gilbert knew that he was face to face with a crisis of his own. A moment before he would have said that his future turned on the reply he might send to the letter locked behind him in his desk. Now a startling conviction told him that the key to his future hung balanced here, on the outcome of this present moment. More than once in the midst of his work, successful as it had been, he had felt a strange chilling fear that something was lacking in himself — some essential, undefined quality called for in his labors and found wanting. The thought was weak-

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ening, and as a morbid fancy he had cast it out faithfully, but too often when he left a bedside it was with the vague feeling that some unspoken need of his patient had not been met by him. He knew, as a strong man knows himself, that there was no lack of power, of grasp, of brain, of will, but at times the thought oppressed him that there was some other subtle shortage, and then it was that he vexed his soul with the question if he were peculiarly fitted for the calling which he had enthusiastically chosen, and to which his life was dedicated. As he stood in this humble room it seemed to him that at last, as in a flash of understanding, he met his doubt, unmasked to him and face to face. This aid which these simple folk in their innocence plainly asked of him was what others had more subtly asked, what as a physician he had never yet given—never sought to give. It had been both his instinct and his training to resist the emotional, to uphold the dignity of his calling above its encroachments. He knew that the instinct was safe, the training reverent, but—this aid, this personality which as a physician he had never yet rendered, at his option as he supposed, had he ever possessed it to give? His answer lay here at his hand, in what he might find himself able or unable to give to these strangers gropingly reaching out to him in their trouble. Still he hesitated. In the clear sight of his moment of balance he knew, as suddenly as inevitably, that failing here, never again would his confidence in himself be what it had been before he entered this house. Did he accept this test, something must be added to him or taken from him. As in an instant of peril, it seemed to him that scenes from his past life flashed before him, all that he had ever intensely experienced, as but so many contributions towards one decision. The haunting face that all the day had come distractingly between him and his work rose again vividly in his sight—white, tearful, imploring, as she had lifted it to his at his final appeal the moment before she turned away, shrinking from him almost in aversion. Was it possible that here, too, his shortage had been somehow answerable? Was the failure his—not hers?

Then all things outside of the four walls vanished. The worker was alone in the world with his work.

With exactly the same absorbing pang of subtle excitement, of self-watchfulness, which he remembered when confronted with his first operation, Dr. Gilbert returned deliberately to the chair by the bedside. "Tell me just what has happened," he said quietly, and looking toward the husband for reply. The workman turned toward him sharply with a questioning look, the sudden change bewildering him. Then his perturbed face cleared as it had at the office door. After a moment's thought he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter.

"I s'posed she'd be pleased," he said, gruffly, shamefaced, yet with feeling; "an' she didn't do a thing but take on—just like you see her." He nodded accusingly towards the bed. "I did get kinder mad at her. I 'spose I said more'n I really meant. If there'd been any sense in it— If she'd just once said what ailed her—"

Dr. Gilbert stretched out his hand for the letter, taking it from the workman's slow fingers. He carried it to the lamp on the table, where he read it over. He read it once, turned back and read it again, and then again. When he had returned it to its envelope he still stood by the table, absently tapping the paper against his palm. His face was grave to solemnity and stern with thought, but in the penetrating eyes there was a new question, and the features seemed touched with a strange doubt, a strange emotion and mobility. When at last he came back to the bed-side and in silence gave the letter to Martin, he did not look at him, but at his wife, with a deep, interested regard. The woman lay gazing up at him, her timid, anxious soul in her childlike eyes.

"How long have you lived in this town?" he asked, and in instant response to the authority of his manner, his quiet tone of responsibility assumed, a flush of relieved tension swept over her face. Her gaze hung dependent on his steady, concentrated eyes. She answered breathlessly, with a gasping confidence,

"Oh, doctor, I was born here!"

"And you have never lived anywhere else?" Dr. Gilbert's voice was as that

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of another man in his own ears. He caught himself listening to the changed inflections, with wonder at their flexible power, their persuasion. "You have never had any other home?"

"Once I was away—a week."

"Your child was born here?"

"In this room, doctor."

The same breathless suspense upon his words marked all her answers. In these homely, simple questions she seemed to be finding the support, the understanding, she needed.

"Your parents live here in town still?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And how long have you been married? How long have you lived in this house?"

"Four years."

"You and your husband planted all the flowers in the yard, didn't you? And the vines over the house? I suppose you both have spent more or less time fitting up the inside too — little things you couldn't very well take away with you?"

A deep sob, another, gaspingly broken in its depths by lack of strength, and she hid her face in her hands. Martin, at the foot of the bed, swallowed hard, and fixed his eyes on a picture high on the wall, but the device failing, he angrily brushed off the tears that rolled down his cheeks. Dr. Gilbert looked from one to the other and turned away. He was opening his bag, taking out his medicines.

"That's all right," he said, presently. "Why shouldn't she cry? Get me a glass of water, will you? After I go and she is quieter, give her this mixture. That's all. Good-night, Mrs. Martin."

In the frail houses of the humble the yard outside is the safest and the accustomed place for secret conferences. As a matter of course Martin followed the physician down stairs and to the outer steps, shutting the front door as carefully behind him as if it had been the door of an adjacent room. The soft gloom showed each the figure of the other dimly, but not the face.

"Perhaps I hadn't ought to take the offer," said the workman, huskily and dubiously. "We're gettin' on pretty well here. She's spent a heap o' time makin' a home o' the place. It's a good offer, and there's the boy to think of; but I never s'posed she'd take on like this just thinkin' o' leavin'!"

"Well, you know it now," said Dr. Gilbert, briefly.

Martin turned half aside, digging the gravel walk with his heavy heel. "Bein' my wife," he said, "I s'posed—"

Dr. Gilbert laughed a short, curious laugh. "Yes, I know exactly what you supposed, and what you did," he said. "You walked in the door, your letter open in your hand, and blurted it out to her before you got well over the door-sill. Good partnership offers don't tumble in every day, and the West isn't far off—from your point of view."

"I was hot mad at her for a time, and that's the fact," said Martin, honestly. "Only it ain't quite a partnership, doctor, nor it ain't so far as the West."

Dr. Gilbert laughed again the same short, half-angry laugh. "It's the same thing," he said. "I'd like to know why you thought you could rush in and jerk up a delicate woman like that by the roots, wave her over your head, and hurrah for the West? You tell me you know how to move plants. You ought to have known as much about moving your wife. Why didn't you break it to her gently?"

There was almost a curiosity in the tone of his question.

"It ain't the West," persisted Martin, "but I ain't goin' to drag her West or South or anywhere else she takes on like this 'bout goin' to. I was pleased myself, an' I reckoned she'd be. I guess I did tell it to her too fast; but when a woman's your wife— If she'd been just my sweetheart—"

"You might have done exactly the same," said Dr. Gilbert, slowly.

He stretched out his hand suddenly in the darkness and laid it on the workman's shoulder. When he had discovered it he could not tell, but he knew now that the childlike face on the pillow in this humble house had been familiar to him only because it had worn the same haunting look of imploring fright that had been on the sensitive face lifted to him in the stately house under the shadow of the old garden tree in that moment before they two had parted. Dr. Gilbert's hand lingered where it had fallen. The

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gesture had in it as much of seeking as of giving. He was conscious that for the first time in his self-dependent life he touched a fellow-being thus; but the stream that has once begun to draw from long-sealed springs is quickly the river. They both stood silent.

"Ought I to give it up, sir?"

"No," said Dr. Gilbert, slowly—"no, I think not." He spoke more as if arranging his thoughts aloud than talking to another. "I think the trouble was in the way you first told her. If you had then understood all that you were asking of her, you would have told her quite differently. You do understand now."

Martin shook his head heavily. "That's all right for you, sir. You got edgecation; you know how to say things different ways. I'd say 'em to her your way fast enough if I knew how."

"I don't know that," said Dr. Gilbert, quickly. "You don't know it yourself."

He was silent so long that Martin moved uneasily, trying to see his face; and then, with a curious diffidence of tone, Dr. Gilbert went on, but hesitatingly, as if feeling both for thoughts and the words to express them:

"Since you ask me—since you called me in for this—if I were in your place, if I had made your mistake, I think I should first plainly confess to myself that I had been a brute, and then I'd go to her—to my wife—and tell her I—tell her you are ashamed of yourself. Then—here I know I am right—I would not hurry her in any way. Tell her she may stay here with her father and mother until she is quite ready to follow you. A man must of course go where his work calls him, and if his wife isn't willing to follow him—the chances all are it's his own fault somehow."

The unwonted hesitation dropped from Dr. Gilbert's voice and manner; he was speaking again with the force, the authority which was his accustomed note, but that new power of persuasion, that depth of tone, that sympathy of inflection, was still, even in his own ears, enriching and enforcing his utterance. His hand dropped from Martin's shoulder; he stood upright, his shoulders squared, his words coming more and more incisively.

"It's not for you to make your wife go with you, Martin, but to make her *want* to go. That's the whole secret, and that's where you failed. But it's not too late to succeed—it's not too late. I am sure of that, too. Let your wife rest to-night, and to-morrow morning begin all over again as you ought to have begun to-day. Make her understand that until she *wants* to come to you, you will not have her come. She may tell you then that she'll follow you to the world's end—or you may have to wait for that; but wait or not, that's the one and only way to take her with you, and it's what I shall—"

Dr. Gilbert was moving hastily down the garden path. His last words came back humorously over his shoulder:

"Like it or not, that's our medicine, Martin! Good-night! Good luck!"

The Kinvad Bridge

(PERSIAN)

BY WILLIAM HURD HILLYER

At the end of the path that all men tread, at the end of the road called Time,
Where the land slopes off to the cliffs of death, and the dolorous vapors climb,
Over the cloudy gulf of hell and the chasm of dim despond,
The Kinvad Bridge swings frail and far to the heavenly heights beyond.

Nine javelins wide is the Kinvad Bridge when passeth a righteous soul;
Royally ample and safe it leads to the distant shining goal;
But when others come to the cliffs of death—ah, yes, the bridge is there—
But, oh, what a narrow thread that spans the gray gorge of despair!

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Bell Music

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS

EDITED BY HIS SON, L. HAWEIS

I HAD only a year or two before been appointed to St. James's, Marylebone, and was spending a fortnight's summer vacation in visiting the dear old Belgian town of Louvain, and I was fascinated with the charm of all Time set to music in those little floods of delicate harmony floating down from the old church, and beating out the minutes, days, and hours with their pulses of winged consecration.

It was the symphony of busy life by day as the citizens went to and fro on their appointed tasks until the evening.

It was the symphony of sleep what time the night should be filled with music,

> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away.

I am standing in the Van Aerschodt parlor, awaiting my first sight of Severin, the bell-founder. There is a rush and scramble of children through the hall. . . . Ah, well-a-day! 'Tis many years ago!

In another moment Severin Van Aerschodt comes forward, and madame vanishes with the children. I explain; Van Aerschodt listens. We talk—I English, he Belgian French. I wish to see his bell-foundry.

"Yes, but 'tis very dusty and black."

"That is just what I want to see."

"Are you in the trade?"

I protest!—only an ignoramus—a littérateur—an enthousiaste over the Belgian bells, anxious to know their qualities.

"Come, then," he said, frankly. "To-morrow we cast a bell, and to-day you can see the mould, all ready in its *couche*, at a few metres from the furnace."

So chatting, I entered for the first time the large room in Van Aerschodt's bell-foundry.

There were big bells, little bells, all sizes from some tons to only a few hundredweight, lying on their sides or standing bottom upwards, to be sounded. Two of them, ready to be sent off, looked like frosted silver, beautiful with inscriptions and scrolls and Gothic windows and saints in bass-relief. Others were garlanded with bronze flowers, girt with processions, veritable works of art, as well as subtly compounded bits of metal moulded into the special proportions which constitute the Belgian bell, the survival of the fittest form for the production of a musical note of exquisite timbre.

Ah, those proportions! Twenty-three to thirty per cent. of pure tin (according to the size of the bell), and the rest pure Rosette Drontheim copper, and tin and copper both *de première qualité* and *de première fusion*. No melting up again and again until the stuff is as brittle as glass and as porous as pumice! Then a few handfuls of some other metals, thrown in like a pinch of salt or pepper—*why*, the founder himself hardly knows!—only knows that, if done at all, it must be just when the whole mass is molten to white heat flushed with faintest rose, azure, and green—iridescent, all glowing, mystical; and presently the whole is rushed into the mould, and there comes forth a true bell!

Timbre? Ah, it requires the trained, sympathetic ear to discern this true bell *timbre:* not vulgar and brassy, not shallow and jingly, not hard like an anvil-stroke, still less Frenchy, characterless—almost a pure tone like the tuning-fork, but complex, "mashy," soft yet male, warm, generous, something reminiscent of a girl's mellow contralto and a Stradivarius violoncello. No! Fail adjectival analogues borrowed from the sense of touch and taste and even sex, and then

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applied to describe in language the properties indescribable, subtle, and complex of that *timbre* which makes the wonder of the fine bell, Belgian or other.

Bell music is a specialty; its fascination and emotional effect are like nothing else in the realm of music. A vast ocean of sound is generated, each bell yielding not only a musical chord with a major or minor third (and major and minor bells must not be confounded with one another, much less mixed in the same suite or *carillon),* but each leading note or fundamental with its third or fifth in each bell has innumerable other attendant "satellites" or fainter overtones. Each bell is, in fact, an ocean of sound in itself, and when all the bells are ringing they empty their tributary volume of lesser seas into the great *carillon* ocean to which all belong. This produces that strange "*ébranlement*" or perturbation which seizes upon the senses when, for instance, we ascend the tower of St. Romuald, Mechlin, what time all the bells are in full clang. Then we seem to float in an atmosphere which at once buoys us up and pierces every sentient pore of the soul. We are, as it were, steeped in a hypnotic vapor bath. Presently the ear discerns the mighty fundamental rolling out a fugue or melody with full accompaniment (just as amid a blaze of fireworks the eye is suddenly arrested by the balls of white, crimson, or blue fire that spring out and play in the midst of the flame-atmosphere, or soar aloft and die into the darkness whence they sprang).

In such moments of aural bewilderment, the whole air being shaken, the ear is hurried out of its critical attitude, and it neither requires nor desires an impossible accuracy in the fundamentals which define, or rather suggest, the melody. Important detail of the combined effect, the actual melody remains a detail, thrilled with so much else is the nervous system. Of course there are limits, and when the offending fundamentals are too wildly astray, as in the Antwerp *carillon,* fine as are many of the bells, then the bell-founder must be taken to task. But a clever *carillonneur* will never betray his *carillon* or his bell-founder. He will study his forty or fifty bells, and, marking those he cannot use effectively, so construct his performance as skilfully to avoid the discordant notes, such as bells having overtones stronger than their fundamentals, or which may belong to a different tonal system altogether.

For the bell is a musical note.

Before I left Belgium, at a subsequent period, Monsieur Denyn père, the greatest *carillonneur* of the century, favored me with a special *carillon* recital at Mechlin. Shall I ever forget how the vast tower of St. Romuald, matchless and majestic in bulk and architectural proportions, seemed to rock and palpitate as I ascended the long spiral staircase till at last I reached the great musician at work? A veritable Rubinstein, thick-set and muscular, clad in flannel, with protective leathers on each foot and hand, he struck before him the row of big pegs which did duty for keys, and stamped the mighty pedals which liberated the hammers aloft, falling on the bells externally as a piano-forte hammer falls on the strings.

As I entered the bell-room Denyn was absorbed in a mighty elephantine galop, in which bells of five and six tons thundered out a rollicking pedal bass, while the smaller bells galloped about to order, the whole belfry seeming to swell and sweat with the breathless and exuberant pounding dance-music. Never a stroke behind time, never a moment of relaxation; the fun waxed even more fast and furious as Denyn forged ahead in Brobdingnagian career, in full piano-forte, or rather bell-orchestral score: a galop rolling out over the market-place till the citizens in the great square below began to beat time, and some even to foot it lightly, a galop rolling out over roofs and ramparts, floating for miles and miles over the grassy flats where the Belgian kine raised their heads to listen, and the Sunday holiday-makers who met along the white poplar-lined roads on their way to Mechlin nodded to each other and said: "Denyn is at work. He is grand to-day! Listen how the big bells tumble to the dance!"

For dear are the bells to the citizens, now as in old days, when they were used for all sorts of political, warlike, or social purposes—to mass troops, to sound the alarm, even to cheer the lost traveller

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out on the misty plains at night homewards. The enemy knew this well; and so the struggle was always for the belfry; for he who commanded the bells commanded the situation.

But Denyn has ceased playing. I watch him with interest; he is sweating from head to foot and wiping his brow. He did not notice my arrival; he was far too absorbed. He now turns to me and greets me with quite an old-world dignity and politeness. Great musical artist, great carillonneur, his son now reigns in his stead. Some say the younger Denyn even excels his father in execution; but more of him anon.

Never shall I forget when the council of a Scottish town, fired with emulation to possess a real grand *carillon* for the "auld city," sent a deputation to wait on me. After stating their grievance, they asked me what they ought to do—the bells were not in tune.

"Note the offenders and avoid them, if you can't go to the expense of substitutes," I replied. Neither did the drum machinery work properly.

I suggested the mechanician.

And about the *cleveçin*—the "key-board"?—who was to play it? I had to confess that that was scarcely my business, but if they wanted a *carillonneur*—?

Young Denyn, thick-set, accomplished, a past master in all that pertains to bells and *carillon* machinery, moderated his exorbitant fees, came over a week before he was to perform, and worked hard at the connecting wires and general mechanism. He found everything in a shocking state, and the bells quite unplayable. After three days of hard work he knew his instrument.

In the short lecture which had been arranged to precede Denyn's exhibition I had to overcome the crux of the *approximate* character of the bell tune, to explain the special function of the smaller treble bells (which it had been suggested to ignore!), denounced as "poor" and "tinkling" compared to the big ones—which is as who should say that the treble notes of the piano are not equal in volume to the bass notes! I tried to explain that our ears are accustomed only to heavy peals, but that the essence of *carillon* music is that the suite shall include light treble metal of small volume as well, else there was no *bell* music. Moreover, it is just this which differentiates bell music from bell noise, for the intolerable gonglike banging of a few big bells is truly maddening. But when the big bells are mingled with the smaller ones, music is the result.

The charm of the Belgian *carillon*, as contrasted with the exasperating ear-tension caused by the muscular exercise known as bell-ringing, is obvious to any musician. Bell-ringing is very good exercise, but very poor music.

And then—then the fine town-hall emptied itself, and the citizens paraded the streets and thronged the squares in its neighborhood. Hark—the bells! "Denyn is at work—Denyn the Belgian—our *carillon!*" Everywhere I heard surprised exclamations of astonishment that such marvels of execution, such solemnities of sound, such impressive floods of harmony and melody, should issue from a tower whose bells were rapidly being considered a reproach to the judgment of the Town Council—and possibly one other. The comedy now thickens. I depart; the *carillonneur* departs. It then appears a *carillon* is about as much use as an organ without an organist. There is no *carillonneur*, consequently there can be no music.

In the old days of the Van der Gebyns the organist used to charge himself with the function of *carillonneur*, but organ-playing was a more simple affair in those quiet times, and the execution now required makes it impossible for the same hand accustomed to manipulate *tours de force* on an organ key-board, which looks like a staircase, to box and wrestle with the pegs or keys of a gigantic *carillon*. Thalberg we know in his best days would not even carry an umbrella, for fear of injuring his touch. What would he have said had he been invited to engage in the rough manual labor of the *carillonneur*?

What is to be done, then? Why should not some of our amateur pianists turn their attention to *carillon*-playing? A few lessons from Denyn on the *cleveçin*, a little instruction from Michael of Mechlin on the machinery (for the *carillonneur* will need to keep his machine in order), and the thing is done.

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The Fairyland of Geometry

BY SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D., PH.D.

IF the reader were asked in what branch of science the imagination is confined within the strictest limits, he would, I fancy, reply that it must be that of mathematics. The pursuer of this science deals only with problems requiring the most exact statements and the most rigorous reasoning. In all other fields of thought more or less room for play may be allowed to the imagination, but here it is fettered by iron rules, expressed in the most rigid logical form, from which no deviation can be allowed. We are told by philosophers that absolute certainty is unattainable in all ordinary human affairs, the only field in which it is reached being that of geometric demonstration.

And yet geometry itself has its fairyland—a land in which the imagination, while adhering to the forms of the strictest demonstration, roams farther than it ever did in the dreams of Grimm or Andersen. One thing which gives this field its strictly mathematical character is that it was discovered and explored in the search after something to supply an actual want of mathematical science, and was incited by this want rather than by any desire to give play to fancy. Geometricians have always sought to found their science on the most logical basis possible, and thus have carefully and critically inquired into its foundations. The new geometry which has thus arisen is of two closely related yet distinct forms. One of these is called *non-Euclidian,* because Euclid's axiom of parallels, which we shall presently explain, is ignored. In the other form space is assumed to have one or more dimensions in addition to the three to which the space we actually inhabit is confined. As we go beyond the limits set by Euclid in adding a fourth dimension to space, this last branch as well as the other is often designated non-Euclidian. But the more common term is hypergeometry, which, though belonging more especially to space of more than three dimensions, is also sometimes applied to any geometric system which transcends our ordinary ideas.

In all geometric reasoning some propositions are necessarily taken for granted. These are called axioms, and are commonly regarded as self-evident. Yet, their vital principle is not so much that of being self-evident as being, from the nature of the case, incapable of demonstration. Our edifice must have some support to rest upon, and we take these axioms as its foundation. One example of such a geometric axiom is that only one straight line can be drawn between two fixed points; in other words, two straight lines can never intersect in more than a single point. The axiom with which we are at present concerned is commonly known as the 11th of Euclid, and may be set forth in the following way: We have given a straight line, A B, and a point, P, with another line, C D, passing through it and capable of being turned around on P. Euclid assumes that this line C D will have one position in which it will be parallel to A B, that is, a position such that if the two lines are produced without end, they will never meet. His axiom is that only one such line can be drawn through P. That is to say, if we make the slightest possible change in the direction of the line C D, it will intersect the other line, either in one direction or the other.

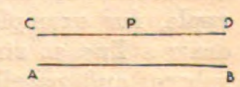


FIGURE 1

The new geometry grew out of the feeling that this proposition ought to be proved rather than taken as an axiom; in fact, that it could in some way be derived from the other axioms. Many demonstrations of it were attempted, but it was always found, on critical examination, that the proposition itself, or

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its equivalent, had slyly worked itself in as part of the base of the reasoning, so that the very thing to be proved was really taken for granted.

This suggested another course of inquiry. If this axiom of parallels does not follow from the other axioms, then from these latter we may construct a system of geometry in which the axiom of parallels shall not be true. This was done by Lobatchewsky and Bolyai, the one a Russian, the other a Hungarian, geometer, about 1830.

To show how a result which looks absurd, and is really inconceivable by us, can be treated as possible in geometry, we must have recourse to analogy. Suppose a world consisting of a boundless flat plane to be inhabited by reasoning beings who can move about at pleasure on the plane, but are not able to turn their heads up or down, or even to see or think of such terms as above them and below them, and things around them can be pushed or pulled about in any direction, but cannot be lifted from the plane. People and things can pass around each other, but cannot step over anything. These dwellers in "flat-land" could construct a plain geometry which would be exactly like ours in being based on the axioms of Euclid. Two parallel straight lines would never meet, though continued indefinitely.



FIGURE 2

But suppose that the surface on which these beings live, instead of being an infinitely extended plane, is really the surface of an immense globe, like the earth on which we live. It needs no knowledge of geometry, but only an examination of any globular object—an apple, for example—to show that if we draw a line as straight as possible on a sphere, and parallel to it draw a small piece of a second line, and continue this in as straight a line as we can, the two lines will meet when we proceed in either direction one-quarter of the way around the sphere. For our "flat-land" people these lines would both be perfectly straight, because the only curvature would be in the direction downwards, which they could never either perceive or discover. The lines would also correspond to the definition of straight lines, because any portion of either contained between two of its points would be the shortest distance between those points. And yet, if these people should extend their measures far enough, they would find the two lines to meet in two points in opposite directions. For all small spaces the axioms of their geometry would apparently hold good, but when they came to spaces as immense as the semi-diameter of the earth, they would find the seemingly absurd result that two parallel lines would, in the course of thousands of miles, come together. Another result yet more astonishing would be that, going ahead far enough in a straight line, they would find that although they had been going forward all the time in what seemed to them the same direction, they would at the end of 25,000 miles find themselves once more at the starting-point.

One form of the modern non-Euclidian geometry assumes that a similar theorem is true for the space in which our universe is contained. Although two straight lines, when continued indefinitely, do not appear to converge even at the immense distances which separate us from the fixed stars, it is possible that there may be a point at which they would eventually meet without either having deviated from its primitive direction as we understand the case. It would follow that, if we could start out from the earth and fly through space in a perfectly straight line with a velocity perhaps millions of times that of light, we might at length find ourselves approaching the earth from a direction the opposite of that in which we started. Our straight-line circle would be complete.

Another result of the theory is that, if it be true, space, though still unbounded, is not infinite, just as the surface of a sphere, though without any edge or boundary, has only a limited extent of surface. Space would then have only a certain volume — a volume which, though perhaps greater than that of all the atoms in the material universe, would still be capable of being expressed in cubic miles. If we imagine our earth to grow larger and larger in every di-

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rection without limit, and with a speed similar to that we have described, so that to-morrow it was large enough to extend to the nearest fixed stars, the day after to yet farther stars, and so on, and we, living upon it, looked out for the result, we should, in time, see the other side

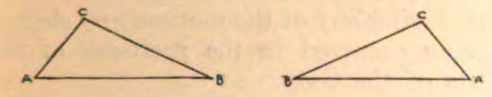


FIGURE 3

of the earth above us, coming down upon us, as it were. The space intervening would grow smaller, at last being filled up. The earth would then be so expanded as to fill all existing space.

This, although to us the most interesting form of the non-Euclidian geometry, is not the only one. The idea which Lobatchewsky worked out was that through a point more than one parallel to a given line could be drawn; that is to say, if through the point P we have already supposed another line were drawn making ever so small an angle with C D, this line also would never meet the line A B. It might approach the latter at first, but would eventually diverge. The two lines A B and C D, starting parallel, would eventually, perhaps at distances greater than that of the fixed stars, gradually diverge from each other. This system does not admit of being shown by analogy so easily as the other, but an idea of it may be had by supposing that the surface of "flat-land," instead of being spherical, is saddle-shaped. Apparently straight parallel lines drawn upon it would then diverge, as supposed by Bolyai. We cannot, however, imagine such a surface extended indefinitely without losing its properties. The analogy is not so clearly marked as in the other case.

To explain hypergeometry proper we must first set forth what a fourth dimension of space means, and show how natural the way by which it may be approached. We continue our analogy from "flat-land." In this supposed land let us make a cross—two straight lines intersecting at right angles. The inhabitants of this land understand the cross perfectly, and conceive of it just as we do. But let us ask them to draw a third line, intersecting in the same point, and perpendicular to both the other lines. They would at once pronounce this absurd and impossible. It is equally absurd and impossible to us if we require the third line to be drawn on the paper. But we should reply, "If you allow us to leave the paper or flat surface, then we can solve the problem by simply drawing the third line through the paper perpendicular to its surface."

Now, to pursue the analogy, suppose that, after we have drawn three mutually perpendicular lines, some being from another sphere proposes to us the drawing of a fourth line through the same point, perpendicular to all three of the lines already there. We should answer him in the same way that the inhabitants of "flat-land" answered us: "The problem is impossible. You cannot draw any such line in space as we understand it." If our visitor conceived of the fourth dimension, he would reply to us as we replied to the "flat-land" people: "The problem is absurd and impossible if you confine your line to space as you understand it. But for me there is a fourth dimension in space. Draw your line through that dimension, and the problem will be solved. This is perfectly simple to me; it is impossible to you

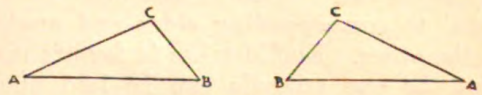


FIGURE 4

solely because your conceptions do not admit of more than three dimensions."

Supposing the inhabitants of "flat-land" to be intellectual beings as we are, it would be interesting to them to be told what dwellers of space in three dimensions could do. Let us pursue the analogy by showing what dwellers in four dimensions might do. Place a dweller of "flat-land" inside a circle drawn on his plane, and ask him to step outside of it without breaking through it. He would go all around, and finding every inch of it closed, he would say it was impossible from the very nature of the conditions. "But," we would reply, "that is because of your limited conceptions. We can step over it."

"Step over it!" he would exclaim. "I

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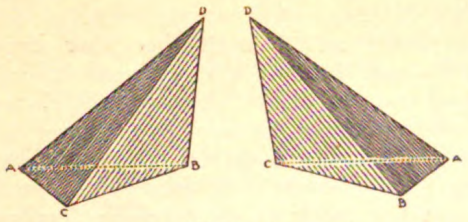


FIGURE 5

do not know what that means. I can pass around anything if there is a way open, but I cannot imagine what you mean by stepping over it."

But we should simply step over the line and reappear on the other side. So, if we confine a being able to move in a fourth dimension in the walls of a dungeon of which the sides, the floor, and the ceiling were all impenetrable, he would step outside of it without touching any part of the building, just as easily as we could step over a circle drawn on the plane without touching it. He would simply disappear from our view like a spirit, and perhaps reappear the next moment outside the prison. To do this he would only have to make a little excursion in the fourth dimension.

Another curious application of the principle is more purely geometrical. We have here two triangles, of which the sides and angles of the one are all equal to corresponding sides and angles of the other. Euclid takes it for granted that the one triangle can be laid upon the other so that the two shall fit together. But this cannot be done unless we lift one up and turn it over. In the geometry of "flat-land" such a thing as lifting up is inconceivable; the two triangles could never be fitted together.

Now let us suppose two pyramids similarly related. All the faces and angles of the one correspond to the faces and angles of the other. Yet, lift them about as we please, we could never fit them together. If we fit the bases together the two will lie on opposite sides, one being below the other. But the dweller in four dimensions of space will fit them together without any trouble. By the mere turning over of one he will convert it into the other without any change whatever in the relative position of its parts. What he could do with the pyramids he could also do with one of us if we allowed him to take hold of us and turn a somersault with us in the fourth dimension. We should then come back into our natural space, but changed as if we were seen in a mirror. Everything on us would be changed from right to left, even the seams in our clothes, and every hair on our head. All this would be done without, during any of the motion, any change having occurred in the positions of the parts of the body.

It is very curious that, in these mathematical speculations, the most rigorous mathematical methods correspond to the most mystical ideas of the Swedenborgian and other forms of religion. Right around us, but in a direction which we cannot conceive any more than the in-

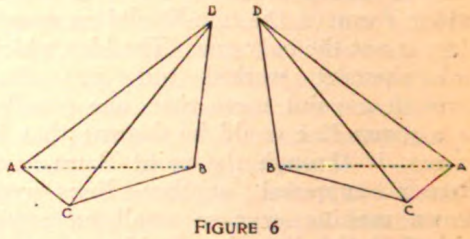


FIGURE 6

habitants of "flat-land" can conceive up and down, there may exist not merely another universe, but any number of universes. All that physical science can say against the supposition is that, even if a fourth dimension exists, there is some law of all the matter with which we are acquainted which prevents any of it from entering that dimension, so that, in our natural condition, it must forever remain unknown to us.

Another possibility in space of four dimensions would be that of turning a hollow sphere, an India-rubber ball, for example, inside out by simple bending without tearing it. To show the motion in our space to which this is analogous, let us take a thin round sheet of India rubber, and cut out all the central part, leaving only a narrow ring round the border. Suppose the outer edge of this ring fastened down on a table, while we take hold of the inner edge and stretch it upwards and outwards over the outer edge until we flatten the whole ring on the table, upside down, with the inner edge now the outer one. This motion would be as inconceivable in "flat-land" as the reversal of the ball is to us.

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Mater Dolorosa

A WINTER SONG

BY NORA CHESSON

EARTH takes but little pleasure to remember—
Being a widow now, that was a wife—
How sweet May was, how bountiful September,
What wayward music April's chanter blew.
Her leaping fires of life
Burn down beneath the fall of frosty dew,
And dwindle slowly to the last red ember
That is December.

She knows not how it went, the Linus-song
Whose burden the brown reapers bore along
As they brought home the sheaves.
Nay, though the thistle yielded figs, from thorn
Though purple grapes were born,
She would not wonder. She is past surprise;
The certainty of grief is in her eyes,
And that she once was glad she scarce believes.

She dares not pray for summer to return.
Against her eyelids burn
The tears that fall not,—for what use are tears?
Above her head a naked plane-tree rears
Wild arms of all despair,
Reaching out blindly through the frosty air
For its beloved leaves that rotting lie
Where Winter with his *manie* has passed by.

Under the touch of their empoisoned spears,
The fair and gallant wood
That all the summer-time green-coated stood,
Stands naked to the bone, and wrings its hands
Above the altered lands.
Earth watches while her little children die—
The frozen wasp, the starving butterfly—
She has no tears for them, but in her heart
Knife-edged the Seven Sorrows wake and start.

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A Double-barrelled Detective Story

BY MARK TWAIN

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I

We ought never to do wrong
when people are looking.

I

THE first scene is in the country, in Virginia; the time, 1880. There has been a wedding, between a handsome young man of slender means and a rich young girl—a case of love at first sight and a precipitate marriage; a marriage bitterly opposed by the girl's widowed father.

Jacob Fuller, the bridegroom, is twenty-six years old, is of an old but unconsidered family which had by compulsion emigrated from Sedgemoor, and for King James's purse's profit, so everybody said—some maliciously, the rest merely because they believed it. The bride is nineteen and beautiful. She is intense, high-strung, romantic, immeasurably proud of her Cavalier blood, and passionate in her love for her young husband. For its sake she braved her father's displeasure, endured his reproaches, listened with loyalty unshaken to his warning predictions, and went from his house without his blessing, proud and happy in the proofs she was thus giving of the quality of the affection which had made its home in her heart.

The morning after the marriage there was a sad surprise for her. Her husband put aside her proffered caresses, and said:

"Sit down. I have something to say to you. I loved you. That was before I asked your father to give you to me. His refusal is not my grievance—I could have endured that. But the things he said of me to you—that is a different matter. There—you needn't speak; I know quite well what they were; I got them from authentic sources. Among other things he said that my character was written in my face; that I was treacherous, a dissembler, a coward, and a brute without sense of pity or compassion: the 'Sedgemoor trade-mark,' he called it—and 'white-sleeve badge.' Any other man in my place would have gone to his house and shot him down like a dog. I wanted to do it, and was minded to do it, but a better thought came to me: to put him to shame; to break his heart; to kill him by inches. How to do it? Through my treatment of you, his idol! I would marry you; and then— Have patience. You will see."

From that moment onward, for three months, the young wife suffered all the humiliations, all the insults, all the miseries that the diligent and inventive mind of the husband could contrive, save physical injuries only. Her strong pride stood by her, and she kept the secret of her troubles. Now and then the husband said, "Why don't you go to your father and tell him?" Then he invented new tortures, applied them, and asked again. She always answered, "He shall never know by my mouth," and taunted him with his origin; said she was the lawful slave of a scion of slaves, and must obey, and would—up to that point, but no further; he could kill her if he liked, but he could not break her; it was not in the Sedgemoor breed to do it. At the end of the three months he said, with a dark significance in his manner, "I have tried all things but one"—and waited for her reply. "Try that," she said, and curled her lip in mockery.

That night he rose at midnight and put on his clothes, then said to her,

"Get up and dress!"

She obeyed—as always, without a word. He led her half a mile from the house, and proceeded to lash her to a tree by the side of the public road; and succeeded, she screaming and struggling. He gagged her then, struck her across the face with his cowhide, and set his blood-hounds on her. They tore the

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HE PROCEEDED TO LASH HER TO A TREE

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clothes off her, and she was naked. He called the dogs off, and said:

"You will be found—by the passing public. They will be dropping along about three hours from now, and will spread the news—do you hear? Good-by. You have seen the last of me."

He went away then. She moaned to herself:

"I shall bear a child—to *him!* God grant it may be a boy!"

The farmers released her by-and-by—and spread the news, which was natural. They raised the country with lynching intentions, but the bird had flown. The young wife shut herself up in her father's house; he shut himself up with her, and thenceforth would see no one. His pride was broken, and his heart; so he wasted away, day by day, and even his daughter rejoiced when death relieved him.

Then she sold the estate and disappeared.

II

In 1886 a young woman was living in a modest house near a secluded New England village, with no company but a little boy about five years old. She did her own work, she discouraged acquaintanceships, and had none. The butcher, the baker, and the others that served her could tell the villagers nothing about her further than that her name was Stillman, and that she called the child Archy. Whence she came they had not been able to find out, but they said she talked like a Southerner. The child had no playmates and no comrade, and no teacher but the mother. She taught him diligently and intelligently, and was satisfied with the results—even a little proud of them. One day Archy said,

"Mamma, am I different from other children?"

"Well, I suppose not. Why?"

"There was a child going along out there and asked me if the postman had been by and I said yes, and she said how long since I saw him and I said I hadn't seen him at all, and she said how did I know he'd been by, then, and I said because I smelt his track on the sidewalk, and she said I was a dum fool and made a mouth at me. What did she do that for?"

The young woman turned white, and said to herself, "It's a birth-mark! The gift of the blood-hound is in him." She snatched the boy to her breast and hugged him passionately, saying, "God has appointed the way!" Her eyes were burning with a fierce light and her breath came short and quick with excitement. She said to herself: "The puzzle is solved now; many a time it has been a mystery to me, the impossible things the child has done in the dark, but it is all clear to me now." She set him in his small chair, and said,

"Wait a little till I come, dear; then we will talk about the matter."

She went up to her room and took from her dressing-table several small articles and put them out of sight: a nail-file on the floor under the bed; a pair of nail-scissors under the bureau; a small ivory paper-knife under the wardrobe. Then she returned, and said:

"There! I have left some things which I ought to have brought down." She named them, and said, "Run up and bring them, dear."

The child hurried away on his errand and was soon back again with the things.

"Did you have any difficulty, dear?"

"No, mamma; I only went where you went."

During his absence she had stepped to the bookcase, taken several books from the bottom shelf, opened each, passed her hand over a page, noting its number in her memory, then restored them to their places. Now she said:

"I have been doing something while you have been gone, Archy. Do you think you can find out what it was?"

The boy went to the bookcase and got out the books that had been touched, and opened them at the pages which had been stroked.

The mother took him in her lap, and said:

"I will answer your question now, dear. I have found out that in one way you are quite different from other people. You can see in the dark, you can smell what other people cannot, you have the talents of a blood-hound. They are good and valuable things to have, but you must keep the matter a secret. If people found it out, they would speak of you as an odd child, a strange child, and

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children would be disagreeable to you, and give you nicknames. In this world one must be like everybody else if he doesn't want to provoke scorn or envy or jealousy. It is a great and fine distinction which has been born to you, and I am glad; but you will keep it a secret, for mamma's sake, won't you?"

The child promised, without understanding.

All the rest of the day the mother's brain was busy with excited thinkings; with plans, projects, schemes, each and all of them uncanny, grim, and dark. Yet they lit up her face; lit it with a fell light of their own; lit it with vague fires of hell. She was in a fever of unrest; she could not sit, stand, read, sew; there was no relief for her but in movement. She tested her boy's gift in twenty ways, and kept saying to herself all the time, with her mind in the past: "He broke my father's heart, and night and day all these years I have tried, and all in vain, to think out a way to break his. I have found it now—I have found it now."

When night fell, the demon of unrest still possessed her. She went on with her tests; with a candle she traversed the house from garret to cellar, hiding pins, needles, thimbles, spools, under pillows, under carpets, in cracks in the walls, under the coal in the bin; then sent the little fellow in the dark to find them: which he did, and was happy and proud when she praised him and smothered him with caresses.

From this time forward life took on a new complexion for her. She said, "The future is secure—I can wait, and enjoy the waiting." The most of her lost interests revived. She took up music again, and languages, drawing, painting, and the other long-discarded delights of her maidenhood. She was happy once more, and felt again the zest of life. As the years drifted by she watched the development of her boy, and was contented with it. Not altogether, but nearly that. The soft side of his heart was larger than the other side of it. It was his only defect, in her eyes. But she considered that his love for her and worship of her made up for it. He was a good hater—that was well; but it was a question if the materials of his hatreds were of as tough and enduring a quality as those of his friendships—and that was not so well.



"IT'S A BIRTH-MARK!"

The years drifted on. Archy was become a handsome, shapely, athletic youth, courteous, dignified, companionable, pleasant in his ways, and looking perhaps a trifle older than he was, which was sixteen. One evening his mother said she had something of grave importance to say to him, adding that he was old enough to hear it now, and old enough and possessed of character enough and stability enough to carry out a stern plan which she had been for years contriving and maturing. Then she told him her bitter story, in all its naked atrociousness. For a while the boy was paralyzed; then he said:

"I understand. We are Southerners;

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and by our custom and nature there is but one atonement. I will search him out and kill him."

"Kill him? No! Death is release, emancipation; death is a favor. Do I owe him favors? You must not hurt a hair of his head."

The boy was lost in thought awhile; then he said:

"You are all the world to me, and your desire is my law and my pleasure. Tell me what to do and I will do it."

The mother's eyes beamed with satisfaction, and she said:

"You will go and find him. I have known his hiding-place for eleven years; it cost me five years and more of inquiry, and much money, to locate it. He is a quartz-miner in Colorado, and well-to-do. He lives in Denver. His name is Jacob Fuller. There — it is the first time I have spoken it since that unforgettable night. Think! That name could have been yours if I had not saved you that shame and furnished you a cleaner one. You will drive him from that place; you will hunt him down and drive him again; and yet again, and again, and again, persistently, relentlessly, poisoning his life, filling it with mysterious terrors, loading it with weariness and misery, making him wish for death, and that he had a suicide's courage; you will make of him another Wandering Jew; he shall know no rest any more, no peace of mind, no placid sleep; you shall shadow him, cling to him, persecute him, till you break his heart, as he broke my father's and mine."

"I will obey, mother."

"I believe it, my child. The preparations are all made; everything is ready. Here is a letter of credit; spend freely, there is no lack of money. At times you may need disguises. I have provided them; also some other conveniences." She took from the drawer of the type-writer table several squares of paper. They all bore these type-written words:

$10,000 REWARD.

It is believed that a certain man who is wanted in an Eastern State is sojourning here. In 1880, in the night, he tied his young wife to a tree by the public road, cut her across the face with a cowhide, and made his dogs tear her clothes from her, leaving her naked. He left her there, and fled the country. A blood-relative of hers has searched for him for seventeen years. Address ....., ..., Post-office. The above reward will be paid in cash to the person who will furnish the seeker, in a personal interview, the criminal's address.

"When you have found him and acquainted yourself with his scent, you will go in the night and placard one of these upon the building he occupies, and another one upon the post-office or in some other prominent place. It will be the talk of the region. At first you must give him several days in which to force a sale of his belongings at something approaching their value. We will ruin him by-and-by, but gradually; we must not impoverish him at once, for that could bring him to despair and injure his health, possibly kill him."

She took three or four more type-written forms from the drawer—duplicates—and read one:

....., ..., 18... .

To Jacob Fuller:

You have ..... days in which to settle your affairs. You will not be disturbed during that limit, which will expire at ..... M., on the ..... of ..... You must then MOVE ON. If you are still in the place after the named hour, I will placard you on all the dead walls, detailing your crime once more, and adding the date, also the scene of it, with all names concerned, including your own. Have no fear of bodily injury—it will in no circumstances ever be inflicted upon you. You brought misery upon an old man, and ruined his life and broke his heart. What he suffered, you are to suffer.

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"You will add no signature. He must receive this before he learns of the reward-placard—before he rises in the morning—lest he lose his head and fly the place penniless."

"I shall not forget."

"You will need to use these forms only in the beginning—once may be enough. Afterward, when you are ready for him to vanish out of a place, see that he gets a copy of *this* form, which merely says:

MOVE ON. You have ..... days.

"He will obey. That is sure."

III

Extracts from Letters to the Mother.

DENVER, *April 3, 1897.*

I have now been living several days in the same hotel with Jacob Fuller. I have his scent; I could track him through ten divisions of infantry and find him. I have often been near him and heard him talk. He owns a good mine, and has a fair income from it; but he is not rich. He learned mining in a good way—by working at it for wages. He is a cheerful creature, and his forty-three years sit lightly upon him; he could pass for a younger man—say thirty-six or thirty-seven. He has never married again—passes himself off for a widower. He stands well, is liked, is popular, and has many friends. Even I feel a drawing toward him—the paternal blood in me making its claim. How blind and unreasoning and arbitrary are some of the laws of nature—the most of them, in fact! My task is become hard now—you realize it? you comprehend, and make allowances?—and the fire of it has cooled, more than I like to confess to myself. But I will carry it out. Even with the pleasure paled, the duty remains, and I will not spare him.

And for my help, a sharp resentment rises in me when I reflect that he who committed that odious crime is the only one who has not suffered by it. The lesson of it has manifestly reformed his character, and in the change he is happy. He, the guilty party, is absolved from all suffering; you, the innocent, are borne down with it. But be comforted—he shall harvest his share.

SILVER GULCH, *May 19.*

I placarded Form No. 1 at midnight of April 3; an hour later I slipped Form No. 2 under his chamber door, notifying him to leave Denver at or before 11.50 the night of the 14th.

Some late bird of a reporter stole one of my placards, then hunted the town over and found the other one, and stole that. In this manner he accomplished what the profession call a "scoop"—that is, he got a valuable item, and saw to it that no other paper got it. And so his paper—the principal one in the town—had it in glaring type on the editorial page in the morning, followed by a Vesuvian opinion of our wretch a column long, which wound up by adding a thousand dollars to our reward on the *paper's* account! The journals out here know how to do the noble thing—when there's business in it.

At breakfast I occupied my usual seat—selected because it afforded a view of papa Fuller's face, and was near enough for me to hear the talk that went on at his table. Seventy-five or a hundred people were in the room, and all discussing that item, and saying they hoped the seeker would find that rascal and remove the pollution of his presence from the town—with a rail, or a bullet, or something.

When Fuller came in he had the Notice to Leave—folded up—in one hand, and the newspaper in the other; and it gave me more than half a pang to see him. His cheerfulness was all gone, and he looked old and pinched and ashy. And then—only think of the things he had to listen to! Mamma, he heard his own unsuspecting friends describe him with epithets and characterizations drawn from the very dictionaries and phrase-books of Satan's own authorized editions down below. And more than that, he had to *agree* with the verdicts and applaud them. His applauses tasted bitter in his mouth, though; he could not disguise that from me; and it was observable that his appetite was gone; he only nibbled; he couldn't eat. Finally a man said:

"It is quite likely that that relative is in the room and hearing what this town thinks of that unspeakable scoundrel. I hope so."

Ah, dear, it was pitiful the way Ful-

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I CAUGHT THE FAMILIAR WHIFF

ler winced, and glanced around scared! He couldn't endure any more, and got up and left.

During several days he gave out that he had bought a mine in Mexico, and wanted to sell out and go down there as soon as he could, and give the property his personal attention. He played his cards well; said he would take $40,000—a quarter in cash, the rest in safe notes; but that as he greatly needed money on account of his new purchase, he would diminish his terms for cash in full. He sold out for $30,000. And then, what do you think he did? He asked for *greenbacks,* and took them, saying the man in Mexico was a New-Englander, with a head full of crotchets, and preferred greenbacks to gold or drafts. People thought it queer, since a draft on New York could produce greenbacks quite conveniently. There was talk of this odd thing, but only for a day; that is as long as any topic lasts in Denver.

I was watching, all the time. As soon as the sale was completed and the money paid — which was on the 11th — I began to stick to Fuller's track without dropping it for a moment. That night—no, 12th, for it was a little past midnight — I tracked him to his room, which was four doors from mine in the same hall, then I went back and put on my muddy day-laborer disguise, darkened my complexion, and sat down in my room in the gloom, with a gripsack handy, with a change in it, and my door ajar. For I suspected that the bird

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. Grimley [See page 266]

He backed against the Wall as tightly as he could

would take wing now. In half an hour an old woman passed by, carrying a grip; I caught the familiar whiff and followed, with my grip, for it was Fuller. He left the hotel by a side entrance, and at the corner he turned up an unfrequented street and walked three blocks in a light rain and a heavy darkness, and got into a two-horse hack, which, of course, was waiting for him by appointment. I took a seat (uninvited) on the trunk-platform behind, and we drove briskly off. We drove ten miles, and the hack stopped at a way station and was discharged.

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Fuller got out and took a seat on a barrow under the awning, as far as he could get from the light; I went inside, and watched the ticket-office. Fuller bought no ticket; I bought none. Presently the train came along, and he boarded a car; I entered the same car at the other end, and came down the aisle and took the seat behind him. When he paid the conductor and named his objective point, I dropped back several seats, while the conductor was changing a bill, and when he came to me I paid to the same place—about a hundred miles westward.

From that time for a week on end he led me a dance. He travelled here and there and yonder—always on a general westward trend—but he was not a woman after the first day. He was a laborer, like myself, and wore bushy false whiskers. His outfit was perfect, and he could do the character without thinking about it, for he had served the trade for wages. His nearest friend could not have recognized him. At last he located himself here, the obscurest little mountain camp in Montana; he has a shanty, and goes out prospecting daily; is gone all day, and avoids society. I am living at a miners' boarding-house, and it is an awful place: the bunks, the food, the dirt—everything.

We have been here four weeks, and in that time I have seen him but once; but every night I go over his track and post myself. As soon as he engaged a shanty here I went to a town fifty miles away and telegraphed that Denver hotel to keep my baggage till I should send for it. I need nothing here but a change of army shirts, and I brought that with me.

SILVER GULCH, *June 12.*

The Denver episode has never found its way here, I think. I know the most of the men in camp, and they have never referred to it, at least in my hearing. Fuller doubtless feels quite safe in these conditions. He has located a claim, two miles away, in an out-of-the-way place in the mountains; it promises very well, and he is working it diligently. Ah, but the change in him! He never smiles, and he keeps quite to himself, consorting with no one—he who was so fond of company and so cheery only two months ago. I have seen him passing along several times recently — drooping, forlorn, the spring gone from his step, a pathetic figure. He calls himself David Wilson.

I can trust him to remain here until we disturb him. Since you insist, I will banish him again, but I do not see how he can be unhappier than he already is. I will go back to Denver and treat myself to a little season of comfort, and edible food, and endurable beds, and bodily decency; then I will fetch my things, and notify poor papa Wilson to move on.

DENVER, *June 19.*

They miss him here. They all hope he is prospering in Mexico, and they do not say it just with their mouths, but out of their hearts. You know you can always tell. I am loitering here overlong, I confess it. But if you were in my place you would have charity for me. Yes, I know what you will say, and you are right: if I were in *your* place, and carried your scalding memories in my heart—

I will take the night train back to-morrow.

DENVER, *June 20.*

God forgive us, mother, we are hunting the *wrong man!* I have not slept any all night. I am now waiting, at dawn, for the *morning* train — and how the minutes drag, how they drag!

This Jacob Fuller is a *cousin* of the guilty one. How stupid we have been not to reflect that the guilty one would never again wear his own name after that fiendish deed! The Denver Fuller is four years younger than the other one; he came here a young widower in '79, aged twenty-one—a year before you were married; and the documents to prove it are innumerable. Last night I talked with familiar friends of his who have known him from the day of his arrival. I said nothing, but a few days from now I will land him in this town again, with the loss upon his mine made good; and there will be a banquet, and a torch-light procession, and there will not be any expense on anybody but me. Do you call this "gush"? I am only a boy, as you well know; it is my privilege. By-and-by I shall not be a boy any more.

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SILVER GULCH, *July 3.*

Mother, he is gone! Gone, and left no trace. The scent was cold when I came. To-day I am out of bed for the first time since. I wish I were not a boy; then I could stand shocks better. They all think he went west. I start to-night, in a wagon—two or three hours of that, then I get a train. I don't know where I'm going, but I must go; to try to keep still would be torture.

Of course he has effaced himself with a new name and a disguise. This means that *I may have to search the whole globe to find him.* Indeed it is what I expect. Do you see, mother? It is *I* that am the Wandering Jew. The irony of it! We arranged that for another.

Think of the difficulties! And there would be none if I could only advertise for him. But if there is any way to do it that would not frighten him, I have not been able to think it out, and I have tried till my brains are addled. "If the gentleman who lately bought a mine in Mexico and sold one in Denver will send his address to" (to whom, mother?), "it will be explained to him that it was all a mistake; his forgiveness will be asked, and full reparation made for a loss which he sustained in a certain matter." Do you see? He would think it a trap. Well, any one would. If I should say, "It is now known that he was not the man wanted, but another man—a man who once bore the same name, but discarded it for good reasons"—would that answer? But the Denver people would wake up then and say "Oho!" and they would remember about the suspicious greenbacks, and say, "Why did he run away if he wasn't the right man?—it is too thin." If I failed to find him he would be ruined there—there where there is no taint upon him now. You have a better head than mine. Help me.

I have one clew, and only one. I know his handwriting. If he puts his new false name upon a hotel register and does not disguise it too much, it will be valuable to me if I ever run across it.

SAN FRANCISCO, *June 28, 1898.*

You already know how well I have searched the States from Colorado to the Pacific, and how nearly I came to getting him once. Well, I have had another close miss. It was here, yesterday. I struck his trail, *hot,* on the street, and followed it on a run to a cheap hotel. That was a costly mistake; a dog would have gone the other way. But I am only part dog, and can get very humanly stupid when excited. He had been stopping in that house ten days; I almost know, now, that he stops long nowhere, the past six or eight months, but is restless and has to keep moving. I understand that feeling! and I know what it is to feel it. He still uses the name he had registered when I came so near catching him nine months ago—"James Walker"; doubtless the same he adopted when he fled from Silver Gulch. An unpretending man, and has small taste for fancy names. I recognized the hand easily, through its slight disguise. A square man, and not good at shams and pretences.

They said he was just gone, on a journey; left no address; didn't say where he was going; looked frightened when asked to leave his address; had no baggage but a cheap valise; carried it off on foot—a "stingy old person, and not much loss to the house." *"Old!"* I suppose he is, now. I hardly heard; I was there but a moment. I rushed along his trail, and it led me to a wharf. Mother, the smoke of the steamer he had taken was just fading out on the horizon! I should have saved half an hour if I had gone in the right direction at first. I could have taken a fast tug, and should have stood a chance of catching that vessel. She is bound for Melbourne.

HOPE CANYON, CALIFORNIA,
October 3, 1900.

You have a right to complain. "A letter a year" *is* a paucity; I freely acknowledge it; but how can one write when there is nothing to write about but failures? No one can keep it up; it breaks the heart.

I told you—it seems ages ago, now—how I missed him at Melbourne, and then chased him all over Australasia for months on end.

Well, then, after that I followed him to India; almost *saw* him in Bombay; traced him all around—to Baroda, Rawal-Pindi, Lucknow, Lahore, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Calcutta, Madras—oh, everywhere; week after week, month after

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month, through the dust and swelter—always approximately on his track, sometimes close upon him, yet never catching him. And down to Ceylon, and then to— Never mind; by-and-by I will write it all out.

I chased him home to California, and down to Mexico, and back again to California. Since then I have been hunting him about the State from the first of last January down to a month ago. I feel almost sure he is not far from Hope Canyon; I traced him to a point thirty miles from here, but there I lost the trail; some one gave him a lift in a wagon, I suppose.

I am taking a rest, now—modified by searchings for the lost trail. I was tired to death, mother, and low-spirited, and sometimes coming uncomfortably near to losing hope; but the miners in this little camp are good fellows, and I am used to their sort this long time back; and their breezy ways freshen a person up and make him forget his troubles. I have been here a month. I am cabining with a young fellow named "Sammy" Hillyer, about twenty-five, the only son of his mother—like me—and loves her dearly, and writes to her every week—part of which is like me. He is a timid body, and in the matter of intellect—well, he cannot be depended upon to set a river on fire; but no matter, he is well liked; he is good and fine, and it is meat and bread and rest and luxury to sit and talk with him and have a comradeship again. I wish "James Walker" could have it. He had friends; he liked company. That brings up that picture of him, the time that I saw him last. The pathos of it! It comes before me often and often. At that very time, poor thing, I was girding up my conscience to make him move on again!

Hillyer's heart is better than mine, better than anybody's in the community, I suppose, for he is the one friend of the black sheep of the camp—Flint Buckner—and the only man Flint ever talks with or allows to talk with him. He says he knows Flint's history, and that it is trouble that has made him what he is, and so one ought to be as charitable toward him as one can. Now none but a pretty large heart could find space to accommodate a lodger like Flint Buckner, from all I hear about him outside. I think that this one detail will give you a better idea of Sammy's character than any labored-out description I could furnish you of him. In one of our talks he said something about like this: "Flint's a kinsman of mine, and he pours out all his troubles to me—empties his breast from time to time, or I reckon it would burst. There couldn't be any unhappier man, Archy Stillman; his life has been made up of misery of mind—he isn't near as old as he looks. He has lost the feel of reposefulness and peace—oh, years and years ago! He doesn't know what good luck is—never has had any; often says he wishes he was in the other hell, he is so tired of this one."

IV

No real gentleman will tell the naked truth in the presence of ladies.

It was a crisp and spicy morning in early October. The lilacs and laburnums, lit with the glory-fires of autumn, hung burning and flashing in the upper air, a fairy bridge provided by kind Nature for the wingless wild things that have their homes in the tree-tops and would visit together; the larch and the pomegranate flung their purple and yellow flames in brilliant broad splashes along the slanting sweep of the woodland; the sensuous fragrance of innumerable deciduous flowers rose upon the swooning atmosphere; far in the empty sky a solitary œsophagus slept upon motionless wing; everywhere brooded stillness, serenity, and the peace of God.

October is the time—1900; Hope Canyon is the place, a silver-mining camp away down in the Esmeralda region. It is a secluded spot, high and remote; recent as to discovery; thought by its occupants to be rich in the metal—a year or two's prospecting will decide that matter one way or the other. For inhabitants, the camp has about two hundred miners, one white woman and child, several Chinese washermen, five squaws, and a dozen vagrant buck Indians in rabbit-skin robes, battered plug hats, and tin-can necklaces. There are no mills as yet; there is no church, no newspaper. The camp has existed but two years; it

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has made no big strike; the world is ignorant of its name and place.

On both sides of the canyon the mountains rise wall-like, three thousand feet, and the long spiral of straggling huts down in its narrow bottom gets a kiss from the sun only once a day, when he sails over at noon. The village is a couple of miles long; the cabins stand well apart from each other. The tavern is the only "frame" house—the only house, one might say. It occupies a central position, and is the evening resort of the population. They drink there, and play seven-up and dominoes; also billiards, for there is a table, crossed all over with torn places repaired with court-plaster; there are some cues, but no leathers; some chipped balls which clatter when they run, and do not slow up gradually, but stop suddenly and sit down; there is part of a cube of chalk, with a protecting jag of flint in it; and the man who can score six on a single break can set up the drinks at the bar's expense.

Flint Buckner's cabin was the last one of the village, going south; his silver claim was at the other end of the village, northward, and a little beyond the last hut in that direction. He was a sour creature, unsociable, and had no companionships. People who had tried to get acquainted with him had regretted it and dropped him. His history was not known. Some believed that Sammy Hillyer knew it; others said no. If asked, Hillyer said no, he was not acquainted with it. Flint had a meek English youth of sixteen or seventeen with him, whom he treated roughly, both in public and in private, and of course this lad was applied to for information, but with no success. Fetlock Jones—name of the youth—said that Flint picked him up on a prospecting tramp, and as he had neither home nor friends in America, he had found it wise to stay and take Buckner's hard usage for the sake of the salary, which was bacon and beans. Further than this he could offer no testimony.

Fetlock had been in this slavery for a month now, and under his meek exterior he was slowly consuming to a cinder with the insults and humiliations which his master had put upon him. For the meek suffer bitterly from these hurts; more bitterly, perhaps, than do the manlier sort, who can burst out and get relief with words or blows when the limit of endurance has been reached. Good-hearted people wanted to help Fetlock out of his trouble, and tried to get him to leave Buckner; but the boy showed fright at the thought, and said he "dasn't." Pat Riley urged him, and said:

"You leave the damned hunks and come with me; don't you be afraid. I'll take care of *him*."

The boy thanked him with tears in his eyes, but shuddered and said he "dasn't risk it"; he said Flint would catch him alone, some time, in the night, and then—"Oh, it makes me sick, Mr. Riley, to think of it."

Others said, "Run away from him; we'll stake you; skip out for the coast some night." But all these suggestions failed; he said Flint would hunt him down and fetch him back, just for meanness.

The people could not understand this. The boy's miseries went steadily on, week after week. It is quite likely that the people would have understood if they had known how he was employing his spare time. He slept in an out-cabin near Flint's; and there, nights, he nursed his bruises and his humiliations, and studied and studied over a single problem—how he could murder Flint Buckner and not be found out. It was the only joy he had in life; these hours were the only ones in the twenty-four which he looked forward to with eagerness and spent in happiness.

He thought of poison. No—that would not serve; the inquest would reveal where it was procured and who had procured it. He thought of a shot in the back in a lonely place when Flint would be homeward-bound at midnight—his unvarying hour for the trip. No—somebody might be near, and catch him. He thought of stabbing him in his sleep. No—he might strike an inefficient blow, and Flint would seize him. He examined a hundred different ways—none of them would answer; for in even the very obscurest and secretest of them there was always the fatal defect of a *risk*, a chance, a possibility that he might be found out. He would have none of that.

But he was patient, endlessly patient.

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There was no hurry, he said to himself. He would never leave Flint till he left him a corpse; there was no hurry—he would find the way. It was somewhere, and he would endure shame and pain and misery until he found it. Yes, somewhere there was a way which would leave not a trace, not even the faintest clew to the murderer—there was no hurry—he would find that way, and then—oh, then, it would just be good to be alive! Meantime he would diligently keep up his reputation for meekness; and also, as always theretofore, he would allow no one to hear him say a resentful or offensive thing about his oppressor.

Two days before the before-mentioned October morning Flint had bought some things, and he and Fetlock had brought them home to Flint's cabin: a fresh box of candles, which they put in the corner; a tin can of blasting-powder, which they placed upon the candle-box; a keg of blasting-powder, which they placed under Flint's bunk; a huge coil of fuse, which they hung on a peg. Fetlock reasoned that Flint's mining operations had outgrown the pick, and that blasting was about to begin now. He had seen blasting done, and he had a notion of the process, but he had never helped in it. His conjecture was right—blasting-time had come. In the morning the pair carried fuse, drills, and the powder-can to the shaft; it was now eight feet deep, and to get into it and out of it a short ladder was used. They descended, and by command Fetlock held the drill—without any instructions as to the right way to hold it—and Flint proceeded to strike. The sledge came down; the drill sprang out of Fetlock's hand, almost as a matter of course.

"You mangy son of a nigger, is that any way to hold a drill? Pick it up! Stand it up! There—hold fast. D—— you! *I'll* teach you!"

At the end of an hour the drilling was finished.

"Now, then, charge it."

The boy started to pour in the powder.

"Idiot!"

A heavy bat on the jaw laid the lad out.

"Get up! You can't lie snivelling there. Now, then, stick in the fuse *first*. *Now* put in the powder. Hold on, hold on! Are you going to fill the hole *all* up? Of all the sap-headed milksops I— Put in some dirt! Put in some gravel! Tamp it down! Hold on, hold on! Oh, great Scott! get out of the way!" He snatched the iron and tamped the charge himself, meantime cursing and blaspheming like a fiend. Then he fired the fuse, climbed out of the shaft, and ran fifty yards away, Fetlock following. They stood waiting a few minutes, then a great volume of smoke and rocks burst high into the air with a thunderous explosion; after a little there was a shower of descending stones; then all was serene again.

"I wish to God you'd been in it!" remarked the master.

They went down the shaft, cleaned it out, drilled another hole, and put in another charge.

"Look here! How much fuse are you proposing to waste? Don't you know how to time a fuse?"

"No, sir."

"You *don't!* Well, if you don't beat anything *I* ever saw!"

He climbed out of the shaft and spoke down:

"Well, idiot, are you going to be all day? Cut the fuse and light it!"

The trembling creature began,

"If you please, sir, I—"

"You talk back to *me?* Cut it and light it!"

The boy cut and lit.

"Ger-reat Scott! a one-minute fuse! I wish you were in—"

In his rage he snatched the ladder out of the shaft and ran. The boy was aghast.

"Oh, my God! Help! Help! Oh, save me!" he implored. "Oh, what can I do! What *can* I do!"

He backed against the wall as tightly as he could; the sputtering fuse frightened the voice out of him; his breath stood still; he stood gazing and impotent; in two seconds, three seconds, four, he would be flying toward the sky torn to fragments. Then he had an inspiration. He sprang at the fuse and severed the inch of it that was left aboveground, and was saved.

He sank down limp and half lifeless with fright, his strength all gone; but he muttered with a deep joy:

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"He has learnt me! I knew there was a way, if I would wait."

After a matter of five minutes Buckner stole to the shaft, looking worried and uneasy, and peered down into it. He took in the situation; he saw what had happened. He lowered the ladder, and the boy dragged himself weakly up it. He was very white. His appearance added something to Buckner's uncomfortable state, and he said, with a show of regret and sympathy which sat upon him awkwardly from lack of practice:

"It was an accident, you know. Don't say anything about it to anybody; I was excited, and didn't notice what I was doing. You're not looking well; you've worked enough for to-day; go down to my cabin and eat what you want, and rest. It's just an accident, you know, on account of my being excited."

"It scared me," said the lad, as he started away; "but I learnt something, so I don't mind it."

"Damned easy to please!" muttered Buckner, following him with his eye. "I wonder if he'll tell? Mightn't he? . . . . I wish it *had* killed him."

The boy took no advantage of his holiday in the matter of resting; he employed it in work, eager and feverish and happy work. A thick growth of chaparral extended down the mountain-side clear to Flint's cabin; the most of Fetlock's labor was done in the dark intricacies of that stubborn growth; the rest of it was done in his own shanty. At last all was complete, and he said:

"If he's got any suspicions that I'm going to tell on him, he won't keep them long, to-morrow. He will see that I am the same milksop as I always was—all day and the next. And the day after to-morrow night there'll be an end of him, and nobody will ever guess who finished him up nor how it was done. He dropped me the idea his own self, and that's odd."

V

The next day came and went.

It is now almost midnight, and in five minutes the new morning will begin. The scene is in the tavern billiard-room. Rough men in rough clothing, slouch hats, breeches stuffed into boot-tops, some with vests, none with coats, are grouped about the boiler-iron stove, which has ruddy cheeks and is distributing a grateful warmth; the billiard-balls are clacking; there is no other sound—that is, within; the wind is fitfully moaning without. The men look bored; also expectant. A hulking, broad-shouldered miner, of middle age, with grizzled whiskers, and an unfriendly eye set in an unsociable face, rises, slips a coil of fuse upon his arm, gathers up some other personal properties, and departs without word or greeting to anybody. It is Flint Buckner. As the door closes behind him a buzz of talk breaks out.

"The regularest man that ever was," said Jake Parker, the blacksmith; "you can tell when it's twelve just by him leaving, without looking at your Waterbury."

"And it's the only virtue he's got, as fur as I know," said Peter Hawes, miner.

"He's just a blight on this society," said Wells-Fargo's man, Ferguson. "If I was running this shop I'd make him say something, *some* time or other, or vamos the ranch." This with a suggestive glance at the barkeeper, who did not choose to see it, since the man under discussion was a good customer, and went home pretty well set up, every night, with refreshments furnished from the bar.

"Say," said Ham Sandwich, miner, "does any of you boys ever recollect of him asking you to take a drink?"

"*Him?* Flint *Buckner?* Oh, Laura!"

This sarcastic rejoinder came in a spontaneous general outburst in one form of words or another from the crowd. After a brief silence, Pat Riley, miner, said:

"He's the 15-puzzle, that cuss. And his boy's another one. *I* can't make them out."

"Nor anybody else," said Ham Sandwich; "and if they are 15-puzzles, how are you going to rank up that other one? When it comes to A 1 right-down solid mysteriousness, he lays over both of them. *Easy*—don't he?"

"You bet!"

Everybody said it. Every man but one. He was the new-comer—Peterson. He ordered the drinks all round, and asked who No. 3 might be. All answered at once, "Archy Stillman!"

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"Is he a mystery?" asked Peterson.

"Is *he* a mystery? Is Archy *Stillman* a mystery?" said Wells-Fargo's man, Ferguson. "Why, the fourth dimension's foolishness to *him*."

For Ferguson was learned.

Peterson wanted to hear all about him; everybody wanted to tell him; everybody began. But Billy Stevens, the barkeeper, called the house to order, and said one at a time was best. He distributed the drinks, and appointed Ferguson to lead. Ferguson said:

"Well, he's a boy. And that is just about all we know about him. You can pump him till you are tired; it ain't any use; you won't get anything. At least about his intentions, or line of business, or where he's from, and such things as that. And as for getting at the nature and get-up of his main big chief mystery, why, he'll just change the subject, that's all. You can *guess* till you're black in the face—it's your privilege—but suppose you do, where do you arrive at? Nowhere, as near as I can make out."

"What *is* his big chief one?"

"Sight, maybe. Hearing, maybe. Instinct, maybe. Magic, maybe. Take your choice—grown-ups, twenty-five; children and servants, half price. Now I'll tell you what he can do. You can start here, and just disappear; you can go and hide wherever you want to, I don't care where it is, nor how far—and he'll go straight and put his finger on you."

"You don't mean it!"

"I just do, though. Weather's nothing to him—elemental conditions is nothing to him—he don't even take notice of them."

"Oh, come! Dark? Rain? Snow? Hey?"

"It's all the same to *him*. *He* don't give a damn."

"Oh, *say*—including *fog*, per'aps?"

"*Fog!* he's got an eye 't can plunk through it like a bullet."

"Now, boys, honor bright, what's he giving me?"

"It's a fact!" they all shouted. "Go on, Wells-Fargo."

"Well, sir, you can leave him here, chatting with the boys, and you can slip out and go to any cabin in this camp and open a book—yes, sir, a dozen of them—and take the page in your memory, and he'll start out and go straight to that cabin and open every one of them books at the right page, and call it off, and never make a mistake."

"He must be the devil!"

"More than one has thought it. Now I'll tell you a perfectly wonderful thing that he done. The other night he—"

There was a sudden great murmur of sounds outside, the door flew open, and an excited crowd burst in, with the camp's one white woman in the lead and crying:

"My child! my child! she's lost and gone! For the love of God help me to find Archy Stillman; we've hunted everywhere!"

Said the barkeeper:

"Sit down, sit down, Mrs. Hogan, and don't worry. He asked for a bed three hours ago, tuckered out tramping the trails the way he's always doing, and went up stairs. Ham Sandwich, run up and roust him out; he's in No. 14."

The youth was soon downstairs and ready. He asked Mrs. Hogan for particulars.

"Bless you, dear, there ain't any; I wish there was. I put her to sleep at seven in the evening, and when I went in there an hour ago to go to bed myself, she was gone. I rushed for your cabin, dear, and you wasn't there, and I've hunted for you ever since, at every cabin down the gulch, and now I've come up again, and I'm that distracted and scared and heart-broke; but, thanks to God, I've found you at last, dear heart, and you'll find my child. Come on! come quick!"

"Move right along; I'm with you, madam. Go to your cabin first."

The whole company streamed out to join the hunt. All the southern half of the village was up, a hundred men strong, and waiting outside, a vague dark mass sprinkled with twinkling lanterns. The mass fell into columns by threes and fours to accommodate itself to the narrow road, and strode briskly along southward in the wake of the leaders. In a few minutes the Hogan cabin was reached.

"There's the bunk," said Mrs. Hogan; "there's where she was; it's where I laid her at seven o'clock; but where she is now, God only knows."

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"Hand me a lantern," said Archy. He set it on the hard earth floor and knelt by it, pretending to examine the ground closely. "Here's her track," he said, touching the ground here and there and yonder with his finger. "Do you see?"

Several of the company dropped upon their knees and did their best to see. One or two thought they discerned something like a track; the others shook their heads and confessed that the smooth hard surface had no marks upon it which their eyes were sharp enough to discover. One said, "Maybe a child's foot could make a mark on it, but *I* don't see how."

Young Stillman stepped outside, held the light to the ground, turned leftward, and moved along three steps, closely examining; then said, "I've got the direction—come along; take the lantern, somebody."

He strode off swiftly southward, the files following, swaying and bending in and out with the deep curves of the gorge. Thus a mile, and the mouth of the gorge was reached; before them stretched the sage-brush plain, dim, vast, and vague. Stillman called a halt, saying, "We mustn't start wrong, now; we must take the direction again." He took a lantern and examined the ground for a matter of twenty yards; then said, "Come on; it's all right," and gave up the lantern. In and out among the sage-bushes he marched, a quarter of a mile, bearing gradually to the right; then took a new direction and made another great semicircle; then changed again and moved due west nearly half a mile—and stopped.

"She gave it up, here, poor little chap. Hold the lantern. You can see where she sat."

But this was in a slick alkali flat which was surfaced like steel, and no person in the party was quite hardy enough to claim an eyesight that could detect the track of a cushion on a veneer like that. The bereaved mother fell upon her knees and kissed the spot, lamenting.

"But where is she, then?" some one said. "She didn't stay here. We can see *that* much, anyway."

Stillman moved about in a circle around the place, with the lantern, pretending to hunt for tracks. "Well!" he said presently, in an annoyed tone, "I don't understand it." He examined again. "No use. She was here—that's certain; she never *walked* away from here—and that's certain. It's a puzzle; I can't make it out."

The mother lost heart then.

"Oh, my God! oh, blessed Virgin! some flying beast has got her. I'll never see her again!"

"Ah, *don't* give up," said Archy. "We'll find her—don't give up."

"God bless you for the words, Archy Stillman!" and she seized his hand and kissed it fervently.

Peterson, the new-comer, whispered satirically in Ferguson's ear:

"Wonderful performance to find this place, wasn't it? Hardly worth while to come so far, though; any other supposititious place would have answered just as well—hey?"

Ferguson was not pleased with the innuendo. He said, with some warmth:

"Do you mean to insinuate that the child hasn't been here? I tell you the child *has* been here! Now if you want to get yourself into as tidy a little fuss as—"

"All right!" sang out Stillman. "Come, everybody, and look at this! It was right under our noses all the time, and we didn't see it."

There was a general plunge for the ground at the place where the child was alleged to have rested, and many eyes tried hard and hopefully to see the thing that Archy's finger was resting upon. There was a pause, then a several-barrelled sigh of disappointment. Pat Riley and Ham Sandwich said, in the one breath:

"What is it, Archy? There's nothing here."

"Nothing? Do you call *that* nothing?" and he swiftly traced upon the ground a form with his finger. "There—don't you recognize it now? It's Injun Billy's track. He's got the child."

"God be praised!" from the mother.

"Take away the lantern. I've got the direction. Follow!"

He started on a run, racing in and out among the sage-bushes a matter of three hundred yards, and disappeared over a sand-wave; the others struggled after him, caught him up, and found him wait-

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ing. Ten steps away was a little wickie-up, a dim and formless shelter of rags and old horse-blankets, a dull light showing through its chinks.

"You lead, Mrs. Hogan," said the lad. "It's your privilege to be first."

All followed the sprint she made for the wickieup, and saw, with her, the picture its interior afforded. Injun Billy was sitting on the ground; the child was asleep beside him. The mother hugged it with a wild embrace, which included Archy Stillman, the grateful tears running down her face, and in a choked and broken voice she poured out a golden stream of that wealth of worshipping endearments which has its home in full richness nowhere but in the Irish heart.

"I find her bymeby it is ten o'clock," Billy explained. "She 'sleep out yonder, ve'y tired—face wet, been cryin, 'spose; fetch her home, feed her, she heap much hungry—go sleep 'gin."

In her limitless gratitude the happy mother waived rank and hugged him too, calling him "the angel of God in disguise."

And he probably was in disguise if he was that kind of an official. He was dressed for the character.

At half past one in the morning the procession burst into the village, singing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," waving its lanterns, and swallowing the drinks that were brought out all along its course. It concentrated at the tavern, and made a night of what was left of the morning.

[*This story will be completed in the February Magazine.*]

The Rune of the Forest

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON McGIFFERT

It calls—it calls to me
By shadowy brake and fern,
Where the wan wild roses yearn,
Where the silver birches brood
In gentle solitude.
By sweet cool bowldered ways,
Where the lurking spirit sways
The tangled boughs, and low
Strange rustling love-dreams go,
It calls—it calls to me.

It beckons—beckons me
Up vistaed steeps foretold
By tree-tops etched in gold,
Where deep-eyed violets sigh—
Faint fragrant undercry.
Past luring forbidden paths
Of desolate pleasures and wraths,
Down shelterless breathless ways,
Wind-swept and heart-break days,
It beckons—beckons me.

It urges—urges me
Past thickets mystic deep,
Where lost hours stir and sleep,
Past haunted caves where dream
Portending days, where gleam
Pale, sunken stars of fate
That summon me and wait.
On—on resistlessly
Unto Eternity
It urges—urges me.

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PICTURES

AT THE

METROPOLITAN

MUSEUM

EXPECTATION

BY JOSEF ISRAËLS

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EXPECTATION

By Josef Israëls

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Pictures at the Metropolitan Museum

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

THE Metropolitan Museum has reached its majority. Enriched by recent bequests, it is about to enter upon a career of extended usefulness and dignity, which, if wisely directed, may lead to this New York museum becoming one of the most distinguished in the world. It is interesting, therefore, to try to discover what notable assets it already possesses as a nucleus for future development.

The search, as we shall find, will take us without much method from gallery to gallery, prompting us to linger here and there before certain pictures. Meanwhile it will not be amiss to attempt a brief summary of the exhibition as a whole, since it involves considerations that have a bearing upon the future.

The advantage to a museum of having a large annual income is twofold. It enables the management to watch the market and take advantage of the opportunities of buying pictures, and to buy also with the definite purpose of building up the collection along well-considered lines. At the same time it becomes possible to decline the acceptance of undesirable pictures, and to refuse to receive any that are saddled with conditions.

The absence, heretofore, of the latter advantage has quite naturally affected the character of this exhibition; and in two ways. In the first place, it contains a considerable number of pictures of the trivial and merely popular type, that do nothing to raise, and much to keep lower down, the public taste; secondly, its value to the student is lessened by the piecemeal manner of arrangement. The pictures are only partially arranged according to schools and periods, complete orderliness being interrupted by the necessity of keeping the gifts of certain donors in separate blocks. For instance, there is a notable representation of the works of the old Dutch and Flemish painters; and, so far as was possible, they have been hung together. Yet to study some of the finest examples it is necessary to visit one or two of the other rooms, where they appear in a totally different environment, robbed of their particular atmosphere. This should not be; and yet how natural is the desire of a donor that his collection should remain intact! His pictures have become to him like children—a united, happy family. It is hard when they scatter to take their individual places in the world; but in their consequent larger usefulness the father gets his compensation.

As to the scope of the exhibition, I have noted the comparative strength of the Dutch and Flemish section. The Spanish is represented by four Velasquezes and one Murillo; of Italian art there are examples by Titian, Correggio, Moroni, Guardi, Tiepolo, Ghirlandajo, and del Piombo; of early British portraits and landscapes there is a fair showing, and so also of the early American painters. In all these departments excellent ground-work has been laid, and, as I shall show presently, there exist many individual pictures which any exhibition would be proud to possess. It is the representation of the last century that, on the whole, is weakest. For, although there are several distinguished pictures, the rest are a medley, representing the trumpery features of French and German painting and very little of the successive movements of real account which have signalized the century.

At present, therefore, the visitor finds his best satisfaction in studying separately the fine examples which are sprinkled throughout all the galleries, and in some have plenty of distinguished companions. Beginning with the modern pictures, let us note particularly Josef Israels's "Expectation"—the full-sized figure of a young girl in a smooth white cap and kerchief, a bodice of pale plum-color, and

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BOY WITH A SWORD
By Edouard Manet

dark green skirt. She sits with feet crossed, stitching in a dim interior, beside a table, on which stand a red flowerpot and a little plant with white blossoms. Rarely has "the Dutch Millet" painted a more sympathetic study of peasant life—spontaneous, sincere, and lovable. Here is the unaffected realism that reaches the true poetry of life; expressed, also, in true painter fashion. The drawing is superb; big in feeling, and tenderly refined as well, for note the poise and movement of the hands. The sober colors are blended in a harmony that is full of tranquil emotion, and the whole is bathed in that shadowed luminousness of which Israels is such a master.

Opposite to this picture hangs the "Boy with a Sword," by Manet, a very beautiful example. How entirely he ignored any thought of "human interest" may be seen in his other example here, "Girl with a Parrot." She is of the anæmic type that he occasionally portrayed, a creature with freakish face and a foolishly affected carriage of the hands that suggests the nervous gestures of a lunatic. Her only *raison d'être* is

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A QUARTETTE

By William T. Dannat

to afford an expanse of pale rose, attuned skilfully to a drab background, and the piquant spots of a gray parrot and of a half-peeled lemon, lying at the foot of its stand — a delicate symphony of color that seems to have dried out somewhat and lost its original intent. But in the "Boy" Manet has followed his master Velasquez more closely; and the blacks and grays of this color-harmony, and its accidental note of blue, all plunged in atmosphere, are rich in emotional suggestion. We are face to face with the sincerity of artistic feeling that belongs to Manet's best work, and explains the influence which he has exerted on other painters. This picture and the Israels are the two gems among the modern figure-subjects in the museum, and there is, perhaps, only one other that can be fitly mentioned with them. This is "A Quartette," by William T. Dannat, who at his best is one of the strongest of our American painters residing in Paris. It is a group of four Spaniards in a bare room, a man and a woman singing, while two other men accompany them on guitars. What shrewd

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characterization, sumptuousness of dark rich color, cunning distribution of light, and brave virility of manner!

In "The Organ Rehearsal"—a group of black or brown garbed men and women in an organ-loft, gathered round the instrument, as a man plays and a lady stands forward alone, singing, while the church in front of her is hazy with summer light—Henri Lerolle, by turns painter of landscapes, peasant subjects, and characteristic genre, has essayed the last. The cleverness of the picture is undeniable; each figure presents a careful and interesting study, the tone is agreeable, and the lighting fairly subtle; yet, partly from its enormous size, it is scarcely satisfactory. It protests too loudly, and the painter has not possessed himself sufficiently of his subject to express it with that inevitableness of simple spontaneousness that marks a really beautiful picture. We find ourselves behind the scenes instead of viewing it across the foot-lights of imagination. A famous picture, of course, is Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807." People stand before it and note with admiration the vigorous portrayal of individual figures in the crowded composition, the accurate presentment of uniforms and bridle buckles, but as for the larger feeling of so supreme a moment—surely it is absent. The significance of Napoleon is dwarfed, and the mighty devotion of his soldiers scarcely touched upon. The scene has about the kind of impressiveness that is produced by the wild rush of Buffalo Bill's horsemen in a circus. Another idol tumbling from its pedestal of popularity is Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." That it was painted by a woman had, no doubt, much to do with its extraordinary vogue; and indeed it represents a series of most virile studies of the horse, which make their biggest mark in the engraved reproductions, for in them it is the drawing that counts. The weakness of the picture is in its painting. It is an open-air scene in which there is no real air or light or dust, and the trees behind the cavalcade are merely a background setting, screened unnaturally with a scumble of gray. As a painting it is not nearly so satisfactory as her brother Auguste's "Woodland and Cattle," which is a very charming example of a painter who scarcely received his due. Nor is it to be mentioned alongside the little Fromentin, "Arabs crossing a Ford," which is blossoming with light and color, and full of movement and of the spirit of the scene.

Passing to the Dutch and Flemish pictures, let us note particularly one of the small portraits, very rare, by Terburg (Ter Borch), called "Portrait of a Gentleman," No. 313. Though exquisitely wrought, it has the character of a big and broadly painted picture, and its quiet directness and subdued color give it an unmistakable dignity. Of Terburg's contemporary Van der Helst there are three examples, of which the "Portrait of Jean van Male" is eminently good. In this picture of a nobleman, with sensual mouth, heavy-lidded eyes, and imperturbable expression, habited sumptuously in black velvet with lawn sleeves, and ruffles falling over soft, fleshy hands, one is introduced rather to a type than to an individual, but to a type perennially true, and only distinguished here by the accidents of race and costume. On the other hand, before the wonderful portrait of his wife by Frans Hals, an example of the master that any museum might covet, one is conscious of type and individual. As she sits with clever, kindly hands folded over her comfortable plumpness, bright-eyed and smiling, she seems an epitome of the Dutch bourgeoisie at its best, and yet she makes her separate impression upon us, and we carry away her identity in our memory. In his sketchy portrait of the wicked-eyed, laughing old woman "Hille van Bobbe," one may study the impetuosity and yet faultless precision of Hals's method, the brush applied with broad and vigorous strokes, each one of which, however, counts for truth. But in this portrait of his wife nothing is more admirable than the exceeding moderation of the method and the directness and force of character which it nevertheless conveys. The firework method fascinates, no doubt, but it is apt to distract attention from the real issue. It is the masterful deliberation and thoroughly concluded beginning that tell.

Another striking illustration of this is Titian's "Portrait of Grimani," lent by the late Mr. F. O. Matthiessen. As Grimani was elected Doge in 1521, this pic-

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PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE

By Frans Hals

ture belongs to the ripe period of Titian's middle life, and follows close upon the "Assumption" of the Venice Academy and the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the National Gallery. Instead of the rapturous fervor of the one or the bounding imagination of the other, there is in this portrait a force of concentrated intensity. The face of the stern old man, as he stands in the ermine cloak and crimson garb of office, with one hand resting on a table, a delicate handkerchief passed through his clinched fist—what an allegory of mingled determination and suppleness!—is seamed with suffering; stubborn, shrewd, and yet pathetic. Twenty-

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two years earlier he had returned to Venice in disgrace, by reason of the defeat of his fleet at Lepanto, and had been stoned by the mob. To-day he is Doge; and in the pallid leathery face, with its tight-set lips, crumpled by age, beaked nose, and eyes close together and looking out from half-shut lids, there is a fire of suppressed passion; wounded pride, ambition gratified, hatred scarce stifled, and withal a pitiful tiredness—a psychological interpretation of extraordinary interest.

Something of this intensity, but tenderer and more wistful, is in Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Man," with pale emaciated face and eyes peering searchingly from beneath the shadow of a broad-brimmed black hat. The picture was painted in 1664, five years before the artist's death, when he was being hunted out of one house after the other by his creditors, and had solace only in his art and in the devotion of his mistress, Hendrikie. In its craftsmanship it may fall short of the resolution and subtlety of Rembrandt's finest manner, but as an interpretation of a human personality it has a haunting charm. Surely, in the gracious melancholy of this face, so patient and pleading, the great master has recorded somewhat of his own sadness and brave struggle.

A few feet away is another fascinating human study, a "Portrait of a Lady," by Leonardo da Vinci. Delicately sensuous, with the taste of a smile upon the flexibly curved lips, and with eyes, almond-shaped and far apart, dreamy and yet covertly alert, this Florentine girl still looks out upon the world that she has watched for more than four hundred years, fronting it boldly, and yet veiling her inner self; seductive but slow to yield, cold and voluptuous in a breath. Like her greater sister of the Louvre, the "Mona Lisa," she is one to pique conjecture; to raise the question and refuse the answer; to remain, as her creator felt her to be, an impenetrable enigma!

Two other Italian portraits should be mentioned. One is Moroni's "Portrait of a Man." This painter was eclipsed by his greater contemporary, Titian; yet how cunningly painted are the long black coat, trimmed with brown fur, and the drab-gloved hands, while the face is a singularly refined and simple presentment of a type of gentleman that might belong to our own times; one of those who in a world of strivings has his own quiet ideals! One compares it with another portrait in the same room, Van Dyck's "James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox." The latter stands in an attitude of easy grace, with one hand resting on his hip, the other laid upon the head of a greyhound that fawns against his master's leg, beseeching a caress. The gentleman is dressed in a cavalier costume of black silk, with point-lace collar, a blue ribbon across his chest, and a large silver star upon his sleeve—a picture of courtly elegance. But, to speak the truth, the picture conveys little else to one's imagination. It is beautifully conceived and painted, a joy to one's eyes in an abstract way, but in its suggestion of a human personality it falls short of the quiet individuality of that Italian gentleman of Moroni's. The other Italian portrait is Sebastiano del Piombo's "Christopher Columbus"; the figure standing against a drab background in a black doublet with very full sleeves and a large rolled-over collar; the face of an olive-gray hue. There is not much expression or suggestion of character, but the staid sobriety of the color scheme and the amplitude of the pattern of form and spaces are excessively distinguished. At first one may feel an indifference for the picture; it is heavy, inert, and overbig in scale; and yet increased acquaintance will draw one more and more, until the abstract bigness of the conception becomes gradually most enjoyable. The interest, however, for one's own part, ceases here. The picture scarcely makes one realize the man, Columbus.

While the several examples of Velasquez are minor works, there is a portrait of the little prince Baltasar Carlos, the eldest son of the artist's patron-friend, Philip IV., that is certainly delightful. So unaffectedly simple and childlike, the portrait also shows the marvellous directness and ease of the painter's method. Modelled in light with scarcely a suggestion of shadow, the face is life itself; nor is there any petty demonstration of cunning craftsmanship. The face has grown upon the canvas, and the big hand that made it grow has con-

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY
By Leonardo da Vinci

cealed its own cunning, the artist himself being so much bigger than his means. Depend upon it, this is the ultimate test of artistic effort, that the artist is merged in his creation. We want to see the figures dance, but not to be conscious of the strings, still less of the operator's satisfaction as he pulls them.

A fine example of Murillo's religious pictures is the "Magdalen at Prayer." There may be a little suggestion of Dolci's sentimentality in the lovel ness of the upturned face and i studied disorder of the brown hair streams over the bare shoulder and an island of the breast, as the pe kneels in elegant grief before a sku pyx of ointment. But the gravi the dark background, mingling wit mellowness of the plum-colored dr

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and the white purity of the flesh, saves the picture from excessive sweetness. It is a beautiful idealization of female beauty, and to some extent of religious fervor.

Among other religious pictures are examples by Rubens and by his follower Jordaens. One of the great Flemish master's is "The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," representing the child Christ walking a step in advance of his parents, who hold his hands, while the figure of the Heavenly Father appears in the clouds. Originally painted on wood, and recently transferred to canvas, this picture comes, in point of time, between the "Crucifixion" and the "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp cathedral, and bears the direct influence of Rubens's visit to Italy, being evidently painted with recollection of the stately pomp of Venetian art. It is by so much the less characteristic of the master, being more formal in composition and, as if in consequence of the restraint, less personal in color; lacking the impetuous simplicity and fervor of color seen, for example, in "The Holy Family." I say simplicity, for in this the personages are of familiar home types, looking and acting much as any happy family might, except for the noble figure of St. Francis, kneeling in rapt adoration. Yet what a grandeur there is in the unaffected composition and in the glowing majesty of color! But for the kneeling saint, there is little direct suggestion of spirituality in the picture, and yet the abstract qualities of form and color are inexpressibly elevating. In the picture by Jordaens, on the other hand, "The Visit of St. John to the Infant Jesus," for all its sumptuous color bathed in a golden glow, there is a grossness of suggestion that keeps one's imagination tethered close to the material. It is not the work of a genius inspired by his art if not by religion, but that of a very virile painter of bold and florid temperament. But for the pure beauty of resplendent color let us turn again to Rubens, to his "Susannah and the Elders," which has the sparkle and translucence of exquisite gems.

Landscape-painting has reflected the various movements that have stirred the artistic motive, and yet it is a branch distinct and self-absorbed. What a boon it would be for the student if some museum would arrange the examples of landscape in a separate gallery where its evolution could be traced step by step! Here, for instance, there is material enough for a very illuminative record. We should be reminded of the early Dutch nature-students by examples of Van Goyen, of Salomon van Ruysdael, and of his nephew Jakob; less satisfactorily of Hobbema, and fairly well of Cuyp's cattle pieces. We could gather some idea of the divergent, so-called classical, motive in one canvas by their French contemporary Claude Lorrain, and note his influence perpetuated in the Englishman Richard Wilson. The beginning of the naturalistic movement in England we should study in some characteristic examples of the Norwich men, Old Crome and Cotman; in a beautiful poetic landscape (355) by Gainsborough; and in the superbly powerful "A Lock on the Stour," by Constable. There are examples of that great single figure, Turner; and then Constable and Bonington, the former exhibiting at the Salon and the latter living for the most part in France, would form the link with the men of 1830. These, except for "The Old Oak," by Dupré, and for "The Edge of the Woods," by Rousseau, are represented by works which, compared with the treasures in American private collections, give only a faint suggestion of the poetry and grandeur of the group. After a reference to Courbet we could take up the beginning of our own modern landscape art in some earlier examples of George Inness, in several very beautiful Wyants, and in the "Sand Dunes," among others, of Homer Martin, this canvas being one of the most spiritually impressive and technically accomplished that he ever painted. Lastly we should get a taste of what impressionism stands for in a single canvas by Monet and in one by an American follower, Theodore Robinson.

Indeed, throughout it is tastes that we get rather than full impression, but tastes that suggest the character and quality, forming an admirable basis for future development. Such is practically true of the whole exhibition, but, oh! that it were possible to arrange it in more consistent sequence!

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SCUDDING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER OF THE FOUR GREAT ELMS

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Mrs. Dud's Sister

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

THEY were having tea on the terrace. As Varian strolled up to the group he wished that Hunter could see the picture they made: Hunter, who had not been in America for thirty years, and who had been so honestly surprised when Varian had spoken of Mrs. Dud's pretty maids—she always had pretty ones, even to the cook's third assistant.

"Maids? Maids? It used to be 'help,'" he had protested. "You don't mean to say they have waitresses in Binghamville now?"

Varian had despaired of giving him any idea.

"Come over and see Mrs. Dud," he had urged, "and do her portrait. We've moved on since you left us, you know. She's a wonder—she really is. When you remember how she used to carry her father's dinner to the store Saturday afternoons—"

"And now I suppose she sports real Mechlin on her cap," assented Hunter, anxious to show how perfectly he caught the situation.

Varian had roared helplessly. "Cap? Cap!" he had moaned, finally. "Oh, my sainted granny! Cap! My poor fellow, your view of Binghamville must be like the old maps of Africa in the green geography, that said 'desert' and 'interior' and 'savage tribes' from time to time. I should like awfully to see Mrs. Dud in a cap."

Hunter had looked puzzled.

"But, dear me, she might very well wear one, I should think," he had murmured, defensively. "I don't wish to be invidious, but surely Lizzie must be—let's see—'eighty, 'ninety—why, she must be between forty-five and fifty now?"

Varian had waved his hand dramatically. "Nobody considers Mrs. Dud and Time in the same breath. If you could see her in her golf rig! Or on a horse! She even sheds a lustre on the rest of us. I forget my rheumatism!"

But Hunter, retreating behind his determination to avoid a second seasickness—it might have been sincere; nobody ever knew—had stayed in Florence, and Varian had been obliged to come without him to the house party.

On a straw cushion, a cup in her strong white hand, a bunch of adoring young girls at her feet, sat Mrs. Dud; rosy and firm-cheeked, crisp in stiff white duck, deliciously contrasted with her fluffy Parisian parasol, she scorned the softening ruffles of her presumable contemporaries; her delicately squared chin, for the most part held high, showed a straight white collar under a throat only a little fuller than the girlish ones all around her.

Old Dudley himself strolled about the group, gossiping here and there with some pretty woman, sending the grave servants from one to another with some particularly desirable sandwich, "rubbing it in," as he said to the men who had failed to touch his score on the links, tantalizingly uncertain as to which one of the young women he would invite to lead the cotillon with him at the club dance that week: none of the young men could take his place at that, as they themselves enviously admitted.

What a well-matched couple it was! What a lot they got out of life! Varian walked quietly by the group, to enjoy better the pretty, modish picture they made; their quick chatter, their bursts of laughter, the sweet faint odor of the tea, the gay dresses and light flannels, with the quiet, sombrely attired servants to add tone—all gave him, fresh from Hunter's quick sense of the effective, an appreciation that gained force from his separateness; he walked further away to get a different point of view.

He was out of any path now, and suddenly, hardly beyond reach of their voices, he found himself in a part of the grounds he had never approached be-

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fore. A thick high hedge shut in a kind of court at the side and back of the great house, and a solid wooden door, carefully matched to its green, left open by accident, showed a picture so out of line with the succession of vivid scenes that dazzled the visitor at Wilton Bluffs that he stopped involuntarily. The rectangle was carpeted with the characteristic emerald turf of the place, divided by intersecting red brick paths into four regular squares. In the further corner of each of these a trim green clothes-tree was planted, all abloom with snowy fringed napkins that shone dazzling white against the hedge. One of the squares was a neat little kitchen-garden; parsley was there in plenty, and other vaguely familiar green things, curly-leaved and spear-pointed. A warm gust of wind brought mint to his nostrils. A second plot held a small crab-apple-tree covered with pink and orange globes. A great tortoise-shell cat with two kittens ornamented the third, and in the middle of the fourth, beside a small wooden table, a woman sat with her back toward the intruder. On the table were one or two tin boxes and a yellow earthen dish; in her left hand, raised to the shoulder-level, was a tall thin bottle, from which an amber fluid dripped in an almost imperceptibly thin stream; her right arm stirred vigorously. She was a middle-aged woman with lightly grayed hair—a kind of premonitory powdering. Over her full skirt of lavender-striped cotton stuff fell a broad, competent white apron. Except for the thudding of the spoon against the bowl and a faint homely echo of clashing china and tin mingled with occasionally raised voices and laughter from some further kitchen region, all was utterly, placidly still.

Varian stood chained to the open gate. Something in the calm sun-bathed picture tugged strongly at his heart; he thought suddenly of his mother and his aunt Delia—he had been very fond of Aunt Delia. And what cookies she used to make! Molasses cookies, brown, moist, and crumbly, they had sweetened his boyhood.

What was it—that delighted sense of congruity that filled him, every passing second, with keener familiarity so strangely tinged with sorrow and regret? Ah—he had it! He bit his lip as it came clear to him. His little namesake nephew, dead at eight years old, and dear as only a dearly loved child can be, had delighted greatly in the Kate Greenaway pictures that came in "painting-books," with colored prints on alternate pages, and corresponding outlines on the others. Dozens of those books the boy had cleverly filled in with his little japanned paint-box and mussy quill-handled brushes; and the scene before him, the rich tints of the hedge, the symmetrical little tree brilliant with hundreds of tiny globes, the big white apron, the lazy yellow cats, and everywhere the prim, rectangular lines so amusingly conventional to accentuate the likeness, almost choked him with the suddenness of the recognition. They must have colored that very picture a dozen times, Tommy and he.

Half unconsciously he rested his arms on the top of the gate and drifted into reverie. He forgot that he was at Wilton Bluffs, one of the greatest of the country palaces, and lived for a while in a mingled vision of his boyhood on the old farm and in the land of the Greenaway painting-books.

Suddenly a door opened into the green. A house-maid advanced to the table bearing in both red hands a long tray covered with a napkin. On the napkin lay, heaped in rich confusion, a great pile of spicy, smoking brown cookies.

"They're just out o' the oven—" she began, but Varian could contain himself no longer. He could not be deceived; he would have known those cookies in the desert of Sahara. He crossed the little plat in three long steps and faced the astonished maid.

"I beg your pardon," he said, firmly, "but it is very necessary that I should have one of those cookies! I hope you can spare one?"

She giggled convulsively.

"I—I guess you can, sir," she murmured, laying down the tray and retreating toward the house door.

Varian faced the older woman, and, with hat still in hand, instinctively bowed lower—for this was no housekeeper—he was sure of that. Even as she met his eyes a great flood of pink rushed to her smooth forehead, and she dropped her lids as she bowed slightly. He reflected

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irrelevantly that he had never seen Mrs. Dudley blush in his life.

"You are very welcome to all you wish, I am sure," she said, graciously. "I—I didn't know any one liked them but me. I always have them made for me—I taught her the rule. I always call them"—she laughed nervously, and it dawned on him that this woman was really shy, and "talking against time," as they said—"I always call them 'Aunt Delia's cookies.' They—"

"Aunt Delia's cookies!" he interrupted. "What Aunt Delia?"

"Aunt Delia Parmentre," she returned, a little surprised, evidently, at this stranger, who, with a straw sailor hat in one hand and a warm molasses cooky in the other, stared so intently at her. "She wasn't really my aunt, of course—"

"But she was mine!" he burst out; "and these are her cookies, and no mistake! Who are you?"

Again she flushed, but more lightly.

"I am Miss Redding," she said, with a gentle dignity; "Mrs. Wilton's sister."

He stared at her vaguely.

"Mrs. Wilton— Oh! you're her sister? I didn't know—" He stopped abruptly. As his confusion grew, her own faded away.

"You didn't know she had one?" she asked, almost mischievously.

"I didn't know you were here," he recovered himself. "You've never been with Mrs. Dud before, have you?"

"No, not here, when there was company," she said.

He hardly noticed the words; his mind was groping among past histories.

"Her sister—her sister," he muttered. "Why, then," with an illuminating smile, "I used to go to school with you! I'm Tom Varian!"

She smiled and held out her hand.

"I'm very glad to see you," she said, cordially. "Won't you—" She looked about for a chair, but he dropped on the grass at her feet.

"You've changed since we met last," he remarked, biting into his cooky. She looked at his bronzed face and thick silvered hair and nodded thoughtfully.

"I was six years old then," she said; "and you were one of the 'big boys'—you were fourteen."

"That's a long while," he suggested, laughingly.

"It is thirty-six years," she replied, simply.

He winced; his associates were not accustomed to be so scrupulously accurate. It seemed indecently long ago. And yet there was a certain charm, now one faced it, a quaint halo of interest.

"You used to hand me water in a tin dipper," he said.

She nodded. "Yes; that was for a reward, when I was good," she said, seriously. "I could hand the water to the big boys. I was very proud of it. You drank a great deal."

He chuckled. "I was born thirsty," he acknowledged. "By George! how it comes back! I can see it now, that schoolhouse! Funny little red thing—remember how it looked? Big shelf around the sides for a desk, and another under that for the books? Bench all round the room to sit on, and we just whopped our legs over and faced round to recite? And carved—Lord! I don't believe there was an inch of the wood, all told, that was clear! I nearly cut my thumb off there, one day."

"One of the big girls fainted away," she added, "and they laid her on the floor and told me to bring a dipper of water, but my hand shook so I spilled it all over my apron, and she came to before we got more. I was very timid."

He began on another cooky.

"Did you have two pigtails? And striped stockings?" he inquired, his eyes fixed reminiscently on the hedge.

She nodded softly.

"And played some game with stones? I can't just remember—"

"It was houses," she reminded him. "We little girls used to make little houses—just marked out with stones in squares on the ground; and if you boys felt like it, you'd bring us big flat stones to eat our dinner on."

"Ah, yes!" It all came back to him. "And then you'd race off to get flag root or something, and—"

"And gobble our dinner as we ran. It was fun, all the same," she added.

"But what a mite you were, to be in school!" he said, wonderingly. "What under heaven did you study?"

"I don't remember at all," she confess-

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ed. "But I suppose I spelled. Do you remember the spelling-matches? And how you big ones wanted to 'leave off head'?"

He chuckled. "I should say I did! And sometimes the greatest idiot would 'leave off head,' because there wasn't any more time. It was maddening!"

He munched in silence for a while, and she did not dream of interrupting.

"In the winter, though—George! but it was cold! We used to positively swim through the drifts. I tell you, there aren't any such snows now! How did you get there?"

"I only went in the summer," she said; "and I used to come in all stained with the berries I ate along the way. It was dreadful"—she grew stern, as if addressing the little girl in striped stockings and pigtails—"the way I ate berries! I used to eat the bushes clean on the way to school!"

She had got over her first shyness, and had gained time to realize her big apron, which she hastily untied. He caught the motion and protested.

"No, no! Keep it on! I haven't seen a woman—a lady—in an apron for years! Please keep it on! And do go on with the—the mess in the dish!"

"The mess"—she bent her brows reprovingly—"it's mayonnaise sauce. But I don't think—"

He jumped up to put the bowl in her lap; a sudden twinge in his knee wrung an involuntary groan from him. He walked a little stiffly toward her.

"You have rheumatism! And you sat all the time on that damp grass!" she cried, reproachfully. "I thought at first it was the craziest thing to do—but I didn't dare say so."

He ignored the charge, but smiled at the confession.

"And now you're not afraid?"

She blushed again. It was very becoming.

"It seems—it seems foolish to act like strangers when it's been so long—we remember so well—" She sighed a little. He studied her face—so like her sister's and so utterly different. The same gray eyes, but calm and drooped; the same clear white skin, but a fuller, yes, a more matronly face, a riper, sweeter, more restful curve. The soft dark shadows that accentuated Mrs. Dudley's eyes were lacking; a group of tiny wrinkles at the corners gave her instead a pleasant, humorous regard that her sister's literal directness missed utterly.

Nervous under his scrutiny, she rose hastily, and before he could prevent her she had brought him a roomy armchair from the house.

"At our age there's no use in running risks," she said, simply; "you ought not to sit on the grass; leave that for the young folks."

Again he winced, but dropped with relief into the chair.

"Oh, one must keep up with the procession, you know!" he said, lightly.

She made no reply; and as she lifted the bottle and began to beat the yellow mass again, it occurred to him that the remark was exceptionally silly.

"Does it have to go in slowly like that—the whole bottleful?" he inquired, lazily.

She nodded. "Or it curdles," she explained. "The cook sprained his wrist yesterday—he never allows anybody to make the mayonnaise—he can't trust them—and I was glad to do it for him. He says mine is as good as his. Did you ever see him?"

"Well, no," Varian returned. "But he doesn't need to be seen to be appreciated."

A strange suspicion crept over him.

"Do you often— Do you do much— How is it that you—" He could not say it properly. Was it possible that Mrs. Dud— It was unworthy of her!

She caught his meaning, and her cool gray eyes met his with their uncompromising directness. He seemed convicted of unnecessary shuffling.

"Oh, Lizzie asked me not to do anything," she said, quietly. "She wanted me to enjoy myself with her friends, but I'm not used to so much society, and I don't want to be any hinderance. I'm not so young as I used to be. I'd have liked the gayety well enough when I was a girl, but I guess it tires me a little now. There seems to be so much going on all the time. Lizzie says she's resting, but it wouldn't rest me. Do you find it so?"

He recalled his yesterday's programme: driving a pulling team all the morning;

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carrying Mrs. Dud's heavy bag over the links all the afternoon—she preferred her friends to caddies; prompting for the dramatics rehearsal with a poor light all the evening, while the actors gossiped and squabbled and flirted contentedly.

"It is not always restful," he admitted.

"It makes my head ache," she remarked, placidly. "I like to see the girls enjoy themselves. I'm glad they're happy—some of those visiting Lizzie are so pretty!—but I'm glad I haven't got to run about so much. I'm very fond of driving, myself, if I have a good quiet horse that won't shy and doesn't go fast, and Lizzie has one for me—a white one that's gentle—and I drive about in the phaeton a great deal. The doctor that came that night—were you here?—when Mrs. Page fainted and they couldn't bring her to (it seems she was in the habit of taking some medicine to make her sleep, and it weakened her heart), asked me if I wouldn't like to take out some patients of his, and so I called for a very nice lady—a Mrs. Williams; you probably don't know her?—and after that a young girl with spinal trouble, and—and several others. They seemed to enjoy it, and I'm sure I did. Once I took a young girl that's staying here—she had a bad headache. She was a sweet girl, and I liked her. She said the drive helped her a great deal. It's astonishing"—her eyes met his wonderingly—"how much trouble you can have, with all the money you want! I—I was sorry for her," she added, half to herself.

Before he thought he leaned forward, took her hand with the silver table-spoon in it, and kissed it gently. He admired her as he would admire some charming soft pastel hung in a cool white room.

"How sweet and good you are!" he said, warmly; and then, to cover her deep embarrassment and his own sudden emotion, he continued, quickly, "Are you very busy in the morning, always?"

"There are different things," she murmured, still looking at her spoon. "I have letters to write—I keep up with a good many old friends in Binghamville and Albany, where I lived with my married niece ten years, till they moved West. I loved her children; I half brought them up. One died—I can't seem to get over it—" Her eyes filled, and she made no effort to cover two tears that slipped over.

Varian took her hand again. "I know about that—I know!" he said, softly.

"Then there are my flowers; I do so enjoy the beds and the greenhouses here," she went on, more cheerfully. "The gardeners are very kind to me—I think they like to have me come in. Mr. McFadden gives me a good many slips and cuttings. I love flowers dearly. Then I read a good deal, and there is always some little thing to do for the young girls here. They—the ones I know—come in for a moment while I mend something, or pin their things in the back, and it's surprising how much there is to do! They fly about so they can't stop to take care of their things. They talk to me while I set them straight, and it's very interesting. I tell Lizzie I go out a great deal, just hearing about their adventures, when she drops in to see me. She never forgets me; she brings somebody to my sitting-room every day or so that she thinks I'd enjoy meeting—and I always do. She never makes a mistake."

"Oh, she's wonderful," Varian agreed, easily. "There's nobody like Mrs. Dud, of course."

She stopped her work a moment, and looked curiously at him.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked. "You all say it—in just that way; but I don't think I quite see what you mean. Why is she wonderful? Because she looks so young?"

"That in the first place," Varian returned, with a smile; "but not only that."

"Of course that is very strange," she mused. "Now Lizzie is three years older than I. You would never think it, would you?"

"No," he agreed, still smiling; "but then Mrs. Dud looks younger than everybody. It is her specialty. I think what we mean," he continued, "is her amazing capacity—she does so much, so ridiculously much, and so much better than other people. We try to keep up with things—your sister is a little bit ahead. She seems to have always been doing the very latest thing, you see. And all her responsibilities, her various affairs—it makes one's head swim! The women have set themselves a tremendous field

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to cover nowadays; and when one succeeds so admirably—" He paused.

She shook her head thoughtfully.

"But everything is done for her!" she protested. "Why, I have never yet seen all the servants in this house! And you knew there is a housekeeper? Lizzie sees her a little while in the morning, that's all. And she never sews a stitch—there's a seamstress here all the time, you know, and that has nothing to do with the clothes that come home in boxes. And little Dudley has his tutor, and his old nurse that looks after his clothes—what is it that she does to make it so wonderful?"

He only smiled at her perplexity, and she added, confidentially:

"Lizzie wanted me to go to her dressmaker, but I didn't like the idea of a man, to begin with, and then I knew Miss Simms would feel so hurt. She lives in Albany, and she's made my dresses for so long that I thought, though she may not be so stylish, I'd better keep up with her; wouldn't you?"

A perfectly unreasonable tenderness surged through his heart. How sweet she was!

"If she made that dress, I certainly should!" he declared.

She smoothed the crisp lavender folds deprecatingly.

"Oh, this is only a cotton dress," she said. "But she made my gray silk too, and Lizzie herself said it fitted beautifully."

She took up the bottle again—it was nearly empty.

"Now my mother," she began—"*she* was wonderful, if you like. Do you know what my mother used to do? We lived on the farm you know, like yours, and most of the work of that farm Mother did. She did the cooking—for all the hired hands too; she made the butter, and took care of the hens; she made the candles and the soap; she made the carpets and all our clothes—my brothers' too; and she put up preserves and jellies and cordials, and did the most beautiful embroidery—I have some of Mother's embroidered collars, and I can't do anything like them."

"It was tremendous," he said. "My aunt Delia did that too."

"We were old-fashioned, even for then," she said. "Everybody didn't do so much, of course, as we did. Lizzie says we were just on the edge of the new age—it certainly is different. And of course I wouldn't go back to it for anything. After we came back from boarding-school it was all changed. We moved, then, nearer the town. But, do you know, my mother went to singing-school, and Lizzie was looking that up in a book the other day, to see what they did—she wanted it for a party!"

He laughed. "That *is* delicious!" he said.

"See what I found to-day!" she added, drawing a small object from her pocket. "I hunted it up to show Miss Porter to-night—she was so interested when I told her about it."

She showed him, with a tender amusement, a little slender white silk mitten. Around the wrist was embroidered in dark blue a legend in Old English script. He puzzled it out: *A Whig or no Husband!*

"That was Mother's," she said; "the girls wore them then. She was quite a belle, Mother was! And when people ask me how Lizzie does so much, I say that she inherits it. But at her age Mother was broken down and old. She had to be. There were nine of us, and here there's only little Dudley, and it was so long before he came."

They sat quietly. The setting sun flamed through the crab-apples and burnished the fur of the tortoise-shell cat. The mint smelled strong. The sweet mellow summer evening was reflected in her handsome face, with its delicate lines that only added a restful charm to forehead and cheek. He had no need to talk; it was very, very pleasant, sitting there.

A maid came out to get the mayonnaise, and the spell was broken. He took out his watch.

"Just time to dress," he sighed. "Will you be here again? We must talk old times once more!"

She smiled and seemed to assent, but her eyes were not on him; she was still in a reverie. He walked softly away. She seemed hardly to notice him, and his last backward glance found the quiet of the picture unbroken; again it was a page from the Greenaway book.

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He reached the terrace; laughter and applause from the piazza caught his ear. Fresh from the atmosphere he had left, he stared in amazement at the scene before him.

Swift figures were scudding from one to another of the four great elms that marked out a natural rectangle on the smooth side lawn.

"Puss! puss! Here, puss!" a high voice called, and a tall slender girl in a swish of lace and pink draperies rushed across one side of the square. A portly, trousered figure essayed to gain the tree she had left, but a romping girl in white caught him easily, while Mrs. Dud, the tail of her gown thrown over her arm, skimmed triumphantly across to her partner's tree.

"One more, one more, Colonel. You can't give up, now you're caught! One more before we go in!" called the pink girl.

"Here's Mr. Varian. Come and help us out—the Colonel's beaten!" added Mrs. Dud.

"Here, puss! here, puss!" With excited little shrieks and laughs they dashed by, the Colonel making ineffectual grabs at their elusive skirts. Varian shook his head good-naturedly.

"Too late, too late!" he called back; and taking pity on the puffing, purple Colonel, he bore him off.

"Thank God! I'm just about winded! I'd have dropped in my tracks," complained the rescued man, breathing hard as they rounded the shrubbery. In the corner two figures, half seen in the dark, leaned toward each other an imperceptible moment. The Colonel laughed contentedly.

"When I see that sort of thing, I think we've made a mistake—eh, Varian?" he said, half serious. "It's a poor job, getting old alone. Live at the club, visit here and there, make yourself agreeable to get asked again, nobody to care if you're sick, always play the other fellow's game—little monotonous after a while, eh?"

Varian nodded. "Right enough," he said.

"Different ending to their route!" suggested the Colonel, jerking his elbow back toward the two in the shrubbery.

"That's it!" The answer was laconic, but the pictures that swept through his brain took on a precision and color that half frightened him.

He had no idea how frequently he dropped in at the little court behind the hedge after that. Sometimes he sat and mused alone there; more than once he took a surreptitious afternoon nap. He developed a dormant fancy for gardening, and walked with his new-old friend contentedly among the deserted garden paths. He studied her hair especially, wondering why it was that the little tender flecks of white attracted him so; at dinner he secretly tried to rouse in himself the same desire to stroke the gleaming silver fleece, high-dressed, puffed, and ornamented with jet, of the woman opposite him, whose hair, somewhat prematurely turned snowy, had won her a great vogue among her friends. But he never succeeded. She was absolutely too effective. She turned the simplest gathering to a fancy-dress ball, he decided.

He had supposed that it was the quaint privacy of their acquaintance that charmed him particularly; the feeling of an almost double existence; but when Mrs. Dud, who, he afterwards reflected, was of course omniscient, restrained herself no longer and thanked him with a pretty sincerity for his delicate and appreciated courtesy, intimating charmingly that she realized the personal motive, a veil suddenly dropped. He gasped, shook himself, colored a little, and met her eye.

"I'm afraid I'm not so kind as you think," he said, a little awkwardly. "I've been an old fool, I see. Do you think—is that the way *she* looks at it?"

"Mary?" said Mrs. Dud, wonderingly. "Yes, I suppose so. Why?"

The naïve egotism of the answer only threw a softer light on the picture that had grown to fill his thoughts. He smiled inscrutably.

"Because in that case it is due to her to undeceive her," he said. "I am glad I have entertained her. I should like to have the opportunity to do so indefinitely. Do you think there's a chance for me?"

"What on earth do you mean?" asked his hostess, in unassumed stupefaction.

"I mean, do you think she would marry me?" Varian brought out, plumply. "Is there—was there ever anybody else?"

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For one instant Mrs. Dud lost her poise; in her eyes he almost saw more than she meant; the sheer, flat blow of it levelled her for a breath to the plane of other and ordinary women. But even as he thought it, it was gone. She put out her hand; she smiled; she shook her finger at him.

"I think, my friend, she would be a fool not to marry you," she answered him, clear-eyed; "and there was never"—her tone was too sweet, he thought, to carry but one meaning—pleasure for him—"there was never anybody else!"

Varian walked straight to the garden. She was training a fiery wall of nasturtiums with firm, white fingers. It occurred to him that he was ready to give up the tally-ho, and the Berkshires, and the scramble of pretty girls for the place beside him, to sit quietly and watch her among her flowers.

"I'm getting old—old!" he said to himself, but he said it with a smile.

For he knew that no boy's heart ever beat more swiftly, no boy's tongue ever sought more excitedly to find the right words. But when he faced her a little doubt chilled him: she was so calm and complete in her sunny, busy, balanced life, that he feared to disturb that sweet placidity. With an undercurrent of fear, a sudden realization that he had no more the blessed egotism of youth to drive him on, he walked beside her, outwardly content, at heart a little solitary. At some light question he turned and faced her.

"You could not have all the greenhouses, but there could be plenty of flowers," he said, pleadingly.

"Flowers? Where?" she asked.

"Wherever we lived," he answered. "And, oh, Mary, I think we could be happy together! Don't say no!" as she shrank a little. "Don't, Mary, for Heaven's sake! I care too much—I care terribly—I am too old a man to care so much and—lose. . . . There, there! My dear girl, never mind. I can bear it, of course. Only I didn't know I'd planned it all out so, and— But never mind. I was going to have a bay-window full of—"

He turned away from her for a moment. But her hand was on his arm.

"We can plan it out together," she said.

He knew how she would blush; he had even dared to think how directly her clear gray eyes would meet his—her shyness was never hesitation—but he had not dreamed how soft her hair could be.

When Allah sends the Gift of Sleep

BY MARY A. MASON

WHEN Allah sends the gift of sleep,
The stars come out of unknown skies;
The moon, a crescent gloried deep,
Against the far horizon lies.

The earth is made a shadowy place,
And strange are once familiar ways,
With haunting likeness of the grace
That crowned the radiant yesterdays.

Time floats his barque on placid streams,—
His sickle is a silver wand
That wafts the pleasant land of dreams
From out the drowsy space beyond.

Beneath the folded wings of day,
Care, with her restless brood, would creep,
And night's spread pinions hold calm sway
When Allah sends the gift of sleep.

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The Question of English

BY ALICE A. STEVENS

TO write correctly, to read understandingly, and to reckon accurately are, it may be assumed, the three most immediately useful and necessary acquirements a child can attain at a public school. To attain farther a taste for literature that may serve him as a guide to his increasing profit, and pleasure as well, during the years that follow his removal from school, even to the time when reading as a source of enjoyment shall have become an ingrained habit in his existence and character, is to attain that which makes no less for a strong and effective life, though its immediate usefulness may be less apparent. That the moral and industrial value of the children leaving our public schools in thousands each year must be very largely affected by the measure of their attainments in these four particulars there can be no doubt. Moral, may be said, as well as industrial, because the persistent study of details necessary to a mastery of the unpretentious "Three R's" is in itself a moral training of the highest value, teaching honesty of thought, consciousness of responsibility, and the habit of perseverance. It is with the keenest regret, therefore, that we find evidences in the very centres of the most advanced educational methods of conditions, which may be briefly summarized in the following outline:

Inaccuracy in applying the foundation principles of good reading, good writing, and good reckoning.

Indifference to the importance of accuracy in the same.

Ignorance of the fact that literature, if it is to be of any vital use, must mean far more out of school than it ever can within.

The facts are stated with no desire or intention of criticising otherwise than in a friendly spirit the methods or the results of the primary-school work. Every one knows the almost inhuman labor falling to the lot of the primary-school teacher, and the manifold peculiarities, racial and social, with which she has to deal.

There is probably no class in the country more keenly alive to the responsibilities of its position, and more consistently given to discharging its duties with scrupulous conscientiousness. But so long as there appear at every turn undeniable evidences of the special forms of inaccuracy, indifference, and ignorance noted above, there will be yet another word to be spoken on the question of English in the primary schools.

The ideas advanced in this present article have been thrown into shape after a series of visits to French public schools in the city of Paris, undertaken with especial reference to the method of teaching the French language and literature to French children. These visits were made because of a conviction formed during considerable intercourse with French people of various grades, a conviction, namely, that, taking them by and large, the French people have a wider command of their mother-tongue, a keener sense of its dignity and worth, and a greater familiarity with its laws and literature, than have the American people in relation to the English language. Or, to state it differently, the average French child who has attended a public school for ten years has a more intelligent knowledge of his native language than has the average American child who has been subjected to an equal length of training. It was intended to discover, if possible, by actual observation, what might be the causes leading to such a difference in result.

A very brief study of the work pursued in the *enseignement primaire* revealed a difference in aim between the schools of the two countries beside which the difference in result shrank into comparative

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insignificance. Only the children of the poorer classes attend the free public schools, and very few of these attend after the age of twelve or thirteen, though all are compelled to attain a certain rank before leaving. The brighter usually succeed in doing this by the time they are twelve. Those less well endowed are brought to it by fourteen. The children of well-to-do people, if not sent to convent or private schools, are educated in the lycées, the upper classes of which correspond to the grades of our high-schools, while the lower classes extend down almost to the kindergarten. The children attending the lycées represent a very different social class from those attending the public schools, and the difference made in the training to which they are subjected shows that France, in spite of all her revolutions and social upheavals, still believes in the existence of marked class lines, and brings up her children to dwell contentedly within them. The son of the *ouvrier* will be an *ouvrier;* we will educate him accordingly, to know his Three R's, to learn, perhaps, the rudiments of some trade, but to give him a knowledge of art and science and literature is not the duty of the government. The son of the professional man will be himself a professional man. He will be much longer at school; he must know much more to fill properly his station in life. Accordingly we must give him a broader range of studies, and by the very character of the home from which he comes and the capacities which he inherits he will deal more readily with an accumulation of subjects.

Such reasoning as this is utterly foreign to the foundation principles of American government and to every tradition of American schools. We could not tolerate for one instant the mere idea of a Minister of Public Instruction carrying on two distinct classes of public schools, one intended to educate the children of working-men to become working-men, the other to educate the children of the capitalist and professional classes to become themselves professional men and capitalists. It is the pride of our system that it offers to all classes alike the opportunity to cultivate their natural abilities, and helps to launch into a business or professional career every man whose talents justify his rise, whatever the occupations of his relatives and friends. And the number of men of unknown or comparatively unknown origin who have availed themselves of the opportunities so freely offered, and have risen to be bulwarks of national greatness in every walk of life, in every city, town, and township throughout the length and breadth of our land, are a sufficient proof of the wisdom of this course, even though the problem of what to do with those victims of the method, the men who think they know too much to work with their hands, and are found to know too little to labor with their heads, remains still unsolved.

Nevertheless, the children of French public schools, in studying fewer subjects, have the advantage of mastering more completely those they undertake, and memories of long hours spent in teaching boys of fourteen the difference between a noun and an adjective, and between "I went" and "I shall go," made singularly refreshing the quick recognition by children of nine and ten of every part of speech in each sentence they wrote on the board, and of the tense of every verb they used. Drill of this sort begins with their first lessons in writing and reading, and continues to the last day they spend in school, while exactness in spelling and punctuation is demanded in every written exercise performed, whatever the special subject with which it deals. The severity of the training in points like these in no wise differs for the children of the rich, but added to it is a much stronger effort to develop an intelligent literary taste. Any one conversing with cultivated French people, men or women, is quickly struck by their intimate acquaintance with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature, and by the ease and enjoyment with which they quote apt passages from their national classics. An examination of the course in French alone marked out for the students in the lycées proper shows the means adopted to induce this familiarity. I quote from the official programme for the *enseignement secondaire des jeunes filles,* having been forbidden, as a woman, to personally examine the methods pursued in the schools for boys. The two programmes are not, however, essentially unlike. Girls of twelve spend five hours a week on French language and litera-

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ture; girls of thirteen, five hours; girls of fourteen, three hours and a half; girls of fifteen, three hours; girls of sixteen, two hours. The work during every one of these five years includes the critical study of classical texts — "explications de textes," to use the somewhat untranslatable French phrase—and the memorizing of long passages from said texts, sometimes, as in the case of a play of Molière, of the complete text. The authors whose works are so studied and committed to memory are the standard writers of prose and poetry from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, including Marot, Ronsard, Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, Bossuet, Fénelon, Madame de Sévigné, La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Buffon, J. J. Rousseau, Voltaire, Châteaubriand, Saint-Simon, Michelet, Thierry, Chénier, Lamartine, Hugo, Musset, and de Vigny. But not all the time allotted to this subject is given to the cultivation of an appreciative literary taste. The work for the first year includes oral and written work in spelling, and in grammatical analysis, as well as an elementary study of the formation of words. That of the second continues this line of study, and adds especial attention to syntax. It is only in the third year that the efforts of the pupils are concentrated on the literary part of their subject, to the noticeable neglect of orthography and grammar. It is hardly to be wondered at that, with such extended discipline in matters of form, and such lengthened opportunities in the study of great authors, the literary style and intelligence of average Frenchmen and French women should be noticeably superior in finish and in accuracy to that of almost any other people. One feels sorry that the children of the poor must read wholly from somewhat over-moral little books, telling girls, for instance, how to take care of a house in a thoroughly neat and hygienic fashion, or relating the very prosaic details of a journey through France made by two inquisitive children, the answers to whose questions furnish a complete guide to the most famous towns, cities, and public buildings, and a manual of the processes necessary in noteworthy industries. A judicious use of legends, fairy stories, and historical tales would be more enlivening, and, one would suppose, not less effective for purposes of instruction. But even these children learn fables from La Fontaine and passages from the great writers of the seventeenth century, though not so many as the children educated in the lycées.

Inaccuracy, indifference, and ignorance of the sort specified in our outline are less painfully conspicuous among French children of the present decade and among French people of the present generation than among American; a larger proportion of their available time is given by French children under the age of twelve to the study of their vernacular, greater stress is laid upon accuracy of detail, and among those who study to the age of sixteen or eighteen a much more extended knowledge of the literature of the language is compelled. In this case, at least, cause and result lie close together. It remains to ascertain the hinderances to a betterment of our own present results along these special lines.

It would seem that our failure, so far as it may justly be called a failure, is due in perhaps equal proportions to the four following causes: 1. The height of our ideals. 2. The brevity of our patience. 3. Our hatred of drudgery. 4. Our devotion to reason. We will consider these causes in the order of their statement.

We attribute a profound significance to the word education, which consists not, we believe, in putting into the child a certain measure of useful information, but in drawing out rather his native talents, that he may exercise them effectively on the exterior world. Our imagination has been fired by that mastery over the physical world accomplished, or more than partially accomplished, by the efforts of man in the nineteenth century. We aspire to develop in every roomful of ten-year-old children a scientific genius worthy of their era. These children, we say, go out soon into a world that is ruled by the laws of science. How can we fit them to live in such a world if they know nothing of the existence and operations of these laws? And so far as we teach them to observe keenly the phenomena of field and wood, of bird and beast and flower, undoubtedly we cultivate in them endless resources for benefit and for joy. But so far as we puzzle their young

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heads with abstract law, and give them what can be at best but an imperfect knowledge of chemical formulas and physical terminology, we stand every chance of wasting their time and weakening their hold on the branches of knowledge that are within their capacity to grasp, forgetting how

> The centipede was happy quite,
> Until the toad, for fun,
> Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"
> Which worked her soul to such a pitch
> She lay distracted in the ditch,
> Considering how to run.

But our aspirations for our children do not stop at science. With all the untrained impetuosity of a youthful people we yearn after culture. Quite as well as the Europeans who make sport of us for its absence, we know that it is wanting, and from the widow who denies herself in her house of two rooms, that her daughter may take music lessons, to the millionaire whose money, made in pork or beef or iron or oil, goes to found a university, we strive after its attainment. Therefore we put drawing and modelling and music and literature into our primary schools, and therefore many of us push algebra and geometry and the elements of Latin into the work of those schools, that some of the many children who never go beyond them may get a taste at least of a higher education. It must be hard indeed for the three honest, plodding old R's to be brought into competition with this throng of brilliant, attractive subjects, each enough in itself to absorb the attention of the average child. Our French brothers have no such temptations. The very power of the forces we would make subject to the child becomes a weakness in his hands. He is likely to fall down by the weight of his armor before he has learned to swing a sword, and having fallen at that age, he is not apt to rise, for the child *is* father of the man, and while the boy who is taught to do well a few things is likely to perform thoroughly his allotted tasks in the world's work, the boy who has been taught to do indifferently many things will always find it difficult to do one well. For the student who has mastered the fundamental principles of one subject has made himself strong to attack a second, whereas by passing on to the second before subduing the first he exposes himself to constant harassing attacks in the rear and flank, so closely allied are the forces he seeks to conquer, while frequent experiences of this discouraging nature lead him into a habit of expecting to do nothing well, and thence by swift and sure degrees to the more deadly habit of contentment with mediocrity. That there are exceptional children in every generation, endowed with physical and mental gifts that render them able to prosecute with success and advantage a wide variety of subjects, there can be no doubt. But their number, even in the most cultured community, must always be small, and to set their attainments as a standard for the majority is to do the majority an irreparable wrong. The old-fashioned but not forgotten district school, which lingers still in sparsely settled regions, set its ideal of results in three specific accomplishments, and in teaching its children to read, to write, and to cipher, sent out, we maintain, a race of men more uniformly virile than it is possible for the modern school with its extensive curriculum and elaborate aims to succeed in doing. Not that we would wish to contract those aims for the pupils whose endowments warrant them. But by practice and by precept it should be enjoined upon children that before they are fit to study science or literature or algebra or civil government they must *know* their multiplication table, they must *spell* well enough to know when they have made a mistake, must *read* well enough to know when they are losing the sense of a word or a sentence, and must have sufficient intellectual pride and curiosity to make rapid and effective use of a dictionary by which to correct their errors and enlarge their knowledge. Not infrequently a boy of twelve or fourteen who has accomplished none of these things may be discovered "looking up" a complicated subject in history or politics, under the direction of an ambitious and conscientious teacher, who takes pride in his ready flow of words, however inaccurate their use may be, and who seems happily oblivious to the fact, which may be established by two minutes' questioning, that he does not comprehend even the approximate meaning of an incredible number of the words

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he glibly reads in ponderous law books or Congressional records, and often indeed as glibly repeats. Seeing him elated by the intimacy with grown-up books into which he has been forced, pitifully self-satisfied, and insufferably self-sufficient, one trembles before the image of the man he will become.

Shoulder to shoulder beside him in the same class there may be another scholar who, having acquired readily the standpoint we have indicated as essential, has advanced with brilliant profit to himself into the same superior studies. He does with sense, ease, and intelligence the work performed by the other, understanding fully the significance of all that he reads, and carrying exactness into everything he does. He will be the better equipped man for the expansion of his studies, because he goes from strength to strength. But his ability has been made a source of injurious stimulant to his less capable comrade, and the latter, standing never on the solid foundation of accurate knowledge, has gone, however unconsciously, from weakness to weakness. If he had been held down to persistent unmitigated labor till he had mastered the fundamentals, he too might have soared, if not so high, yet on a steady wing. But before he was able to walk firmly alone he was encouraged to fly, and experimenting is always to the average mortal so much more attractive than keeping his nose to the grindstone that never again could such a boy be induced to stay long enough on earth to get his walking strength, however often he might be told that without that strength he would never fly as he should. Nor is extended flight possible for the mass of children. Strong as is our faith in average humanity, we do not believe that its intellectual powers before the age of twelve or fourteen admit of the mastery of vastly more than the fundamental ideas we have already indicated, with which, moreover, we believe that the life of a sage might as fittingly begin as the life of a hand-laborer. For the mastery we intend can be gained only by such practice in arithmetical problems and examples, by such exercise in expressing his own ideas in written form, and by such a reading of suitable literature and history as must make any child familiar with the chief processes of logic and with a large body of essential fact and fancy, while the moral and intellectual effect of a cultivated determination to know and to do the exact truth, under the conviction that a miscalculated sum, a misspelled word, or a misunderstood phrase is an intellectual lie, must surely develop an attitude toward life at once self-respectingly humble in case of error and consistently bold in the search for truth. Accordingly we advocate as a working ideal for the average child intensive proficiency in these few subjects, to be supplemented, wherever his capacities permit, by extensive cultivation to the limit of possibility. The substitution of such an ideal for that now largely in vogue depends on the creation in the minds of grammar-school principals, State superintendents, and normal-school instructors, the conviction that public schools will be doing a greater work if they turn out a large number of children thoroughly equipped along narrow lines than if they turn out a number who are proud to know a little of many things and unashamed that they know thoroughly not even one.

An attempt to define the well-educated child may fittingly end our present considerations. We will suppose that he has just left the grammar-school, aged twelve, thirteen, or fourteen, and we will remember that in spite of the great numbers who go on to farther study, a still greater number end at this age all formal schooling. What should we expect of him; what ideal shall we hold before ourselves in planning his instruction? Is it not that he should possess an intense respect for exact truth, a desire to fathom whatever matter he may lay his hand to, a persistence that will refuse all partial answers to questions of importance, a habit of finding by his own research the answers to such questions, a knowledge of how to use the books in which he may find such answers, if they are to be found in books, and a power to express in simple, accurate, written form the results of his search? To accomplish this for our boys and girls is to do something of which the whole country as well as its teaching craft may be justly proud. To do less than this, whatever else may be done in compensation, is to do less than the whole sum of our duty.

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A Fallow Field

BY FANNIE BARNES

THE field lay in a little town in the north of Maine, a cleared hollow in the woods that reminded me of a saucer. In summer it was a painted china saucer, with its green fields and orchards, and ever-beautiful sky, but in winter just an ordinary white porcelain affair, from which a cat might lose its appetite for milk. The field began just behind the orchard and stretched gradually back to the sky-line.

We were friends from that first morning in May when, unable to resist a green, couchy knoll on its southward slope, I rested there and we looked each other over. That is, I looked at it from my two eyes, but it looked at me through many. It was not hedged in with mandates to "keep off the grass," yet I felt like an intruder when I saw with what spirit its little inhabitants tossed their heads after my passing footsteps.

It was a golden wilderness of dandelion blooms, that "dear, common flower," of which Lowell writes:

> thou art more dear to me
> Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

At first they would have none of me, but like shy children looked north and east, and west and south, whispering, and shaking their yellow heads together, until, after much caressing, one crept into my hand. I left her growing in her mother's heart where she belonged, and all in one shining moment, by some magic I would not analyze if I could, they knew I loved them.

There is no repose more perfect than when resting on a bit of solid earth. One can throw one's whole weight upon it in the utmost confidence that it cannot grow weary, and that nothing short of an earthquake can jar one's pet and ailing nerve. It was simple delight to lie on that hill-side and look over the little village. Four roads met at "the Centre" (or bottom of the saucer), and sloped up softly to the sky—long gray roads that disappeared in the clouds. Idly dreaming, I watch for some being of ethereal substance to drift over the "rim," but when an old sorrel horse attached to a road-cart bobs over the horizon, and sways leisurely down the hill, the dreams dissipate in laughter. The horse draws an old pensioner of the "Grand Army," who has all the morning in which to dispose of his tub of butter and carry home his tea and tobacco.

From my outlook on the grassy slope I watched daily the delicate and tender transformation of the orchard, from the first pink buds on the bough till the last white blossoms drifted vaguely down, down to the roots of the orchard grass.

The "planting" season was now ended. The dandelions had grown into little grandmammas with silver hair, and the field and I had settled to a silent and happy companionship, when, alas! a man appeared with a pair of horses and a plough.

"Why, what are you going to do with the field?" I inquire.

"Jest plough it."

"What! plough up all this beautiful grass?" waving my arms with a ten-acre expansion.

"This ain't beautiful grass, ma'am; 'twon't amount to nothin'; 'twon't make any sort o' hay—land ain't fit."

"Well, it certainly grows lovely dandelions and daisies," I continue, irresolutely, knowing I am losing ground—the whole field, in fact. "Dandelions don't pay, ma'am; we want a wheat crop from this field another year." He then explained how much ploughing, harrowing, and fertilizing must be done before the earth would be pure and rich enough to bear wheat. He picked up bits of couch-grass and bindweed which I had been regarding with some affection, and declared they must be exterminated.

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"You spend much time and labor on a wheat-field," I finally answer.

"That's 'cause it's worth it, ma'am; travellin' seeds shift fer therselves."

"Travellin' seeds shift for therselves"—was this an epigram or a proverb? After some deliberation I came to the vague conclusion that it must be founded on some deep agricultural philosophy, possibly upon that infinite responsibility for life which binds man to a wheat seed.

This modern Triptolemus looked bright and strong, and perfectly equipped for his labor. All day he and his team of sturdy bays moved to and fro, cutting deep gashes through the green sod, and at last, wearied, went down with the sun to rest.

The man said to the field, "I expect you to bear wheat," and proceeded to tear its heart out by the roots. If the field suffered, it had no voice with which to make lament; but perhaps it was more than mortal, and could look afar and see the harvest. There seemed a divinity in its silence, which the little field-sparrow tried to translate in its evening hymn of consolation.

All summer the disintegrating process continued. If a bit of green began to creep lovingly over the wounds, a harrow was introduced to do its part in the execution. And thus it lay open to the ministering spirits of the air, sun, wind, and rain, until it must have rejoiced when the first snow-storm of November covered it so gently for its long winter rest.

Yet how welcome was the first morning call of that next spring! The lane fence was still buried in a late March blizzard, and only here and there a protruding branch guided your eye through the orchard; but the "saucer" was suddenly transformed into a Dutch plaque, all blue and white. The storm-clouds had drifted away, leaving the "rim" decorated with long lines of blue hills, dotted with groups of evergreens etched against the sky. Under the brilliant sun the snow returned a violet lustre,

> And that inverted bowl they call the sky.

hung in a melting atmosphere of blue. The church-bell two miles away reverberated as though ringing in your ear. But the sound that lifted you completely out of winter's heart was a note from the distant fir-tree, uncertain, but of penetrating sweetness, the first call of the bluebird. We knew it did not spend its winter in that tree; by what mysterious passage had it reached our Northern latitude on that March morning? We did not know, but were willing to believe it came straight down from the illimitable zenith.

Daily the bluebird's prophecy was fulfilled. The white roads turned dark and grimy, the fences appeared in their accustomed places, and once more the apple-trees stood in their inaugural rows. The sheep bleated restlessly in their pens, and drank eagerly from the multitude of noisy streams pouring from the hills, while the field looked like a vast checkerboard with its black furrows standing out from the melting snow. After a few weeks of this gracious sun, and a general beating into shape with heavy rollers, the earth was ready to receive the seed. The sowing of grain has lost its ancient simplicity; the farmer now rides over his land in his agricultural chariot, a veritable king of the soil. Thus by machinery the field was drilled, and the seed dropped and covered.

Such hard, dry little kernels of grain, it did not seem possible, lodged in that cold earth, they could ever be brought to life. But the field knew; she had been planning for them all winter, and every maternal instinct was her willing handmaid. What a busy time that was, warming, feeding, clothing the infant seeds! Those were anxious days in the nursery; but the earth is a wonderful mother, and possesses the desirable faculty of keeping her domestic cares in her own heart.

The farmer, meanwhile, studied the clouds: he has learned to read his sky. He became anxious after a long rain that wore deep channels in the wheat-field, and we all welcomed the morning when the west wind blew. The heavy drama of the week of rain had changed to comedy, and all nature was laughing. The clouds, broken into fragments, danced away to the horizon like a lot of puppets. The water-soaked old fences were shaking their whole length, from the upland pasture, down the lane, to the stream pouring through the meadow. Here the grass had grown rich and green. The yellow adder's-tongues were nodding

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their heads furiously, trying to gossip across the creek boasting of its late dower from the rain. A seed with a spark of vitality could not stay under the earth on such a morning, so the field yielded to entreaties and unlocked the door for every little green head, knowing from that hour they would follow the light and air to a new world. But the plant, like the child, grows in two ways, up and out to a life of its own, but never so far that it can get away from the roots and fibres spreading daily deeper and stronger in the mother's heart.

For days they were weak little toddlers learning to stand alone. Every breeze seemed like a mighty wind; and, at an invasion of robins, they were almost ready to get under the earth again.

They were at school now, and had to put forth new leaves day by day to keep up with "the other fellows." By the time the young apples in the orchard were tiny images of their ancestors, the wheat stalks were tall and firm. To "grow up as the young plants," or "the flower of the field," is not so simple as it may at first appear. They, too, have their lessons to learn. I am sure the wheat stalks had studied history, and were deeply conscious of their own ancient and aristocratic lineage, for they held themselves so regally; yet nothing in nature could be more graceful and gracious than that hill-side of growing wheat. And who could doubt their philosophy and fortitude who once saw them recover from a storm? After a night of unmerciful wind and rain the luxuriant wheat is beaten to the earth. But watch it closely for a few hours after the storm, and you see the stalks gradually lifting, until they regain their natural poise. The lessons in defence and recovery had been taught them through the entire growth of root, stem, and leaf.

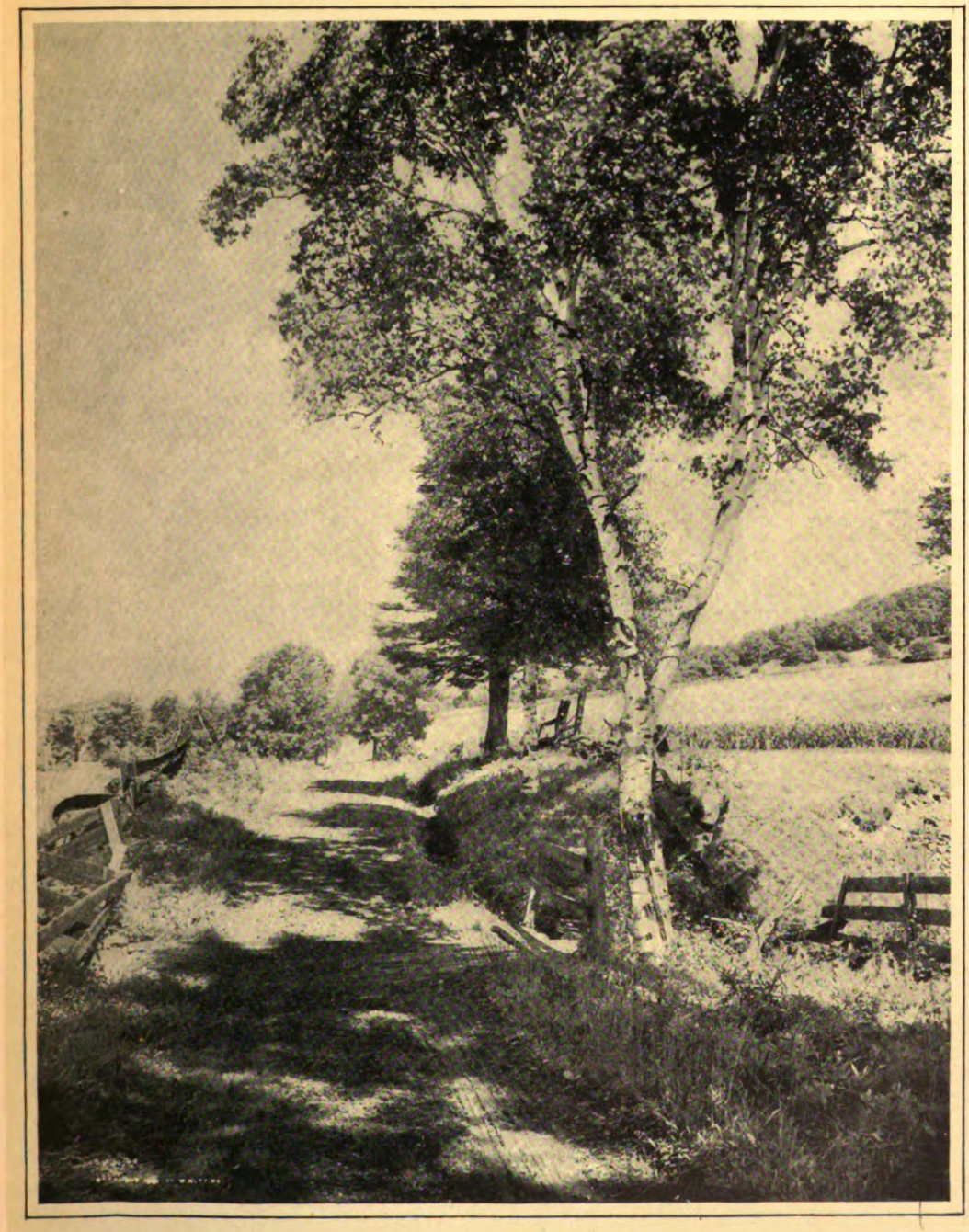
At length from the heart of the last leaf appeared a tiny pointed cap of green, the first of the series that formed the wheat ear. How quickly they followed each other, and soon the whole field was in flower! From this time their deep frivolity of green changed, by a tender magic, to the vaguest tints of yellow. They were learning serious lessons of life now. Their dim, milky ideas were compacting and hardening into real kernels of embodied truths. This was a period of great anxiety. There were so many pernicious things that might turn the young plant from its perfect growth.

Many consultations took place now with all the elements of the air. The sun, I knew, had presented a free scholarship to every single ear at the beginning; and the moon volunteered a special course of lectures through the long August nights. At the conclusion of her always wise and cheerful "talks" you could hear the murmur of approval ripple from the farthest corner of the wheat-field down its gentle slope to the orchard. By means of these deep discussions, and much shaking of heads, the wheat had grown exceeding wise, but very, very yellow. Each little seed had fulfilled its profound and gracious evolutions through the laws of nature, and perfect obedience had received its perfect crown.

The night before the harvest was one of singular beauty. The great circle of the moon had spread its glory in the east before the reluctant sun had passed to its morning on the other side of the world. The farmer slept deeply that night, happy in the success of his wheat crop, and anxious to begin his reaping early the following day. But the wheat could not sleep. All night it talked, softly, but not sorrowfully. There was no thought of saying good-by; all expected to meet in larger and more divine fields of labor and beauty. Was it day? was it night? Who could know?—for a light more beautiful than the sun was flowing around each shining head. The wonderful radiance stole among the black branches of the fir-trees, and the wakened birds called the passing hours in timid, questioning trills. A few tears there were, but the returning sun drew them all up with one glorious smile of encouragement, and no diviner morning ever dawned upon those ancient harvests of Bethlehem than the one that welcomed this waiting field.

And all the time the dear old field had been speaking to me in its silent and beautiful language, I had been secretly keeping a corner of my heart for the growth of dandelions. I loved the yellow flowers, and it amused me to follow my fancies drifting away like dandelion puffs; but in that long September night before the harvest, the first furrow was turned in that little fallow plot.

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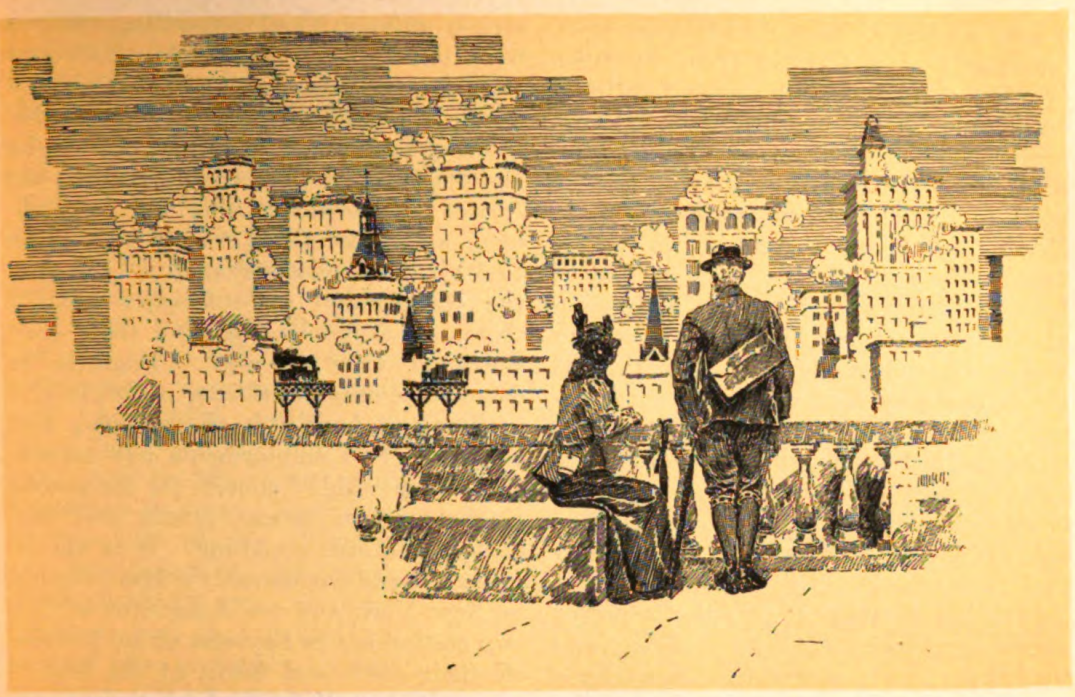


GREEN FIELDS AND ORCHARD, AND EVER A BEAUTIFUL SKY

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London and New York

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

COMING from Bow Bells to Trinity chimes, the course of an Englishman's experience in New York runs on zigzag lines. He begins in rhapsodies; he ends as often as not in gnashing of teeth, and it is not till he gets back to London and turns an Anglo-American eye upon English ways of doing things that he partly reverts to his first opinion. The two cities should really only be written of in the way of comparison or contrast by those who have spent five years in each, and passed from one to the other and back again without a break. No one ever knows his own city or his own country till he has been abroad and returned, and the opinions of an Englishman on New York only begin to be valuable when he has had a chance of studying London through American spectacles. At first everything finds approval. The thousand and one mechanical conveniences, undreamed-of in London—the cable and electric cars, the elevated railroads, the telephones, the numbered streets, the elevators—become themes for lyrical congratulation. Here, one exclaims, is a city where everything that machinery can do to make life easy and comfortable is done, and done thoroughly. The latest invention comes red-hot from the Patent Office and spreads over the city while you sleep. In London one draws up the blind in the morning to see if it has stopped raining; in New York, to find out whether a service of flying-machines has not been organized overnight. Put on one side the stuffy, top-heavy, lumbering, bone-breaking London omnibuses, and on the other the swift, trim electric cars that are forever flashing past you, and you epitomize the outward aspects of the two cities. The abashed Englishman, as he looks on the contrast, can only wonder what sort of a prehistoric country he hails from; and in the first flush he will argue that no town that has not New York's system of transportation, that cannot take hold of

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a man and shoot him up a twenty-story building like a torpedo from its tube, or whirl him along an elevated railroad on a line with somebody's second-floor parlor, can possibly be worth living in. And these things are only symptoms of what in truth is the very atmosphere of Manhattan Island. Activity is as assuredly the note of New York as that of London is repose. The rush and swing of the city act on the effete European as a sting and challenge. New York is the living gospel of work, the consecrated city of labor, and leaves on its devotees an ineffaceable stamp. One stands on Broadway, amid the jar and clatter of it all, and watches with something like awe the sliding procession of sallow, hurried faces, the tense lips tight drawn as though to repress a cry, the gestures abrupt, decisive. And yet it is an awe that links, not separates. New York summons to toil as Monte Carlo to idleness, with irresistible imperiousness. One is ashamed to be caught doing nothing. Business which in London is business merely, in New York is everything. A stress, universal and compelling, is put upon one to "get out and hustle"; and work, so far from being, as in England one is apt to think it is, an unpalatable interruption, becomes suddenly the alpha and omega of life. Thackeray used to say it was an excellent thing for Englishmen, and especially young Englishmen, to visit the United States; it knocked the conceit and self-sufficiency out of them. It is no less fatal to their conventional view of work. England is democratic only politically, in forms and institutions, hardly at all in spirit, and the number of employments not considered "respectable" enough for the young Englishman of decent family and upbringing is still appalling. It is therefore good and wholesome for him to come to New York and see Americans of his own station not in the least afraid to take off their coats and begin at the beginning. Where all are workers, there is no question of the precise degree of respectability attaching to this or that trade or profession. So long as it is honest, clean, and promising, any chance that comes along is good enough for the young American. The social conventions, so far from limiting his choice, merely insist that he shall not be idle; and it is this view of things that makes up the first of the atmospheric differences between London and New York. It is the Englishman's introduction to democracy, and he takes readily to the stimulus of the new acquaintance.



CLOSE TO BOW BELLS, LONDON

Nor is it only the exhilaration of the place and the evidences all round him of bustling vitality that hold the Englishman captive. The first time I walked up Fifth Avenue I thought I was in another Paris. The strenuousness of Broadway shows there its social side, and to one just fresh from the dreary drab and studied

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languor of London the result is exceedingly happy. Given a bright May morning, a Sunday by choice, and from the mixture of crystalline air, white houses, the long clean stretch of street, and the radiant prima-donna effects of American women, you extract a combination hard to equal, and in its way impossible to beat. It is the Bois without the trees; not quite Parisian, for the last touch of perfect naturalness is wanting, but still less English, for it is at once light-hearted and elegant and bubbling over with sheer *joie de vivre*. New York throws into all its pleasures an infectiousness and relish distinctively its own. An Englishman has to quicken his mental pace somewhat to keep in touch. Work or play, it is just the same. Into whatever he takes up, the New-Yorker imports a new and invigorating zest. Wherever he turns, the Londoner finds himself urged to more exertion than he is altogether used to, if he would hold his own. The competition is not very fierce, but the competitors are of a higher average. The best foot has constantly to be put and kept forward, to make money or conversation; and so stimulating may be the clash of the struggle that we have even known Englishmen who, after six months in New York, have actually learned how to tell a tale as it should be told. He must, indeed, be singularly surly or unambitious who can hold back. The reception given one is so genial, and the reward so wholly tempting, that the new-comer plunges into business and society with an enthusiasm that surprises himself. The Englishman who does not succumb to New York in the first three months is a lost soul.

But all things have their ebb, and slowly the Englishman feels his enthusiasm on the wane. Catch him after a two years' residence, and he is more likely to be full of anathemas than praise. He has reached the attitude and state of mind which are the proverbial offspring of familiarity. Even the handiest invention, once accepted, becomes no invention at all, but part of the ordinary routine of life, for which any special gratitude is superfluous. When the novelty has worn off, the hundred and one ways in which New York ministers to one's comfort—and it is surprising how quickly it does wear off, how easily one takes it all as a matter of course—there comes the sense of having sacrificed to false gods, and the city resolves itself into nothing more than a triumph of mechanics, of iron, steel, bricks, and electricity, built by the Titans, laid out by Euclid, and furnished by Edison. Behind it there lies little or nothing to satisfy—no surprises, no hidden nooks, no glimpse of the past, nothing but the whir and glitter of a vast machine. And busily idealizing his own country as the exile always does, the Englishman begins to feel as though



UNDER TRINITY CHIMES, NEW YORK

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in coming to New York he had laid down Matthew Arnold's poems to enter a power-house. There comes a time when he can think of himself as nothing but a bundle of freight in the grip of an exaggerated express company. New York stretches out before him as a gigantic counter, split up into little squares to make business easy of despatch, and scaled down to the dull prose of buying and selling, of doing things at the swiftest possible speed, of saving at any cost an inch of space and a second of time.

It is this undisguised triumph of mechanics over æsthetics, of the new and useful over the old, that after a time makes New York for an Englishman rather a deadening city to live in. The iron enters into one's soul, and comfort, one feels, can be bought at too high a price. If only Americans could learn to do things a little more clumsily, their metropolis would have many more charms for the English exile. He misses the hundred and one lacunæ and inconveniences which at home can be damned, and as a matter of fact are damned with such hygienic heartiness. He never has a chance to grumble. In the long-run mechanical perfection becomes almost as difficult as moral perfection to live with at ease. One turns a screw, and in twenty minutes one's room is warmer than two fires could make it in half a day. It is demoralizing, sybaritish. In England, if the same system were introduced, one could always rely on its being entertainingly out of order. But nothing seems to get out of order in New York, not even that great stand-by of English cemeteries and conversation, the drains. There is a dull and deadly unerringness about the way people go through life and carry on their business in New York. If only the express companies knew how to lose things, or would condescend to deliver them at the wrong houses; if only the New York storekeepers would allow one time just to get home before one's purchases arrive; if only the ice-man would forget to call once or twice a decade—what a spice would be given to life on Manhattan Island!

It seems, then, to come to this, that there is too much machinery in New York, and it is too inhumanly good of its kind. After the first few months of envious admiration at the ingenuity of it all, one asks what lies behind, and the reluctant answer of New York, as of all cities that have been built and have not grown, is, nothing. The past is so overlayed that not the most picturesque imagination can recall it. Dutch New York, English New York, for all the most pertinacious search can discover, are as though they had never been. A view of the city less than fifty years old seems incredibly remote. Some small tangle of streets "downtown," here and there an incongruous wooden shanty holding its own between palatial restaurants and clubs of dazzling marble, are the only visible proofs that New York was not hit off at a stroke and dumped down on the island by contract. As a place to dine and do business in, New York is admirable; financially, indeed, it is always charming, but its stony lack of suggestiveness makes up an atmosphere difficult after a while for an Englishman to breathe in freely. One feels, too, singularly cut off from the rest of the world, and especially from the rest of America. The eyes of New York are turned eastward, and of its own hinterland it knows as little as the average Londoner of Scotland. I never really felt myself in America till I was free of New York and its concentrated self-sufficiency. The city is a little world in itself, immensely wrapped up in its own concerns, and in far closer touch with London or Paris than with Chicago or Denver. It finds it easier to look across the Atlantic than beyond the Palisades. It is, indeed, a most serviceable watch-tower from which to spy out on the two continents, being on the main stream of neither European nor American life, but in a backwater of its own making. Therein possibly lies its chief educational value for the Englishman; it gives him a new perspective, the invaluable outside point of view. But unless of a heroic complacency one cannot live in a backwater forever, not at least without some loss of vitality. One gets too much at second hand, and one criticises too eagerly and mistakenly the echoes and pale reflections and half-lights that reach one. Is it carrying honesty to the point of social criminality to confess that foreigners sometimes detect in New York a grandi-

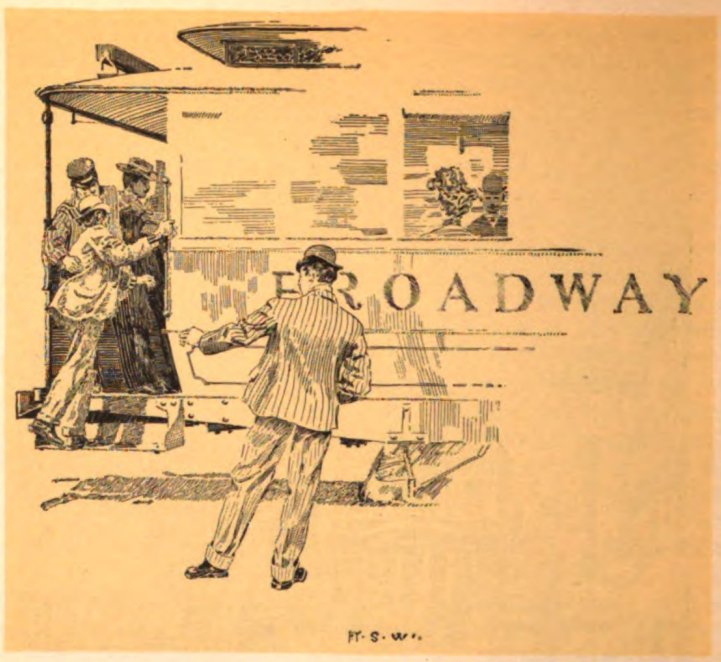
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CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND

ose provincialism? After all, the fact that a number of people of different nationalities make it their home without too much friction does not stamp a city as cosmopolitan. Otherwise we should have Chicago putting in a claim for the title. Cosmopolitanism, of course, is not a matter of statistics, but a mellow something in the social air. What that something exactly is, and what qualities go to its make-up, it is not easy to say. Repose, perhaps, is one of them; the tolerance that comes of a wide experience is another; the habit of taking things for granted without question and without surprise is a third. Possibly the essence of it all is the "nothing too much" of the Greek sect, the calm outlook, the tempered enjoyment, interest without enthusiasm, pleasure without passion. This is hardly the note of New York, where everything is apt to run to extremes, and moderation alone is voted commonplace. I have known the city shaken to its depths by a fancy-dress ball, and talk of nothing else for three weeks and more. New York, in fact, is never bored. It has—all America has—the secret of perpetual enjoyment. It gossips with real relish, not, as London does, more from a sense of social duty. Nowhere is an attractive novelty—it must be attractive

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THE SWIFT, TRIM ELECTRIC CARS

as well as novel, for New York's taste is only one degree less refined than the Parisian—surer of being caught up, passed round, adopted, and laughed over in a nine days' carnival. Society in New York reflects more precisely than elsewhere the average man, and it has been said of the American that if he is never quite young, he is certainly never old. To the last he is elemental, fresh in his enthusiasms, ready to be interested, ready to enjoy himself. Nothing seems to impair his zest for life, and his determination to get as much out of it as possible. And if this is true of the men, it is doubly so of the women. The consequence is that, side by side with an electrifying "go" and swing, there runs through social New York a curious strain of *naïveté*, a sort of fundamental artlessness, which separates it from London by more than the breadth of the Atlantic. New York is always "wanting to know," and does not hesitate to ask, if necessary; it revels in the small points of life; it is as free and frank with its emotions as with its introductions or its compliments. It even allows stories to be told as a form of social entertainment. In no city is so much anxious thought spent on the externals of hospitality, and nowhere are the results so ingenuously striking. Allowing for a certain difference in the degree of barbarism, Rome in its decline could alone furnish a parallel to New York's "Four Hundred." The American "aristocracy" has no equal in Europe for ability to turn the simplest sort of diversion into a function, and every function into a ceremony. It is not of them I write, though their passion for incongruous artificialities and the glare in which they live have infected all strata. An exasperated Englishman once described the social atmosphere of Manhattan Island as "rather fussy," but that was only in comparison with the English ways of doing things. The charm of London hospitality is that there is never the slightest strain put upon either host or guest. The American hostess, like the French hostess, feels that she must be continually "entertaining" her guest; she considers it a reflection on her hospitality if the guest is left a moment alone; she looks upon it as her duty to be continually providing fresh amusements, and is constantly troubled by doubts as to whether the visitor is really "enjoying" himself. That is one of the

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reasons why Americans, after the pampering they get at home, are apt to feel themselves neglected in London, and left out in the cold. The difference between the two styles of hospitality is the difference between a man who thrusts a handful of bank-notes upon you, telling you to spend them any way you like, and a man who makes you a multitude of small gifts, each costing him an infinity of thought, and yourself a repeated embarrassment of thanks. A foreigner is more often oppressed in New York than in London with a sense of effort in the host and hostess, an anxiety lest something should go wrong rather than a taking for granted that everything will go right. The immaculately "correct thing," I imagine, finds more stringent devotees in New York than in London, and produces at times an atmosphere of formalism and restraint that is really altogether at war with the instincts of the people. The New York clubs, for instance, are far more magnificent, inside and out, than any we have in London. . All the appointments and furnishings are, generally speaking, as tasteful as they are luxurious; and yet somehow the club spirit does not take hold of a man as it does in London. Whatever be the reason — and probably the nearness of the clubs to the members' homes is at the root of it — one misses, or thinks he misses, something of the easy unconventionality, the sense of comfortable *camaraderie,* that make club life in London so particularly pleasant. There is a stricter atmosphere, fewer relaxations, and a more insistent code of etiquette. My first instinct on entering a New York club was always the last one would be likely to be prompted by in London—to take off my hat.

New York can damn or boom a play, sell a novel, and settle to the satisfaction of the rest of America what is the right thing to do and wear, but therewith its influence comes abruptly to an end. It is not a literary centre, nor a scientific nor an artistic centre, still less is it the pivot of American politics. Literature, science, and art all flourish in New York, but they flourish equally well in Boston and Chicago. New York has none of the compelling power that drew



A LUMBERING LONDON OMNIBUS

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Daudet to Paris, or Dr. Johnson to London, and a writer or an artist who settles down on Manhattan Island does so more to satisfy his pocket than his soul. The elements do not blend as they used to in France before democracy destroyed the *salon,* and as they still do in London.

All Americans who have lived in London will have noticed the curious facility with which Englishmen contrive to neutralize Americans by only adopting them in part. I remember the architect of a building who evidently was infected by American ideas. He had heard of elevators and dumb-waiters and speaking-tubes, and he had obviously made up his mind to lead all London by including these conveniences in his block of flats. But instead of connecting the speaking-tube with the kitchen, he put it outside the drawing-room, so that, had it been used at all, the entire household would have been obliged to overhear the struggles of the servants with the tradesmen; and instead of running up the dumb-waiter alongside the kitchen or pantry, he had placed it outside the flat altogether, in the hall, opposite the elevator. The consequence was, of course, that neither dumb-waiter nor speaking-tube could be utilized, and two very happy American inventions were discredited in English eyes for lack of simple attention to the necessary details. That, in itself, is a small thing, but it stands for a good deal.



THEY RUN TO EXTREMES IN NEW YORK

House-hunting in London is not the simple business it is in New York. You cannot inspect the house or flat without an "order to view" from the agent, who may live round the next corner or at the other end of the city. Moreover, when all the formalities are complete, fresh surprises await one. Ordinarily no house or flat in London can be taken for less than three years! In New York a fully appointed flat would include, as a matter of course, steam heat, electric light, and all the necessary fixtures, a gas and coal range, a constant supply of hot water, a built-in refrigerator, picture-mouldings, day and night elevators, store-rooms, dumb-waiters, and a bewildering variety of cupboards. In London most of these accessories are still undreamed-of. Steam-heating is almost unknown. If a flat is wired for electric light or piped for gas, the incoming tenant has to provide the brackets and fittings at his own expense—taking them away with him when he moves. As every flat has to produce its own supply of hot water from the kitchen boiler, gas-ranges are useless. I really believe the shock of finding himself expected to provide a refrigerator would kill the average English landlord. Picture-mouldings, too, the tenant has to pay for himself, the landlord, with true English stupidity, preferring to have his walls knocked about with nails. I have visited some score of the best flat-houses in London, and not one had a store-room for the reception of trunks and boxes, not one had an elevator that ran after midnight, and not one but was abominably deficient in cupboards and every kind of storage facilities.

I cannot resist quoting the opinion of an American lady who has had a good deal of housekeeping experience both in London and New York. "Wages," she writes, "are less in London, but the amount of work done by the domestic servant is as nothing compared with what is accomplished in America. A sort of inchoate trades-unionism penetrates even into the kitchen. The list of things which

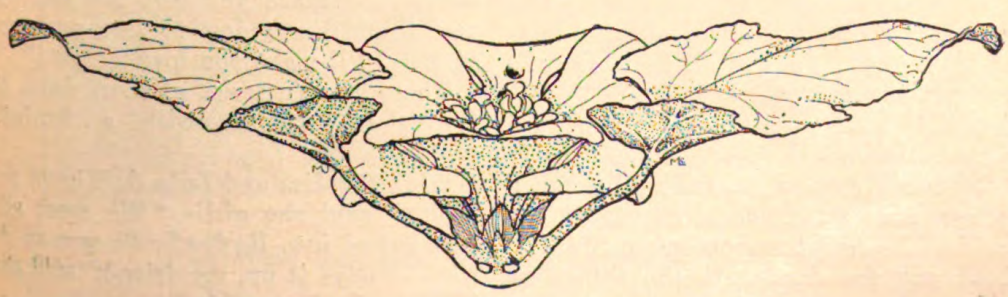
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are 'not expected' of the English cook or the English house-maid or the English parlor-maid is appalling. An English *cook* cooks—if she does even that. Certainly she does nothing else, and would feel insulted if you told her to, and that is one of the reasons why housekeeping is much easier in New York than in London."

To get hold of a retail dealer of whatever kind in London — butcher, baker, grocer, or fruiterer—who will not overcharge you, who will not give you false weights, and who will not smuggle into his monthly accounts items never ordered or delivered, is so nearly impossible that Londoners are gravitating more and more towards the big-store system, where you are served by men who are the employees of other men, and therefore under less personal temptation to get the better of you. The charges of the ordinary tradesman are regulated simply by his estimate of the precise amount of extortion you are likely to stand.

It is a most expensive luxury to be "a gentleman" in England. In London, especially, you pay for the title through a fixed tariff on the accessories that New York, with its big way of doing business, throws in gratis. You dine, let us say, at a restaurant. There is a charge of from 2*d.* to 6*d.* for guarding your hat and coat in the cloak-room, and, being "a gentleman," a tip in addition is expected. You want to wash your hands—another 2*d.* or another 6*d.*, and, of course, another tip. You take up the menu, and, behold, there is an intimation that a charge of 3*d.* each person will be made under the guise of "table-money." This charge varies according to the nature of the place; 3*d.* is the lowest, 6*d.* perhaps the average, though at a good many restaurants it is 1*s.*, and in at least two that could be named, 1*s.* 6*d.* The only difference is that in the lower-priced restaurants it is called "table-money," and in the higher-priced ones placed under the alluring head of *couvert*. An entrance fee frankly demanded at the door would be much less offensive, and I felt a good deal of sympathy with the American who, on running over his bill, and finding himself called upon to pay for the privilege of dining at the place at all, as well as for such obnoxious items as bread and butter, called up the waiter, and said: "Look here; I've breathed one hundred and ninety-two times. How much?" But this sort of thing is typical of a kind of paltry, underhand spirit which runs through London enterprise—the spirit that charges 6*d.* for theatre programmes, and adds 1*s.* 6*d.* to your hotel bill for "service." Londoners, however, being for the most part blissfully ignorant of New York methods, do not in the least object to these exactions. They seem almost to relish them. There is a huge store in London which charges a sum of 5*s.* a year for permission to buy its goods, and on every package delivered beyond a radius of a quarter of a mile makes a further levy of 2*d.* And yet this concern turns over more than $15,000,000 a year. The spirit that can tolerate such things is obviously something it takes a New-Yorker time to grow into. Yet in some things — clothing, for example—they run to extremes in New York.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be that New York and London were meant to be complementary to each other, and that the ideal city is only to be constructed by mingling the best points of both. Whether this would not involve the preliminary banishment of most London women and most New York men is a point one might debate forever.



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Myosotis

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

THEY were sitting at one of the little iron tables on the terrace of the pavilion at Bellevue-Meudon.

Rutherford looked out over the great gulf that stretched away from under their feet—out over the winding ribbon of the Seine to the trees of the Bois on the opposite bank, and the little island by Bas-Meudon, where they shoot pigeons. And far to the right was Paris, like a wax-model village in a museum, red and white under the afternoon sun.

"It's good to look at, Paris," he said. "And I'm jolly fond of it. I suppose every one is—but"—he leaned forward and looked into the girl's face—"I've no attention to waste on Paris; I've no eyes for anything beyond the terrace of Bellevue Pavilion."

The girl flushed to her hair, but made a weak pretence of looking about her. "It *is* pretty," she admitted.

"Pretty!" cried Rutherford, indignantly. "It's beautiful!"

"If you are talking about me," began Miss Cartwright, with some severity, "kindly take notice that I refuse to be called 'it.' Moreover, I'm — I'm not beautiful. Am I?"

She glanced up at him with a deprecating little smile. Her cheeks were still crimson. But at the look in his eyes the smile died and the flush paled.

"Don't!" she said, quickly. "Ah, don't! You must not! Let's—let's talk about something else. Tell me what you've been doing away down there—wherever it is—in the South, killing people, and juggling little pocket-kingdoms, and talking back to Russia, and all that. You're such a personage, you know! You've no idea of how we were all looking forward to your coming. You see, a house party at Meudon, even with Lady Jim for a hostess, isn't the maddest gayety in the world. We had been pumping Sir Jim about you for days, and the things he said—well, there aren't many men that such things could be said about. You've a right to be pretty proud. And then the evening you arrived, when you came into the hall with Sir Jim, and I saw you first, I knew you were going to be just all that I—that we had hoped you would be. You look the part so! Public idols aren't usually very presentable. Tell me about yourself. Lady Jim says you are a prince down there."

"Oh, well," admitted Rutherford, "every one is a kind of prince. You see, the chap who held the title died, and it had to go to some one. I never use the name west of Vienna. No one could pronounce it. It's all consonants."

He took the slim white hand that lay on the table in both his, and held it an instant to his cheek.

The girl turned a face to him that made his heart leap. Then she drew her hand away quickly. "Oh, what am I thinking of?" she cried. "Why, you have known me hardly a week! Besides, there are other— Oh, it's impossible!"

"A week!" said Rutherford. "A week? I've loved you for five years!"

The girl's face went perfectly white, and she caught at the edge of the table. "What do you mean?" she said. "Tell me!"

"I—I didn't mean to alarm you," he said, looking out over the river. "I meant only that I—well, I fancy I must always have loved you—always. You're everything a man sets up in his heart to worship. I won't take your 'impossible.' I'll make you love me yet. Do you think I'm going to lose you now, after— I'll make you love me yet!"

There came a series of roars from the funiculaire station, with a feminine scream or two.

"It's Sir Jim and Lulu de Vignot and Molly," said the girl. "We must go." She looked into Rutherford's eyes as she rose. "Give it up, my friend," said she. "It's really impossible."

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HE TOOK THE SLIM WHITE HAND IN BOTH OF HIS

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"You don't know me," replied Rutherford.

It was three days after, and the whole house party was picnicking in the wood over toward Clamart, at the Spring of the Virgin. The others were busy over the hampers, to the great hinderance and discomfort of two sad footmen, but Miss Cartwright and Rutherford sat like the sensible lilies of the field upon a knoll out of hearing.

A little loosened wave of yellow hair stirred in the breeze and blew across her eyes. She threw up her head and sniffed contentedly.

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" she said. "The little valley, and those slim birches and lindens and willows with the sunlight flickering through? A place near good old New Haven, out Cheshire way, past Mount Carmel. Perhaps," she laughed—"perhaps because it is so different. But I loved that little valley years ago. I'd like to go there now." She looked up at the man questioningly. "There's my wish," she said. "Now you may have yours. No, don't be polite and say you would rather be here. We'll pretend we're both going."

Rutherford looked out to the green hills with half-shut eyes and a curious little smile. "Ship me somewheres east o' Suez," he said, just over his breath. "Not really east o' Suez, you know, but east of all the Europe that the trippers infest, the Europe you and Sir Jim and Lady Jim know so well. Put me on a steamer at Vienna on the beautiful blue Danube—or the beautiful yellow Danube—and ship me south. Do you know what that means? Lobau, Presburg, Komorn, Pesth and Ofen, Belgrade; now we're getting near home—Baziasch. You think you've seen rivers. Get on a boat with me at Baziasch and tear down through the Carpathian cliffs past Orsova and the Iron Gates. Come to Bucharest and I'll show you a little Paris there in the East. Ah, but the very name sounds good!" He turned bright eyes to the girl. "Down there I amount to something. I'm nothing but a loafer here, a bit of dead wood in the social fabric. Down there is home. They know me and care something about me. When I say a thing should be done, it's done. And when I scowl, they run and hide. I'm sniffing battle again. And it won't do. My work, *là-bas,* is done, and I'd best keep away. Besides"—he turned to the girl again with a great light in his eyes—"I've something bigger ahead of me than Balkan squabblings. I've got to make you love me, and I'm going to do it, for, by my soul! you're all my world, my heaven and earth!"

The girl laid a hand upon his arm. Something within him leaped and sang. Then her eyes met his, and she shook her head very gently.

"Oh, you can't discourage me," he assured her, cheerfully. "I simply won't consider anything but victory. I daren't, you know. If I came to thinking of the other thing, I'd—well, we won't talk about that."

"Listen a bit," said the girl. The voice was almost a caress. "I'm not going to dwell on the fact that we've known each other less than a fortnight, and that you have no right to speak of anything like love to me. That's beside the question. What I want is to stop you from doing something that I'm afraid you are in a fair way to do, and to tell you why. I'm afraid you are going to—care for me, and I like you too well to let you do it. You must not be unhappy through me. You're too big and strong and important. Your life means too much to be wrecked, or even wounded, through fault of mine, Oh, can't you see I'm only trying to save you pain because I like you?"

"Will you tell me why I shouldn't love you?" he asked, quietly. "Would it be so impossible for a woman to care for me? or is—is there another man?"

"Yes," she said, and her voice trembled a little, "there is another man. There is just one man in the world whom I think I could love with all there is in me till I die. Will you laugh when I tell you that I've seen him just twice in all my life? And each time he has saved my life. Surely, poor thing though it be, I owe him all that's best of it when he comes."

There was a wavering little sob in her voice and she tried to laugh it away, but the laugh was a very poor laugh, more sad than the sob.

Rutherford's face was turned aside. He made no sound or movement.

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"Shall I tell you about it?" said the girl, softly. "You know, don't you, that I would tell no one, that I have told no one, but you? The first time I saw him was in London nearly five years ago. I was in ankle-length skirts and a pigtail. There had been some very big procession during the day, a lot of foreign royalties and the like, and the streets were jammed with people, of course. We watched it from a stand in Trafalgar Square, near the Victoria. Then in the evening my father and I and an uncle and aunt went out into the streets to see the people. Of course I was separated from my father—the crowd was something fearful—and just then—it was in the Strand—there was a fight somewhere, and the police—mounted police—charged the crowd. I should have been trampled on and killed in a moment if a man who was standing close to the shop-fronts on a bit of staging, a big, tall, strong-looking man—as big as you are—hadn't seen me, and plunged down into the crowd and put his arms around me and held me up safe. Well, we were in that dreadful street for three-quarters of an hour, fighting for our lives every minute, before we could reach the Victoria. He left me in the lobby there. He said he wasn't looking quite fit to be presented to my people. Of course he was dreadfully torn and bruised and cut. He left me without even his name—nothing but a memory of big strong shoulders that couldn't be beaten down, arms that never let a blow reach me, the kindest, tenderest, cheerfulest voice in all the world, and a smile that I used to wake up in the night smiling an answer to. The other time was in Vienna, two years ago, an evening in the Volksgarten. I was there with a small party of Americans and French from the Métropole. The orchestra was playing waltzes, when the people on the other side of the band-stand began to scream, and upset the tables, and rushed crazily about. Then all at once something came leaping out into the open gravelled space just in front of our tables, something huge and black and awful, screaming and chattering and tearing at everything it caught. It was an ape, gone mad, I think. The people I was with bolted in an instant—nice of the men, wasn't it? I was absolutely paralyzed with terror. I couldn't move. The thing was so unthinkably horrible, like a hideous, grotesque dream. Then there was an arm about me, and in an instant I was drawn, almost thrown, back into the shrubbery. It was *he*. 'Keep quiet,' he whispered. 'Let it go away if it will. I have a pistol, but I won't risk failing till I have to.' I was shockingly unnerved, you know, and I'm afraid I clung to him, and cried, and told him I knew he would come to save me, and a great deal more of the sort. Then he bent his face down over mine. No, he didn't kiss me, just held his cheek an instant close to mine. 'Come!' he said—'come! I'd have come from the world's end to save you from anything! Why, I've loved you for three years!' The beast ran away—I believe they killed it soon—and directly after we found my party. Then while they were all talking at once and trying to explain, he disappeared again—simply vanished. That's all. That's my little love-story."

Rutherford turned his head. His face was a little pale, but it showed no emotion of any sort. If he had been suffering, he bore no trace of it. "Oh, the man might have had a thousand reasons," he said, gravely. "You see, matrimony and all that is such a ridiculously important thing to face. 'Tisn't like just telling a girl you've loved her for three years. P'r'aps he couldn't face it. Maybe he had a wife or so already, or maybe the poor chap simply wasn't in a position to demand a prosperous-looking young person like you. Very likely he was poor. Younger son probably, just loafing about the world, waiting for something to turn up. Maybe being of service to you, maybe—caring about you, will spur him into amounting to something yet. Still, you've awfully little to go by. Are you going to throw me by for a man you've seen twice? Are you going to spoil my life—and maybe yours, for I could make you happy, dear!—just to wait for a man who will probably never turn up?"

The girl looked at him with troubled eyes.

"When you've *quite* finished," said a voice behind them, "telling each other how you never before met any one who really understood you, you might like to know that the rest of us—poor pro-

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saic mortals—have eaten nearly all the lunch."

It was Sir Jim. He had a paté de Strasbourg in one hand and a glass of Rüdesheimer in the other. He looked infinitely contented.

"By-the-way," observed Rutherford, "do you know, you have never told me what your always-opportune friend looked like."

It was a week later, and the two were taking an after-dinner stroll in the crooked narrow street that runs from Meudon to Bellevue. The dark was coming fast. There was a sleepy chatter of birds from the lilacs. There was the smell of dust, of rank weeds from the road-side hedge. The cool of the coming night spread up from the river valley, and with it came the faint whistle of the last evening boat, Paris-bound.

"I told you," said the girl, "that he was big—as big as you. Don't grow vain about it. I told you he had the kindest, tenderest, cheerfulest voice in the world. No, not a bit like your voice. Your voice has a ring to it. You've been bossing people so long, you see. Not that it isn't cheerful," she hastened to admit, "and—and even tender, but bossing has certainly affected it. And he had eyes like"—she looked up into Rutherford's face and laughed—"like yours. At least they were very nice eyes—dark ones. And he wore a black mustache that turned up quite ferociously, and a close-cut, pointed beard. I don't approve of the beard and mustache. I'm sure he had a nice mouth and chin. He will have to sacrifice the beard."

"It will change him," warned Rutherford. "You've no idea how it will change him. You'd hardly know your own brother without his beard and mustache—granting he had them."

He lighted a fresh cigarette and threw away the burnt one. "Have you ever stopped to think," he asked, gravely, "how different he may be when he comes—if he comes—from the man you have evolved out of your own inner consciousness, from the story-book hero you have fancied? You've manufactured him out of all the ideals that a girl owns of men. You've made him rather impossible, you know. What if he should turn up something of a bounder, a regular bad sort? A bounder has his good moments, you know. He can save lives. He can fight crowds, but he wouldn't do to live with." He struck his stick rather savagely on the white hard road. "Aren't you afraid," he demanded, "to throw away your life waiting for a man who may turn out to be a train-robber, or somebody's valet off on a vacation?"

"Ah no, ah no!" cried the girl, sharply. "Don't you suppose I can tell a gentleman when I see him?" She set her back against the high white wall of a street-side garden. A branch of climbing-rose far over her head nodded in the evening breeze and showered her hair with pink petals. "Don't make it any harder for me," she begged. "It's quite hard enough now. I want to do what you want me to. I know I ought to do it. Almost everything pulls me that way, and yet—somehow I can't. I can't put *him* out of my mind, his eyes, and his voice, and the big, cheerful bravery of him. Why, he's given me my life twice over!" She put her hands up to his shoulders, and her face gleamed to him through the dark. "Sometimes I'm certain that I love you," she said, softly. "I can—I can stay awake nights thinking of what a lifetime with you would be—but I don't dare. What if *he* should come back afterward and I hadn't waited?"

A big yellow moon pushed up over the gable of the little house opposite and flooded the girl's face suddenly with light.

"You have the prettiest mouth," said Rutherford, somewhat irrelevantly, "of any woman alive to-day. I don't mind admitting that I have sat watching it for hours, and have cracked little jokes to make it smile. It's at its best, I think, when it smiles. I don't mind admitting, too, that I've had sometimes to hold fast to my chair to keep from springing up and kissing it."

The mouth quivered a little and finally smiled. The two small hands on Rutherford's shoulders made tentative offers of retreat, but this he refused even to consider for an instant.

"They—they were growing tired," complained the girl, faintly.

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"I KNEW YOU WOULD COME," THE GIRL MURMURED

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"Poor things!" he grieved. "They were merely lonesome. I will hold them. And your eyes," he continued. "Have I ever told you what gorgeous—"

"You have," said the girl, hastily. "It was last Friday—no, Thursday night. We must go home," she said presently. "It's late."

Rutherford drew the two small hands together at his breast and bent his head to look into the eyes.

"Ah, no, no," cried the girl in a panic. "Not—not yet! Ah, let me go, please!"

They walked back the quarter-mile to the house silently.

"You may now," she said, under the syringas by the drive.

It was the 14th of July, and of course the whole party was going to the review at Longchamps in the drag and such victorias, traps, and the like as the stables afforded. Rutherford had the joy of driving Lady Jim in her phaeton behind the new pony. Miss Cartwright went on the coach.

The review was exactly like every other 14th of July review, and had its little train of accidents during the crush that always follows the President's departure.

Miss Cartwright and three or four of the party who had gone over on the coach were on foot near the cascade. The crowd was becoming more closely packed, made up mostly of rough men.

Then, with a liberal accompaniment of screams and cries from the crowd, a pair of big grays attached to a landau threw their driver and footman from the box and began to run.

There was one great deep-voiced roar, and the girl was lifted from her feet and tossed half dazed as if by an angry surf. Then there were arms about her waist, arms that never let a blow reach her, big strong shoulders above that couldn't be beaten down, and a voice—*his* voice—steady and calm and cheerful as years before:

"Easy, dear! Keep quiet!"

It came to her with no shock, no sense of surprise. She had been waiting for it.

The crowd surged and crushed and fought about them.

"I knew you would come," the girl murmured. Her face lay on his breast, homing there. She smiled with closed, happy eyes. "Ah, I knew you'd come. You always came when I needed you."

The man bent his head over her.

"Come!" he said, as years before—"come! I'd come from the world's end to do you a service. Why, I've loved you—didn't you know?—for five years!"

But there was something in the voice, a something new. Oh, it was *his* voice beyond question, but still there was a something, a force, a decision, a ring, as of a voice used to command men. It was more like— She swung about quickly in the circle of his arms and looked up into Rutherford's face.

The crowd about them was melting away.

"You!" cried the girl. "You! You!"

Rutherford contritely stroked an imaginary beard and mustache. "I've loved you," said he, looking into the girl's eyes, "for five years—five long years."

Then all at once she understood.

My Task

BY MAUDE LOUISE RAY

TO love some one more dearly ev'ry day,
To help a wand'ring child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray,
And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
And answer when He calls.

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What a School-Girl saw of John Brown's Raid

BY JENNIE CHAMBERS

I WAS a mile on my way to the Young Ladies' Seminary in Harpers Ferry, on a Monday morning that I shall never forget, when, coming in sight of town, my heart stopped beating and I dropped my books. As I looked over the edge of the hill, I saw, riding up and down the streets, shouting and brandishing their guns, a crowd of men. It seemed to me they were all yelling; and some of them were firing in the air. There has never been for me a day like that of October 17, 1859, when I saw what I afterwards knew was to go down in history as the John Brown Raid.

My home was a mile back through the woods, in Bolivar Heights, and my heart sank as I thought of the distance to safety. I wanted to cry out, and, even at that distance, to warn those I loved of the horrible, strange peril in the air. Others might have thought it war; I had never seen a soldier. The last war I knew anything about was in 1812.

Just then I thought of a schoolmate who lived near by on the road-side, and that gave me courage.

"It's the Abolitionists," she said, running out as I came up to her doorway; "they're down there arresting all our people." I didn't wait to hear more, but my strength had come back to me, and I ran along through the woods like a deer. I didn't know what minute an Abolitionist might jump out at me from behind a tree—and eat me. They were cannibals, for all I knew, from some far-off country, like the Hessians, of whom I had been reading in history.

The oaks and the chestnuts and the maples arched overhead, in all October's glory, but I thought of nothing as I ran, except to warn my mother. There was a strange silence on the road; I met nobody.

"Oh," said I, when I got breath enough to speak, in our door-yard, "mother, it's the Abolitionists!" Then she told me that a rumor had come of trouble in town, and that father had gone down to the Ferry. Some dreadful thing was happening, but nobody knew what. A team came rattling down the Charlestown Pike, towards the Ferry. "They've got Colonel Washington and John Allstadt," the driver called out as he went by, "and they've got their niggers, and—" He was gone before we could hear the rest of it.

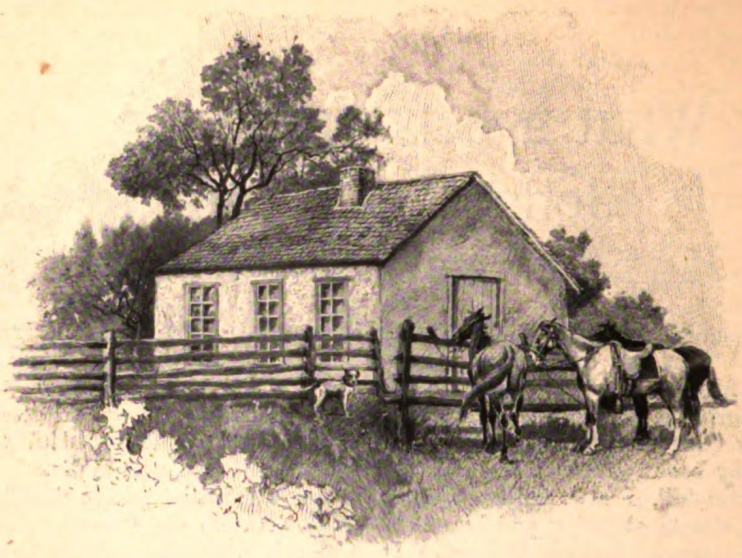
Colonel Lewis Washington and Mr. Allstadt lived back of us up the Pike, four miles from the Ferry. Mother and I felt that if Colonel Washington had been taken, nobody was safe. One of Mr. Allstadt's folks happened along not long after this and told us all their family had been waked up the night before by a noise on the big road. Mr. Allstadt went to the door. Who should he see there but John E. Cook and Charles Plummer Tidd, and other men that we knew, with guns and torches. There was a wagon, and when Mr. Allstadt looked there were Colonel Washington and three of his slaves in it, and two men on the seat with guns in their hands. They didn't make any explanation to Mr. Allstadt, but they made him call out his negroes, and he and two of the slaves were bundled into the wagon, without time for a good-by even, and driven away down the Pike.

All of them must have come right near our house in Bolivar, but none of us heard any of it. "Thank God, they didn't get your father," said my mother.

"Yes," said I, "but he's down there with them, isn't he?" and then I began to cry.

There was something in the air that morning which nobody had ever known of before. Mrs. Sarah Kirby, whose husband worked in the Arsenal, lived at the

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THE DUNKEP CHURCH WHERE JOHN BROWN PREACHED ON THE SUNDAY NIGHT OF THE RAID

top of the hill, in sight of the Ferry. She came out on her front porch early, and when she saw men on horses galloping about the streets, she called to a passer-by. Misunderstanding his answer, Mrs. Kirby ran into the house and said to her husband:

"Oh, Mr. Kirby, a wild beast has just come over the bridge from Maryland, and all the men are out in the streets with guns."

Now we all knew Mr. Cook, and we liked him; we couldn't think how he got into this. They said Mr. Stevens was with him, and all of us school-girls knew Mr. Stevens. He often called out to us as we went by his boarding-house in Harpers Ferry, and when his landlady used to treat the girls to pickles, he would tell her not to do it, as it was bad for our health.

By-and-by we remembered that Cook and Stevens and others of these men had been friends of Mr. John Smith, who had been living out at the Kennedy farm-house on the Antietam road, in Maryland. Smith, as he called himself, lived in that lonely place with his two daughters, quiet, unpretentious people, who had little to say to their neighbors, and that only for their good. We knew Mr. Hoffmaster, their next-door neighbor, and he used to say that Smith, no matter where he came from, was a good neighbor, and a good preacher too. Mr. Smith preached in the little church by the road-side.

The sound of gun-shots came over the top of the hill and echoed through the woods. Now and then we heard a stray word that there was a regular battle going on down at the Ferry, and that Smith was at the head of it.

Somebody on the way back up the Pike said that Mr. Hoffmaster said that he had been to hear Smith preach just last night. And now everybody was saying that instead of being John Smith, this preacher was no other than John Brown, the Abolitionist!

It must have been nearly noon when a crowd of men, most of whom we knew, came up the Pike from the Ferry. At first we were worse scared than ever. When they got close by, I recognized father at the head of them. Then they all came into our yard, and the men called him "Lieutenant Chambers."

"We've organized a company of eighty, Harpers Ferry Guards," said he to my mother, "and I was made captain, but I gave way in favor of John Aris—you know he was in the Mexican War."

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"What's it all about?" cried mother, smiling now through her tears.

"It's Brown, Brown of Ossawatomie, the Abolitionist; he's trying to get the Arsenal," said my father; "and all these men he's been gathering here, Cook and Stevens and Tidd, to help him mine copper in Solomon's Gap, were nothing but Abolitionists in disguise. The mining tools they used to get in boxes down at the railroad were muskets and pikes.

"But we couldn't get any guns for ourselves until we found these muskets in one of the government's sheds at the Arsenal. Brown's got his men in there now; and we've got no ammunition.

"We were going to get a butcher-knife apiece and go down at them and be captured—and then cut them to pieces. But just then we found these muskets. Now all you women folks must come and help to mould bullets."

While the lead was melting, there was time for more talk. John Hoffmaster, who had been living neighbor to Brown so long, out by Kennedy's farm, had told some of our men that Brown—or Smith, as he knew him—preached a fine sermon not an hour before the raid began. Hoffmaster walked home from church with him, and he said that Brown seemed tired and quiet, like a man who was looking for nothing but bed. Instead of that, Hoffmaster had been waked up an hour or two later by a noise in the big road. When he looked out of his bed-room window there was a crowd with torches and wagons, surrounded by mounted men. They had come down from the Kennedy farm, Brown in the lead. They had pikes, as they called them, in their hands, and the glitter of the torch-light on the steel pike-heads was a strange sight. The men passed on by Hoffmaster's down the Antietam road towards the Ferry.

"The first thing the Raiders did," said one of father's men, "was to seize the railroad bridge." All this time father and the others were putting bullets into their pockets, hot from the moulds. There were just four apiece. "When they got down there they grabbed William Williams, the bridge watchman, and five minutes later Heywood Shepherd, Mayor Fountain Beckham's boy, ran out with a pistol in his hand from the railroad depot. Shepherd was as fine a slave as there was in this county, and they shot him down like a dog. He was the watchman at the Baltimore and Potomac depot, and when he waked up and ran out, he thought they were robbers. Then they got Dan Whelan; and when Pat Higgins went to relieve Dan, about midnight, the Raiders started for him. Pat knocked one of them down with his fists and started to run. A Raider ran down the railroad track after him, but caught his foot in the frog, and Pat got away.

"There's been plenty of bloodshed already, and there's likely to be more. But we're going to drive them out of the Arsenal, no matter what it costs."

This was the way the Harpers Ferry company started off, as they said, "to bring on the battle." Just how big that battle would be, and whether it would be fought by hundreds or thousands, nobody knew then. The Abolitionists might be pouring down through Maryland!

While we were waiting, we forgot about eating. Presently we heard that Colonel Robert E. Lee would bring Marines from Washington. A company of men were coming from Shepherdstown. And the Jefferson Guards from Charlestown were on the way. Brown and his men had cut the telegraph wires. They had stopped the night train through from the West, when it got to the bridge, but Captain Jack Phelps, the conductor, told them he had mail-cars in his train, and so, after holding it back several hours, the Raiders let it go on through to Washington. That was the way the news reached Washington, and that was what started Colonel Lee. Governor Wise had ordered out the men from Shepherdstown and Charlestown.

A lady who was on the train—I think her name was Mrs. Bedford—said the passengers were scared half to death. A man with a gun ran through the cars shouting, "You're all my prisoners." That was all he said; nobody knew who he was or what it meant. He told the conductor he could run his train over the bridge to the Ferry, but no farther. The women on the train were crying and screaming, and when they got to the bridge, the conductor called out to the bridge-tender and asked him what it all was about. "Harpers Ferry is taken,"

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was the answer, and that was the only explanation.

After it was all over somebody remembered that John Brown had once been in business in Springfield, Massachusetts, where the only other government armory in the United States was situated. Knowing all about armories, he had evidently decided to strike at the one in the South, at Harpers Ferry.

Colonel Washington, Mr. Allstadt, and the rest of the citizens who had been captured in the night were under guard in the government watch-house. By this time there were about thirty of the best men in Harpers Ferry shut up there, knowing less than we did even of what it all meant.

The fighting was going on, the militia were coming in from Shepherdstown and Charlestown, the Marines were arriving from Washington, and the Raiders were retreating to the Arsenal. The women and children back of the hills were waiting in fear of their lives for news of their loved ones; the prisoners in the Arsenal, who would gladly have been fighting, were helpless. Nine of them were taken a little later in the day to the Engine House, that has ever since been known as "John Brown's Fort." It was to force the Arsenal, which the Raiders seized first, that the Harpers Ferry Guards marched down the hill. Of course we didn't expect ever to see one of them alive again. What did women and children who had never seen a man in uniform, except the Arsenal guard, and had never heard a gun fired, except a squirrel-rifle, think—what could they think about all this?

The Harpers Ferry Guards divided into four squads; one crossed the Potomac and came down the Maryland side, and seized the bridge. That was where the Abolitionists' re-enforcements were looked for. Another squad took possession of the Shenandoah Rifle Works, and a third guarded the railroad bridge above the Musket Factory. Captain Aris, Lieutenant Chambers, Richard Washington (brother of Colonel Lewis, the captive), William Copeland, John Stahl, Jr., Jacob Bajent, George Coleman, Sr., Ed. McCabe, Mr. Sweeny, Thomas Bird, Mr. Watson, and four others were in the last squad, that headed straight for the Arsenal. There was a scrimmage, and the Harpers Ferry boys ran the Raiders out, killing one of them, Dangerfield Newby, and wounding another, Shields Green. This left Brown only twenty men all told, as it turned out. As we found afterward, his whole army consisted of himself, Captain Oliver Brown,



THE KENNEDY FARM-HOUSE, SHOWING JOHN BROWN IN HIS FAVORITE SPOT IN THE YARD

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COLONEL LEE'S MARINES BREAKING INTO THE ENGINE HOUSE

Captain Watson Brown (two of his sons), Lieutenant Owen Brown (another son), John E. Cook, John Henry Kagi, William Thomson, Dauphin Thompson, Albert Hazzlet, William H. Leman, Charles Plummer Tidd, Jeremiah G. Anderson, Edwin Coppic, Aaron C. Stevens, Oliver Anderson, Dangerfield Newby, Shields Green, John Copeland, Barclay Coppic, Stewart Taylor, Lewis Geary. Seven of these were members of the Brown family.

They had started out to upset the nation, with just sixteen white and six colored men. Of these, eleven whites and six negroes met their death.

Now to go back to our Harpers Ferry Guards.

Nobody was hurt, apparently, in the retreat from the Arsenal to the Engine House. Brown had his prisoners with him and prepared to fight it out. As it turned out, he had already released all but Colonel Washington and about eight others of the most prominent citizens. These he took along as much for his own protection, it seemed, as anything else. When they got inside, they took the fire-engine and braced the pole of it up against the Engine House door, and made ready for a siege. The besiegers now numbered Captain Rowen and his Jefferson Guards from Charlestown, the Shepherdstown company, our own Harpers Ferry boys, and the Marines under Colonel Lee.

In the court-room at Charlestown, on his trial, John Brown said that the Harpers Ferriers had whipped him before any help came from abroad. "They had us all penned up in the Engine House," said he, "and it was impossible for us to get out. If it hadn't been for the citizens we held as prisoners, we would have had to surrender at once; the building would have been riddled."

Up back of the hills, the women and children were all day in agony. The sharp crack of the rifles we could hear plainly. We did not know then that our Mayor and five of our citizens had been killed, and ten wounded.

The prisoners in the Engine House were as much at a loss as their families to know what was going on.

The Marines under Colonel Lee were seen approaching the Engine House. The prisoners were set to work to make

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port-holes in the brick, so the Raiders could fire their muskets through the walls. Phil Luckum, one of Mr. Allstadt's slaves, stuttered badly. Mr. Allstadt told us afterward that Phil kept his head ducking all the time, and was in great distress as he heard the bullets rattling on the roof and the walls of the Engine House. Presently a shot popped right through a port-hole and flattened on the wall close to Phil's head.

"Bub-bub-boss," said Phil, trembling all over, and turning to Captain Brown—"bub-bub-bub-boss, it's a-gittin' tut-tut-too hot for Phil!" and he collapsed.

When the call came from the Marines to surrender, Brown cried out, "No." The men outside brought up a ladder and swung it, end on, as a battering-ram against the door. The door began to shake and to give way; as they looked in they saw Brown, musket in hand, standing close to the door. Coppic, near him, called out, "I surrender." Brown said, "That's one." Thompson was killed. Mr. Resin Cross, one of the prisoners, told us afterward that he saw Stevens lying on his back, and knelt by him and asked him if he was hurt. Stevens said, "Yes; I have four buckshot in my breast." Mr. Cross had asked Brown to send him out with one of the Raiders to explain to the citizens. Brown let him go, on condition that he would return. It was then that Stevens was shot. Stevens was picked up and carried into one of the houses, and in the intense excitement one of the citizens pointed a gun at Stevens while he was lying on a bed. Stevens gave him such a piercing look of contempt that the man seemed paralyzed, and he dropped his gun to his side and went out of the room. Stevens asked some one to lift him to the floor, saying, "Don't let them shoot me in bed." Miss Christine Fouke threw herself between Stevens and the mob that was rushing in the room, and kept them from shooting him again. While Brown was on trial in Charlestown, he turned to Mr. Cross, who was in court, and said, "Mr. Cross, one word: If things had been different, would you have returned to the Engine House according to your promise to me?" Mr. Cross answered, "Yes, I would." Brown said, "I am satisfied."

Watson and Oliver Brown were shot in the Engine House before the door was battered down. Before death brought relief to them, John Brown seemed perfectly cool, and showed no great sympathy. He charged them to die bravely, without a murmur, for the noble cause in which they were fighting. Our citizens who were shut in there with the Raiders were more moved by the sufferings of the dying men, Mr. Allstadt told us, than any of the Raiders were. "Die like a man," was what Brown said. Mr. Cross had asked Brown to give him some explanation of what he was trying to do. But Brown bluntly refused. Mr. Cross said that he admired Stevens's bearing all through the fight more than that of any of the other Raiders. "Stevens's eyes," said he, "were very dark and bright, and when his gaze was fixed upon you, it was as fierce as a hyena's." Mr. Cross tapped him on the arm playfully, and said, "I would like to fight you." "Why?" said Stevens. "Because," said Cross, "you are the finest built and best-looking man I ever saw." Hazzlet was standing near, and raised his gun as if to shoot Mr. Cross.

All the prisoners agreed afterward that they could not help admiring Brown's iron will and unparalleled bravery. At last Mr. Cross said to him, "Are you not Ossawatomie Brown?" Then he answered, "Yes." This was the first the prisoners knew of it.

Presently the cry "Surrender!" rang out again, over the musket-shots and the shouts. Brown said nothing. The blows of the ladder had loosened the fastenings of the Engine House door to such an extent that the prisoners could see the uniforms of the Marines outside. Brown tried again to fasten the pole of the engine against the door. Then came a tremendous crash and a loud shout. One of the men in uniform, Luke Quinn, sprang into the breach, and instantly was shot down. He was mortally hurt. Another Marine, Rupert, fell before this last volley of the Raiders. Then Lieutenant Green rushed in through the door, before the Raiders could fire a gun, and slashed at Brown with his sword. Others came after him, and Brown was twice wounded. Then it was all over. Brown and the survivors were made prisoners.

But two of Brown's men had escaped

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

JEFFERSON COURT-HOUSE

from the Arsenal and hid themselves in a cellar near by until night. One of them, Hazzlet, was arrested afterward at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The other got away entirely. Leman was killed on a small island in the Potomac just above the bridge. He was lying behind a rock, when a man by the name of Scheppert shot him. Leman was unarmed, and it was not considered a brave thing. Mayor Fountain Beckham had been killed on the bridge by a shot fired through a port-hole of the Engine House. George McCabe, one of our citizens, was shot through the shoulder. George Turner and Thomas Boerley, citizens, were killed in the street. Three of Brown's men had been killed at the Rifle Works, one of them being Kagi, who had been designated by Brown, in his scheme of what he called a Provisional Government, as Secretary of War. From Martinsburg, Messrs. Murphy, Richardson, Hammond, Dorsey, Hooper, and Wollett were shot. George Turner, from near Martinsburg, was instantly killed.

Daniel Logan, a well-known citizen from the Cumberland Valley, was the man who captured Captain John E. Cook, and received one thousand dollars reward for it.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, Governor Henry A. Wise said to Brown, "Old man, you had better prepare to meet your God; your thread of life is nearly spun." Brown looked calmly up at him and said,

"So had you." Governor Wise then turned to Captain Bayler, a citizen from near Charlestown, and said, "Now

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is the time to strike." Bayler said, "Strike what?" Wise said, "To break up the Union." Bayler said, "I am not in favor of that."

Some of the poor white men from Loudoun County stole the boots from the feet of the dead Brown men. An old colored man named Charles, a slave of the hotel proprietor, named Fouke, at the Ferry, was living with Mr. Everhart, a farmer who hired him. Charles was so superstitious that he would not let the white men who stole the boots leave them downstairs where he slept.

Tuesday night, after the prisoners were taken to Charlestown jail, a false alarm came from Sandy Hook, Maryland, that thousands of Abolitionists were coming down through Pleasant Valley, Washington County, Maryland, killing all the citizens. Our people gathered all their families and put them in the cellars. The church was full of them, mostly women and children. All night long the men of the town waited in terrible suspense, the women and children crying and screaming. Only those who passed through this night of terror could give a correct account of it. It all came about in this way: My father, E. H. Chambers, had been sent out Tuesday afternoon on a scouting party to search for hidden arms. Mr. Jesse Moore, a farmer living in the Valley, hearing our men coming through the mountains, got on his horse and galloped into Sandy Hook, crying, "The Abolitionists are coming down the Valley, killing all the citizens."

While Governor Wise was talking to Brown, Colonel Robert E. Lee stood close by. Brown sat with his head buried in his hands a great part of the time. He answered all questions boldly, said just what he had meant to do, and declared that this was the beginning of the end of slavery.

It certainly was true that a great change came over the slaves immediately after the Raid. Their masters were uneasy, and the slaves were not as reliable as before. Up to that time they had not been allowed to hold meetings, but now they would congregate without the knowledge of their owners. I remember well hearing father come into our farm-house one night and say that he had seen quite a number of negroes on the turnpike above us. Father was himself opposed to slavery. He went up to them and advised them to go to their homes, as they would be surely discovered and arrested. The slaves were dealt with in a more lenient manner than before the Raid.

On the morning of December 2, 1859, John Brown was hanged at Charlestown. Stevens, Cook, Hazzlet, Coppic, Green, and Copeland were hanged with him. About twenty citizens and militia in the attack were killed and wounded.

The Death of Love

BY MADISON CAWEIN

SO Love is dead, the Love we knew of old!
And in the sorrow of our hearts' hushed halls
A lute lies broken and a flower falls;
Love's house is empty and his hearth is cold.
Lone in dim places, where sweet vows were told,
In walks grown desolate, by ruined walls,
Beauty decays; and on their pedestals
Dreams crumble, and th' immortal gods are mould.
Music is slain or sleeps; one voice alone,
One voice awakes, and like a wandering ghost
Haunts all the echoing chambers of the Past—
The voice of Memory, that stills to stone
The soul that hears; the mind that, utterly lost,
Before its beautiful presence stands aghast.

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The Music-Box

BY ARTHUR RUHL

YOUNG Catherwood had for some time gone in rather heavily for slum life. His friends believed this to be certain proof of the transmuting powers of his imagination, and they regarded his experiments with admiration and approval. They were not aware that the people of the East Side have their emotions all on top, unprotected by clothes, manners, and conventions, and that in observing and making puppets of them such a man as Catherwood had a rather unfair advantage.

Some went so far as to say that he was really a poet. This title the young man acquired by abstaining from writing verse, and by saying things and making people see things which they, by themselves, could never have seen nor said. When the friends said "poet," they meant, of course, the right sort of poet—the sort who wears good clothes, and says rather nicer things about street lamps and hansom-cabs than about sheep and daffodils. And Catherwood really had the deftest knack of limelighting realities, so that a squalid alleyway might become a sort of drop-curtain Vale of Arcady, and the squealing of "L" brakes and the clang of cable-car gongs be made into roundelays and madrigals. This is a very pretty trick, and for those, for instance, who can't get into the country, where pastorals really should grow, it may oftentimes be useful. One should not forget, however, that it is merely a trick, and to be used sparingly and for a specific purpose—like rouge or absinthe. Catherwood did just the other thing. This shows what may happen when you do the other thing.

Just when everybody was getting out of town, the houses closing their shutter-eyelids for the summer's sleep, the cabs ceasing to clatter up and down the Avenue o' nights, and all Catherwood's friends were wondering why he didn't get his father's yacht in commission and take them up into the Baltic, he put on a flannel shirt and some corduroys, loaded a push-cart with cherries, and started to tour the town. Hastings, on his way to the Exchange, ran into the cart at Wall and William streets in the morning; later somebody else saw Catherwood poking northward through Park Row, and by dinner-time most of Catherwood's crowd had heard of this, of all the young man's abnormal ventures the most extraordinary. Catherwood was, of course, as whimsically perverse as usual. He said gayly that he didn't expect them for an instant to understand; they were always so deucedly concerned about clients and patients and schemes and things.

"But, confound it, I don't see," said he, with extreme earnestness, "why push-carting doesn't solve your eternal problem of making a livelihood. You're free as a bird of air, and people come to you; so it has all the compensations of a profession. That removes the taint of commercialism. There's more fun doing it for the sake of doing it than there is in the money you make so—so it's really not a profession, but an art. And there you are; you make your living, you get just as much exercise and the out-of-doors as though you were a country gentleman; you see what is going on all day in town and are in the thick of it; and positively — positively the most sordid thing you have to do is to bring a gloss to a yellow pear or brush the bloom from a peach."

Any undergraduate or thoughtless dilettante might have been as whimsical. The dilettante would, however, have avoided actually pushing the cart. Herein lay the trouble with Catherwood. He became too interested.

Now there is a certain street running east and west across the island which should be avoided by impressionable young men in the spring-time of the

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year. In the mornings, when the sun is just rising over the roof-line of the eastern tenements to pour its light through the cross-streets to the westward, there troop through this street, out of the heart of the Ghetto, on their way to the lofts of the big buildings near that part of lower Broadway, the girls who make pink roses and pompons and aigrettes and all sorts of wondrous feminine things. They have eyes — but this comes presently, and should only be told as Catherwood saw it.

It was the second day of his adventure, and a May morning — that particular morning when the spring seems to come all at once, and a strange new warmth everywhere breathes and palpitates, and no man is quite responsible for himself —that into this street young Catherwood came. The sun was just climbing above the forest of tenements that walled the eastern sky-line, and the girls were trooping by. In that one morning all the dun dreariness of their winter raiment had been sloughed aside, as the husks slip off the crocuses, and, like crocuses, alive, radiant, tremulous, they bloomed along the sidewalks in their shirt-waists of pink and blue. They had eyes like fawns— this is Catherwood now—like summer nights; eyes and all the rest. And as they passed, talking the odd speech that came from deep in their throats, and soft-moving with that exotic luxuriance which in their mothers so quickly and cruelly shrivels and fades, all of it, from their walk to the downward curve of the line of their waists, wove for Catherwood a shimmering drop-curtain, veiling the commonplace street, from behind which he could very prettily hear the clink of bracelets and tinkle of lightly picked strings curiously mingling with his pavement pastoral the mystery and glow of the Orient.

Thus softly playing with himself, Catherwood looked eastward over the rows of fruit-carts—each a great jewel-casket heaped with rubies—waiting for a Daphne to appear. Possibly it were better to call her a Zuleika, but the name is a detail. She came presently—a child with the richness of the woman and the freshness of the girl—while the hurdy-gurdy round the corner trilled like a meadow-lark, and over from the Bowery came the trucks' and trolley-cars' madrigal. Quite as though this were indeed a sylvan grove, he the only satyr and she its only nymph, their eyes straightway met. She approached, laughing. Quickly he said many pretty things, which then he was not at all concerned she should understand; and scooping up a great bouquet of cherries, he pressed them into her hand.

"You will come back?" he asked, anxiously; and she just laughed and passed on. His eyes followed, catching details— the great coil of black hair done low on her neck, the curving waist, that soft and sinuous gait of hers. At the farther corner she paused, turning as though to hearken to the hurdy-gurdy that all the while had been clattering out upon the warm air its sweeping swinging tune. Then she turned farther to Catherwood, and laughing, shook her hand.

Catherwood spent the day in phrasing a ballade, with the usual yester-year refrain all left out of it.

It was dusk when she returned, loitering, smiling vaguely, lazy, as though she had but spent the day in wandering to the street's end and back again.

"You were long," said Catherwood, and he started the cart along the gutter beside her. "I'm going home with you," he said.

Into the very heart of her country they went, side by side, until the alphabet had changed to zigzags, and the solemn bearded men at the jewel-shop windows, and the withered women, in their brown, deep-parted wigs, on the tenement steps, stared inscrutably at the tall and comely youth who had no business there. Down through Chrystie Street, and then through Orchard, then another turn, and they came to the gingerbread brownstone archway and the brass railing that marked the entrance to the great barrack, somewhere toward the top of which the girl lived.

The little enclosure bounded by the brass rails and the arched doorway was Yetta Blume's reception-room, and there they stood, Catherwood and she, talking they knew and cared not what, until the dusk began to close in upon them. But all the while they were playing thus, a dark-skinned youth, with black,

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SCOOPING UP A GREAT BOUQUET OF CHERRIES, HE PRESSED THEM INTO HER HAND

untamed eyes, passed along the sidewalk across the street; stopped, stared, walked on, and returned; stopped and stared again. Just as Catherwood was about to leave, the girl, turning, gave a quick little start and cringed backward.

"Who is it?" asked Catherwood, following her eyes.

"The Guiney!" said the girl, and just touching his coat sleeve with her fingers, she threw one quick glance of fear behind her and disappeared into the dark hall.

Catherwood got into white man's clothes and his own life in time for a late dinner that night; and later, beside an open window in his tenth-floor uptown apartment, with the lights out, the night wind stirring the curtains, and the patter of hoofs on the asphalt coming up faintly from the street, he proved to his friend Mills, theoretically and unspecifically, yet with the most contagious thrill and earnestness, that there was more romance in the town than in all the seas and mountains beneath the sun—or moon. The part of his speech which young Mills quoted next day, and which, he said, made him question for a moment whether the law was really worth while, was made as Catherwood stood by the window, holding the curtain and staring

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far off to the southeastward, beyond the Garden tower, beyond the glare of Madison Square, to where the blazing cross of St. Augustine's shone out high in the air above the dark forest of tenement roofs.

Catherwood made only one speech of this sort. The next day he disappeared. When some one did run across him, in his room days afterward, he did not talk. He seemed to fear that he wouldn't be appreciated. This meant merely—though, of course, Catherwood didn't see it at all—that he was losing his sense of perspective. He even felt more a poet than ever when, at the end of a fortnight, he stood on the roof of Yetta's tenement with the girl at his side and the lights of the town twinkling beneath them. As they leaned on the parapet, speaking a word now and then, he recalled, with a vaguely impish delight, a night on deck at sea. The slat-covered floor took the place of the holystoned deck, the white rail had become the parapet of a tenement roof, and the fetid air of the Ghetto took the place of the whiff from the open sea.

The night was hot and breathless. The brick of the wall was still warm to their hands from the baking of a summer day thrust into spring. So still was the air, and heavy, that it seemed almost as though they could feel the flame of the push-cart torches which flared in yellow stars down the length of the street. From below, indefinable, yet steadily audible, came the ceaseless and uneasy shuffle of many feet.

A quiverful of strident chords suddenly broke into this droning murmur, and somewhere beneath them a hurdy-gurdy rippled into a tune. At the first measure of it the girl's hand, which had lain passively on the brick beside Catherwood's, clasped his and held it tight. He turned quickly toward her, but she made no answer, and stared straight into the night.

"Do you know the song?" he said. And she only pressed her lips and his hand the tighter.

Now what the song was does not very much matter, for it would probably mean no more to you even if you heard its name. The tune was very silly and the words even more so, but the little girls in twos, or with their baby brothers on their shoulders, followed the organ to dance to it in the sunny mornings; and at night, when the heat breathed out from the baked walls and gave the lie to the cool-looking darkness, the young men and maidens, with their arms about one another's waist, strolled through the fresh-air parks and round the recreation piers, humming its silly words. That was the sort of song it was, and Catherwood knew a little what it meant. So he asked again, somewhat gently,

"What is it?—the song?"

For yet another while the girl gazed out into the night—out beyond the roofs to where the lighted ferry-boats were gliding across the river, and then she turned to him. "It's his—it's the Guiney's song," she said. And presently she began, as though forgetfully, to hum:

"Heart of my hear-r-rt, I lo-o-ve you;
What would life be witho-o-out you?"

She looked full at Catherwood and laughed—a short, cold little laugh.

"We danced to that," she said. And then, sentence by sentence, between snatches of the song, she told him everything that, in vanity at his play with the make-believe, he had prettily said to himself he didn't wish to know. She told how the Guiney had met her at one of the balls the winter before, and had first danced with her to that tune; how he had sent her letters with the words of it—clipped from nickel song folios—pasted at the bottom of the sheets; how, in his wild-eyed way, he had followed her and pleaded with and threatened her until she was afraid.

"He told me," said the girl, still holding Catherwood's hand—"he told me that the night you—you first came, and he saw us there, that he did not once close his eyes. He said that he stayed on the roof—his roof—just as we are now, and looked as near as he could to where he thought my roof was all night, and—and jabbed holes in the brick with a knife."

Laughing again the same quick little laugh, she followed the tune:

"I will forget you ne-e-ever.
Swear you'll be mine fore-e-ever.

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"And he showed me the knife," said the girl, stopping short.

Catherwood had drawn away his hand. He felt that the detached mood should not be put to too great a strain. "And you?" he said, more gently than he meant to, "what did you say?"

"A Guiney!" cried the girl. "A crazy Guiney!" But the laugh died with the words. "He told me that I was killing him by inches, that his—his love was eating his heart out, and that—that I must marry him, and that if I didn't he would follow me—follow me always, and wherever I was he—" The girl's voice had grown fainter and fainter, and here she stopped, turning her face away, but reaching toward Catherwood's hand. "I was—I was afraid," she went on, almost in a whisper; "and I'm—sometimes I'm afraid now when you—but after—after you—" Swiftly she whirled to Catherwood. "I told him I didn't care!" she cried; and seizing his arm in both her hands, she pressed her cheek against it and broke into tears.

Thus Catherwood's Daphne vanished into the summer night, and he was standing on a tenement roof with a real woman mauling his coat sleeve, while her hot tears dripped on his hand. But he said nothing foolish. Somehow he got away.

Now the danger of playing with moonshiny thrills and mixing them up with bread-and-butter ones lies in the fact that just about the time the lime-light is turned off, a healthy bread-and-butter hunger begins. Catherwood had not learned well enough how to juggle for juggling's sake, and thus it was that, after about a week of a certain sort of pleasant remorse, he marched down into the East Side one night, not a Pipes o' Pan push-cart peddler, but Catherwood as Catherwood, in his own raiment, with eyes to the front and no haze over them.

The girl seemed to have expected him. She took possession of him with that unquestioning comprehension which, in certain of the more elemental situations, is a woman's birthright. On a Coney Island steamboat, away from the brick and the panting town, they were carried along with a cooing, spooning, shirt-waisted deck-load into the coolness of the bay. Speaking but little in their new-found nearness, they were content to bask in the beauty of the night, while the couples about them whispered and tittered, the water splashed from the wheel, and the liquid harp notes rang along the deck.

The night was old when at last they left the boat and started for Yetta's home. The lights of the windows were out, and the sidewalks stretched on and on, deserted except for some lone patrolman starting out on the midnight tour. Splashes of white and bundles of blackness here and there on the fire-escape landings showed where the heat-tormented had made their beds, and now and again, as they idled on, came down to them the sigh of some fretful sleeper or the whimper of a child. But for this the jarring things of day were gone. Only the heat still hung in the streets, breathing upon them like a live thing, and from overhead the rich full moon shone down. There was something of playfulness and yet protection in her face—the face of one who would welcome her own.

At last they approached her doorway, its tawdriness glorified in the moonlight to the white dignity of a temple portal. Murmuring low and playfully, they paused, and presently passed within. As they turned at the first landing, the girl seized Catherwood's arm.

"What was that?" she whispered.

He turned just in time to see something flit across the doorway's white rectangle of light. He drew his arm through the girl's, and laughingly urged her up the stairs. "Nothing," he said.

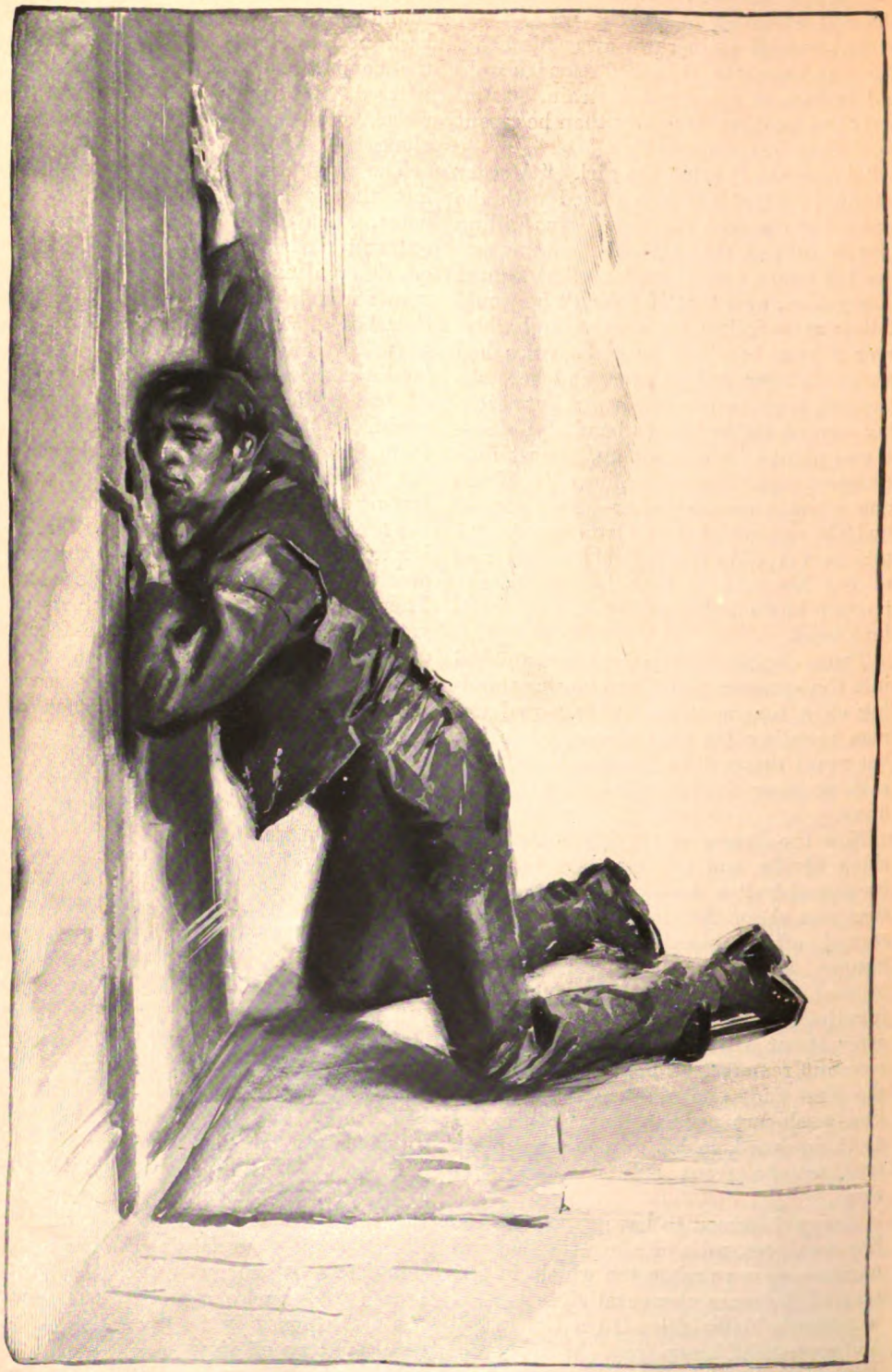
Their footsteps echoed loudly in the stair-well as they slowly mounted the stone steps, until finally they passed the door and tiptoed through the shuttered box which did for dining-room and kitchen, into the tiny parlor.

A patch of light like that reflected from the walls met both their eyes, and there on the table beside the window, its lacquered face shining in the moonlight, was an ebony music-box. As a breath of surprise escaped Catherwood, the girl stopped in front of him with a quick gesture of dissent.

"But don't," laughed Catherwood. "I must see it. It never was there before."

The girl barred the way, her back to

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"PAWING THE DOOR WITH THE FLATS OF HIS HANDS"

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the box. "Don't look; don't," she whispered. "Don't touch it. I'm afraid of it. It—it's the Guiney's."

She took the lapel of his coat, and then, in a strange medley of timorous laughter and mystery, she told him how the young Italian had come that afternoon — she had not seen him for many days — had pushed past her old aunt, who held the door, and set the black box on the table.

"I was there," said the girl, pointing to the cubby-hole bedroom which adjoined the parlor. "I was dressing; I was getting ready for to-night. I heard somebody's step when he was going out, and I opened the door—just this much. Then he sees me, and he stops short—like this. And then, all at once, he comes running and falls on his knees—on his knees at the crack of the door. And I shut it tight. And then—then he talks: *'Comma—batta—watta—che—ke—cha'*—you know the Guiney talk. But that was at first. After a while he got better, and I could understand." The girl laughed nervously. "His mouth, you see, to the key-hole, and the flats of his hands pawing the door. And then he said—said that I must hear him, and that it was all for me, and that he had sworn away his pay for a year to get it, and that it would talk for him, because I would not listen to his talk, and that when it did speak I would understand. And then"—the girl paused, looking back and forth from the door to the cold-gleaming box on the table—"and then he wanted me to say that he could come again—and that I would hear him—and—and all the while his hands were clawing, clawing the door. I was scared, and I thought—I turned the knob and—" She led Catherwood to the door, and going within the little room, she thrust her arm out of the crack of the door, the cuff of her shirt-waist pulled above the elbow. "Like that," she said. "I—I couldn't come farther; and he grabbed it and—and kissed it, and—and I jerked it away, and left him—jabbering." She just bent her face close to Catherwood's, feeling in the half-darkness for his eyes. "I—I wanted him to go," she said, softly. "Don't you see? I was afraid. I thought that—that it would make him go—"

"Yes," said Catherwood, "I see."

"Yes," repeated the girl, in a whimpering little sigh, and she sank into a chair beside the table. Catherwood drew his chair close, facing her, while his eyes wandered from the dark shadow of her face to her hands, which lay still and



BEFORE HIS MIND COULD GRASP THE PICTURE IT WAS GONE

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THERE LAY THE GIRL, STILL—

white in the moonlight. Presently he turned to the Guiney's box, which lay beside them like a dead thing, and in some vague way seemed to accuse them with the mute voice of the dead, and began to pick and to fumble with its cogs and stops.

"You mustn't," the girl cried once, lifting his hand away.

He laughed—the laugh of the man triumphing, and bent the closer to it. A lever gave, there was a whir, and all at once the dead box came to life, and into their sighing silence there tinkled forth that senseless song—their song—the Guiney's song—the song in which, in the instant's intuitive flash, Catherwood could feel and all but hear the maudlin lover making his last appeal. Even as he listened a quick grating like that of a foot slipping on iron, from the fire-escape below the window-ledge, snapped his gaze from the box, and as it lifted it met, framed in the casement, with the moonlight turning it to bronze, a swarthy face, whose eyes were staring at them there. Before his mind could grasp the picture it was gone.

"'S-st!" he whispered.

"It is nothing," said the girl. "They are sleeping out there."

As he started to rise she seized both his hands, looking fearfully toward the back room, where the old aunt was sleeping.

"No," she said, in a curious, clinging voice that made him feel like a fool. Holding her fingers, he leaned toward her until the loose roll of hair that hung over her forehead brushed his face. The girl made no sound—only bent her head the lower, while on and on tinkled that sickly, swooning tune:

Heart of my hear-r-rt, I lo-o-ove you;
What would life be witho-o-out you?

A drowsy mutter and the rasp of a door-hinge brought him back to his surroundings. His voice sounded a hollow "Good-night!" The girl spoke nothing, but as he turned on the stair he felt her hand, groping after him, brush across his sleeve.

The night was dying as Catherwood stepped into the street alone. The tenements loomed vague and shadowy in the darkness, and the sleepers on the fire-escapes had faded to ashen heaps of gray. Even the moon, the bold voluptuous beauty of the night, lay back in the sky, sick and faint with the lassitude of dawn. Into the wan valley of the lifeless streets he strode—solitary and giddily alive. As he repassed the way he had come that night, at his feet glimmered something white. He picked it up—a slimsy handkerchief—and caught the faint scent of perfume. The girl's very breath seemed to come with the smell and blow warm on his cheek, and he paused then, daft, pressing the rag to his face, when out of the

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gray silence behind him came the quaver of a scream.

Catherwood whirled about and broke into a run. At every stride the cry lashed him—shrill, incoherent, quavering—until, just as he reached the arched doorway, a sharp report from overhead snapped it short. Through the walls the report came again—blunt, deliberate—again, and yet again, and following quick upon it was the sound of doors opening, of hurried noises and sputtering throaty cries. Blinking men and frowzy-headed women peered out as he leaped upward, and down through the well from the top story rang the terror-cry of—

"Oi, Oi! Oi, Oi! Gewalt! Gewalt!"

It was the cry that met him at the top of the stair, and there in the kitchen, her hair flying, her night-gown falling from her shoulders, the old woman was screaming and beating her bare fists against the bolted parlor door. Putting her aside, Catherwood heaved his weight against it until he smashed the panels to the floor. And when he looked within, he and those who had swarmed up from below, half naked, dishevelled, jabbering—when they dared look within—there lay the girl, still; beside her, on his face, his head covered by her fallen hair, lay the Guiney; and over them the pinkpanking music-box was tittering the Guiney's song.

While Hastings was nibbling breakfast that morning, Catherwood dropped in just long enough to say that he was off for the country. It was going to be a piping hot day; even at that hour the breeze which fluttered through the window-curtains off the Avenue weighted the fragrance of iced cantaloupe most depressingly with the smell of sprinkling-carts and softening asphalt. It was high time even for pavement poets to run to cover, but Catherwood, with typical *insouciance,* merely remarked that he wanted to get out of town until the hurdy-gurdies got some new tunes.

Experiments in Low Temperature

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

PRACTICALLY all the scientific discoveries of Thomas Young, Humphry Davy, Michael Faraday, and John Tyndall, not to mention living investigators, are to be credited to the Royal Institution, whose professorial chairs these great men have successively occupied.

These great men were all pioneers in the study of those manifestations of molecular activity which we now, following Young himself, term energy. Rumford, Davy, and Young stood almost alone among the prominent scientists of the world at the beginning of the century in upholding the idea that heat is not a material substance—a chemical element—but merely a manifestation of the activities of particles of matter. Rumford's papers on this thesis communicated to the Royal Society were almost the first widely heralded claims for this revolutionary idea. Some of Faraday's most important labors served to place on a firm footing the thesis for which Rumford battled; and Tyndall was the first, in his "beautiful book" called *Heat, a Mode of Motion,* to give wide popular announcement to the fact that the scientific world had finally accepted the proposition which Rumford had vainly demonstrated three-quarters of a century before.

The most important work which has been done at the Royal Institution in the present generation, and which is still being prosecuted there—the work, namely, of Professor James Dewar on the properties of matter at excessively low temperatures—is in the clearest sense a direct continuation of researches which Davy and Faraday inaugurated in 1823, and which Faraday continued in 1844. In the former year, Faraday, acting on a suggestion of Davy's, performed an experiment which resulted in the production

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of a "clear yellow oil," which was presently proved to be liquid chlorine. Now chlorine, in its pure state, had previously been known (except in a forgotten experiment of Northmore's) only as a gas. Its transmutation into liquid form was therefore regarded as a very startling phenomenon. But, the clew having been gained, other gases were subjected to similar conditions by Davy, and particularly by Faraday, with the result that several of them, including sulphurous, carbonic, and hydrochloric acids, were liquefied. The method employed, stated in familiar terms, was the application of cold and of pressure.

A long list of gases, including the familiar oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, resisted all their efforts utterly — notwithstanding the facility with which hydrogen and oxygen are liquefied when combined in the form of water-vapor, and the relative ease with which nitrogen and hydrogen, combined to form ammonia, could also be liquefied.

In 1844 Faraday, armed with new weapons in the way of better air-pumps and colder freezing mixtures, which the labors of other workers, chiefly Thilorier, Mitchell, and Natterer, had made available, and without the application of any principle other than the use of cold and pressure as before, succeeded in reducing to the liquid form all the gases then known, with the exception of six, while a large number of these substances were still further reduced, by the application of the extreme degrees of cold now attained, to the condition of solids. The six gases which still proved intractable, and which hence came to be spoken of as "permanent gases," were nitrous oxide, marsh gas, carbonic oxide, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen.

These six refractory gases now became a target for the experiments of a host of workers in all parts of the world. The resources of mechanical ingenuity of the time were exhausted in the effort to produce low temperatures on the one hand, and high pressures on the other. Thus Andrews, in England, using the bath of solid carbonic acid and ether which Thilorier had discovered, and which produces a degree of cold of —80° Centigrade, applied to a portion of gas a pressure of 500 atmospheres, or nearly four tons to the square inch, without producing any change of state. Natterer increased this pressure to 2700 atmospheres, or twenty-one tons to the square inch, with the same negative results. The result of Andrews's experiments, in particular, was the final proof of what Cagniard de la Tour had early suspected and Faraday had firmly believed, that pressure alone, regardless of temperature, is not sufficient to reduce a gas to the liquid state. In other words, the fact of a so-called "critical temperature," varying for different substances, above which a given substance is always a gas, regardless of pressure, was definitively discovered. It became clear, then, that before the resistant gases would be liquefied means of reaching extremely low temperatures must be discovered. And for this what was needed—or so it seemed—was not so much new principles as elaborate and costly machinery for the application of principles long familiar.

Ingenious mechanical improvements were presently developed, independently by Pictet in Geneva and Cailletet in Paris, and a little later by the Cracow professors Wroblewski and Olzewski, also working independently. Pictet, working on a commercial scale, employed a series of liquefied gases to gain lower and lower temperatures by successive stages. Sulphurous acid, in evaporating, liquefied carbonic acid, and this, evaporating in turn, brought oxygen under pressure to near its liquefaction point; and, the pressure being suddenly released (a method employed since Faraday's earliest experiments), the rapid expansion of the compressed oxygen liquefied a portion of its substance. This result was obtained in 1877 by Pictet and Cailletet almost simultaneously. Cailletet had also liquefied the newly discovered acetylene gas. Five years later Wroblewski liquefied marsh gas, and the following year nitrogen; while carbonic oxide and nitrous oxide yielded to Olzewski in 1884. Thus forty years of effort had been required to conquer five of Faraday's refractory gases, and the sixth, hydrogen, still remained resistant.

More than another decade was required to make this final step in the completion of Faraday's work. And oddly enough, yet very fittingly, it was reserved for

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Faraday's successor in the chair at the Royal Institution to effect the culmination. Since 1884 Professor Dewar's work has made the Royal Institution again the centre of low-temperature research. By means of improved machinery involving a new principle, and of ingenious devices for shielding the substance operated on from the accession of heat, to which reference will be made more in detail presently, Professor Dewar was able to liquefy the gas fluorine, recently isolated by Moussan, in 1897. In May, 1898, he was able to announce that hydrogen also had yielded, and for the first time in the history of science that elusive substance, hitherto "permanently" gaseous, was held as a tangible liquid in a cuplike receptacle. In the same experiment the newly discovered helium, the last of the intractables, was also liquefied.

It must be noted, however, that this final stage in the liquefaction struggle was not effected through the use of the principle of evaporating liquids which has just been referred to, but by the application of a quite different principle, and its elaboration into a perfectly novel method. This principle is the one established long ago by Joule and Thomson (Lord Kelvin), that compressed gases when allowed to expand freely are lowered in temperature. In this well-known principle the means was at hand greatly to simplify and improve the method of liquefaction of gases—only for a long time no one recognized the fact. Finally, however, the idea had occurred to two men almost simultaneously and quite independently. One of these was Professor Linde, the well-known German experimenter with refrigeration processes; the other, Dr. William Hampson, a young English physician. Each of these men conceived the idea—and ultimately elaborated it in practice—of accumulating the cooling effect of an expanding gas by allowing the expansion to take place through a small orifice into a chamber in which the coil containing the compressed gas was held. In Dr. Hampson's words: "The method consists in directing all the gas immediately after its expansion over the coils which contain the compressed gas that is on its way to the expansion-point. The cold developed by expansion in the first expanded gas is thus communicated to the on-coming compressed gas, which consequently expands from, and therefore to, a lower temperature than the preceding portion. It communicates in the same way its own intensified cold to the succeeding portion of compressed gas, which, in its turn, is made colder, both before and after expansion, than any that had gone before. This intensification of cooling goes on until the expansion-temperature is far lower than it was at starting; and if the apparatus be well arranged, the effect is so powerful that even the smaller amount of cooling due to the free expansion of gas through a throttle-valve, though pronounced by Siemens and Coleman incapable of being utilized, may be made to liquefy air without using other refrigerants."

So well is this principle carried out in Dr. Hampson's apparatus for liquefying air that compressed air passing into the coil at ordinary temperature, without other means of refrigeration, begins to liquefy in about six minutes—a result that seems almost miraculous when it is understood that the essential mechanism by which this is brought about is contained in a cylinder only seventeen inches long and eight inches in diameter.

As has been said, it was by adopting this principle of self-intensive refrigeration that Professor Dewar was able to liquefy hydrogen. More recently the same result has been attained, through use of the same principle, by Professor Ramsay and Dr. Travers at University College, London, who are to be credited also with first publishing a detailed account of the various stages of the process. It appears that the use of the self-intensification principle alone is not sufficient with hydrogen, as it is with the less volatile gases, including air, for the reason that at all ordinary temperatures hydrogen does not cool in expanding, but actually becomes warmer. It is only after the compressed hydrogen has been cooled by immersion in refrigerating media of very low temperature that this gas becomes amenable to the law of cooling on expansion. In the apparatus used at University College the coil of compressed hydrogen is passed successively through (1) a jar containing alcohol and solid carbonic acid at a temperature of —80°

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C.; (2) a chamber containing liquid air at atmospheric pressure; and (3) liquid air boiling in a vacuum, bringing the temperature to perhaps —205° C. before the gas enters the Hampson coil in which expansion and the self-intensive refrigeration lead to actual liquefaction. With this apparatus Dr. Travers succeeded in producing an abundant quantity of liquid hydrogen for use in the experiments on the new gases that were first discovered in the same laboratory through the experiments on liquid air.

There seems to be an incessant battle between the force of cohesion, which tends to draw the molecules together, and the heat vibrations, which tend to throw the molecules further asunder. If cohesion prevails, the molecules are held for the time into a relatively fixed system, which we term the solid state. If the two forces about balance one another, the molecules move among themselves more freely, but maintain an average distance, and we term the condition the liquid state. But if the heat impulse preponderates, the molecules (unless restrained from without) fly further and further asunder, moving so actively that when they collide the recoil is too great to be checked by cohesion; and this condition we term the gaseous state.

It is clear that what the would-be liquefier of gases seeks to accomplish is the isolation of the portion of matter with which he works against the access of heat impulses from its environment. It is clear that were any texture known which would permit a heat impulse to pass through it in one direction only, nothing more would be necessary than to place a portion of gas in a receptacle of this substance, so faced as to permit egress but not entrance of the heat, and the gas thus enclosed, were it hydrogen itself, would very soon become liquid and solid, through spontaneous giving off of its energy, without any manipulation whatever. Contrariwise, were the faces of the receptacle reversed, a piece of iron placed within it would be made red-hot and melted, though the receptacle were kept packed in salt and ice, and no heat applied except such as came from this freezing mixture. In an oven of such material one could roast beef with a cake of ice for fuel.

But, unfortunately, no such substance as this is known; nor, indeed, any substance that will fully prevent the passage of heat impulses in either direction. Hence one of the greatest tasks of the experimenters has been to find a receptacle that would isolate a cooled substance even partially from the incessant bombardment of heat impulses from without. It is obvious that unless such an isolating receptacle could be provided, none of the more resistant gases, such as oxygen, could be long kept liquid, even when once brought to that condition, since an environment of requisite frigidity could not practicably be provided.

The most successful attack upon this important problem has been made by Professor Dewar. He invented a receptacle for holding liquefied gases which, while not fulfilling the ideal conditions referred to above, yet accomplishes a very remarkable degree of heat isolation. It consists of a glass vessel with double walls, the space between which is rendered a vacuum of the highest practicable degree. This vacuum, containing practically no particles of matter, cannot, of course, convey heat impulses to or from the matter in the receptacle by direct push with any degree of rapidity. Thus one of the two possible means of heat transfer is shut off, and a certain measure of isolation is afforded the liquefied substance. But of course the other channel, ether radiation, remains. Even this may be blocked to a large extent, however, by leaving a trace of mercury vapor in the vacuum space, which will be deposited as a fine mirror on the inner surface of the chamber. This mirror serves as an admirable reflector of the heat rays that traverse the vacuum, sending more than half of them back again. So by the combined action of vacuum and mirror the amount of heat that can penetrate to the interior of the receptacle is reduced to about one-thirtieth of what would enter an ordinary vessel. In other words, a quantity of liquefied gas which would evaporate in one minute from an ordinary vessel will last half an hour in one of Professor Dewar's best vacuum vessels.

If the vacuum vessel containing a liquefied gas be kept in a cold medium, and particularly if two vacuum tubes be

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placed together so that no exposed surface remains, a portion of liquefied air, for example, may be kept almost indefinitely. Thus it becomes possible to utilize the liquefied gas for experimental investigation of the properties of matter at low temperatures that otherwise would be quite impracticable.

The questions investigated have to do with the physical properties, such as electrical conductivity, magnetism, light absorption, cohesion, and chemical affinities of matter at excessively low temperatures. It is found that in all these regards most substances are profoundly modified when excessively cooled. Thus if a piece of any pure metal be placed in an electric circuit and plunged into liquid air, its resistance to the passage of the electricity steadily decreases as the metal cools, until, at the temperature of the liquid, it is very trifling indeed. The conclusion seems to be justified that if the metal could be still further cooled until it reached the theoretical "absolute zero," or absolutely heatless condition, the electrical resistance would also be nil. So it appears that the heat vibrations of the molecules of a pure metal interfere with the electrical current. The thought suggests itself that this may be because the ether waves set up by the vibrating molecules conflict with the supposed ether strain which is regarded as constituting the electrical "current." But this simple explanation falters before further experiments, which show, paradoxically enough, that the electrical resistance of carbon exactly reverses what has just been said of pure metals, becoming greater and greater as the carbon is cooled. If a hypothesis were invented to cover this case, there would still remain a puzzle in the fact that alloys of metals do not act at all like the pure metals themselves, the electrical resistance of such alloys being, for the most part, unaffected by changed temperature. On the whole, then, the facts of electrical conduction at low temperatures are quite beyond the reach of present explanation. They must await a fuller knowledge of molecular conditions in general than is at present available—a knowledge to which the low-temperature work itself seems one of the surest channels.

Still further beyond the reach of present explanation are the magnetic phenomena at low temperatures. Even as to the facts themselves, different experimenters have differed somewhat; but the final conclusion of Professor Dewar is, that after a period of fluctuation the power of a magnet repeatedly subjected to a liquid-air bath becomes permanently increased. Various substances not markedly magnetic at ordinary temperatures become so when cooled. Among these, as Professor Dewar discovered, is liquid oxygen itself. Thus, if a portion of liquid air be further cooled until it assumes a semi-solid condition, the oxygen may be drawn from the mass by a magnet, leaving a pure nitrogen jelly. These facts are curious enough, and full of suggestion; but, like all phenomena of magnetism, they hold for the present generation the double fascination of insoluble mystery.

When it comes to the phenomena of light, we can see our way a little more clearly. When we learn that many substances change their color utterly at low temperatures—red things becoming yellow and yellow things white, for example—we can step easily and surely to at least a seeming partial explanation. We know that the color of any object depends simply upon the particular ether waves of the spectrum which that particular substance absorbs; and it does not seem anomalous that molecules packed close together at —180° of temperature should treat the ether waves differently than when relatively wide apart at an ordinary temperature. And yet that may not be the clew to the explanation at all. The packing of the molecules may have nothing to do with it. The real explanation may lie in the change of the ether waves sent out by the vibrating molecule; indeed, the fact that the waves of radiant heat and those of light differ only in amplitude lends color to this latter supposition. So the explanation of the changed color of the cooled substance is at best a dubious one.

Another interesting light phenomenon is found in the observed fact that very many substances become markedly phosphorescent at low temperatures. Thus, according to Professor Dewar, "gelatine, celluloid, paraffine, ivory, horn, and India rubber become distinctly luminous,

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with a bluish or greenish phosphorescence, after cooling to —180° and being stimulated by the electric light." The same thing is true, in varying degrees, of alcohol, nitric acid, glycerine, and of paper, leather, linen, tortoise shell, and sponge. Pure water is but slightly luminous, whereas impure water glows brightly. On the other hand, alcohol loses its phosphorescence when a trace of iodine is added to it. In general, colored things are but little phosphorescent. Thus the white of egg is very brilliant, but the yolk much less so. Milk is much brighter than water, and such objects as a white flower, a feather, and egg-shell glow brilliantly. The most remarkable substances of all, says Professor Dewar, whom I all along quote, are "the platino-cyanides among inorganic compounds, and the ketonic compounds among organic. Ammonium platinocyanide, cooled while stimulated by arc-light, glows fully at —180°. But on warming, it glows like a lamp." "It seems clear," Professor Dewar adds, "that the substance at this low temperature must have acquired increased power of absorption, and it may be that at the same time the factor of molecular friction or damping may have diminished." The cautious terms in which this partial explanation is couched suggest how far we still are from a full understanding of the interesting phenomena of phosphorescence. That a molecule should be able to vibrate in such a way as to produce the short waves of light, dissevered from the usual linking with the vibrations represented by high temperature, is one of the standing puzzles of physics. And the demonstrated increase of this capacity at very low temperature only adds to the mystery.

There are at least two of the low-temperature phenomena, however, that seem a little less puzzling—the facts, namely, that cohesion and rigidity of structure are increased when a substance is cooled, and that chemical activity is very greatly reduced, almost abolished. Professor Dewar found that the breaking stress of an iron wire is more than doubled when the wire is cooled to the temperature of liquid air, and all other metals are largely strengthened, though none other to quite the same degree. He found that a spiral spring of fusible metal, which at ordinary temperature was quickly drawn out into a straight wire by a weight of one ounce, would, when cooled to —182°, support a weight of two pounds, and would vibrate like a steel spring so long as it was cool. A bell of fusible metal has a distinct metallic ring at this low temperature; and balls of iron, tin, lead, or ivory, cooled to —182° and dropped from a height, "in all cases have the rebound greatly increased. The flattened surface of the lead is only one-third what it would be at ordinary temperature." "These conditions are due solely to the cooling, and persist only while the low temperature lasts."

If this increased strength and hardness of a contracted metal is what one would expect on molecular principles, the decreased chemical activity at low temperatures is no less natural-seeming, when one reflects how generally chemical phenomena are facilitated by the application of heat. In point of fact, it has been found that at the temperature of liquid hydrogen practically all chemical activity is abolished, the unruly fluorine and the matter of the photographic film making the only exceptions. The explanation hinges on the fact that every atom of any kind has power to unite with only a limited number of other atoms. When the "affinities" of an atom are satisfied, no more atoms can enter into the union, unless some atoms already there be displaced. Such displacement takes place constantly under ordinary conditions of temperature, because the vibrating atoms tend to throw themselves apart, and other atoms may spring in to take the places just vacated; such interchange, in fact, constituting the essence of chemical activity. But when the temperature is reduced, the heat vibration becomes insufficient to throw the atoms apart, hence any unions they chance to have made are permanent so long as the low temperature is maintained. Thus it is that substances which attack one another eagerly at ordinary temperatures will lie side by side, utterly inert, at the temperature of liquid air.

Under certain conditions, however, most interesting chemical experiments have been made in which the liquefied

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gases, particularly oxygen, are utilized. Thus Olzewski found that a bit of wood ignited and thrust into liquid oxygen burns as it would in gaseous oxygen; and a red-hot iron wire thrust into the liquid burns and spreads sparks of iron. But more novel still was Dewar's experiment of inserting a small jet of ignited hydrogen into the vessel of liquid oxygen; for the jet continued to burn, forming water, of course, which was carried away as snow. The idea of a gas-jet burning within a liquid, and having snow for smoke, is not the least anomalous of the many strange conceptions made familiar by the low-temperature researches.

The low-temperature field is still full of inviting possibilities. The last known gas has indeed been liquefied, but that by no means implies the last stage of discovery. With the successive conquest of this gas and of that, lower and lower levels of temperature have been reached, but the final goal still lies well beyond. This is the north pole—or should one say the south pole?—of the physicist's world, the absolute zero of temperature—the point at which the heat vibrations of matter are supposed to be absolutely stilled. Theoretically this point lies 272° below the Centigrade zero. Liquid hydrogen, at atmospheric pressure, has a temperature of —237°. Solid hydrogen—which Professor Dewar produced in August, 1899, by allowing liquid hydrogen to boil in a vacuum—is believed to reach a temperature of —258° C., or only 14° from the absolute zero. A gap of 14° C. surely does not seem so very great. But, like the gap that separated Nansen from the geographical pole, it is a very hard road to travel.

And when the goal is reached, what will be revealed? That is a question as full of fascination for the physicist as the north-pole mystery has ever been for the generality of mankind. In the one case as in the other, any attempt to answer it to-day must partake largely of the nature of a guess, yet certain forecasts may be made with reasonable probability. Thus it seems likely that at the absolute zero all matter will have the form which we term solid; and, moreover, a degree of solidity—of tenacity and compactness—greater than ever otherwise attained. All chemical activity will presumably have ceased, and any existing compound will retain its chemical composition unaltered so long as absolute zero pertains; though in many, if not in all, cases the tangible properties of the substance—its color, for example, and perhaps its crystalline texture—will be so altered that it is no longer recognizable by ordinary standards, any more than one would ordinarily recognize a mass of snowlike crystals as air.

It has, indeed, been suggested that at absolute zero all matter may take the form of an impalpable powder, the forces of cohesion being destroyed with the vibrations of heat. But experiment gives no warrant to this forecast, since cohesion seems to increase exactly in proportion to the decrease of the heat vibrations. Still less warrant is there for a visionary forecast, at one time entertained, that at about zero matter will utterly disappear.

But one cannot answer with so much confidence the suggestion that matter at zero may take on properties hitherto quite unknown, and making it, perhaps, differ as much from the conventional solid as the solid differs from the liquid, or this from the gas.

The form of vibration which produces the phenomena of temperature has, clearly, a determining share in the disposal of molecular relations which records itself to our senses as a condition of gaseousness, liquidity, or solidity; hence it would be rash to predict just what inter-molecular relations may not become possible when the heat vibration is altogether in abeyance. That certain other forms of activity may be able to assert themselves in unwonted measure seems clearly forecast in the phenomena of increased magnetism and of phosphorescence at low temperatures above outlined. Whether still more novel phenomena may put in an appearance at the absolute zero, and, if so, what may be their nature, are questions that must await the verdict of experiment. But the possibility that this may occur, together with the utter novelty of the entire subject, gives the low-temperature work precedence over almost every other subject now before the world for investigation, except, perhaps, the labors of the bacteriologists.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE implications of the falling leaf, at whose season we are writing, though our writing shall not come to the reader's eye till after the falling leaf has been hidden by the falling snow, are of a subtle multiplicity much thumbed by poets and prophets in the effort to unfold them. The chiefest is that mystery of change, which is outwardly so simple and inwardly so complex that nothing seems at once more natural and more preternatural. It is the very law, the imperative condition, of being, but for the most part it effects itself so tacitly alike in leaves and men that both men and leaves might well deny its operation. But sometimes it comes with a seismic shock, a cyclonic violence, which swallows cities up, and

> Mingles the ravaged landscape with the skies

(as tempests used to do in the eighteenth century), and then the falling leaf, the falling man, the poor little individual life in either, realizes itself an integral part of the ruin wrought by forces ordinarily too silent for its recognition.

I

In such an event we imagine that the forces have been too long held in arrest; but we do not know the law of forces. We have scarcely as yet a speaking acquaintance with even the physical forces, the forces outside us; with the moral forces, the forces within us, we are still almost as absolute strangers as we were before man began trying to think about them, shortly after he began to doubt whether he ought to kill his fellow-man for supper, or club his fellow-woman into matrimony. We suppose that the earthquake and the tornado are the violent and rebellious explosion of forces too long held in arrest, in that static condition which our souls desire and then loathe above all things; and we suppose this not because it is obviously so reasonable as because it is so convenient. But they may, in fact, be the orderly operation of cosmic agencies so vast in time and space that we have as yet no conception of their magnitude; and so far as we know anything of their ultimate origin, the moral forces, which often seem as explosive and violent, may really be as orderly. These are the forces which we imagine to be in control of the endless chain which we know as history, but for all that we can prove to the contrary, human events may follow from the precession of the equinoxes. It is possible that the physical and the moral forces are convertible, and in the last analysis are identical. We no longer say that the dog-star rages, or that any of the heavenly bodies benignly or malignly influence our sublunary affairs, but the wiser knowledge of the future may scientifically ascertain a verity in the superstitions which we now reject. Nothing changes more chasmally than knowledge itself; fashion does not vary more rapidly, or so radically. As for society, or civilization, the factors constantly group themselves anew, like the atoms on the plate of glass which disperse, and tremble into shape again, at the variation of a musical note. They are the same atoms, but their position and relation are never the same, and the cause of the irrevocable change in them is not slighter comparatively than that which effects the perpetual differences in the civic status.

A few years ago we fought a small war, a war so small in the waste of time and blood that it shows scarcely more than a skirmish in the world-old tale of slaughter; but the cannonading and trumpeting which then penetrated our political substance left its particles as irrevocably reassorted as if they had lasted a generation and incarnadined the multitudinous seas which bathe our coasts. We are all sensible of this, not only in our collectivity, but in our severalty. We are mystically aware that the Americans since that war are not the Americans they were before it. We confront results and consequences by no means mystical, yet as inconceivable in the past as any unknown quantity of the future. Still more impressive is the change in us and about us which

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we are aware of as the event of causes far more recondite and inscrutable than those of any war. Roughly said, they are the blind motions of disorder seeking ease in the destruction of order, of slavery groping for escape through the ruin of liberty. Accurately, nothing can be said of them which shall not afterwards appear to the sayer, if he is also a thinker, a vain and hardy conjecture. The nation that looses the passions of its people in a foreign war must pay for the debauch; a state which refuses to control the industrial strifes within itself must suffer the effects of the hate left alike with the winning and the losing side. But this also is generalization, of rather a trite sort, and any inquiry into the nature of the moral forces is so disappointing that one is tempted to take refuge in the old notion and ascribe everything to the influence of the planets.

II

What malevolent star ruled the destinies of our nation last September perhaps the astrologists might declare, but their silence has left us to the interpretations of divines and journalists and politicians, who are either unskilled in reading the heavens, or are of such varying minds concerning their tenor that their versions of it scarcely satisfy. What does satisfy, and now and forever meet the demand of pity for the victim of that time, is the meek grandeur with which he overcame his fate. All other things may well remain obscure, but that is clear, a light and hope for the race, and most for his own nation, whose type and exemplar he was. What passed in his soul was of such consolation that it matters relatively little what went on in the mirky mind of the wretch who took his life, or from what monstrous infatuation or aberration he wrought his futile atrocity. We shall never know what really prompted him, if he ever really knew, for he was, and now eternally remains, the most inarticulate of miscreants. Nothing is certain but that he assumed to pass upon the action of a vast people, to judge it ill done, and to undo it. Two pistol-shots rang out, and within fewer days than the fewest words that could tell the fact had elapsed, the atoms of our civic consciousness, in obedience to that sound, had taken form eternally different from that which they had ever worn before.

But while this change swiftly accomplished itself, to be followed in due time by infinite other changes, the human consciousness which is above all human civic consciousness kept itself unchanged, in constancy to the unchangeable truth which dawned upon the world when men realized that good alone could overcome evil. After the crime it was for the law to deal with the criminal, and the dignity of justice in the affair has been the theme of abundant praise. But perhaps because something of the inherent squalor of bloodshed is present in every process that involves the taking of human life, justice did not make the unmixed appeal to our awe that mercy did. In the words "Don't let them hurt him," with which the victim remembered his unimaginable murderer, mercy had a majesty which justice somehow lacked. The words made up the account between those two, and sealed the quittance of the slayer from the slain. Thereafter the victim had done with the assassin, who concerned him least of all things in that world which from the first moment seemed to drift from him with its freight of so-called great affairs, and leave him in peace with the cares of his heart and soul. Something sublimely innocent, something of the supernal beauty belonging to the man who has become as a little child, attaches to the memory of those last days, and consecrates him to our love. He will have his place in history, as we say, where his falterings or his errings up to the fatal hour will be noted; but there were none in him afterwards, as those could feel best who had doubted his wisdom most. He was not merely a brave man; there was that in his perfect resignation which cheapened the notion of heroism, and put it from our thoughts as not level with the emotions of the solemn time; and there was an absolute simplicity in all his recorded words and acts which endeared him forever to the people from whose simple life he had come. We are still a very biblical people, a very believing people, and after all the dissents and assents of science, there is a heart of piety in the nation, of formal and old-fashioned piety, which throbbed in an ache of

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tender response to the faith and trust of his. Nothing more affecting to the men of the common lot, or more unaffected to the sense of those who fancy themselves above it, is to be read in any chapter of the human story. In the lowly humility which was the highest dignity, he was obedient to the law by which

> Sceptre and crown
> Must both lie down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

III

The rearrangement of the subtle particles of our civic consciousness which effected itself since is none the less a reality because it has not been recognized. We have not yet openly owned it, but we all know that the Americans of January 1, 1902, are different from the Americans of September 1, 1901, and that they already face strange problems upon unprecedented conditions. Nothing has actually happened to testify to the change which we confess in our hearts, or to portend the events that the future holds, but we are none the less aware that they will not be the events which we should now be facing if the deed of last September could be undone. History is to accomplish itself through different characters, and to take the color of different minds, governed by different impulses from those that were shaping it. We cannot say why an epoch came to an end with that deed, but we know that it did, and that unless personality, strongly marked and deeply fixed, goes for nothing in human events, they will wear a complexion as unlike that they would have worn as the natures then and now guiding them and guided by them. What the new epoch shall be we leave others to prophesy, but that it will be largely what the man who represents and expresses the new Americanism is, it does not need a prophet or the son of a prophet to foretell. Yet no one less than a prophet can say what it will wholly be, for the man who more than any one else, perhaps, helped to make the epoch, has been more than any one else made by it, and he cannot part himself from it if he would, or go back of it.

In the arrest, which is also the keenest unrest, of expectation reporting itself in the civic consciousness from the incident that now seems so long since closed, the consolation of things immutable remains, if we will look for it in the right place. But with the sound of the pistol-shots which changed the position of our political atoms, and shook them into unexampled relations, the single life that was ended assumed a historic significance of signal interest. With that life ended, fortuitously or providentially, an order of things which has prevailed with us for more than half a century. It ended in a return to an older order which it superseded, and which has now become the newer order. Down to a certain period of the national life, the ideal of the gentle man ruled with us, and then the ideal of the common man began to hold sway. The later ideal grew out of the earlier, then, as now it has passed into it. We date its growth from the inauguration of Jackson, but it really began with the inauguration of Jefferson, and it has rounded to its close with the cycle of time which has just elapsed. Jefferson was of the order of the gentle man, and he belonged to it spite of his theoretical and practical denials of it. His immediate successors held closely or laxly to it, and then the order of the common man established itself in the control of the republic with a grasp of such firmness that it has hardly since been shaken.

If we recall the names of the Presidents who followed Jefferson, we shall realize how fully they illustrated the ideal of the common man, with now and then an instance in which they exalted it far above the ideal of any gentle man, except Washington. They were strong men, men of potent will, and whatever their errors, men of as high purpose as any of the men of gentler tradition who went before them. If we think of Jackson, of Lincoln, of Grant, of Garfield, of McKinley, whose beginnings were all as common as those of the average American now earning his living by the labor of his hands, we must own that they were, in statesmanship at least, the equals of those Presidents, Pierce, and Buchanan, and Hayes, and the two Harrisons, and Taylor, and Polk, whose beginnings were less humble; and it would not be too hardy to say that they were the equals of those earlier Presidents, Monroe, and Madison, and the second Adams, who

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antedated Jackson, and were of the older tradition of the gentle man, by origin, by education, and by social position. If the claim of the common man to be as sovereign in the republic as the gentle man needed vindication, the chief magistrates who were most distinctly of his order most triumphantly vindicated it. They stamped Americanism with his image and superscription, whether ineffaceably or not we may not know in centuries; but their great lives hallowed the notion of humility of origin and condition in the hearts of most Americans as something humanly dear and sweet, as something almost divinely sacred.

If their succession has now been interrupted, at last, their ideal is rife in the hearts that accepted it and that will cherish it perhaps forever. The common men, who enormously outnumber the others with us, and who, in the peculiar favor of their Maker, seem destined always to outnumber them, will stand by and look on with something of acrid jealousy, but more of ironical curiosity, to see what the order of the gentle man will do in its restoration to power. In any claim to superior fitness, the burden of proof rests with that order. Elsewhere in history it has misgoverned the world worse than the order of the common man; with us alone has it shown the instinct of fellow-citizenship. With us it has been so faithful to the ideal of humanity that the observer who puts himself in the position of a dispassionate spectator can hardly deny himself the pleasure of a certain lively hope. He will be critical rather than jealous of it, and curious without irony, and while awaiting the process of events he will seek what edification he can in forecasting the history of a man of that order who, so far, has shown himself a democrat *de facto,* though he is inalienably an aristocrat *de jure.* Consciously this new man of that old order will, unless his whole public life hitherto has been a comic masque, strive to declass himself and be the man of the whole people; but unconsciously will not he still be of his own class? In those subliminal depths where we really live the most, will not he be what he was born and bred rather than what he has willed? Will not his sympathies be with his order, which exists as unmistakably, though tacitly, in our civility as in any other that ever was? The common man's sympathies were with the common men; shall not the gentle man's sympathies be with the gentle men? His actions we cannot doubt; he will be according to his lights upright, just, generous; but the springs of his actions, those sources that lurk far below volition, are not they to be suspected in the interest of what has been so long dear and sweet to the American imagination?

The dispassionate spectator does not feel called upon to despair. Class instinct is very strong, but human nature is stronger yet, and the man in whom we are witnessing this interesting reversion to the earlier order of things is of the very newest type, and is perhaps more conspicuously human than any other man who has filled his place. The fact makes for fear of his weakness, but it also makes for trust in his strength; it makes for the danger with him, but it also makes for the safety. It is not altogether consoling to realize that though he may do a rash thing, he will not do a wrong thing if he knows it. The thing that those who dread the future most dread most from him is the rash thing; but this is largely from their sense of his youth; they never have feared anything wry or false in him; and youth is not altogether a bad thing. At the worst it passes; and at the best it is the condition of those who are most interested in the affairs of the world. What is wrong to the old, is to the young right; and perhaps it is really not so wrong as it looks over the top of the hill to those going down the farther slope.

At any rate we are fronting new conditions. We have ceased to be what they call a hermit nation, and have become what they call a world power; we are somewhat in the circumstances of Japan, and China will soon be in the same circumstances if her enemies have their way. We may yet form with these powers a triple alliance, but in the mean time we stand beside the European powers which never credited the maxims and principles of national conduct which we have now openly discarded. We are conquerors like the rest; we have an imperial empire, with a Constitution that does not cover that empire, but leaves out

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in the cold a great many Americans, who seem to be trying to warm themselves in their place by making it hot for us in ours. If this state of things is to continue, it strikes the dispassionate spectator that it may as well be in the keeping of those who have brought it about; for obviously those who did not bring it about have a loath interest in it, and the will only to end it. But perhaps it cannot be ended, and the wisdom of the elders cannot compass its vast necessities. They could only hearken to the call of duty as it was in those who conceived of men as best left to work out their own destinies, while the new conception of duty is that other men can better work out their destinies for them.

This new conception of duty is not the most modern ideal, though it is the latest. It relates itself to the eldest ideal, as the order which has latest come into authority is not the most modern, but was from the beginning. Remotely it is akin to the conception of sovereignty as something that could do no wrong, though it was apparently never able to do right. What forms the lively hope of the dispassionate spectator concerning it now is something that such a spectator would scarcely venture to confide to any circle of readers less intimate than those of the Easy Chair. The profane outsider might regard it as the least hopeful aspect of the fact, but here it may be suggested that it is in a literary quality of the representative of "that new world which is the old," that the now outdated Americanism has reason to trust.

He knows you not, ye heavenly powers,

who has never known the fear of want, or felt the good of necessity; and the logic is that the wider sympathies of the common man would be wanting to the inexperience of such a man. But many of the reasons that animate life and shape conduct lie outside of logic, and one who has never experienced the things that best acquaint one with the gods may, if he have something of the poet in him, sufficiently imagine them. It was because Lincoln was so much a poet, and possibly because he was for so many years even a sentimentalist, that he remembered the experience which the common man himself forgets so often that he is little better than the gentle man. This is the reflection which leaves the dispassionate spectator not only psychologically attentive but cheerfully expectant. As for those common men whom it does not appeal to, they seem not to be in the case to help themselves otherwise, but something occurs to us at the last moment which we venture to suggest as of interest if not comfort to them. They may not believe in the new-old order which has come into authority for the time, but nothing apparently is more certain than that its representative believes in them. He may see them a little too dramatically, a little too heroically, in that perspective which nothing but experience of their lot could make perfectly correct; but that he does imagine them generously and confide in them entirely, no just witness of his career can deny. His error may be that he will idealize them, as Lincoln could not, for example; but that he will not feel all that is good in them, and most of what is fine, there is little fear. This fact constitutes their opportunity while it enhances their responsibility. Let the American people in their vast commonness be worthy of the faith which such a man puts in them, and there can be nothing to make them uneasy. They are always their own masters, when they will, and they are his. He is their servant, not their ruler; though from some pulpits and some presses that hateful word has lately been brayed as having validity in our state. He is capable, unless his actions and utterances belie him, of imagining the single ambition of being the best servant this people has ever had, and it is for this people to remember that the endeavor to such an end does rest wholly with him.

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Editor's Study.

A LITTLE journey is a great pleasure. At least the editor has found it such, having, since his last communication with the readers of this Magazine, seen something of the world not visible through the windows of his sanctum.

Since the editor of an illustrated magazine travels so much by proxy, not only in his general reading, but in articles of travel submitted for his consideration, what he sees in journeyings on his own account is likely to have a more or less familiar aspect, as if he had seen it before. Often the impression of actual vision is more vivid, as when Niagara surprises one with effects that no writer or painter could depict. But Quebec, picturesque as it is, must, for its full meaning, have its background in the written chronicle, the record of the human past.

Thus our reading and our travelling go hand in hand, each enhancing the worth and entertainment of the other. Travellers are few as compared with the vast number of readers whose knowledge of the world must be gained from books. The reader's advantage is so much the greater that, had we to choose, for our knowledge of the world, between books and travel, we should unhesitatingly select the former; and the books containing this knowledge have increased in value as well as in number more rapidly than have the facilities of travel.

Many of these books are directly the result of travel and exploration, and have been the source of the greatest intellectual entertainment, from the gossip of Herodotus and the elaborate descriptions of Pausanias to the recent wonderful narratives of Sven Hedin, and the even more wonderful disclosures of Flinders Petrie. Such writings have in all times ministered to the love of the novel and marvellous—a kind of curiosity which is still universal, and seems in our day less keen only because the world has grown more familiar, and the wonder has abated. Africa alone has remained a dark enough continent to furnish material for the oldest fashion of travellers' tales. Books of travel to-day are for the most part incidental to the exploitation of new fields for commerce and colonization, as books of exploration are to physiography and archæology.

It is interesting to follow the varying fortunes of the traveller's tale, and especially to consider the conditions of the human mind that in early Greece and in mediæval times determined its prosperity.

I

When human races upon the earth knew least of each other and of the world, and had gone but a little way toward the conquest of physical forces, then it was that their faith found ready lodgment in nature, never, even in their imagination of heaven or hell, transcending the confines of that earth wherewith their psychical intimacy was in inverse ratio to their actual knowledge. In the beginnings of their philosophy they sought the basis of all physical operation in one of the four elements—earth, air, water, and fire. The development of their art was through the immediate projection of the ideal into outward embodiments, as in architecture and sculpture. Though the subjective motive was wholly an implication and the expression entirely objective, the tension of interest was greater than in our modern world, and the organization of life was vitally stronger, following the reason *in* it rather than, as in later fabrics, being based on reasons *for* it; and this tension of interest, this strength of organization, was maintained until thought turned upon itself and dilated all interests, at the same time weakening them, through processes of reflection.

This concentration of interest made what we call myths and fables actualities. The vicissitudes of Odysseus needed no symbolical interpretation to give them interest; they were objective realities; and so it was with all the stories told by Homer, by the tragedians, by Herodotus.

In such conditions men, having no extra-earthly interest, no other-world

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faith, no doctrinal dissensions — since they had no doctrine—no cloisteral seclusion, nothing abstruse, nothing smelling of the lamp, no reading habit, and not even debating societies, had naturally the strongest possible sense of earthly affinities, and an interest in their kind with which in degree that of nineteenth-century altruism is not to be compared. Whether as to the earth or as to mankind this interest was not scientific, in our sense of the term; nor was it dynastic, the idea of conquest, as later entertained by the Romans, not having yet been developed. It was the interest of a story.

We can trace the steps by which among the Greeks the sacred ritual and the great public processions grew out of the story of Demeter and Dionysus and the legend of Athene. Greece was nurtured from the lips of Homer, and was carried forward into her strenuous maturity along with the successive triumphs of her master-tragedians, who gave the story a dramatic form, presenting it in masque after masque that hid the faces of her gods, demi-gods, heroes, and kings. The story was repeated by her sculptors in statues and in the friezes and pediments of temples.

But as to alien races the interest was especially keen, as in that of a story only beginning to be told. The charm was heightened not merely by the mystery, since so much was unknown, but also and still more by the confinement of human interest within the earth-circle, and by the fact, already emphasized, that even within those limits so many channels of development open to a more complex civilization were still utterly sealed.

We can easily understand, then, why Herodotus had a wider audience at the Olympic Games than Sophocles in the Dionysian Theatre, and why travellers' tales had then their strongest appeal to the human imagination.

Aristotle and Plato opened new diversions. The passion for liberty that baffled Xerxes became a political theory. Thucydides told a story widely differing from those told by Herodotus. The civil struggle beginning in the Peloponnesian war included all Greece, preparing the way for Alexander, and finally for the Roman Empire, which with its legions and its laws completed a new organization of the ancient world.

But when, centuries later, the Northern barbarians overwhelmed the Western Empire, there was in many respects a reversion to those older conditions we have been considering, but under a new faith with other-world interests, and with new art impulses—such as found expression in the building of cathedrals. A new story was dominant. There was doctrine, technical for the few, but dramatically impressed upon the multitude. Cloisteral life, for scholar or devotee, was limited, and scholasticism confined to a few students. The classics were ignored. The great mass of the people were as unsophisticated as the Greeks were before Pericles. They knew only the Story; and their imaginations leaned with child-like faith toward the mystery plays and saintly legends. The Crusades and the wars with the Infidels gave them new epics. They had no books, not even the Bible. The Story, in its sacred or profane aspects, was told to them, sung to them, acted and painted for them.

The objective tendency of popular mediæval thought was nearly as pronounced as that of ancient thought in the early Greek period, modified only by the meditative moods of the Christian spirit. We should expect, therefore, to find in the Europe of that time the most intense and eager interest in the strange tales of Asia told by the returning crusaders to those who could not read, and later by such writers as Marco Polo, after the invention of printing.

II

Human progress since the Renaissance has very greatly modified the traveller's tale, as well as the kind of interest which readers take in it. With the changes in social conditions, the stranger and more picturesque features have disappeared, and the keen curiosity of the reader has abated along with the wonder of the story, which is now read mainly for information, though often there still remains that unfailing delight which is given by the writer who has literary charm and fine imagination.

Yet the time is within our memory when the traveller's story still had so strong a hold upon readers that it was

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the most important feature in a popular magazine, rivalled only by the very best fiction. This is not strange when we consider that at the close of the seventeenth century one half of the habitable earth was hardly known to the other half, and recall the fact that half a century ago large sections of our own country awaited disclosure; while China and Japan, a good part of Russia, and nearly all of Africa were still impervious to Western curiosity. The fact that so little is now left of this *terra incognita* shows with what swift rapacity during the intervening period the veils have been torn away in hundreds of books, outnumbering, indeed, all that had ever before appeared in this department of literature.

We moderns seek the truth as to man and nature unalloyed with any fiction. The ancients began with fiction, putting divine masques upon streams and trees as well as upon their heroes. Then the masqued figures moved and were grouped in the situations of legendary stories, of epic and dramatic tales, and of architectural constructions. The truths of man's inmost soul leaped into objective representations without the accompaniment of conscious analysis. With us it is different. We reject the fable and "defy augury," our souls seeking compensation for the sad loss of the masques in such art as is possible under these conditions, and in a kind of conscious fiction unknown to ancient literature. This kind of fiction has also quite displaced the old-fashioned traveller's tale.

III

The modern novel is, indeed, a new traveller's tale, suited to the conditions of our intellectual and emotional development. The modern drama shows precisely the same accommodation. The masques are transparent, the individual features emphasized and consciously accentuated; and though it is an indispensable condition that a play must be emotionally interesting, the value of the whole representation is critically estimated with reference to its truth—truth in the modern sense—*i. e., actuality.* We have gotten far away from Shakspere, whose truth was only to the type, who disregarded environment, giving very little local color, and apparently careless of fidelity to what is ordinarily styled "human nature." The novel is subject to much the same rigidly critical judgment. While rebellion against this critical exaction is frequent and popularly supported, the best novelists and playwrights respect if they do not wholly submit to it, and it is creditable to their genius that they can so far meet its demands without loss of interest or of amusement. Not only is truth stranger than fiction, to our modern mind, but it is the most valuable element in fiction. We appreciate Hewlett's imaginative vivisections of the mediæval world as much, and for the same reason, as we value those made in Charles Eliot Norton's historical essays concerning the same period.

And it is because of this regard for truth that the novelist performs for us the best offices of the traveller, over whom he has the advantage that his disclosures are not confined to the outward world, but are also intimate and subjective. We thus become fellow-travellers with him in illimitable regions of the deepest spiritual interest, and this interest it is that has quelled the appetite, so ardent in an older time, for the physically strange and wonderful.

Modern fiction, however, is not wholly subjective; it takes us travelling out of ourselves into the lives of men and women of all sorts and conditions. One of the greatest pleasures it affords us is its picturesque delineation of scenes and people that even in the literature of travel are only partially and casually introduced to our acquaintance. The charm of many of our contemporary novelists is heightened by, and in some cases largely depends upon, the fresh views they give us of the world. Even when the writer's scope is a narrow one, a confined field but well cultivated, like Hardy's Wessex, or Cable's Louisiana, or Miss Wilkins's New England, it is fertile in interest, and however familiar to the author, is full of surprising novelty to the reader.

We love to change our horizon, and are grateful to the story-teller who enables us to do this; and it surely adds much to our pleasure to know that the pictures and the characters presented are true to the life.

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IV

The truth of the novel is not mere actuality, but is so real as to have upon us the effect of actuality. We do not ask of the novelist, as we do of the traveller, a transcript of life; we only require that his invention shall be a true finding, truer than that of casual observation. Life, as we see it unfold before our eyes, so far from disclosing its truth, really disguises it. Things fall together dumbly and inertly, and if the artist makes direct use of these casual haps, the impression upon us is confused and jarring. He must lose the apparently actual to find the real, and then by his art from a true centre make that real the actual. This is just what astronomy did when it became Copernican, substituting the real motions of the heavenly bodies for the apparent.

The complexity of our modern life makes more difficult the study of the novelist, while it affords him a greater variety of motive and material. On the part of the readers the tension of interest is less, being released by its own flexibility and the diversity of its objects; but the significance of this interest is magnified not only by reflection, but by induction, every aspect of our human life having from every other a new and added meaning. The very brokenness of our life is for its surer integrity. The development of the art of music during the past hundred and fifty years affords a very good illustration of what has happened to the whole texture of our life during the same period. The tones are chromatically divided, the theme has infinite variation, but the harmony is maintained throughout, and in all its complexity finds completeness, however vast the cycle. All our life (unless, indeed, we could behold its complete cycle) does not seem to be held by the severe obligation of art; we walk as well as dance, talk as well as sing, write prose as well as poetry, and our thought has the same freedom as our outward expression. Outside of poetry, this freedom is enjoyed by writer and reader alike in the form of the essay and of the story—a form which in its flexibility and freedom has a grace and beauty of its own, and sufficient restraint to have æsthetic designation and to be known as the "literary art." In the best examples of it we detect by some inner sense the rhythmic quality which is its distinction, and which transcends the quantitative measure of verse.

This is one of the modern novelist's chief felicities. He has the full freedom of art without its conventional restraints. We who read enjoy this freedom as well, and becoming his fellow-travellers, we soon find him a magical guide, for he not only takes us out of our beaten routine, but he has the key to human hearts, disclosing their hopes and struggles and sorrows, so like our own, in all the difference of circumstance, that our hearts become a chorus to his *recitative,* and emotional impulse sets our feet to choric movement; and though the sounds we hear, laughing or weeping, are set to no music, there is within us something quickly vibrant, as if in answer to a song. Or if his art has not this rhapsodic prompting, this magic of emotional impulse, he may at least give us intellectual pleasure of the highest order—a mental enthusiasm.

The poet in the exercise of his art is under severe formal obligation. Perhaps for that reason he is allowed a greater freedom in essential features. He may ignore or transform the historical fact. Mrs. Edith Wharton, on the basis of a popular legend that she heard in Italy, wrote a poem, entitled "Margaret of Cortona," which was published in the November number of this Magazine. Not knowing that such a person as Margaret of Cortona ever actually existed, she shaped her story to suit a poetic *motif.* Unfortunately the poetic license involved an injury to the religious sensibilities of many of our readers—an injury such as the whole Christian world would feel if a like liberty were taken with the story of Mary Magdalen. This was done in ignorance on the part both of the poet who wrote and of the editor who accepted the poem, who, rather than have knowingly done the wrong, would have given up writing and editing altogether. All readers will absolve us as to intention; but we are sorry for the fact.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Christmas Charity

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

[*From Mrs. Letitia Overmuch to Mrs. Caroline Harmony, wife of the Rev. Mr. Ernest Harmony.*]

I

WATERTOWN, *Wednesday.*



Daniel Shook

DEAR MRS. HARMONY: You can never know how glad I was to get your long, delightful letter, and to learn that the children were quite recovered from their illness. It was *so* good of you to write when you had so *much* to do. And then to think of your taking time to inquire about our poor little Volunteer Aid Society. But you and Mr. Harmony were always so interested in our work when you were here. I'm sure you understand how much we all like dear Mr. Blandley; he is such a good man, and works so hard for the upbuilding of the church; but, do you know, sometimes it seems to me that he isn't quite so much interested in our charitable work as he might be—*not* so much interested, I'm sure, as your husband was. But few could be expected to take the interest in *everything* which he did.

We've decided not to hold a fair this year in benefit of the Aid Society; Mr. Blandley appeared to think that perhaps it would not be best. He is such a good man, though sometimes it does seem, dear, as if his notions were just a bit peculiar. We made so much money by our fair last year, and there are so many poor. Of course we can't see them *starve*, so we *must* raise money in some manner. Mr. Blandley thinks that it would be best for each of us to contribute in cash what she feels able; but to me this seems rather crude. Besides, one has so many ways for one's money at Christmas-time. Really, as I was saying to Mrs. Carr only yesterday, actually giving one's money to the poor has always seemed to me *extravagant*. But of course we must do something for them somehow. Mrs. Bisbee was reading of the quaint ways the ladies of a little town in Michigan have taken to raise Christmas money. They have given up a fair—I think the paper said something about some scandal concerning not giving back change at the last fair—though there didn't seem to be any proof that the person *wanted* change. Anyhow, the ladies are doing other things to raise money. Some of them are selling evening papers, and others are shovelling off sidewalks, and still others are painting the church, and some are actually sawing wood—so the paper said. The article spoke very highly of the plan, and said the men of the place were enthusiastic over it. I should think that would be quite like the men. Though for my part I can't see why the ladies would be obliged to give back change when they sell papers unless they want to. I hardly think I'd care to saw wood, though painting the church might be rather pleasant, especially if it could be done in water-color. I don't know yet if we shall follow the plan of the Michigan ladies, but we are thinking about it. I will write you again just as soon as we decide. Please do answer this scribble, and remember all of us to Mr. Harmony.

Ever your friend,

LETITIA OVERMUCH.

P. S.—I've just become so much interested in the case of a man named Shook—Daniel



Mrs. Dobbs

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Mrs. Parkinson

Shook—who lives away out in Grubwood Street. He's a widower with a large family of children, and every one agrees that he is an honest and hard-working man. His eldest daughter keeps house for him. But I fear they will have a pretty cheerless Christmas unless something is done for them. I have told the ladies that I will look after the family. How well one feels repaid for any amount of labor when one knows that one is lightening the troubles of others! L. O.

II

Friday.

DEAR MRS. HARMONY,—You are always so prompt in answering my letters that you actually make me ashamed of myself. I'm sure you'll never know how much the kind message from your husband about our society encouraged us. He is always *so* thoughtful. Well, we've decided on following that Michigan plan this year, though of course we're not going to do anything quite so horrid as *sawing wood*. You didn't think that, did you, dear? My husband wanted me to, though—or pretended he did—you know how he will go on. Offered to get the saw filed—one of those big saws which look like a harp, that we keep to frighten tramps. I even found it hanging on the hat-rack one morning, with a bit of bacon rind dangling from a string to grease the blade with.

Each one of the society has promised to earn $5, or just as near it as possible, and all by doing legitimate work. No one can talk about our methods this year. A few of the ladies have already decided on their work. Mrs. Barlow is going to Pestle's drug store, in the holiday-goods department. Mrs. Parkinson is going to deliver evening papers. Mrs. Spaulding will milk Deacon Pennypacker's cow, and have half the milk and sell it. Mrs. Dobbs has agreed to black her husband's shoes every morning, and she will get ten cents for it—ten cents for each shoe, though Mr. Dobbs doesn't know this yet. I don't think it will be nice of him if he lets her do the work at all; he can just give her the money and get it done outside. The others will decide on something in a few days. I positively *must* stop. Remember us all to Mr. Harmony, and believe me, dear, ever your friend,

LETITIA OVERMUCH.

P. S.—I almost forgot to say that I have decided on my work. Mr. Smallpint, the grocer, is going to let me drive one of his delivery wagons for the week before Christmas. It is an extra wagon, and will be sent chiefly to deliver orders at the villages round about. Don't you think me fortunate to get such pleasant work? Driving!—you know what an enthusiastic whip I am. L. O.

III

Monday Evening.

DEAR MRS. HARMONY,—I am so tired tonight that I know I couldn't write to anybody else in the world, and I'm afraid, dear, that even you would go without a letter this time were it not that I know just how anxious you are to learn about our work for the society. I can't speak much of the others, having been too busy myself to see any one else, though I hear that Mrs. Spaulding had trouble with Deacon Pennypacker's cow at the first milking. I believe the creature kicked over the pail and spilled half of the milk, and Mrs. Spaulding had hard work to convince the deacon that it was *his* half that was spilled; but she did it at last, so the society loses nothing. I've not yet got fairly started on my work. But I was down at the store, and helped put up packages of sugar, coffee, and starch. I got them all mixed up, and couldn't tell which was which. Mr. Smallpint came along and said, quite rudely, "Smell of 'em!" I gave him a look. He forgets that I am a good customer of his. However, I picked out the coffee that way, but I'd like to see even a grocer smell out starch from sugar. I suppose I shall have to open each package to-morrow—and they're all tied in hard knots.

Did I tell you that Alice Constable is to assist me? She is, and we are to get $5



Mrs. Overmuch

apiece for our week's work. I'm sure the money is going to do so much good. Remember me to your husband, please.

LETITIA OVERMUCH.

P. S.—We took time to go out to that man Shook's this afternoon. Poor fellow, we found him at home. Some work which he expected has failed him, he said, and he's very anxious about the children's Christmas. We told him not to worry—that we'd

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see that they are provided for. Alice and I have decided to devote all our money to this family. It seems so hard when a man is willing to work and cannot get work to do.

L. O.

IV

Friday Evening.

DEAR MRS. HARMONY, — It will be one while before I drive an old grocery sleigh again! Alice and I decided that we didn't care to work to-morrow, and we told Mr. Smallpint so. He was very pleasant about it, and said he would try and get along somehow, and gave each of us our $5. I think it occurred to him at last that we are good customers. In fact, I know it did, because I told him so. He tried to be disagreeable about an overturned jug of molasses, so I simply had to remind him to whom he was speaking. I do hope Mr. Blandley is satisfied; we refrained from holding one of those terribly wicked fairs, and half killed ourselves working to earn money in the *hardest* ways. I fear I'm cross to-night, but I'm so tired. I dare say I shall feel better to-morrow; if I don't, I shall wish we had all turned *burglar*.



The Little Shooks

I've learned something about grocery horses. I supposed they were like other horses, but they aren't. Mr. Smallpint gave us one who carried his nose about a foot from the ground. Alice thought perhaps it was a good plan, because he could see where he was going better; but it didn't help his looks. And as for getting him by a house without stopping, it was an utter impossibility. We had to stop and *pretend* to deliver something anyhow. His fastest gait was a walk. Don't think I mean it was his only gait—in fact, it wasn't even his favorite gait. When we couldn't endure his walk any longer and urged him to go faster, he would bob off into what Alice called his perpendicular trot. When going this way he vibrated up and down quite rapidly, but he got ahead more slowly than when he walked.

It was a very hard week's work, but we would have very little of the spirit of true charity about us if we complained. The money we earned is going to bring a happy Christmas to those poor little Shook children. We shall see about the matter to-morrow. Their father has remained unable to get any work, and we shall devote all our money to them. It seems to me that something is wrong when a man cannot get work to do. I am going to ask Mr. Blandley to preach a sermon on the subject. Perhaps it will do some good. Remember me, please, to your husband, and I remain, ever your friend,

LETITIA OVERMUCH.

P. S.—I forgot to say that that beast of a horse finally ran away with us this afternoon. I don't think he was frightened—he seemed to be running simply for exercise. He finally stopped, and there was no harm done, though it mixed up the groceries a good deal, and most of the labels were lost; but this didn't matter much, as it was our last trip, and we settled it by leaving two packages if the house was large and one if it was small. Everybody got something.

L. O.

V

Saturday.

DEAR MRS. HARMONY, — I had such a good rest last night, and I feel so much better to-day. Alice and I went out to Shook's the first thing this morning. We decided that, as the time was so short, we would simply give him the money and let him lay it out for the children himself. We are assured that he can be trusted. Poor man, there were tears in his eyes when he thanked us. It was a terrible week, but we feel that we have been repaid. We have brought a happy Christmas to one household. I have not time for another word. Your friend,

LETITIA OVERMUCH.

P. S.—It was really too touching! You see, it was the first time the man had ever had to accept charity, and he explained a dozen times that he would not have been compelled to now if he had got that job he counted on. I shall certainly ask Mr. Blandley to preach a sermon on the case. Only, dear, I wish your husband could take it up. I'm sure he could do it very much better.

L. O.

VI

[*From Miss Alice Constable. Postal card.*]

Monday.

MY DEAR MRS. HARMONY,—Poor Mrs. Overmuch is not at all well to-day, and she asks that I drop you a postal and tell you what has upset her. You know she is not strong, and last week was so hard on her. With holiday greetings to Mr. Harmony,

Yours cordially,

ALICE CONSTABLE.

P. S.—As I started to say, Mrs. Overmuch is quite prostrated by developments concerning that man Shook. It appears that the job he was disappointed in getting was that of driving Smallpint's extra delivery wagon which we took. And Mr. Blandley *is* going to preach on the subject!

A. C.

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The Idiotic Eel

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

A YOUTHFUL eel resided in a tiny tidal pool;
He was lithe as gutta-percha, and as pliable:
From his actions and contractions he appeared to be a fool,
But his virtue was completely undeniable.
He wasn't over-handsome, and he couldn't shine, as can some,
But, what is more than being bright or beautiful,
He thought most inexpedient all conduct disobedient,
And took a pride in being meek and dutiful.

His mother was a parent of the supervising kind,
Whose pride it was to plan and calculate for him.
Her mission and ambition were, consistently, to find
An absolutely eligible mate for him.
She argued well and truly that, unless he was a fool, he
Could make, by being careful and industrious,
A match that with propriety the pool's polite society
Would hail as being brilliant and illustrious.

She taught him every talent that is proper for an eel;
He could twist in convolutions inconceivable:
He could double without trouble, and, as round as any wheel,
Go rolling in a fashion unbelievable.
His turnings, and his twitches, and his sudden hops and hitches,
Were done with such astonishing velocity
That all his neighbors loaded him with flattery, and goaded him
To gratify their idle curiosity.

Made dizzy by the incense of unanimous applause,
The youthful eel imagined he was glorious,
And started, boastful-hearted, to be arrogant, because
Agility had made him so notorious.
"The aquarium at Brighton has no Admirable Crichton
Like me!" he cried, his acrobatics quickening.
(He was a howling swell, he meant.) Then, bounding from his element,
He fell upon the shore in manner sickening.

Oh, loud the boarders shouted in the neighboring hotel!
For it happened that the businesslike proprietor
Ran shoreward when that forward eel on *terra firma* fell,
And he taught him how that cooking makes you quieter.
And he made up, runs the rumor, this exquisite bit of humor:—
"I saw your joyous jumping, and I've caught you, too.
To leap so high a fool you were. Perhaps, when in the pool you were,
The constant training of the mussels taught you to!"

THE MORAL

You're mistaken in the lesson if you've read it: "Don't be gay,
However fresh and frivolous you feel!"
For the moral of this highly entertaining little lay
Is read another way. It's cotch an eel!

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THE FOX—AN IMITATION

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WHEN DOCTORS AGREED

Mr. Tecumseh Clay had never travelled on a railroad pass, though he had often wished that he might. So when Dr. Erasmus Evans, who had an annual pass on the A., B., and C. road, offered to let Mr. Clay use it, the offer was eagerly accepted.

"The pass is non-transferable," said Dr. Evans, "but that won't make any difference. Just pretend you are me if the conductor says anything; but he won't."

Mr. Clay took the night train, due in St. Louis the next morning. He awaited the advent of the train conductor in some trepidation, wondering to what extent he might have to prevaricate should the official prove to be of the extra-inquisitive type. Mr. Clay didn't like to lie, and hoped the conductor wouldn't make him. At the same time he was a determined man, and did not intend that a fib or two should stand in the way of a free ride. Besides, the safety of the doctor's pass might be imperilled if he exhibited any weakness or confusion during the possible cross-examination.

But when the conductor appeared he merely read the name on the proffered pass, returned it to Mr. Clay, and went on, leaving Mr. Clay rejoicing. Not even the littlest and snowiest of fibs had he had to utter. So Mr. Clay, with a pleasant consciousness of both thrift and rectitude, settled comfortably back on the cushions in his section of the sleeper; and presently, having let the chocolate-faced porter make up his berth, he crawled in to such slumber as the rushing train might permit.

About midnight he was aroused by a voice at the curtains of his berth. "Doctor!" it said. "Doctor! wake up! A man in the next car has been taken sick, and needs something done."

It was the conductor, who had noticed that the name on the pass carried an M.D.

"All right. I'll be out in a moment," answered Mr. Clay, with a promptitude that surprised even himself. "The dickens!" he muttered, when the conductor had departed. "Why didn't Evans tell me that doctors are called up in the middle of the night on sleeping-cars just the same as anywhere else? I'd have let him keep his pass and paid my fare if I'd known. There's nothing to do, though, but go and see the man. If he's really sick enough to need a doctor I'm sorry for him."

Mr. Clay, having dressed hastily, made his way into the next car, and was conducted to the patient. With commendable gravity he felt of the man's pulse, placed his hand on his chest, and counted the respirations, and then asked to see his tongue. This done, he stood for a moment gazing contemplatively upon the luckless patient. The bystanders thought he was pondering deeply; he was really wondering what he should do next. Then—it came like an inspiration; he had seen Dr. Evans do it one time—he lifted the patient's hand and studied his finger-nails in a meditative manner.

"Have you some whiskey?" he asked, turning to the conductor.

"Yes, sir; I can get some," was the answer.

"Very good! Give him two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of water, and repeat the dose at the end of an hour. I haven't my medicine-case with me, unfortunately, and can't prescribe just as I'd like to. But the whiskey will act as a—"

What sort of an actor the whiskey would prove he evidently regarded as of no great importance to his listeners, for he broke off, and remarked that he was sorry he hadn't his thermometer with him; he would like to take the patient's temperature. He evidently had some fever. "But give him the whiskey as directed," he concluded, with brisk decisiveness, "and if there should be a change for the worse let me know."

Back in the privacy of his berth once more Mr. Clay smiled broadly, and then sighed deeply. "Poor fellow," he thought. "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Doctor!" called a voice, just as he was dozing off. "The man seems to be getting worse. I guess you'd better take another look at him."

"All right," answered Mr. Clay, cheerfully, but groaning inwardly. "I wish," he muttered, "that confounded old pass had been taken up and cancelled before it ever fell into my hands! What the deuce am I to do, anyway? The man may die for lack of a little medical skill. But I can't confess that I'm no doctor; I've got to bluff it out."

"There's another doctor in the forward car, sir," said the conductor as Mr. Clay appeared. "The patient's friends are getting kind o' nervous, and thought perhaps you'd like to consult with him. I'll rout him out if you think best."

"Very well, if the patient's friends desire it," answered Mr. Clay, both relieved and annoyed. "That doctor will see through me in about thirty seconds," he reflected, gloomily. "I wonder if it would kill a man to jump off the train; it's going pretty fast."

But Mr. Clay did nothing so rash as that. He was gazing calmly at the patient when the consulting doctor arrived. "This is Dr. Evans, Dr. Brown," said the conductor, guiltless of intentional falsehood.

The two professional men bowed gravely to each other. Dr. Brown had brought a small medicine-case with him, which he set down in the aisle. "Well, Dr. Evans, what are the symptoms?" he asked.

"Just take a look at him and see what you think, Dr. Brown," replied Mr. Clay, with admirable self-possession.

Dr. Brown drew a fever thermometer from his pocket, shook the fluid down with a quick professional jerk, and inserted the end under the patient's tongue. Then he felt his pulse, and Mr. Clay noted with envy that he did not look at his watch, as he himself had done. Mr. Clay recalled that Dr. Evans seldom looked at his watch while counting a patient's pulse.

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PERSUADED

Louise had balked, and wouldn't play,
But later played the livelong day,
And proved a docile, willing sister—
For John had seen when some one kissed her.

"What has been done for the relief of the patient, Dr. Evans?" asked the consulting physician, as he withdrew the thermometer and silently studied the temperature registered.

Mr. Clay told him. Doctors had disagreed before, and they might as well do so again, reflected the unhappy Clay. Besides, there was nothing else to do but tell him.

Dr. Brown made no comment for a moment. He seemed to be considering the case carefully. Presently, to Mr. Clay's relief and astonishment, he said: "Well, I think you did the right thing. I should advise continuing the treatment through the night, and if the patient hasn't improved by morning we can decide upon further treatment. His temperature is not alarming."

So back to his berth, conscious that Providence was kinder than he deserved, went Mr. Clay. If his views as to the patient's condition were hazy, upon one subject he held a definite opinion; he was determined never again to travel upon a physician's pass.

The next morning the patient was reported very much better, and Mr. Clay's heart overflowed with gratitude. As he left the train he met Dr. Brown. They passed through the station together, and as they started to part on the street, Mr. Clay said, with a confidential smile:

"Between you and me, Doctor, I'm not a physician at all. I couldn't tell the conductor so, though, because I'm travelling on a physician's pass."

Dr. Brown's lips twitched, and he held out a cordial hand. "I brought along this medicine-case," he said, "just as a bit of a bluff. I'm no more of a physician than you are, but I'm travelling on Dr. Brown's pass!" JAMES RAYMOND PERRY.

AN IMPRESSIONIST'S INVITATION

COME out, my Love, and stroll with me
  Across the cobalt dunes;
We'll sit beside the sunset sea
  That green-and-grayly croons.
That dies along the madder sands
  In lines of scumbled foam;
And then we'll clasp our umber hands,
  And mauvely wander home.

MERCY E. BAKER.

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The Moon-Lady

In cold denial, proud and fair,
The Lady of the Moon reclines;
Star lustre shimmers in her hair,
Her eyes are bright as Columbine's.
With now a sigh and now a tune
On many a merry mandolin,
Her lover woos with rhyme and rune
The virgin heart he cannot win.

I wonder, should she come from out
The shelter of her cool retreat,
How she'd contrive to walk about,
This beauty plainly lacking feet?
How could she dance, how play at golf,
At tennis, even at croquet?
For maidens with their feet cut off
Are handicapped, as one might say.

L. M. S.

AMONG HEATHEN

Little Polly T.'s mother took a short trip out of town, and Polly was sent to spend the night with a neighboring lady. When bed-time came Polly knelt with her head upon the lady's knees, as accustomed to do with her mother, to say her prayers. A little form of her own she remembered only in part, and the lady could not prompt her as mother did. So Polly's prayers came to a sudden stop. Then she said, "Please, God, 'scuse me, 'cause I don't 'member my prayers, and I'm stayin' wif a lady what don't know any."

F. H.

LAGGARD LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

Mr. Beriah Simpkins, a prominent, wealthy, and highly respected citizen of our village, was stricken with a severe illness.

Our enterprising and sympathetic local paper briefly chronicled from week to week the progress of the malady. Finally the worst fears of the good man's many friends were realized.

A month after the sad event this unfortunate item appeared in the paper: "We regret to report that Beriah Simpkins's condition is not improved."

H. T. N.

AN ENCOURAGING TRADE OUTLOOK

It was in the morning hours of "bake day" in the little out-of-the-way village. The mingled odors of fresh bread, pies, and cookies floated out of the open kitchen windows.

From one of the smaller cottages at the end of the street came a barefooted child in a colorless calico dress and slat sun-bonnet. With the important air of a heavy buyer she entered the village store, and handed across the counter a blue teacup. The proprietor took the cup, and said, in brisk tones.

"Well, Emmy, what does your ma want to-day?"

"Please, sir, ma wants an egg's worth of molasses," and she carefully placed a large white egg on the counter.

From a stone jug a little molasses was poured, and the cup set before the customer.

"Mr. Smif," she said, as she took her purchase, "I'll be back in a little while for some ginger. Ma said to tell you the black hen was on."

And the buyer walked with dignity out the store door and up the village street to her home.

M. M.

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The March Magazine

EDITORIALLY as well as artistically HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March will be worthy of its own standard.

THE leading historical feature is an article on "The Lineage of our English Bible," by H. W. Hoare. The author traces the changes and developments in the English translations of the Bible from the earliest times to the present. There are curious illustrations, including facsimile pages from old editions of the Bible.

IN science Marcus Reed contributes a paper on "Invisible Beauty"; Professor H. F. Osborne describes marine research in "A Seashore Laboratory"; and an article by Carl Snyder tells of wonderful "Measurements in Science" and their aid to our senses.

IN fiction the best authors are represented. There is a complete story by Mark Twain, called "The Californian's Tale," and a new novelette by W. D. Howells, called "His Apparition," illustrated by Smedley. Other notable stories are, "Elizabeth," by Eleanor Hoyt; "A Monstrous Mood," by Marie van Vorst; "The Question," by Grace Denio Litchfield; "The Story of King Julius," by Arthur Colton, and a few others, both by new and well-known writers.

AMONG the special articles may be noted: "The Point of View in Fiction," by Agnes Repplier; "Korea and its Emperor," by Alfred Stead; "Anarchism in Language," by Joseph Fitzgerald; "The Romance of the Koh-i-noor," by A. Sarath Kumar-Ghosh. An unusual contribution is called "The Changeless," by Mary Applewhite Bacon; another contribution full of individuality tells of one of the charms of an old country-house in England, "Our Tree-Top Library," by Richard Le Gallienne, etc., etc. There are, in all, twenty-two titles apart from the regular departments.

THE illustrations are, as usual, a feature. Besides a large number of original drawings (many in color) by artists like Smedley, Sterner, Peter Newell, Alice Barber Stephens, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Charles K. Wood, and others, Edwin A. Abbey contributes a series of wonderful art studies illustrative of scenes from "The Deserted Village."

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"The Swain Responsive as the Milkmaid Sung"

DRAWN BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

VOL. CIV 1902 NO. DCXXI

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The Dwellings of Peace

Henry van Dyke.

TWO dwellings, Peace, are thine.
One is the mountain-height,
Uplifted in the loneliness of light
Beyond the realm of shadows,—fine,
And far, and clear,—where advent of the night
Means only glorious nearness of the stars,
And dawn, unhindered, breaks above the bars
That long the lower world in twilight keep.
Thou sleepest not, and hast no need of sleep,
For all thy cares and fears have dropped away;
The night's fatigue, the fever-fret of day,
Are far below thee; and earth's weary wars,
In vain expense of passion, pass
Before thy sight like visions in a glass,
Or like the wrinkles of the storm that creep
Across the sea and leave no trace
Of trouble on that immemorial face,—
So brief appear the conflicts, and so slight
The wounds men give, the things for which they fight.
Here hangs a fortress on the distant steep,—
A lichen clinging to the rock:
There sails a fleet upon the deep,—
A wandering flock
Of snow-winged gulls: and yonder, in the plain,
A marble palace shines,—a grain
Of mica glittering in the rain:
And far beneath thy feet the clouds are rolled
By voiceless winds: and far between
The rolling clouds new shores and peaks are seen,
In shimmering robes of green and gold.
And faint aerial hue
That silent fades into the silent blue
Serene.
Thou, from thy mountain-hold,

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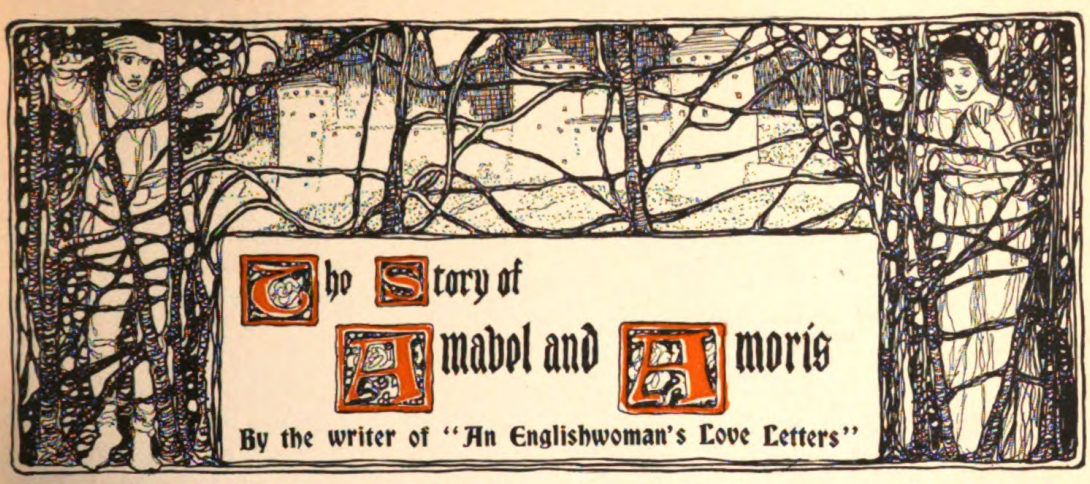
All day, in tranquil wisdom, looking down
On distant scenes of human toil and strife,
All night, with eyes aware of loftier life,
Uplooking to the sky, where stars are sown,
Dost watch the everlasting fields grow white
Unto the harvest of the seeds of light,
And welcome to thy dwelling-place sublime
The few strong souls that dare to climb
The slippery crags and find thee on the height.

II

But in the depth thou hast another home,
For hearts less daring, or more frail.
Thou dwellest also in the shadowy vale;
And pilgrim-souls that roam
With weary feet o'er hill and dale,
Bearing the burden and the heat
Of toilful days,
Turn from the dusty ways
To find thee in thy green and still retreat.
Here is no vision wide outspread
Before the lonely and exalted seat
Of all-embracing knowledge. Here, instead,
A little garden, and a sheltered nook,
With outlooks brief and sweet
Across the meadows, and along the brook,—
A little stream that little knows
Of the great sea towards which it gladly flows,—
A little field that bears a little wheat
To make a portion of earth's daily bread.
The vast cloud-armies overhead
Are marshalled, and the wild wind blows
Its trumpet, but thou canst not tell
Whence the storm comes nor where it goes.
Nor dost thou greatly care, since all is well;
Thy daily task is done,
And though a lowly one,
Thou gavest it of thy best,
And art content to rest
In patience till its slow reward is won.
Not far thou lookest, but thy sight is clear;
Not much thou knowest, but thy faith is dear;
For life is love, and love is always near.
Here friendship lights the fire, and every heart,
Sure of itself and sure of all the rest,
Dares to be true, and gladly takes its part
In open converse, bringing forth its best:
Here is sweet music, melting every chain
Of lassitude and pain:
And here, at last, is sleep, the gift of gifts,
The tender nurse, who lifts
The soul grown weary of the waking world,
And lays it, with its thoughts all furled,
Its fears forgotten, and its passions still,
On the deep bosom of the Eternal Will,
To rest
Upon God's breast.



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The Story of Amabel and Amoris

By the writer of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters"

IF for tales of love ye be,
Listen, lovers all, to me!
Through the world I've journeyed far,
Seeking where true lovers are:
And where'er I ranged on ground
Cupid's markings have I found.
Out of roots, and rocks, and trees,
Fields and flocks, I gathered these:
Grass I cropped with Cupid's herds,
Groweth now a crop of words:
Grapes of grief in Cupid's cup,
Wine of verse now brimmeth up:
Kisses sown in Cupid's sleep,
Rhymèd reason runs to reap.
Therefore, lovers, this tale is
Of Amabel and Amoris,
Who, from the beginning friends,
Came at last to lovers' ends;
Whence the tale may backward run,
Lovers' ends being life begun.
And for all that this tale tells
Let your ears be honey-cells.
But go hence, ye loveless lot,
Unbegun and unbegot:
Till ye bear the Bowman's shot,
I'll know you not!

Now they say and narrate and the tale is told

NOW Amoris, the son of the Duke of Angardy, was returned from the wars to his father's castle at Angars, sick and sore wounded. Thereto had he done many deeds of arms, and made his name so great and famous that if it were told of him that he was as much as ten leagues away, towns began to wish they were villages; so sure was he to lay siege to and storm all places that put themselves behind walls, and to spare the poor hovels where lived none but cowherds and poor people, and simple folk without any substance.

And as he lay upon his bed by a window that looked out over a garden wherein were many flowers and trees in which the small birds sang, he heard a most sweet voice that he thought to be of some maiden: and she sang with no notes, but, it seemed, out of the gladness of her heart only. And Amoris was too weak, with all his wounds and his sickness, to rise and look out and see who it was that sang with such a sweet voice. But it seemed to him, when the song was done, that he was more healed by the sound of it than by all the leeches in his father's realm since he had come back from the wars. He had seven wounds in his body, and it was three months and more since he had taken them in fight; and not one of them would heal because of his sickness. But it seemed to him that one of them had healed since he had heard the voice of the maiden who sang in the garden under his window. So he said to himself: "If she will but come again to-morrow, and for five days after, I shall be healed of all my wounds, and shall be able to marry Alis, that noble lady, whom I have not seen, but whom my father wills me to wed. Nathless, I would rather have a hundred wounds in my body, and lie here and be healed of them one by one by so sweet a voice, than marry all the Alises in the world, however fair and noble they may be!"

Now the maiden whose voice he had

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heard was a milkmaid who came each day with goat's milk to the castle; and she was foster-sister to Amoris, and had been with him when a child, and remembered him since. But Amoris had forgotten her. And her name was Amabel.



AMORIS on sick-bed laid
Heard go by the minstrel maid:
Neither viol nor lute she had,
But within her heart was glad;
And for cheer her heart had strings;
Words thereto grew like to wings.
And each day her song anew
Up toward his window flew.
Thus it went,—I tell it through:
"While the sun is still at sea
Soft the twilight wakens me:
Then, ere dawn the world uncoats,
To the fields I take my goats;
When I've wrung their udders down,
Quick I bring my milk to town.
And as thus I do each day,
'Tis to Mary's Son I pray,
That my young lord Amoris
May get health of drinking this,
So sweet it is!"



AMORIS waited till the next day, hoping that he might hear the sweet voice singing in the garden below, and he listened to hear the words. And the next day, very early in the morning, soon after it was light, came Amabel, the goat-maid, even as she had done before, and sang as she went under his window. And Amoris heard the words.

And after he had heard the song, it seemed to him that yet another of his seven wounds was more healed than it had been by all the leeches in his father's realm since he had come back from the wars. But because of his five remaining wounds, and of his sickness, he could not rise to look out and see who she was, or of what favor, that sang so sweetly.

But when the leech came that same day with balsams, and to bind up the wounds of Amoris, he found that two of the wounds were already healed. Then would he have Amoris to take the draught which he had prepared for him because of his sickness; but Amoris made oath that he would drink nothing save goat's milk so long as his sickness lasted. And when the leech besought him not to do any such folly, Amoris spake to him thus:

"Master Leech," said he, "have you a head upon your shoulders?"

"Sir, yes!" said the leech.

"Look you, then," said Amoris, "it shall be off them so soon as I have strength to handle sword, if you do not that which I ask, and bring me naught to drink save the goat's milk which is brought here each day by a young maid, who herself rises before the sun is off the sea, and milks her goats, and brings the milk to the town to sell it. For if all the rivers in the world ran with the best wine that ever came out of grape, I would not drink it, but goat's milk only!"

"Sir," said the leech, "I see you will have it even as you say; and when you are dead, I shall be hanged for it!"

So Amoris drank goat's milk only, and in a while began to be quite cured of his sickness. And when by the song of Amabel the goat-maid he had been healed of all his wounds, and had purged him of his sickness by drinking naught but the goat's milk which she brought each day into the castle, then he rose up off his bed and looked out of his window to see her whose sweet singing had been his cure.

And it was early morning, when few folk were abroad; but the birds had begun to be loud in all the thickets, and the dew was still gray on all the herbs and trees; and on one side of the world was sunlight, and the rest was in shadow, for the sun was scarcely yet risen.

And Amoris saw the goat-maid as she came under the castle wall; and she was so beautiful that he marvelled at her. She had gray eyes, and her lips were like a young rose, and her hair was long and full of ripples, and her face was like a peach fresh picked. And she was so young that she seemed only that day to have come to woman's estate.

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And it was early Morning when few Folk were abroad & but the Birds had begun to be loud in all the Thickets and the Dew was still gray on all & the Herbs and Trees & and on one side of the World was Sunlight and the rest was in Shadow for the Sun was scarcely yet risen &

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And when Amoris saw her so, and the white milk in her pail, and the track of her feet in the dew over the way by which she had come, and saw the world about her like fresh wax that had been moulded in the sun, and heard the loud singing of the birds in the thickets, and the noise of the herds on the hills, then all these things entered like arrows into his heart, and stayed there, making a sweet malady which could not be cured. So Amoris looked at her and became glad.



AMORIS, the gentle knight,
Looks forth from the castle's height:
Through the silver fields below
Sees the flower of maidens go.
And with plaintive voice and gay
Straightway he begins to say:
"Maiden, who o'ersteps the morn,
Well is me that I was born!
God, who gave me eyes to see,
Gave that they might look on thee!
Now know I that earth and air
Are for me no longer fair,
If I may not find thee there.
Never mirth may sound with morn,
Never hound may hark to horn,
Never song be set to tune,
Never cup be drained at noon,
Never rest be had at night,
If I have not thee for sight,
And dear delight!"



AMABEL under the castle walls heard the singing of Amoris, though she heard not the words. And she knew his voice again as though it were her own, so well she remembered it. And because of his singing, she was glad and looked up: and Amoris at his window looked down on her, and their eyes met; and neither of them could speak a word.

Now there was at the Castle of Angars an old dame that had been gentlewoman to the Duchess until her death, and governess to Amoris. She came to the young lord's chamber and found him joyful and sad, both together in one breath, and for no cause that could be shown. So she looked at him, and she began to say:

"My lord Amoris, it is very well that you are so properly cured of your sickness, for now shall that marriage soon be which your father wills you to make with the lady Alis, and they say of her that she is so fair that you have only to see her to be happy."

"Dame," said Amoris, "with Alis I will not wed; for her I have never seen, and it is not she who has cured me of my sickness and brought me back to life; but it is the goat-girl who brings milk every day to the castle, she has done all these things. And to look at her God gave me these two eyes in my head, and to speak of her He gave me a tongue, and to hold her as my own He made my hands strong, and to lift her above the head of any other He made me be son to a Duke. And I know this, that I would rather my body were full of wounds, that every day she might heal one of them, than marry all the Alises in the world, however fair and noble they might be!"

"Sir," said the dame, "you are in sickness still if you speak so; and if your father heard the like, you might well catch your death of it."

"Dame," said Amoris, "I can do no other than I say. Love is so deep a well that after one draught of it nothing else is to a man's taste."

"Dear son and master," said the dame, "I have been tender to you these twenty years, ever since your own mother died; and have I once bidden you do a thing that was not to your advantage?"

"I think never," said Amoris.

"Sir," said she, "then do one thing more, and afterwards you shall be free of me."

"What is that?" said Amoris.

"Not far from here," said she, "lies the holy well where poor folk go to be healed of all their ills; and none goes but brings back some good of it. Now, therefore, do a wise thing: Take there this sickness of yours, and wash your eyes and your hands and every part of you, and pray to be set free from the malady that has hold of your heart, which, if your father the Duke hear of it, may well be your death."

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"If I go," said Amoris, "do not think I will pray for anything but what with all my heart I must needs wish."

"Do that," said the other. So he promised, and they parted, and Amoris set forth on his way to the place of which she had told him.



AMORIS with love for load
Setteth forth upon his road;
And to Heaven he makes his vow
As he goes to wash him now.
If from him the holy well
Washes thought of Amabel,
Or do make him hold amiss
All the beauty and the bliss
Of her body's comeliness,
Then for prayer or praise will he
Nevermore bend down the knee,
Nor with life nor love agree,
Nor heaven see!

AMORIS was come out of the city gate into the fields; and there at no great way from the walls sat Amabel, under the shadow of a tree, with her goats round her, because the day was hot. And she was thinking of Amoris, whom she remembered so well, and had seen again now after many years.

And when Amoris saw her he came fast, and kissed her once, twice, and thrice even, and could not speak for love. Therefore must Amabel think that he remembered her also, and who she was, and how they had been children together. So she told him the names of her goats, and all that had happened to her since the last day they had seen each other. And Amoris heard all that she said, yet it seemed to him as he hearkened that she was a Duke's daughter, and he only a goatherd, so much did love exalt her.

And when she had finished, Amoris spake to her thus: "Amabel, my dear delight, who have remembered me so well, of love little can I speak. But since your voice healed first one of my wounds, and then all, I have loved you even before I saw you. And now that I have set eyes on you, there is nothing else in the world that I love, save only through love of you. But my father wills that I should marry a lady of high descent, named Alis, the daughter of a Count; and even now I am bound on an errand which is to take the thought of you out of my heart. But rather will I die than let it be. God shall not have my soul, if He give me not you to wed. Therefore bide here for me until I have fulfilled my word; then will we go far away together, where no man may hinder the love we bear to each other. Promise me, till then, that you will stay in this place."

So she promised him, and they parted.

And Amoris went on till he came near to the holy well; and many pilgrims and lepers and lame men were coming that way also, meaning to be cured of their ills. But Amoris was the only one among them that went hoping not to be cured. And when he was come to the door of the church wherein the holy well lay, he saw there a cripple on two wooden legs and crutches standing. And the cripple went not in with the rest, but stood asking for alms. Then said Amoris to him: "Brother, why do you stand asking alms, when there is here a holy well which cures all maladies, if so be one has a will to be healed? Maybe if you went in, God would grant you no longer to be lame."

The man said: "Fair brother, ten years since I came here a cripple in one leg only: one was of wood, but the other was of flesh and sound. And when I went down into the well I prayed that my legs might be restored to me as much a pair as God could make them. So I prayed, and coming up out of the water I found I had two wooden legs instead of one! God be praised! That was a great miracle, was it not? So I stand here and ask alms, and increase men's faith when they hear my story."

When Amoris heard that, he was quite glad, and gave the man full twenty pieces of silver. "Certes," said he, "I hold this for a good omen! Now when I take my malady—even my love for Amabel—down to the water and bid it drink there and be healed, I trust God will increase it to me as He did the wooden legs of this poor cripple!"

Therewith went he in; and all round he saw upon the walls the signs of those

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that before him had been healed. There was no malady under the sun but had been healed there one day or another. So without more ado he prays God and all the saints to succor him, and goes down into the water, with his heart full of sickness for Amabel, his dear delight, whom he remembered so well.

Now they sing

BLITHELY to the water went
Amoris, the well-content;
Like a bird that goes to fish,
Down he ducked to win his wish.
God and all the saints he prays:
"Rather let me end my days
Captive in a dungeon cell
Than lose love of Amabel!
But if God will bring us fast
Unto lovers' ends at last,
Gladly here I render Him
All I have of life or limb:
Use of tongue whereby I talk,
Use of feet whereon I walk,
Use of hands wherewith I fight,
Use of eyes which bring me sight,
Use of me and all my might,
So I come to earn aright
My dear delight!"

Now they say and narrate and the tale is told

AS soon as Amoris had made an end of his prayer, he got him up from the well and stood as a man in a dream. Nor had he any longer the use of body or limbs or strength or speech to do aught save as another will should direct him. He went out of the church and into the square, where stood a crowd of pilgrims. And there forthwith he started to dance as nimbly as the best tumbler could do, and to turn somersaults, and to juggle and jape, till all round him folk began laughing aloud and throwing him their pence.

And Amoris, the noble knight, the courteous and brave, gathered up all the pence that were thrown, and put them in his pouch, and danced again merrily till the crowd tired of him. And when he was left alone he sat down for a while on the church steps to rest; and by his side was the beggar with the two wooden legs.

"Brother," said the beggar, "you seem merry after your dip."

"Brother," answered Amoris, "never had I more reason to be merry, for now I know that God has answered my prayer, and taken from me the use of all my members into His own keeping, to bring them to a good end."

So presently he was got upon his feet again and departed, going whatsoever way they might lead him. But said he: "If it be God's will, now let these feet dance me back to Amabel, my dear delight, who waits for me. If they will but take me there, they shall have such dancing, I promise, as never before!" And so soon as he had spoken, his feet started to carry him back on the way by which he had come.

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And when he was come near to the city, there under the tree sat Amabel, remembering his word and waiting for his return. But not there would his feet stop for him, though much he wished it.

And as soon as Amabel saw how, without waiting, he was for passing her by, she cried out to him in reproach:

"Amoris, remember me; do not forget me so soon!"

And Amoris answered, "Who are you, little goat-girl, that I should either remember you or forget you?"

Then she said, "Dear friend, did you not bid me wait here till you should come to fetch me away?"

And Amoris answered, "Did I ever say anything so foolish? You or I must be mad, little goat-girl, if we think it." And therewith he had gone right past her and was come to the city gates.

Then in his heart he began to reproach himself bitterly, saying: "Had I not chosen what way I was to go, all this grief had not happened! Here now, against my own will, have I hurt the tenderest heart in the world, and the one that I love best, because my tongue has now another master whose will it obeys! So let God's will be: I will ask no more favors."

And sorrowing greatly, he came into the town, and saw all round him his father's folk, whom he knew well, and they him. And all were glad because their young lord was healed of his wounds. Then Amoris, that noble knight, put off his coat and cloak, and began to dance as nimbly as the best tumbler that ever stood on legs. And they were all amazed, and one or two went and told the Duke how that his son was dancing before all the people like a common tumbler. And when the Duke heard it there was more anger in him than he could hold. He came out and saw his son Amoris capering before the crowd.

"Master clown," said his father, "what make you by this?"

"Sir," said Amoris, "I dance because so soon I am to be married to the lady I love."

"Who is that?" said his father.

"Father," said Amoris, "she is a Duchess disguised as a goat-girl; and I left her but now under a tree outside in the fields. And all her ladies about her were goats, of gentle nurture and high descent—every one of them!"

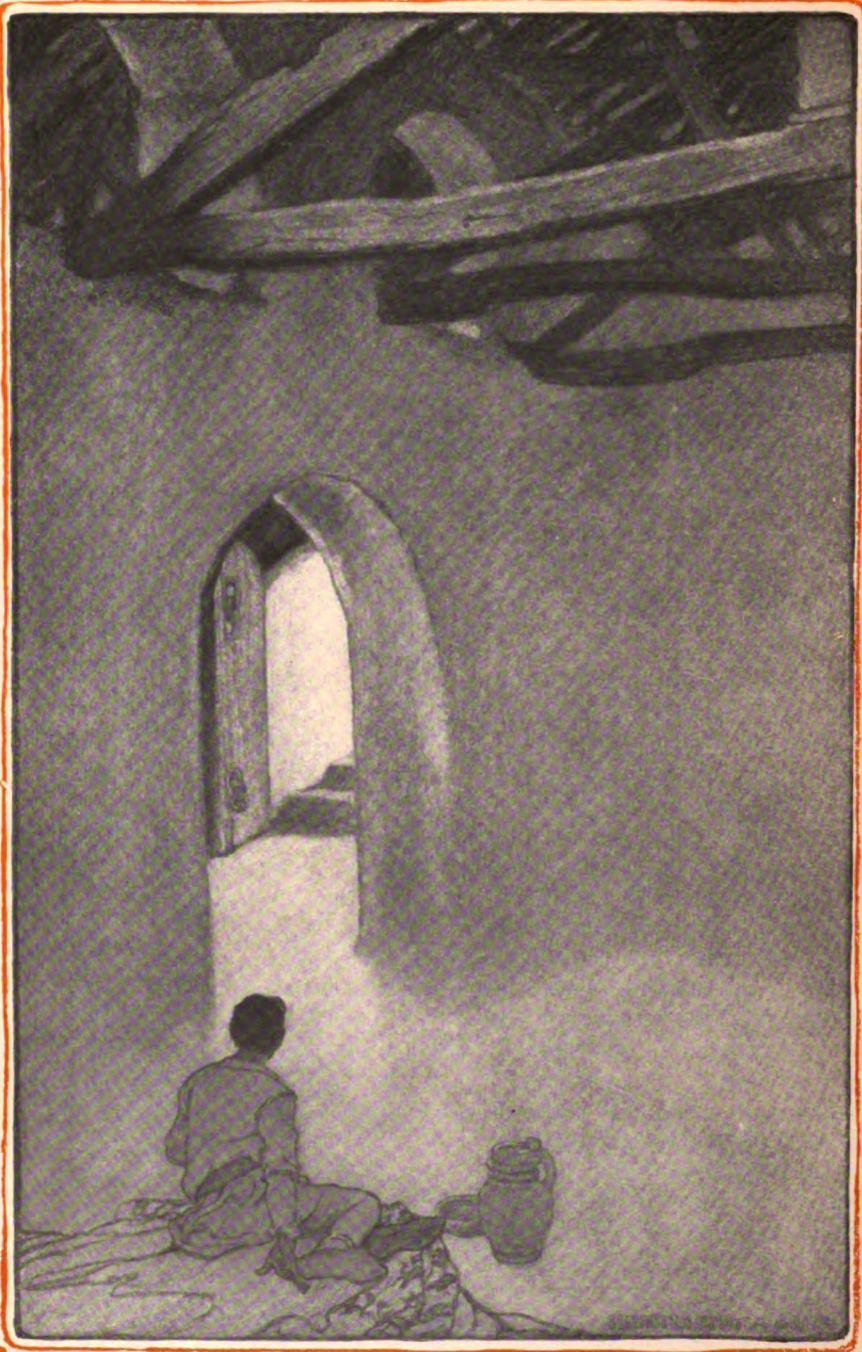
"God 'a' mercy!" said the Duke, "have I a madman for my son?" And straightway he caused them to take Amoris and put him in ward till his seizure should pass from him.

There leave we Amoris, and speak now of Amabel.



When Amoris passed her by, refusing to stay or remember her, making answer to all she said as you have heard it told, then for a while was Amabel sore dismayed; for surely it seemed to her that the

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And all within it seemed to him the Castle was full of Music and Dancing and soft Voices that sang

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very thing had happened which he had prayed should not, seeing that he had come back from the holy well altogether forgetting her. Great sorrow was hers to think of it.

Then she remembered his words, and began doubting, and said thus to herself:

"While he lives I will believe that he is true to his first word which he told me. Never till I die will I think that he has forgotten me. And now he has bidden me to stay here for him, and never has he bidden me go away. So here under this tree will I wait. Not if I live for a hundred years will I leave it except he tell me. And if Amoris, my friend, die, and I hear of it, I will not live another day, so much will my heart wish to lie down and be still where his is."

And the night was come and was cold; and the stars made a soft light over the city and the fields; and the gates were shut; and Amabel was all alone. Now the tree under which she lay was hollow, so she climbed up through the opening below the boughs and crept in and lay down, and was warm. Many days did Amabel rest there; and she thought much of Amoris, whom she remembered so well, and would not believe that he had forgotten her. And her goats strayed this way and that till they were all lost, because she could not go after them; so she was all alone.

But when three months were gone by, one night she lay awake within the tree; and the full moon shone high in the heavens, and in the moonlight there came a shepherd driving a flock of sheep. The shepherd was a fair youth, carrying a crook of green willow; all the leaves on it were fresh; and wherever he went his flock followed him.

He came to the tree where Amabel lay hidden, and he spake to her through the tree, with a sweet voice: "Will you come and be one of my flock?"

Amabel, when she heard him speak so, looked out but a little way, and said she, "I may not be of any flock, save if I have Amoris, my friend, with me, whom I remember so well."

"Certes," said the shepherd; "then wait only one night more, and you shall have him! Then go where you will, and you shall find me." And so saying, he departed, and Amabel was more happy than she knew.



WHEN she heard the shepherd say
Amoris should pass that way,
Then was Amabel for glee
Like a linnet in the tree;
There sang she the whole day long,
Captive heart released in song:
"Amoris, from that high tower,
Hear you not a bird in bower?
One that sings the whole day through
Waiteth here for love of you.
Though you had forgot me long,
Surely when you heard my song,
If your heart were cold and proud
Love would settle there like cloud,
Till forgetfulness grew vain,
And old joy came back again
Like summer rain."



AMORIS was in ward for three months or more, and never did his seizure leave him. All day long in his cell he tumbled and danced, and sang merrily of the goat-girl Duchess whom God willed that he should wed; and every day he longed greatly to know what had become of Amabel, his dear delight, whom he had left under the tree to wait for his return.

And every day of his father's servitors one or two men were set to watch over him and to guard him; by no way could he escape, even had he been master of his own goings. But never did he lose heart, or ask anything save to know of the welfare of Amabel, his most sweet friend and dear delight.

Now it happened one night that when his guard was changed there came two youths to the post; and one stood without at the door, and the other lay down within at the foot of the bed whereon Amoris lay. And presently this one slept fast; but Amoris lay awake; and all within it seemed to him the castle was full of

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music and dancing and soft voices that sang; he knew not whence could come so much happiness, nor the makers of it.

Then he saw in the moonlight which came by the window that the door stood open, and in the doorway a fair youth that reached out a crook of green willow with all its leaves still fresh on it; and therewith he drew Amoris out of bed and set him upon his feet.

And when he had looked upon the fair youth, then from head to foot was Amoris fain to follow him. So they went out, and down the stairs, and into the court-yard, and to the gates, where lay the sentry all sleeping. And with his crook of green willow the youth drew open the gates, though they were all locked and barred, and led Amoris through, and so out of the town, and abroad into the fields, where for so long he had wished to be.

Now so soon as he was out of the city the youth left him, and Amoris found his feet free, and went his own way fast to the tree whereby he had last seen Amabel, his dear delight, sitting. But Amabel lay within the hollow of the tree asleep, and did not hear him coming, nor did he see her.

Then Amoris was full sorrowful when he found not Amabel, nor trace of her; but because of his promise which he had made to his feet, should they ever carry him to that spot, there began he to dance and to tumble as never before, and to sing aloud the most merry and plaintive ditty he could make. So presently Amabel awoke and looked out, and there was her dear friend whom she remembered so well, dancing and singing under the tree where she lay. And Amabel reached out her head and her two hands from the hollow of the tree, and caught him by the neck and kissed him.

"Oh, wondrous nest!" cried Amoris; "and what a bird!" And, heart and lips, they were so glad they could say no more; nor ever beneath any tree, since Adam and Eve brought sin into the world, were lovers so happy as these.

But when they had made an end of embracing, Amabel said to Amoris: "Now it is meet that we go and search out that shepherd through whom all our joy is come to us, that we may become of his flock, as I promised him. Have no care what way we go, for without doubt we shall find him."

So they wandered on, they knew not how, and came at dawn to the borders of a great forest, which covered a whole country—the Woods of Love was its name. Many had gone there and had not returned, so through all that country-side the place wore an ill name. Nevertheless, there went Amabel and Amoris to search after the fair shepherd youth that bore the crook of green willow.

And as they went through the wood they came upon a youth bound to a tree; and his bare body was stuck all about with arrows, and around him lay others that had

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fallen short or gone aside; and at every one of his wounds he bled.

Then was Amabel full of sorrow at so grievous a sight; and she ran to draw out the arrows and bind up the wounds, which were many. But, "Alas!" cried the youth, "do not that! I would rather lose my life than be healed of one of these wounds. But of your gentleness and pity, take up one of those fallen arrows and thrust it into me wherever you will, so will you make me glad!"

"That," said Amabel, "I will not do; but if I may succor you, I will with all gladness."

"Nay," answered the youth, "you can do nothing for me, since you will not do what I ask. But your cruelty I will remember always; for now the pain of that arrow which you will not thrust into me is greater than the pain of all the rest that I bear already!"

So they took leave of him and went on their way. And said Amoris, "That is a good lover after a very foolish sort. God mend him of his folly!"

Soon they came upon another youth that sat by a small stream, and stooped over and looked at his face in the water as it ran by. And his face was fair, but hungry and wan for lack of food or sleep. Amoris spoke to him and said:

"Fair sir, what fish are you after in these waters? Meseems that while you wait for your fish you are starving."

"Sir," answered the youth, "speak not to me! I am happy enough with what I see: if I waited to eat or drink, I should lose that fair image my heart melts over. Even now I trouble it with talking."

Then said Amoris: "Poor fool, if we leave him thus he will die. I will devise a remedy for him."

So he went on higher, till he came to a bend in the stream where the banks were narrow and deep. Then he took moss and earth and stones, and made a dam over the stream and cut off its water, so that below it presently ran dry. After a while Amoris went back to see how the youth fared; and there he lay dead, with his face in the mud of the stream's bed where it had run dry and stolen from him the image upon which he so doted. "Poor fool!" said Amoris; "mud was in thy brain, and to mud thou art come at last!"



With his wings folded and his bow lying at rest



A merry rogue of her own choosing





And his bare body was stuck all about with arrows



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After that they went on and passed other strange sights, seeing the many things that may happen to the victims of love if their love take the way of folly. So came they at last to a green meadow: and therein sat Father Love, a fair youth, with his wings folded and his bow lying at rest beside his quiver; and in his hand was a shepherd's crook made of green willow with the leaves fresh on it. And all round him were his flocks—a gay company—fair youths and maidens, old men and gray, and those that were in their prime; women of all ages also; no sort was missing there; and so many were they all, the eye could not count them.

And when Amabel and Amoris drew nigh, then came Father Love and kissed them both, and made them sit down among that fellowship. Then said Father Love to Amoris:

"Thou hast danced enough. Knowest thou who brought thee here?"

"I know not," said Amoris, "except it be Amabel, my dear delight; with her only have I come."

"Do you not remember," said Love, "the beggar on two wooden legs who sat in the church porch?"

"I remember him," said Amoris.

"Certes," said Love, "it seems that thou rememberest him very ill, and knowest but little what he did to thee! But he is a changeable fellow, and differently he looks to different men and on different days. Hadst thou but looked over thy shoulder when thou wast at thy dipping, then wouldst thou have seen him shepherding thee, and his crutch had been like this crook of green willow."

Then said Amoris, "If that be so, Father Love, bid me dance to thee, and to all this fellowship. I will do my best!"

"Nay," said Love; "but thou shalt come and dance before the lady Alis only; and thou, Amabel, the sweet friend of him, shalt come too!"

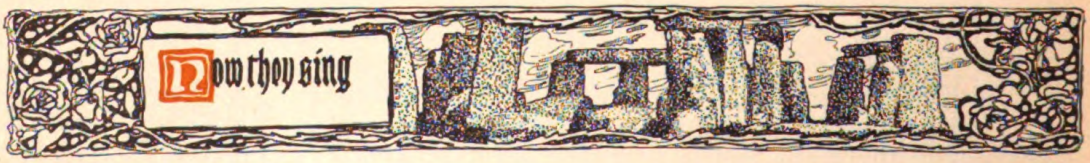
And Amoris looked at Alis and laughed, for she was so fair it was a pleasure to see. She had gray eyes, and her lips were like a young rose, and her hair was long and full of ripples as a brook over a bed of pebbles, and her face was like a peach fresh picked.

Then said Love to Amoris, "What see you here?" And Amoris answered, "I see a fair maid that it were good for any man but me to wed; that is all."

Then said Love, "Could you tell this face from Amabel's?"

"Certes," said Amoris. "Saving that they are both fair, I see no likeness in them at all."

"That is well," said the other, "for thou seest with the true eyes of love. Yet know this, that no other man in all the world, save only yon merry rogue whom Lady Alis has chosen, could tell them apart. Therefore goes Amabel to the Count's castle to be the lady Alis, till you shall choose to come for her. And the lady Alis goes, if she will, to be a goat-girl till this minstrel have a song fit to be sung at her bridal. Now shall the minstrel play to us, and Amoris dance; and Alis and Amabel kiss, since they are now friends and sisters."



IF for lovers' tales ye were,
Now is ended all your care.
Amoris goes forth to win
Amabel of noble kin;
Alis in the wild-wood stays;
With the minstrel ends her days.
Father Love hath brought to book
All things by his shepherd's crook;
Light his yoke of willow green.
In his pastures peace is seen,
In his brooks are hearts refreshed,
In his woods bright birds are meshed,
In his fields glad herds are flocked,
At his laughter fools stand mocked.
In his keeping holds he well
Amoris and Amabel,
Who, from the beginning friends,
Now are brought to lovers' ends,
Whence the tale may backward run:
Lovers' ends mean life begun.
So for all that this tale tells
Let your ears be honey-cells.
But go hence, you loveless crew,
What with Love have ye to do?
Till his arrow runs you through,
I'll know not you!

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Sir Arthur Sullivan's Diary

BY ARTHUR LAWRENCE

I HAVE had placed in my hands, by the executors, twenty of Sir Arthur's diaries, containing a full record of the events of his life from 1880 downwards. A critic says: "If they contain anything like a 'full record,' they promise to be lively reading. I, however, venture to doubt those diaries. A man who keeps a diary of the events of his life is a fool for his pains, and Sir Arthur certainly was no fool. Although, when he had to complete a composition, Sir Arthur worked like a nigger—day and night, if necessary—Sir Arthur, as a rule, was by no means an energetic man. . . . If Sir Arthur, in short, had ever attempted to keep a diary, I am convinced that most of its leaves would have been blank."

It is not for me to interpret the phrase "lively reading." If it is intended as a reflection upon the life or character of Sullivan, it is a reflection which is so absurd, and so discreditable to its author, that one must be content to say that the innuendo is without the slightest justification. The quotation which I have given, however, serves my purpose as enabling me to promptly introduce the public (including perhaps the critic in question) to the facts, which are, briefly, that as Sullivan was a man of exceptional energy, the diaries resemble his life in being singularly destitute of "blank" pages.

The marvel, indeed, is that he found time to do so much. The word "thorough" may be said to describe everything that he did. Opinions will vary as to his merit as a composer. It is yet early to allocate his niche in the temple of music, and, as a rule, the stock of contemporary criticism, whether it be at the extremes, or somewhere between the extremes, of enthusiasm or deprecation, is, with slender exception, utterly valueless. Even the best of biographers, Boswell, attached an importance to the literary output of Johnson which is not conceded to-day, whilst others, and, not least, musicians, have been decried by their contemporaries in terms which would sound oddly in the ears of a posterity which has learned to more justly appreciate them. That Sullivan worked hard is hardly open to question. He was unsurpassed amongst his compatriots as a conductor, and was also what is not necessarily associated with the aptitude for composition — he was a first-rate executant. Yet he found time to acquire a fairly close acquaintance with two or three languages, and his business affairs were conducted with an orderliness and a punctuality often alien to the artistic temperament. With all this, however, he never seemed to be lacking in the readiest response to all who had any claim on his friendship, his help, or his charity. Last of all, and perhaps least important, his social activities would have provided sufficient scope for an average plenipotentiary.

Thackeray has declared that the supremest joy and the utmost conception of human ambition has been reached when the mere commoner walks down the street with a duke on each side of him. This precise condition of things may have applied to Sullivan on many occasions, and, *pace* a censorious world, I am not sure that he was any the worse for it. The notion that there was any accompanying harm in what, snobs and anti-snobs notwithstanding, I will venture to call social attainment would never have occurred to me, had it not been that the late Sims Reeves, for one, was especially concerned with the suggestion that Society (with the capital S) had spoiled Sullivan. Since the death of the composer, critics have questioned whether Sullivan would not have done more, and more especially in the direction of what is fallaciously known as serious music, if he had led with sufficient severity the life of a recluse. This psychological

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

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problem need not be discussed here. If such a discussion were held, my own contribution to it would probably amount to no more than a suggestion that Sullivan no doubt found in society his best recreation, nor is there any reason to suppose that there would have been any difference in the quality or quantity of his output if this recreation had been subtracted.

Whenever Sullivan entertained at the bachelor residence in Victoria Street, Westminster, which he occupied from January 1, 1882, to the day of his death, he kept a record of the names of his guests. They include the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne (now Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and the Duke of Argyll), and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were amongst his more intimate friends. His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, was a frequent visitor, and more than once accepted an invitation to Sir Arthur's birthday celebrations, and the names of those with whom he interchanged hospitalities would, if recorded here, merely suggest a page from Debrett.

The social success of Sullivan was, for a professional man, wellnigh unique. This aspect of his life was due to the circumstances attending the early Victorian era, to the fact that the late Duke of Edinburgh was keenly interested in musical matters, and, not least, to his own temperament. He was peculiarly what, for want of a better phrase, one may term a "safe" man. Equable, without any of the diffidence or aggressiveness which usually marks the man who is uncertain of his position, he had the greatest respect for the conventions, and was without the prejudices and without the enthusiasms—apart from his profession—which are apt to break up the small-talk of society, as by the eruption of a volcano. Level-headedness and common-sense were the accompaniments of his genius, and if ever the observer could have predicted of any man that he would follow a level and straight course, the prediction could never have been applied with a better certainty of fulfilment.

It happened that Sullivan at one time saw a good deal of the present German Emperor, then Prince Wilhelm. The occasion was that of a cruise with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Reserve Squadron in 1881. It was a journey which, as I discovered in the course of our conversations, Sullivan looked back upon with very great pleasure, and it may be of interest to summarize here the account of it in his diary.

Wednesday, June 22.—Arrived Cologne 11.15, and at Hamburg, hot and dirty, at 9.15. The whole country, especially from Munster to Bremen, is flat, dusty, and very ugly—wretched soil. At Hamburg we went to the Hôtel de l'Europe—lovely rooms, overlooking the Alster.

June 23.—Surprised and delighted with Hamburg. It is one of the handsomest and pleasantest cities in Europe. The Alster Basin is surrounded with beautiful villas with gardens, and the view from our hotel was charming. Arrived at Kiel 12.25. An omnibus took us to the boat.

June 24.—At Copenhagen 10.40. Drove to Hôtel d'Angleterre. Found L'Estrange waiting to tell us H.R.H. would be at the hotel at 12.30. Lunched with H.R.H., also L'Estrange and two brothers, Admiral Lyons, Captains Cator, Heneage, Poland, Iago, and other officers. . . . Drove out to L'Erêmitage (a hunting-box in a large park an hour and a half from town) to dine with the King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince and Princess, Prince John of Glücksburg, Sir Charles Wyke, and a large party of ministers, officers, etc., about forty. The King proposed Queen Victoria's health and the Duke of Edinburgh's in English. The Duke responded. The band played "God save the Queen," repeating each part, which caused some uncertainty about our sitting down.

After dinner I presented the letter and parcel given me by the Princess of Wales to the Queen. I had a long talk with her and helped her to open the parcel, which contained photographs. Her Majesty was most gracious and kind—a woman of captivating manners, but full of real dignity. She said to me, "The Princess says you have something to explain." I replied, "No, madam; H. R. H. gave me no message." "I mean you have something to tell me." Again I answered, "No, madam, nothing." The Queen replied, "She says in her letter, 'He will tell you about the little monkey.'" "I assure your Majesty I am quite ignorant on the subject of any monkey." The Queen, with a bright laugh, replied, "She means herself!" Then we both laughed heartily.

The King, Crown-Prince, and Prince John

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all talked to me a great deal, and said they admired my songs, which they heard so often in England. We all left at 8.15, and drove to the Tivoli Gardens—the best I have ever seen, very large, very pretty, excellent orchestra, fat woman and other attractions—a tremendous crowd, but all respectable and orderly. Then home to the hotel, having spent a most interesting and enjoyable day.

Saturday, June 25.—Went on board the *Lively* to lunch with H.R.H. L'Estrange a capital host. Left the *Lively* at 4 to go on board the *Hercules*. Had one of the Admiral's spare cabins. Weighed anchor and got away at 5.30. Dinner at 7. H.R.H. and Clay* played violin duets after dinner. Elémentaires et méthodiques. The Admiral's guests are Sir W. Hewitt, V.C., Clay, and myself.

Sunday, June 26.—Church service. . . . Crew sang responses, hymns, and chants lustily. I played the whole service on the harmonium. . . .

June 28.—Gunnery practice on board, a barrel with a flag on it was the target. Big guns on port side fired—never hit—a tremendous row.

June 29.—Admiral went to inspect the *Defence*. Afternoon passed in evolutions. Columns exchanging positions (at 6 knots). Very pretty manœuvre.

June 30.—Rehearsal in the morning for the entertainment (to be held in the evening), . . . and again after lunch—three bluejackets came to rehearse their songs—difficult to catch the tune, but once caught, made a note of. Entertainment at 7.30 on the mess-deck. Very successful. Audience enthusiastic. To finish with, Fred and I played selection from *H. M. S. Pinafore*, concluding with the "Englishman," which I sang, and, to my astonishment, all the crew joined in the chorus. Very well, too. Encored with rapture.

July 2.—Anchored off Cronstadt at 2 P.M. Several officials came on board to salute the Duke. Guns firing, boats flying about, everything in life and motion. H. R. H. went ashore on to Peterhof to dine with the Emperor.

July 4.—Grand dinner at the Palace in the evening. Court officials, captains of the English fleet, and ourselves. Went in court dress. I was presented to the Emperor, who said, "Nous nous sommes souvent rencontres en Angleterre"; also to the Empress, who said her mother (Queen of Denmark) had written to tell her I was going to give her some of my songs!

July 9.—Farewell to Peterhof, and left at 10. Went on board the *Lively*, which took us out to the *Hercules* at 12. Lunch at 1. Then dressed in court dress to await the Emperor and Empress, who came with a large suite at 2.30. A very fine day, but it rained when the Imperial party came on board, which rather spoilt the effect. Otherwise it was a magnificent sight. Each ship fired twenty-one guns as the Imperial yacht steamed up. The yards were all manned, and every ship covered with flags. The Emperor and Empress came on board in a boat from their yacht, and were taken round the ship by H. R. H., accompanied by a lot of officers, the staff, ladies, etc. . . . The Imperial party left about 4, and we all accompanied them to the gangway. The Emperor kissed the Duke on leaving, the crews gave them three cheers, and they returned to their yacht, the *Czarevna*, which steamed out to sea. The fleet then weighed anchor, followed the yacht in two lines, whilst another salute was fired from all the ships as a farewell. It was a splendid and most interesting sight.

July 11.—Fog came round us—anxious time—guns firing, fog-horns blowing, etc., all night.

July 13.—Rehearsed during the day for the "Penny Reading," which took place in the evening. I sang Clay's new song, "The Ironclads of England"—great success. I sang also the "Captain's Song," and the "Englishman," from *Pinafore*.

July 16.—Sir W. Hewitt and Clay left for England at 6.30 A.M. After lunch I went on shore and strolled about the town (Kiel), which is very old-fashioned, rather dirty, and not particularly interesting. (After garden party) returned at 10.30 with the Duke, who drove me to the pier with Prince William (present German Emperor) and Prince Henry. When I got into the carriage Prince William bowed to me and sang, "He polished up the handle of the big front door." I burst out laughing, and so did every one. It was too funny.

July 17.—Breakfasted with Prince William and Prince Henry at 9. Both the young princes are very nice and agreeable, simple and unaffected. We told each other good stories, and had a very cheery evening—no Prussian stiffness.

At the end of 1881 and the beginning of 1882 Sullivan was staying at Cairo in the company of Mr. Edward Dicey, the well-known littérateur and an old friend of his. Sir Arthur Sullivan usually spent part of the winter abroad, and, apart from his other experiences, the

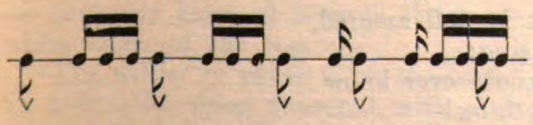
* Frederic Clay, the composer.

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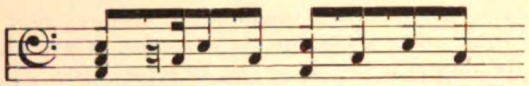
following extracts will be found particularly interesting, as giving us a picture of the celebrated composer being initiated into the mysteries of Arab music. In regard to his failure with one of the instruments, the incident is emphasized by the fact that in his boyhood Sullivan had learned to play all the instruments in his father's band.

January 14.—To Tigrane Bey's house (Nubar Pasha) with Osman Pasha, Edward Dicey, etc., to hear the Arab music. Six musicians were in waiting for us, and Osman said they were the best in Cairo, that there were none so good anywhere. . . . One only—the chief singer—was in Arab dress. They all sat cross-legged on a divan. Four played and two sang. Occasionally they all joined in the chorus. The instruments were the "Out," a kind of large mandolin, six bichord strings, tuned and played with a quill; the "Kanoun," a kind of trichord zither, with a scale of three octaves, quills on both hands; and the "Nei," or "Ni," a perpendicular flute, from which I could not elicit *one single sound*. I can't understand how it is blown, although I watched and tried frequently. There was also a tambourine, which was only tapped very gently, to help the rhythm. The music is impossible to describe and impossible to note down. The different kinds of pieces they played and sang were called "Pescher-eff," "Sabbach," "D'Osman Bey," and "Tacsim." The chief, who played the "Out" (pronounced "Oot"), was a very fine player, with really remarkable execution. The "Kanounist" was scarcely inferior. We had three hours and a half of it—refreshments and smoking all the time. I came away dead beat, having listened with all my ears and all my intelligence.

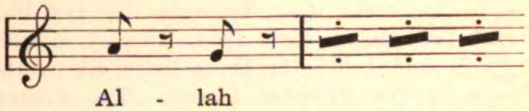
January 31.—Drove out to the Abbasiyeh to see the grand procession of different sects defile before the Khedive, who arrived with his escort at 12 noon. We stood in the next tent to his, and saw the whole thing. I couldn't say how many there were, but some thousand, carrying banners, playing instruments, and chanting; some stopped before the Khedive and shouted, others only passed by. The principal drum rhythm was:



also a curious harmony of three drums:



one sect went by singing furiously:



February 20.—Tigrane Bey's for another soirée of Arab music—same performance as before—again failed to elicit a single sound from the "Nei."

The notion that he was not energetic is one which he seemed to have harbored himself, but it will be admitted that the so-called "idlers" are frequently the busiest of men. For example, to hark back to '81, in the only "summary," written by himself, of any one of his diaries, he writes:

The year 1881 opens when I am still at Nice with Edward Hall. Having brought with me some numbers of the new opera *(Patience)* Gilbert and I intend doing, I occasionally try to find a few ideas amongst them. I sketched Bunthorne's song, "The particularly good young man." But my natural indolence, aided by the sunshine, prevents my doing any real work. I enjoy myself in the "dolce far niente." Occasionally go over to Monte Carlo, where I frequently see (Laura) Countess of Wilton, who lives in Sir Fred Johnstone's villa, Le Nid.

One or two further detached sentences may serve to give a more definite indication as to the nature of his social activities than any summary, although it would be more complete, of my own:

Was elected a member of the Marlborough Club, proposed by Duke of Edinburgh, seconded by Prince Christian. Supped sometimes at the Fielding Club, a sort of junior Beefsteak, in King Street, Covent Garden—it had a short life only. It was founded by a few discontented (and would-be) Beefsteakers after the row between . . . . . and . . . . . outside the Beefsteak Club—at that time in King William Street, over Toole's Theatre. . . . After dinner at the Marlborough one night had a very long and delightful talk with Andrew Cockerell and Fred Burnaby (latter especially is very accomplished, and with varied experience). . . . Took Princess Louise and Prince Leopold to see last performance of Children's *Pina-*

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fore at the Opéra Comique—a most extraordinary and beautiful performance. Gave all the children a box of sweets afterwards. . . . Went to a bazaar and fancy fair held at Bagshot Park (Duke of Connaught's) for some local charity. Towards the end the Duke of Albany held an auction of unsold goods, and I bid for three little oil paintings by the Princess Louise. The Prince of Wales bid against me, and ran me up to £19, at which sum they were knocked down to me. . . . I ran down to Cowes for a night to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Osborne Cottage, to discuss the question of knighthood. I firmly and strongly declined it—or, rather, would decline it if it were offered me. I don't want to be one of a batch, nor do I care for a knighthood at all.

From which it will be seen that, in this instance, Sir Arthur exercised the feminine privilege of changing his mind.

With the exception of the allusion to his wintering at Nice, the foregoing fragments cover a period of not more than a couple of months, and may therefore be taken as some slight indication of the time which he found himself able to give to the many clubs of which he was a member, to dinners, various other functions, and the like. The truth is that in regard to his social as well as his business engagements Sir Arthur was one of the most energetic of men. He never lost time by being unpunctual; and however pleasant the engagement might be, he departed with not less punctuality. With all his geniality he had a sharp and short way with bores, busybodies, and nuisances generally. He travelled much, and read widely. It must be remembered also that neither the sanctum nor musical instruments are necessary to the composer. He is as free for his work as the poet. When the hard manual labor of composition became necessary, and he wished to work on uninterruptedly, it was his habit to take a house for five or six weeks in the country.

It was at one of these recreative working-resorts that I first met him. In this instance he had purchased the house, the lawn of which ran down to the river, and, as first impressions are sometimes the deepest, my recollection is particularly keen of this, our first conversation, as, in the interval of his work, he entertained me with tea on the lawn, and recounted some of his experiences, more especially in regard to the visits he had paid to America. Although his life had been anything but free from sharp physical pain and bereavement, his was essentially a happy and sunshiny disposition. The day of his birth — November 13th — is "the old May day" of the calendar, and it is pleasant to think of him as I first saw him, dressed in cool gray flannels, enjoying the inevitable cigarette, talking animatedly of things musical, the while his dark bright hazel eyes followed the flight of birds or drank in the beauty of the Thames that bright afternoon.

Forethought

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I DID not keep the Rose he brought,
After its day;
Although it lived a longer time
Than other roses may.

I let it go, the way of all,
For this one fear:
Because it might persuade my heart
That he was growing dear.

But now my heart is well assured,
And I still sing;
And no one here could ever know
That I miss anything!

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Blandinah

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

I

THE house that twisted cornerways, its back to the steep street, and its heavy brows sullen to the changing sea, was the only one in all Hurcombe that held a flavor of mystery. Other houses were tragic, perhaps, because the sea, to which everything tended, had swallowed their sons. But Blandinah Tallwork's had heard a hoarser word than bereavement run round its walls.

It was the last in the village street: the winding street so roughly cobbled with great stones that the feet of strangers in thin town shoes were sore; the merry street with a gabbling brook, where women dipped for water and children played their fingers. Everything was clamorous and full of life—the busy life which the sea makes for itself, so that in a fishing village you are never touched by heavy inland quiet. And round and through and on everything was the taste of salt—for hardihood.

In the inner room of Blandinah's house things were making plain at last. The window was open, and summer ran in with fair June folly. But the room was dark by reason of a low ceiling and a heavily draped bed. It was close, too, so that the heaviness of it was like a tight fillet on the brow of the younger man. The other man was old—and he was dying.

Blandinah's son was tall and broad, with a tanned skin, a wild mop of white hair, and eyes that generally did little but banter: you would not find a bolder or a merrier fisherman on the Devon coast.

Blandinah's lodger, Jacob Sale, looked curiously battered beneath the snow-white linen of the bed.

"I'm willin' to swear it on the book," he said: his voice quavered with such terror of what was coming to him that the common words achieved dignity.

Between them—one searching, the other suggesting—they brought a book from an upper drawer of the oak press where Sunday clothes were folded. It was not the Bible; Blandinah kept that carefully in a large white handkerchief in the bottom drawer. But Jacob, not parting the covers, pressed his thin puckered lip on the leather with scared solemnity. Had they known it was merely the Nautical Almanac, the occasion was too momentous and their minds too simple for cynicism.

"I swear that George Burberry pushed your father overboard."

As Jacob began his long-delayed confession he weakly slid the book under his pillow—perhaps to give him moral strength.

"It was brought in accidental — although there was whispers. But George had shet my mouth an'—"

"He gave you a share in the smack?" Jacob met the accusing eyes of a son.

"Where was the use o' speaking? The mischief was done—and I—I thought of Blandinah."

He used the name by which her neighbors called her—with the pity of neighbors, pity and scorn, for misfortune. It was the name, too, by which he had known her as a girl—when she made sad use of her beauty.

"And tongues can't lick a dead man into life agen."

"It was murder?"

"Ay. That 'ud be the word."

"What reason had he?"

"It's generally always the same reason, seems to me," said Jacob, philosophic with seventy-odd years of celibate life. "A woman. George wanted your mother— She was his by rights. She was promised to him; the weddin'-day fixed. The night before, she give him the go-by for Joe Tallwork. They run off and was married at Sidmouth. When they come back to Hurcombe, the neighbors

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give 'em rough music. You should ha' seen her face"—he was not speaking to Blandinah's son now, but to his own memory.

"Go on."

"Well, to cut it short, George Burberry took things very quiet, too quiet. I wonder we didn't all mistrust him. It warn't nateral. But he bides his time, as patient. He waits until that dark night, with a strong tide running out to sea. We was on'y three men on the boat. Poor Joe was stoopin' down to look after some tackle, and he comes behind, gentle, did George, and heaves him overboard. I see it with these two eyes, s' help me."

"Where is he now?"

"George? He left the fishin' and went to sea. Larst I heard of him he was a captain. Captain Burberry, of the *Merry*—"

"Yes?"

"The *Merry*— I can't mind the name. My head ain't what it was. The *Merry*— No. It's clean gone, Joseph. But it don't matter. Larst I heard she was overdue; lost, very like, and George gone to have it out with your father. When I meets 'em"—his eyes winked angry terror behind puffs and wrinkles—"I ain't in it no more. It's always been on me, so to say, that I didn't speak up at the inquest. But where was the good? And I done my best for your mother. A good lodger I've been. And when I'm gone there's a bag o' money in my chest. You can do what you like with it. There's more'n enough to buy a boat."

He turned over in the bed, cautiously, with brittle old bones, a final turn of relief and fatigue.

Young Joseph Tallwork stood up, his fair wild head just clearing the ceiling. He put out a hand, with menace, at the figure in the bed; then, seeing the futility of action with a man so near death, he went out of the room and into the air.

The outside world was dazzling — a line of yellow beach, the blue bay, the sentinel cliffs, glaring in the sun. The sea rolled in idly. It was in its most playful mood, and had the great grace of all cruel things in nature. The crannied wall which bounded the garden had a line of crimson at its edge where red valerian branched over. At the house door was a braggart red-rose bush, and just behind the rose, Blandinah, with her washing-tub and her hard brush swishing up and down the fluted board.

She was elbow-deep in suds. They hung on her like sea-foam.

Her face was white as her crinkled hands. Her eyes were still lovely and capable of lighting—but never with the love of life. She belonged to the Particular Somethings—a sect whose only dissipation was sour tea meetings, whose only music was the frequent jangle of the mission-box. In this murky fashion the star of Blandinah's early coquetries had set.

"I'm going into the town," her son said, shortly.

She looked at him with doubt, but said nothing. When he was gone she went down to the gate and watched him walk towards the sea—the sea, so tigerishly playful this morning, but which she knew in many moods; the sea, with its winter sobbing and screech, its autumn fury—in many moods, but always dominant, and master alike of them all, in life and death.

Joseph Tallwork went along the cliffs, sullen, silent, for the first time. It was true, then. The word "murder," which had sounded in his ears as a child, wonderingly at first, and later with a big vague dread, had an intimate meaning for him. He was the son of a murdered man. He was a born avenger.

As he walked, disregarding greeting, never hearing the banter of girls, the one passionate hope in his heart and soul was that he might meet the third man face to face.

II

He bored for truth and never faltered. His enthusiasm survived the ordeal of waiting, of prosaic inquiry. He found out at last from the local shipping-office the name of the vessel—*The Merry Maid.* Captain Burberry was her captain still. So the sea had not cheated him!

At last he heard that she was due at Dover; that she would arrive in London.

By this, Jacob was long dead and buried. As Blandinah's son took the bag of money from the chest he thought sim-

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ply that Jacob's savings must help do the work that should have been done by Jacob's tongue. And he regretted that the old man had died—too soon, only a very little while too soon. He had missed the joyful occasion, for *The Merry Maid* was due at the London docks.

He went away from the village, kissing his mother almost boisterously, but telling her nothing; that should be a glad surprise when he came back. He would lift the shadow from her face, and light something beyond religious fervor in her eyes. He regarded himself sternly as an instrument of justice, and thought that when the captain of *The Merry Maid* no longer took his share of the world's breath, the world would be the purer. His mother, asking no question, thought he went for sin. The town ministered to his gay nature. The ardent life in him had always terrified her. It seemed to reflect her own, which had made havoc with men's honor. But *he knew* that he went for holy justice.

It was yet summer when he went, and a dance day—of color and happy movement. He went in the very early morning, — gay and clean; babbling with tongues and sails and the street stream and the wise sea, that mocked and held in its bosom so much of value.

He travelled to London, and wandered about like a child in an enchanted place. Sometimes he was so dazzled that he half forgot the sombre thing that had brought him; sometimes the gaudy strangeness of the city made his head so light that he fancied his mission was divine, and that he was one of the old Bible prophets whose lives were so familiar to him.

He was never tired of the miles of shipping, the spires of sails, the turbid water, and the flow, flow of life, more wonderful than the recurring tides. He even heard fantasy in the rattle and grind of piano-organs. All things were fairy-like.

He hung about the docks, asking questions of many seafaring men. At last one pointed out to him Captain George Burberry, of *The Merry Maid*. He quite assured himself—he was so just with justice, so sternly resolved to do the right thing. He would not hurt an innocent man. He asked many times, more than once, and of different persons, just as a timid woman asks her way, with helpless distrust. When there could no longer be any doubt, he picked his time, and drank at the same bar.

The little old public house, a resort of sailors near the quay, was homely with its lights, its red curtains, and the comely serving-girl, who threw a kind look at such a handsome fellow. But his face was grim; no look of woman could stir the wanton in him—at so supreme a moment.

The bar was homely, and yet there was wicked secrecy in the twinkling glass and metal, in the corners screened off by wood partitions that were oily and dark with the rubbing of shoulders.

But Blandinah's son had eyes or thought for little save the one man who drank in a businesslike way in that corner, snug behind the door: a man who drank steadily, his eyes at the bottom of his tipped glass. He presently followed him. When they were alone in the dark outer world, the red glow from the house diminished into one savage, watching eye, he touched him sullenly on the arm. He had a difficulty in finding words that were fit. The life of such men is act, not speech: one does not speak to the tossing sea, and the shining haul of fish. But within his clothes the inside heart of him was plunging madly—at opportunity made.

"Beg pardon, sir. Are you the captain of *The Merry Maid?*"

He preserved external deference—for a man who had a vessel of his own—and he jerked a thumb across the water, where, misty in its outline, *The Merry Maid* lay in the offing.

"Yes, my man. What do you want of me?"

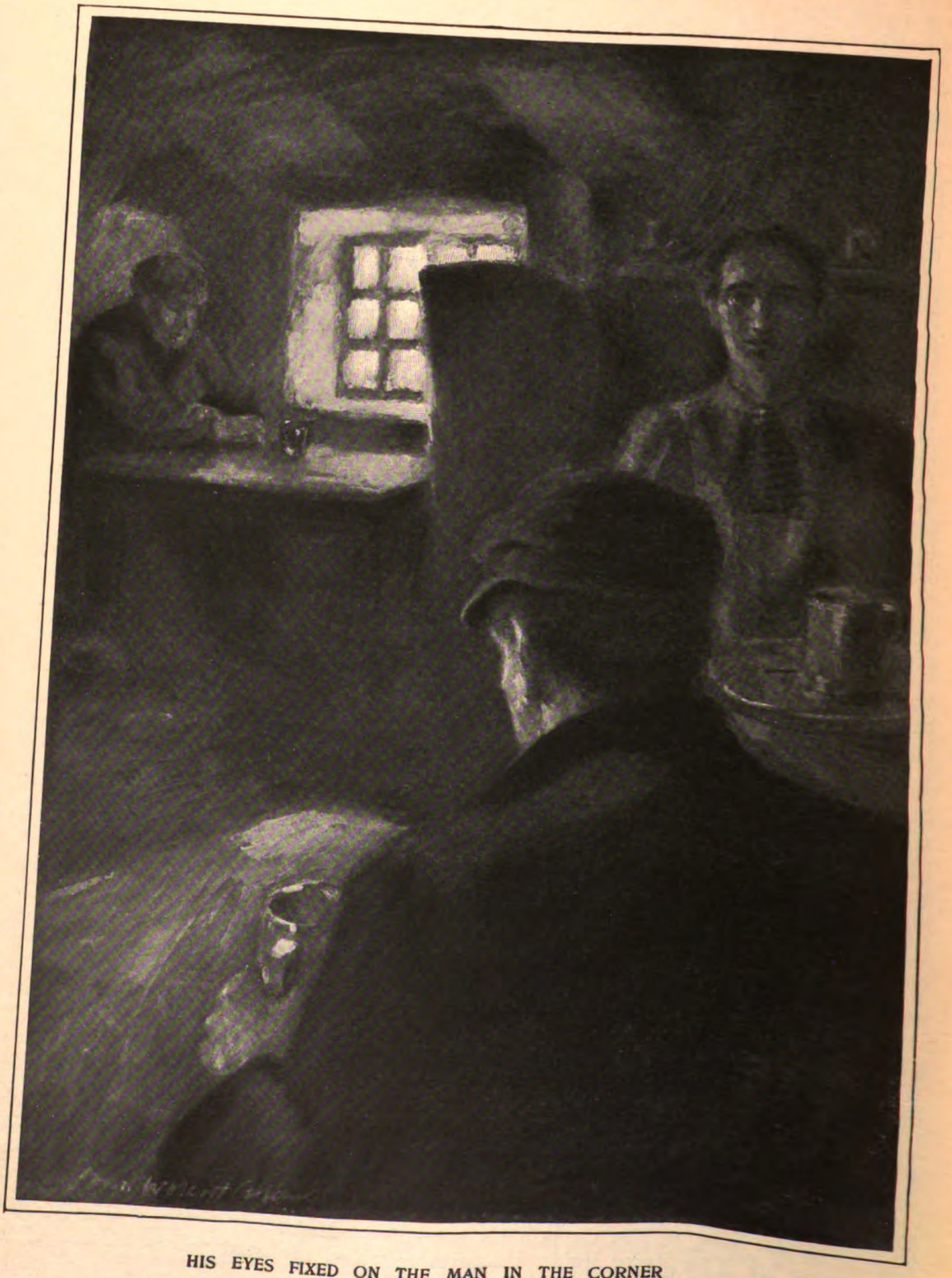
The captain was of decent middle age; a cheerful man, with nothing either cruel or deep in his face. With safety, with the cooling progress of years, he had almost forgotten.

"Beg pardon, sir. I'm coming to business. Captain George Burberry, of *The Merry Maid?*"

"Yes, my good fellow. Yes. Well? What?"

The captain moved back a pace, nearer the edge of the quay. He looked half

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HIS EYES FIXED ON THE MAN IN THE CORNER

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with annoyance and half with a slowly waking something else more thrilling, at this white-headed Viking with the intent blue eyes. Perhaps he saw another face behind them—a likeness. Perhaps he saw steady mad purpose. He was afraid, and his foot, none too steady with ardent drinking in the red bar, slipped back—and always fatally back, not forward.

"George Burberry, of Hurcombe, in Devonshire?"

He would be sure. He would not lose his head and waste his energy, and, worse, commit deadly sin—on the wrong man.

"And if I am! What's that to you? Get out of my way."

The trembling words were full admission even to one so cautious and so cool as the avenger.

"It's this." They were instantly in each other's arms, and they swayed in a slow, sure way towards the edge.

The captain knew now. And now ghosts seemed to rise and move across the water between him and the security of that ship of his, wraithlike itself in the offing.

"You heaved my father overboard. I'm Blandinah's son." He used the name by which his village called him, the pitiful sobriquet of neighbors who guessed at his history. "Own up. Did you do it? There isn't any mistake, is there? If you're not quick in speaking, by—"

The captain's head was back and his eyes starting. He feared death. The hands at his throat squeezed reluctant truth from it. "Yes, I did. What will you take? I suppose it's a matter of money. Let me loose, looser, for—"

"Not yet. We'll wipe off the score—in the water."

It was a high splash and a noisy that they made,—two men, equally desperate; but no one heard, in this hour of quiet, of comfortable drinkings.

III

It was night, late and dark, when Blandinah saw her son come back,—but he seemed to bring with him, glowing in his eyes, eternal sun.

She shut the door. Every house in the village slept. She surveyed him sternly, prepared to hear confession, if he chose. But he sat down by the low kitchen fire and stretched his feet, in the home-comer's way, without a word. At last he looked up.

"I've done it," he said, speaking with solemn joy and quite calmly.

"Done it?"

"Killed the captain of *The Merry Maid*—George Burberry, who drowned my father like a rat."

Blandinah neither shrieked nor moved. But her face grew more chalky, and unearthly tapers started life behind her eyes.

He looked at her, amazed, disappointed, angry. She was not glad.

"You knew?"

He felt sure she had always known. He had not thought it necessary to prepare her—for a glad shock. She knew—as women did divine things. He was certain—as one is of very solemn things, without proof — that she had always known that George Burberry had widowed her.

"I knew?"

"That he pushed my father over the side of the smack. Jacob Sale told me."

"I was always sure of it," she admitted at last, with a queer groan.

She lifted her hands and her blazing eyes, looking through the lamp-blackened ceiling—at God. By her light ways she had killed not only a man's body, but men's souls.

"I pushed him into the docks," her son went on, jubilantly. "It was a fair fight, but I won. I held him under."

She had slowly retreated from him, by short, weak steps, until she pressed, a wasted, flattened body, against the wall. "You held him under — where? The sea?"

"The docks, I tell you. But it was water, as it should be. Once he nearly had the best of it, but righteousness wins. You've always told me that. I managed to duck his head at last, and held it in my two hands until he felt heavy and quiet. That was the night before last. Is there anything to eat in the house? I'll turn in afterwards if the bed's ready."

He returned to practical life with an aggrieved air, dropping the heroic mantle which had covered him in London, casting off the magic of his pious mission, prepared to forget it, as he would forget those strings of light on the Thames shore, and the constant, fascinating pas-

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sage of strange faces. London was a marvellous place, but only business had taken him there.

He felt aggrieved. She did not seem to care—in the right way. That was a woman—taking all, giving nothing.

His words for food and sleep steadied her too. They both came back to the world of work, of constant care for daily needs. She buried her horror of him in her deep motherhood; fed him and made his bed, bestowing on him pitiful office. She watched him fall asleep, her eyes fixed on the wild flaxen head with resolute passion. When he was soundly off, she gently slid the hairy corner of the blanket from his lip. Nothing must disturb him.

Like a thief she slipped her shawl and bonnet from the peg and went out. She walked across the flat, fell-like top of the cliff towards the town. At first she went quickly, almost running, and stumbling sometimes over the gorse-bushes that made the top of the cliff so dark. But the farther she went from the village and the nearer she drew to the town, the more laggard were her steps. She constantly turned back; turned so many times, so frequently, that her backward steps rivalled her forward ones, and her walk became a slow, sideways dance—grim measure enough, in company with the face above those uncertain feet!

Once she dropped, half in the familiar attitude of prayer and half in a crouching posture of absolute despair. Her face, startling in its pallor and waste, lighted by two eyes so piercing that they might have burned the sky through, peaked up to the queenly, careless moon.

She was illumined, torn, by a vague idea of sacrifice—sacrifice for that early sin of light behavior. Three men had fallen victims to her cruel coquetry, and the last man was her own, only son. It was for her, the blackest sinner of them all, to atone. She would propitiate, gain Heaven's remission, by giving him up in this world. So would she buy him off. So would she bargain with God—the God she fearfully believed in; a fierce deity, born of corrupt human imaginings; anxious for vengeance; gloating over the tears of every creature He had made.

Once there came a sudden lull in her wild emotion—the sobbing catch of storm between each savage gust.

They had only differed, she and her son, in their reading of justice—that was all. She could not do it. She would go back. She asked herself soberly, had ever mother in the history of this worn world made such a sacrifice? Surely the God—of her dreadful fears—might be appeased without it.

This she fought out in her simple brain with the few words at her command. But she could see no way but the one stern way.

When she rose she looked over and out at the sea. It seemed to gibe—on every crest a laughing boy.

He was still sleeping when, two hours later, she stood, one of a dark group, at her own door, the open door. When he saw who the comers were he started up, making that wild, futile dash for life instinctive in trapped animals. Patched in the shining helmets and official buckles of the men come to arrest him was his mother's wild, fanatic face. He dashed forward, with a thought of the sea, eternal master of all their destinies and friend to some. But a human wall met him.

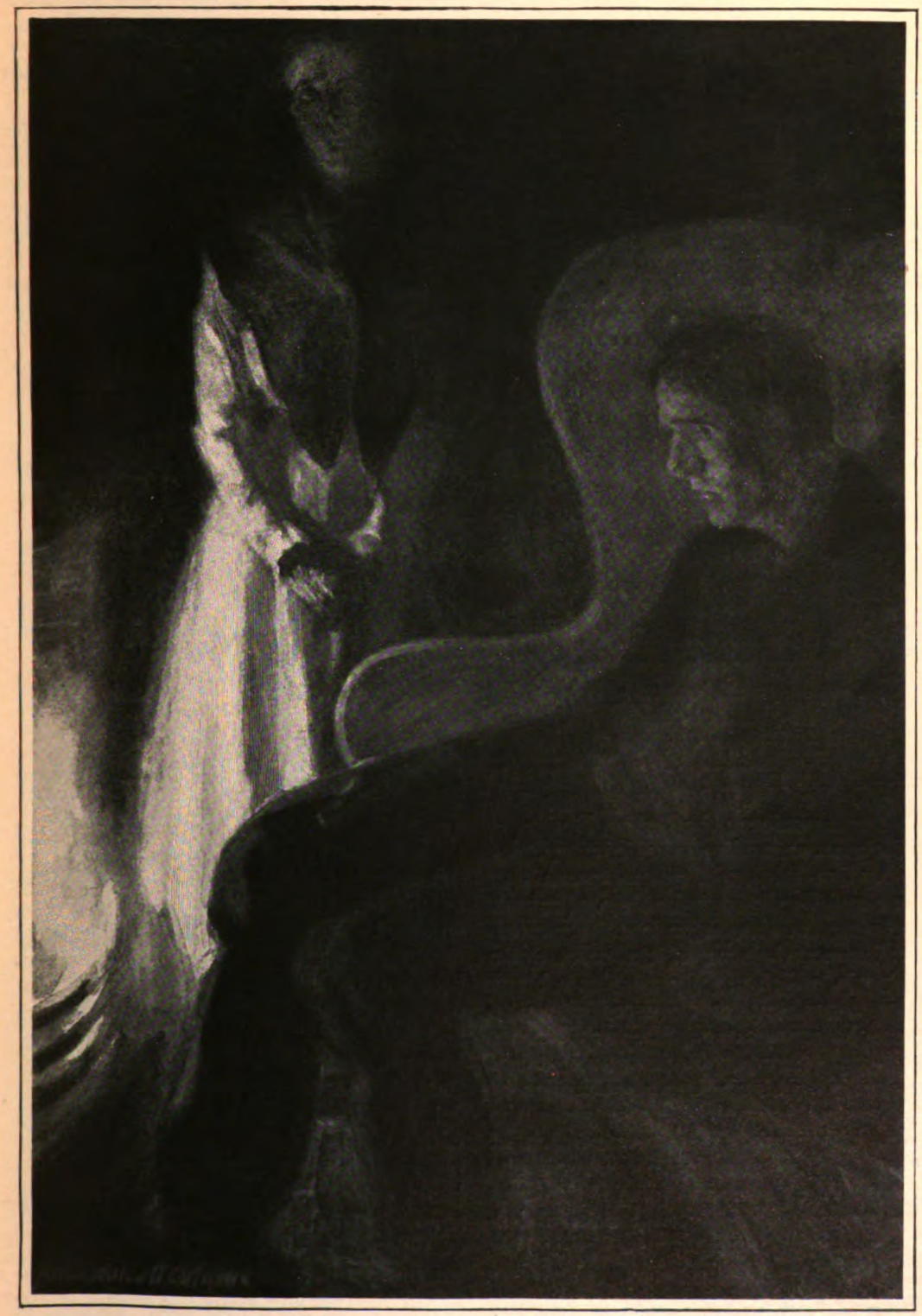
Blandinah bounded forward too, with the quickness of a girl. She had altered her mind—too late. The admission of failure, of grave mistake, set its dreadful stamp on her at last. She had taken a wrong reading—of the mocking sea, of the indifferent green sky with its sovereign moon. She should never have gone in to the town.

She had trodden the wrong road, after all.

Was there, then, no way out?

Had they all of them—three guilty men, and one more guilty woman—bartered the immortal souls within them?

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"I'VE DONE IT," HE SAID

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VENTIMIGLIA

Rapallo and the Italian Riviera

BY ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO

THOUGH appreciated for some years by English and German travellers, to Americans the Italian Riviera is still almost an undiscovered country. By the Italian Riviera I do not mean San Remo and Bordighera, for they, of course, are known and more or less frequented, but I mean the rest of the coast down to Spezia, which usually remains a blank to us Americans as we speed along on the night express from Nice to Florence or Rome. Even if the journey is taken by daylight we gain but a scant idea of its beauty, for in the finest parts the railroad is but a tiresome succession of tunnels—villages suddenly appearing like phantoms in the night; hurried glimpses of houses clustered round a pointed belfry, or ranged along a dazzling pebbly beach; shady hill-slopes and precipices plunging into the sea—only to be swallowed up in the darkness of a second tunnel. The little retreats along this lovely coast must be sought out, for again from the car window all the towns look quite alike, turning their unprepossessing backs toward the railroad track, and hiding their picturesque features for those who would know them better.

Yet it is a country quite as charming as the other and better known Riviera, endowed by nature with all the gifts that make the little stretch of territory between Cannes and Mentone the rendezvous of the leisure classes of Europe, and bring special *trains de luxe* from London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. There is the same beautiful Mediterranean — deep blue, crested with whitecaps or opalescent in the evening glow; there are the same bold headlands, grown with pines and cedars, the same rill-run valleys, with even quainter villages hidden within their depths; there are the same delightful walks under olive-trees and along the craggy cliffs.

The winter and spring climate is even milder than that of Nice, for the Apennines shut off the cold north winds, and leave the little towns at their bases

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basking in a flood of almost summer sunshine. There is a little more rain than on the Côte-d'Azur, but, to make amends for it, no *mistral* and no dust.

For those of us to whom the word Riviera is a synonym for luxurious hotels, swell gowns, and well-appointed carriages — what the French call "high life" — the Italian coast will have a lesser charm. But this absence of luxury and elegance is but an added attraction to those who are fond of the "quiet life." Nature is more untrammelled, less encroached upon at every step by pretentious villas and huge cosmopolitan hotels.

From Mentone but a short trip takes us to Bordighera, lying only two or three miles beyond the frontier, and it is well worth the nuisance of passing the custom-house at Ventimiglia to enjoy the view from the walls of the old town. The most beautiful portion of the French Riviera is spread out before us in a panorama of surpassing loveliness. Below, in the richly detailed foreground, lies the new town of Bordighera—a brilliant array of hotels and palm-gardens, telling bright against the deep blue sea—a blue so dense that it puts the sky itself to shame; then the wide curve of the shore as it sweeps past Ventimiglia to where Mentone lies white on the edge of the water at the foot of lofty mountains. Farther off Monte Carlo and Monaco blaze like jewels in the sunlight; in the extreme distance the Cap d'Antibes cuts a last dim line against the horizon where sea and sky merge together in a pearly haze. High above it all tower the snow peaks of the Maritime Alps, clean cut in the clear transparence of the Mediterranean air.



GARLIC AND ONIONS

The gardens of Bordighera are beautiful. Palm-trees flourish in the greatest profusion, but do not equal those of San Remo in individual beauty, and this for a peculiar reason. It seems that when the obelisk was being erected in front of St. Peter's at Rome, the Pope ordered that no one should speak during the ceremony, under penalty of death. In the impressive silence the creaking of the hoisting-tackle was distinctly audible, and it was seen that the tremendous weight was about to break the hawsers. Amid general dismay, one Bresca, a sea-captain, disobeying all orders, cried out, "Pour water on the ropes!" and a catastrophe was averted. Instead of being punished for his disobedience, he obtained as a reward that Bordighera, his native town, should supply the palm leaves at Easter to St. Peter's. For this reason, and to this day, the trees are bound up in sacking and twine that the leaves may blanch and grow straight and long.

San Remo is the best known of the resorts on the Italian Riviera. Its new

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town consists of a group of palatial hotels and villas set in superb gardens; a gay business street with most attractive shops; and a promenade by the sea, unhappily marred by the proximity of the railroad.

The old town, perched high upon a hill, is quite the crookedest old town that one would wish to see—its streets a bewildering labyrinth, twisting, turning, and doubling on themselves, and often so steep as to be laid out in steps. Dark little shops are poked into every corner. White screens over the doors, tipped to catch the light, somewhat lessen the gloom within, where carpenters, greengrocers, bakers, and tailors ply their trades. The door lintels are often of carved slate, fashioned into the queerest shapes of birds and beasts, or the emblazoned arms of former occupants. And high up on the hill-top, where a blade of grass never peeps from between the close-laid paving-stones, the "moo" of a cow comes strangely from behind a closed door. Grape-vines of extraordinary vigor emerge from cracks between the cobbles, and clinging for support to the roughly built walls, climb four or five stories without a leaf, finally to blossom forth on a graceful pergola on the roof. For here on the roof-tops are the only attempts at gardening that are to be seen, and here on sultry summer evenings the people come to inhale a breath of fresh air and enjoy a peep at their few potted geraniums and carnations, mingled with chicken-coops and dovecotes.



A CITY GATE, BORDIGHERA

From San Remo down to Genoa the picturesque coast can only be appreciated from the highway—an ideal road either for cycling or driving. From Albenga to Savona the gayly colored villages succeed each other in rapid succession, each with its note of individual charm—a graceful campanile, a quaint arcaded market-square, a group of stately cypresses clustered near a high church door, a villa with its gay approach of stairs and statued niches, a *campo santo* whose terraced granite crosses and white guardian angels turn their pale faces seaward!

And when the cliffs recede into more open plains, charming vistas meet the eye—valleys shut in by hill-sides thickly wooded with pungent pines and olive-trees; abrupt little knolls crowned by ancient fortresses, where fascinating villages straggle up under the protection of some moated castle or of a watch-tower built to guard against the Saracens; high arched bridges spanning rushing torrents, foaming over broad, stony beds, with, far in the distance, glimpses of the snowy crests of the lofty Apennines.

On this part of the coast there are but few places adapted for a long stay. A number of the pretty towns are frequented by the Italians in summer for the sea-bathing, but these spots are too exposed for the real Riviera season. Alassio and Pegli are the only two practicable for foreigners, the former being much favored by the English, who have built many villas hereabouts, and in winter throng the Grand Hotel. The beach, soft as a velvet carpet, nearly two miles in length, is one of the finest in Italy, even rivalling the famous sands at Viareggio and the Lido.

But, to my mind, the prettiest places

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on the Italian Riviera—or, for that matter, on both Rivieras—are beyond Genoa, on the Riviera di Levante.

Only seven miles out lies Nervi, one of the most protected spots on the whole coast; in fact, so warm, even in winter, as to be rather enervating. The vegetation is quite tropical—groves of oranges and delicate lemon-trees, loquats, camellias, and oleanders bloom everywhere in the open air. Owing to the limited site, however, there is a paucity of pleasant walks, and a greater drawback lies in the presence of many invalids, especially Germans. In winter hundreds of the Kaiser's subjects throng the sea promenade, a beautiful walk along the rocky coast, warmed to summer heat by the reflection of the sun upon the sea; and here, even in January and February, it is common to see ladies in light tulle gowns and men in tennis flannels walking under the shade of gauzy parasols.

From Nervi to the promontory of Porto Fino the highway follows for the most part the ancient Via Aurelia, a military road connecting Rome with her Spanish possessions. Beyond Sori the great cliffs of the Monte Fino outline themselves in their imposing beauty, sparsely dotted near the water's edge with fishermen's huts—tiny white specks against the dark slopes of the mountain.

At Recco the road ascends for three miles, until Ruta is reached, and looking back, we have a superb view of the whole Genoese Riviera, and of the Gulf of Genoa, dotted with steamers and sailing-craft making for and leaving the busy port.

After threading a tunnel we descend a bit, and the Gulf of Rapallo soon opens before us. This little bay, in the shape of a horseshoe, has Porto Fino at one end and Sestri a Levante at the other. The town of Rapallo lies in the innermost part of the curve, spreading itself a short distance back into the valleys, and straggling up the terraced hills that encircle it. A thirteenth-century castle, a miniature Château d'If, standing on a weather-beaten rock, of which it seems to form an integral part, guards the little harbor, and is connected with the mainland only by a narrow stone causeway. For centuries the sea has washed its rough-laid stones, and in heavy weather dashed in spray almost to the battlements, yet the old fortress stands to-day as strong as when, hundreds of years ago, it defied the Saracen and the proud fleets of Pisa.

The town is still a typical little Italian seaport, for the foreign invasion has as

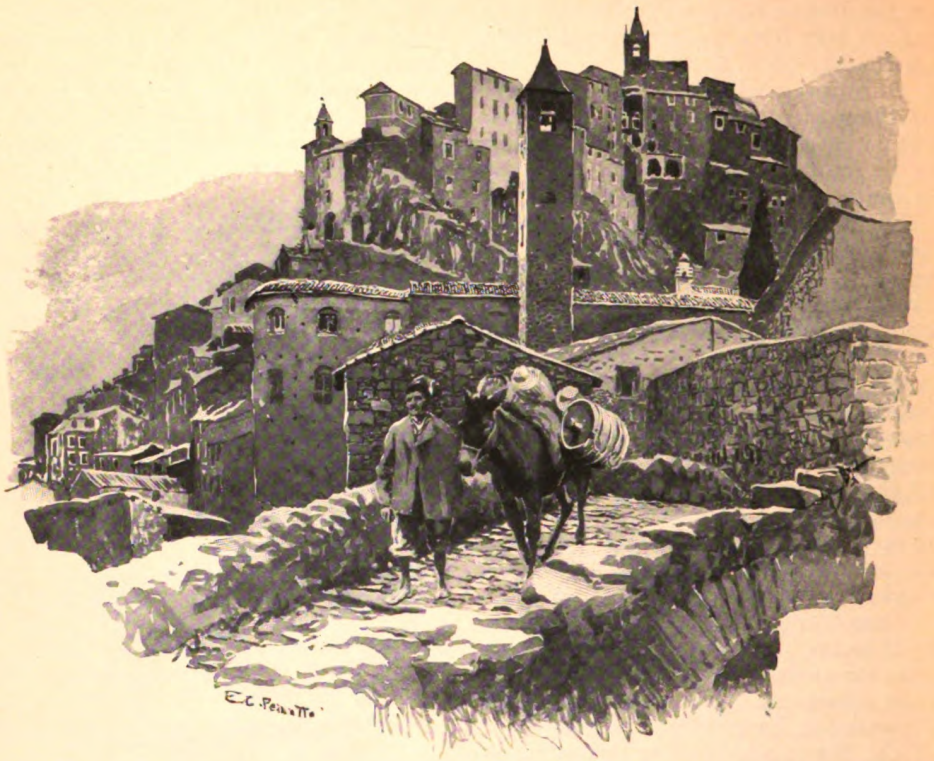


A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN OF SAN REMO

yet not even revolutionized its primitive shops, where seamen's *berrette,* gay kerchiefs, and bright calicoes monopolize the tiny show-windows. Twice a week the market-place is filled with a throng, bargaining and bartering with much talk and many a gesture. Down on the beach the fishermen mend their nets or stripe their gayly painted boats, while wives and daughters sit in the doorways making lace.

A little removed from the town an embryotic garden has been laid out, and around it has sprung up a group of new hotels, quiet and comfortable, one favored by the English, another by the Germans, and among the guests last winter were a number of interesting personages. The Duchess of Cleveland lent the aristocratic note of her thin, striking face, and black hair combed down over her

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A Mountain Town

ears; there was an English general, over sixty, who walked morning, noon, and night, rain or shine, accompanied by his two slim slips of girls, who seemed to have rid themselves of every ounce of superfluous flesh by use of their slender walking-sticks; there were German "Herr Professors," spectacled, bearded, pompous, and several artists and army officers of the same nation; while over at Santa Margherita, a mile or two away, an Austrian princess had taken the entire Grand Hotel, an ancient *palazzo,* and we used to see her every morning—not young, golden-haired, and beautiful, as in the fairy-tale, but round of feature and of generous figure — driving with her maid of honor in a "sailor" hat, in a high-swung, old-fashioned carriage, drawn by a pair of ambling, pudgy horses.

Besides the charms of Rapallo itself, the excursions to be made from it are quite unlimited. Nine pretty valleys can be followed up into the mountains—nine little valleys each with an objective feature at the end: a picturesque old mill; a fine double-arched Roman bridge; a deserted convent; a ruined Gothic church, ivy-clad, nestled in a hollow of the hills.

We met an English clergyman—an octogenarian—who had known Rapallo for thirty years, and had lived there fifteen, and he assured us that he had not yet explored all the beautiful walks and by-ways. We spent the winter there without having half exhausted its resources.

One of our favorite rambles led out through the village, past a way-side chapel with a baroque belfry and terra-cotta cupids, to where a narrow rock-paved footway diverges from the main road. This path leads up a secluded valley, most lovely after four o'clock, when the late winter sun throws long shadows down the narrow defile, and now and again sends a warm flood of sunshine to play upon the soft green grass and light with

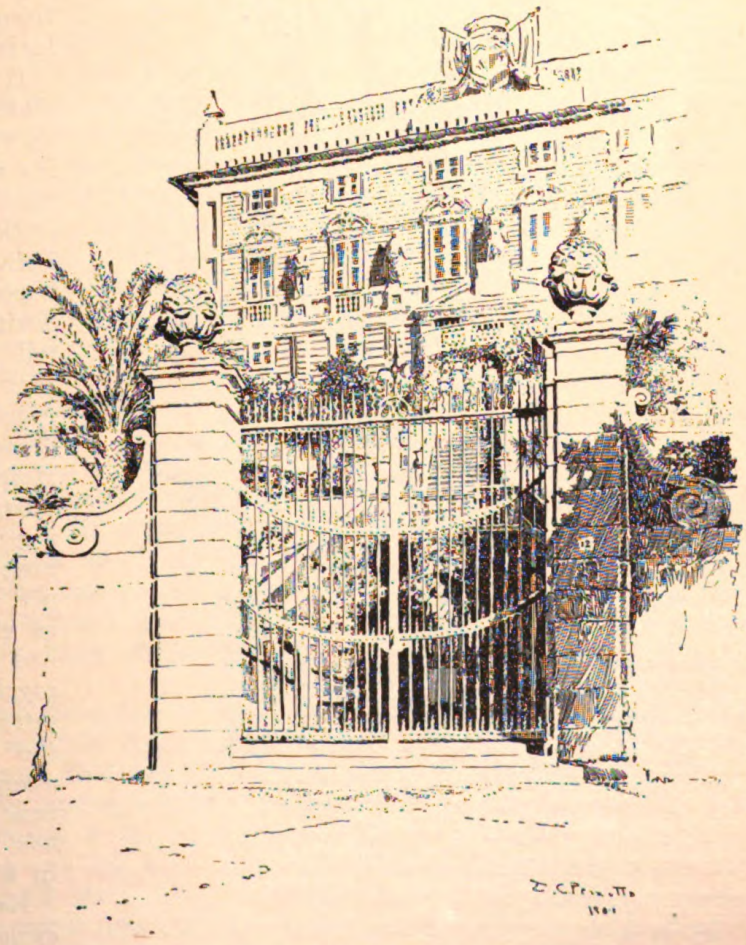
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streaks of gold the twisting olive branches. A rushing mountain stream speeds over rocky ledges as over time-worn marble steps, its foaming surface playing with the overhanging branches, or swinging in its haste around a moss-grown rock, then calming itself in a quiet pool, whose surface mirrors the long chaste stems and tapering fingers of the maidenhair. Deep and cool is ever the retreat of the maidenhair fern, found oftenest by the spray of a waterfall. And here one can lie upon the flat rocks and watch the lazy frogs sunning themselves in the still water beneath. A few peasant houses dot the hill-sides even far up toward their summits, and in the early spring-time—the spring does come so early in this favored land—the honest women will tell you where to find the first wood-violets and crocuses and jonquils.

Besides the byways there are the highways. There is the road to Chiavari, one of the most beautiful drives in Italy, along the edges of lofty precipices dropping sheer off into the sea. As Zoagli is approached, the clackety-clack of heavy hand-looms issues from the little cottages by the roadside, and we learn that here the finest silk velvet is made by the peasants. We stop at one of these modest homes, and opening the door, are cheerily greeted by a neat little woman, who bows us into a large room with whitewashed walls and red-tiled floor. Near the door stand a big four-post bedstead, two or three chairs, and farther off a bureau. The only ornaments are a row of tintypes over the mantel-piece—family portraits, mostly of awkward young soldiers in uniform.

The half of the room opposite the entrance is entirely occupied by a huge, roughly built loom, with its complicated maze of silken threads and bobbins and clumsy stone weights. We are shown how the shuttle is thrown backward and forward through the countless silken cords, how the woof is pushed into place by the heavy swinging bar, how the threads are cut over a brass wire with an odd-shaped knife, and then in a locked closet below the loom we see the fair folds of black silk velvet with red edging ready to be delivered to the *padrone*. And through the little square-paned window the sun streams in a golden flood, and out of it there is a view over the great shimmering expanse of the sea that any king might envy.

Another beautiful road, following the sea-shore, sometimes wet by the breakers' spray, and again winding between high garden walls, leads from Rapallo to San Michele di Pagana. Here in the old



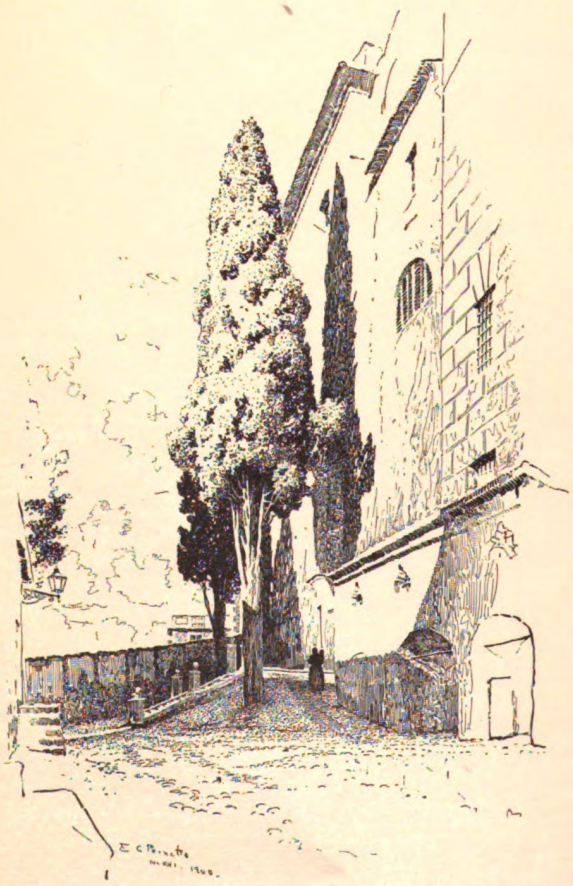
A VILLA WITH ITS GAY APPROACH OF STAIRS AND STATUED NICHES

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parish church, strangely enough, we found a "Crucifixion" by Van Dyck—a black and gloomy canvas much injured by time. It is hard to picture the gay and handsome figure of the Flemish courtier, the pet of half the kings of Europe, housed in this far-away Italian town; yet here in truth he stayed when Genoa's wealthy nobles, after inviting him to enjoy their hospitality and paint the wondrous portraits that still adorn their palaces, had driven him forth an exile. Here in little San Michele he found a refuge under the protection of the Oreros, and for them he painted the "Crucifixion," introducing one of the family at the foot of the cross.

And a little farther along the same road we meet another figure, who seems quite as alien to his surroundings as the great Dutch painter himself. On a bleak and lonely rock the Convent of Cervara imprisoned Francis the Magnificent—the splendid king who built Blois and Chambord — the mighty monarch, patron of Italian art, lover of gayety and sweet song. Here, after the battle under the walls of Pavia, in a lonesome convent room, a prisoner of Charles Quint, he waited to take ship for Spain.

Beyond Cervara the highway leads to Porto Fino, and ends there as if it were the end of the earth, for at an abrupt turning a scene almost reminiscent of Egypt—a few low houses, a tall palm-tree, and a strange church—completely blocks the road, whence a narrow little stair leads down and down between overhanging house walls to a considerable open space, giving on a small harbor and a bit of pebbly beach, where the fishing-smacks are drawn up. All about are brightly painted houses, and above them densely wooded hills of pudding-stone, hedging in this snug little haven, from which a single exit leads to the sea.



THE CHURCH DOOR, NERVI

High upon one of the bluffs stands the Villa Carnarvon, where, a year before his accession to the imperial throne of Germany, Frederick William, then Crown-Prince, spent a winter in hopes of bettering his failing health. And the fishermen tell you in hushed voices that here, as he stood on the porch of this same villa, the dreaded White Lady of Hohenzollern rose from the misty sea to warn him of his impending death; and dropping their voices to a whisper, they tell that even now, on still, calm nights, the figure of the well-remembered royal guest walks the high terrace, white and silent, in the moonlight. He made many friends among the rude folk, and Porto Fino has named one of her lanes in his memory.

Early one morning we cycled out from Rapallo to Porto Fino, and there bar-

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RAPALLO

gained with two sturdy fishermen to row us out to San Fruttuoso. We took some cold luncheon with us, and had been careful to choose a calm day when the sea was like a sheet of glass. A few strong strokes of the heavy oars and the stout boat shot round the end of the promontory that protects Porto Fino from the open sea. Though it was February, the sun was dancing on the water and the shade of a parasol was very acceptable.

Soon the long sea front of the Monte Fino lined into view—a stupendous enfilade of precipices, towering out of the water like the huge round buttresses of some titanic castle. Not a spare ledge on which to set foot, not a bit of soil lodged in a chink where a shrub or tree could cling, one column succeeding another with almost architectural precision, eternally defying the force of the sea.

For an hour we skirted these frowning cliffs, until suddenly, as if by magic, the rocky walls parted and disclosed a tiny bay surrounded by mountains, with, at its farthermost extremity, a bit of beach. There, straddling on its wide arches, whose pillars dipped their feet into the very sea itself, stands the old Benedictine monastery of San Fruttuoso, cutting marble-white against the rocky hill-side, its ghostly double mirrored in the still depths beneath. Across its plain façade the rich brown fishing-nets are spread to dry, and under its sheltering arches a few old boats are drawn up on the sand. A curious maze of passages and arches, rocky steps and steep inclines, leads from its bare old church to its dingy cloistered court, and in its very bowels to the tombs of the Doria, mouldering and dank. Since the twelfth century the mortal remains of Genoa's greatest house have been brought to this place for burial—brought by sea in impressive state, on galleons hung with black and silver—carried to their final resting-place on the element whence their laurels grew, and on which their greatness was founded. And here, damp and lonely, the ancient Gothic tombs, ribbed in marble, black and white, moulder in the depths of this deserted convent, watched over and cared for only by a slovenly attendant, who for a few soldi turns the rusty key in the squeaky lock that we may read the proud boasts on the half-obliterated inscriptions. Above, on an eminence, stands a solitary watch-tower, on whose battered front the great spread-eagle of the Doria can still be traced.

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Out in the sunshine, over the dancing sea, we ate our luncheon at a little *trattoria,* where bread and wine and sausage can be procured, and at about two, as the wind had sprung up, we started homeward. And it was well for us that we did so, for soon the breeze freshened, whitecaps flecked the sea, and our two big boatmen bent low on their oars, with many a quick glance over their shoulders toward the *punta,* where the fishing-smacks were hurrying shoreward, tacking close up to the wind.

Finally, hugging the cliffs, we arrived at the cape, where the sea was now boiling in little eddies. The four strong arms pulled with a will, but little progress did we make. Twice the ropes that bound the oars to the rough pins snapped short, and we lost the seaway we had gained. The wind was now a gale, and full against us, and the spray salted our lips at every breaker. For some time it looked as if we must be dashed upon the rocks, or at least must put back, but finally, and happily for us (for a night at San Fruttuoso was not a cheerful prospect), we rounded the point and swung into the little bay of Porto Fino. On landing at the hotel we found a blazing fire of pine cones quickly kindled in the open chimney, and madame busily mixing a grog for us as we dried our clothes before the spluttering flames. The little touch of danger had certainly added a charm to the whole excursion.



The Lost "Kirk"

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

CAP'EN DONALD McKAY dusted his Sunday hat with his sleeve, placed it carefully beneath his chair, and mopped his fiery face. The day was warm. Outside, the sun blazed down on field and forest, but a broad veranda kept the widow Murray's best parlor comparatively cool, and a timid breeze wafted an odor of honeysuckle through the flapping blinds. In the half-light the widow's turned rag carpet looked almost new; her cottage organ shone with an unearthly polish. A brilliant reflection of the cap'en danced on the well-blacked stove, the horse-hair furniture was spotless, while the portraits on the wall smirked through gleaming glass.

Stooping, the cap'en rubbed a finger along his chair—not a speck of dust! "She's a comfortable woman," he muttered. "A varra comfortable woman! I'm minded to do it." He stroked his jaw thoughtfully and pondered over the proposition. From the barn came the homely cackle of fowls, and along the veranda, from the back kitchen, travelled a pleasant tinkle of dropping cider. Sight, sound, and smell formed as pleasing a combination as ever delighted the senses of retired mariner, or helped him to a decision.

The cap'en sighed. His thoughts were on his four hundred and odd acres of maple land that lacked nothing but a mistress. To be sure, there was Bess! But she was getting to be a big lass, and the lads were already clapping sheep's-eyes on her. Suddenly he sat bolt-upright and gave his sleeves a determined hitch.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" he muttered, shaking his fist at the portrait of Alexander Murray, deceased. "But ye'll need

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"I'VE NO SAID 'YES,' SHE ANSWERED, ARCHLY

to go careful, Cap'en, my lad. Widders is skeery game."

"An' what's this ye're going to do, Cap'en?" The widow bustled in with jug and glass, the sleeves of her Sunday dress tucked above her plump and comely elbows. "But ye'll no tell," she went on, authoritatively, "till ye've had your cider."

The skipper watched her admiringly. "Canny, mon! Canny!" he inwardly admonished himself. "Easy all!" He drank the cider and smacked his lips. "Guid stuff!" he said, gallantly. "Your ain make?"

The widow nodded. "Now," she said, sitting down, "what's this ye're going to do?"

"Easy all!" thought the mariner. "Weel, ma'm," he said, setting down the glass, "I was just thinkin' as it was aboot time as you an' me got married."

"I do declare!" The widow threw up her hands and held her breath. The skipper watched the blush mantling on her face and neck, and wiped his red face.

"Ye did that real neat, lad!" he thought. "Keep till it! Ye've got her goin'!"

"I'm thinking, Cap'en," said the widow, looking up, "as the cider's gone till your head."

"Na, na!" the sailor replied, patting his comfortable stomach. "It's doon here. In my heart. Wad a quiet weddin' suit ye best, Jean?"

"I've no said 'yes,'" she answered, archly.

"But ye wull?"

"That depends! Ye see," she went on, plaiting and unplaiting her apron, "Soldier Donald McKay spiered me the last Sabbath to marry on him, an'—"

"That ramrod critter!" thundered the sailor. If there was a man in Zorra Township whom he did not love, that man was his cousin, the militiaman.

"A weel-set-up man!" replied the widow, with a toss of the head. "Though," she added, diplomatically, "there's others I think weel on. But how d'ye stan' in the matter o' the new kirk?" she asked, suddenly breaking off.

"The kirk," roared the sailor, in his session manner, "goes north o' the Twalth Side Line!"

"Weel," continued the widow, "this is the way it stan's. I've med my mind that I'll no trudge through snow an' water till meetin'. If the kirk builds north,

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I marry on you. If it gaes south, I marry the Soldier. So there! . . . But ye'll hae another glass cider, Cap'en?"

The skipper raised his glass. "We'll drink," he toasted, solemnly, "to the 'North Kirk.'"

On the way home he thought heavily of the widow's words, and of the complications involved by a change of state. Bess might not take kindly to a stepmother, and the widow had a spirit of her own. He looked at the matter in all its bearings and sighed. "Weel," he concluded, philosophically, "they'll hae to fight it oot. An' may the best man win!"

Then he considered the question of the new kirk. As the acknowledged head of the brethren from Brooksdale south, the cap'en's word carried great weight in the session, but the folk south of the Twelth were a "stickin" lot, and Soldier McKay was a hard man to move. The skipper sniffed battle afar.

"But afore I'd let that ramrod get her," he snorted, "I'd—" Just what he would have done is to this day shrouded in mystery, for at that moment Sandy Sutherland rose from the wayside grass and slapped him on the back.

"The widder's guid company, Cap'en," laughed Sandy. "I've been waitin' this lang hour."

"Speak wi' respect of your elders!" growled the skipper. Sandy was a gay bachelor of thirty-five.

"No offence, Cap'en! No offence," he humbly replied. "The widder's a varra respectable body. But I was wantin' to spier you for Bess—"

"What?" roared the mariner. Then like a flash he cognized that here was the solution of the family problem. And after that first terrible interrogation he listened quietly while Sandy spun his tale of love.

"How d'ye stan' on the kirk?" he cautiously inquired when Sandy ceased.

"The kirk," roared Sandy, wildly waving his arms, "goes south o' the Tenth Side Line!"

"Sandy," said the skipper, quietly—"I'm sorry for ye, Sandy. I think weel of ye. But if the kirk goes south o' the Twalth—ye'll no marry on Bess."

Sandy stared. The cap'en nodded firmly, in the manner of one who has delivered an ultimatum and is prepared to back it up.

"Weel," muttered Sandy, feebly scratching his head, "there's somethin' to be said on baith sides, an' I'm no set i' my opeenion. Come to think of it, a kirk wad luik fine north o' the Twalth."

When the business session of the kirk met to decide on the location of the new church, the old Braemar school was packed to the door. Never since sacrilegious innovators attempted to smuggle an organ into the Sabbath-school had there been such an attendance. The cap'en had some difficulty in finding a seat, and had hardly settled in it before a motion to build on the Tenth Concession brought him flying to his feet.

"The kirk goes north o' the Twalth!" he roared. His fiery face glowed like a binnacle lamp of a dark night, and his waving fist just missed cracking the head of Geordie Murray, of Concession 21. Conflicting murmurs followed the challenge. The "Weel done, skipper," and the "Ye're richt there, Cap'en," of his following mixed with the dissentient roar of the south faction. A troubled look crossed the minister's face; the elders frowned. Geordie "21" dodged the return swing of the skipper's hand, and coughed a warning of the impending collision, while Soldier McKay slowly erected his long body.

"I'll hae ye to ken, Cap'en McKay," he said, with freezing politeness, "as this is no the quarter-deck o' the *Belle of Greenock*. Majoreety rules here."

The minister and elders nodded grave approval, but the sailor puffed out his cheeks and snorted red defiance.

"That all depends," he growled, "on wha's in the minoreety."

Before his following had finished nudging each other's ribs, Sandy "Crick" Ennis climbed to his feet. "Wi' all respect to Cap'en McKay," he said, "I'm thinkin' as the Twalth Line's ower far north. Now the lot opposite the skuil here wad be a fine place."

"An' michty handy to your ain rooftree!" rasped the skipper.

Now small causes sometimes produce great effects, and the skipper always maintained that old Sandy Stewart's thrift was responsible for what followed.

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"THE KIRK GOES NORTH O' THE TWALTH!" HE ROARED

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Sandy was noted throughout the two Zorras for the smallness of his soul and the bigness of his prayers. No man who had experienced the blessings of his service could be persuaded to engage for a second term, and public opinion attributed the apotheosis of his daughter Jean to an inability to thrive on faith and cold potatoes. Sandy owned the proposed site, and at this juncture rose in his seat. "If it 'll help to an airly decision," he piped in his shrill voice, "ye may hae the land scot-free."

The session stared. In his surprise the minister knocked the Bible off his desk, and Black Donald swallowed a chew of tobacco. The old man noted the sensation and chuckled. It was a fine bit land, to be sure! Worth, at a hundred dollars the acre, say, twelve dollars and fifty cents! But it would let him out of a twenty-dollar subscription at least, to say nothing of the saving in shoe leather.

Quickly recovering from his surprise, the minister rose to the occasion. "Brethren," he said, rising, "here is a noble example. Brother Stewart donates a kirk site in addition to his subscription, which, for a man of his substance, will surely touch fifty dollars."

Sandy squirmed. He was trapped in the pit of his own digging. "May the deil fly awa wi' the hale kit o' ye!" he girned between his teeth.

The minister's eye twinkled. "Did I understand you to say seventy-five, brother?"

"Na, na!" Sandy hastened to exclaim. "Fafty's plenty!" And he groaned an accompaniment to the clerk of the session's scratching pen.

"I object!" shouted the cap'en. He saw the plump form of the widow receding down the Line. "The Tenth's just twa mile too far south for me to worship my Creator."

"Then," replied the soldier, "ye'd better build a kirk an' worship be your ain place."

With hands thrust deep in his pockets and legs widely straddled, the skipper faced his rival. The session held its breath and waited. For almost a minute the skipper held his fire. "Thank ye kindly," he said at last; "I wull!"

One by one the elders gave their voices for or against the proposed site, and as they voted, Sandy Stewart kept close tab on the teetering balance of public opinion. He much repented of his offer, and when the day seemed to be going against the sailor's party, rose for the second time. "I'll dootless be held unprejudeeced," he observed, "seein' as I offered a site o' lan' free an' a subscreeption o' thetty dollars—"

"Fifty, brother!" corrected the minister.

"Thetty! An I'm no mistaen."

"Mistaen ye surely are, Brither Stewart," interrupted the session clerk, gravely turning the pages of his book. "We hae you doun for fifty dollars. A varra han'some subscreeption, which does ye great credit."

"Let it bide! Let it bide!" sighed Sandy. "But," he went on, "I was thinkin' as my bit lan's ower far south for the north folk. Far be it frae me to put horse-blocks i' the way of my frien' Cap'en McKay"—the skipper screwed his face into the semblance of a withered apple—"an' if he canna worship his Creator south o' the Twalth—I'm for goin' north."

This speech of Sandy's effectually settled the cap'en's business. Those members who lived between the proposed sites instantly went over to the soldier's party. One gave his opinion that "Sandy Stewart's self-sacrifice was in accordance with Scripture, but no necessary." The session grinned as another told how Sandy's generosity had cured him of an unholy desire to build the kirk on his own place. Red Hughy thought such conduct as Brother Stewart's should be encouraged; while Black Donald, who had recovered somewhat from the sudden injection of nicotine into his system, said "there'd been a power o' talk of the Creator dwellin' north o' the Twalth, but for his pairt he didna doot as Sandy Stewart's magnificent offer—sae freely tendered—wad bring Him a matter o' twa mile south."

But in spite of his vow to erect an altar to his own peculiar god, the skipper was the first man on the ground the day of the kirk-raising. Geordie "21" found him squaring the foundation, and was much astonished at the Christian meekness of his salutation.

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"Dods, man!" he afterwards exclaimed, comparing notes with "Poet" Ross, "he was mild as a spring lamb! I'm dootin' the cap'en's sustained a change of heart."

By sunrise the quiet corner hummed with life, for every Zorra family sent its man to the building of the kirk. Each on his arrival thought it proper to sling a joke at the skipper, but they bounded from his solemn front like peas from armor plate, and through all he maintained a proper dignity of spirit. All morning he smote great chips from the plates with a mighty broadaxe, but at lunch his calm repose was sorely tried.

As the day was warm, the women had arranged the food in the checkered shade of a spreading butternut. Next the widow Murray, eating pie with the ease and assurance which denote untroubled love, sat the soldier. The cap'en chewed ham sandwiches, and glowered upon his rival. The villain! He was already putting on proprietary airs! Dod gang it! If that last piece pie would only choke him! What bliss to load him full, and cram it down like a gunner rams a rifle!

"Have a piece pie, Cap'en?" The widow was leaning over, a winning smile on her face.

"Thank ye, ma'm," he replied, stiffly. "But it's no guid for the digestion. On'y fit for ostriches! Besides which," he went on, shooting a vindictive glance at the soldier, "I'm judgin' ye'll need it all."

After lunch the crispness of the morning gave place to a thundery closeness. Waves of heat rolled in the faces of the corner men, axe-heads grew hot to the touch, but they labored on, cunningly dovetailing the logs and dropping them in their places. At the tenth round tiers were sawn out for door and window spaces, and rough jambs nailed to the ends. The clip of the cutting axe, the ring of saws, and the heave-ho of lifting men raised an echo in the woods, and drew a chattering protest from angry squirrels and frightened birds. At sundown black clouds poked fleecy heads above the eastern sky-line, but the work was done, and through a huge criss-cross of yellow logs streamed the red light of a stormy sunset.

Cap'en McKay leaned on his axe and stared at the building. His gaze wandered along the clean logs, through the blank windows, and up to the squared plates. "She's a pratty piece wark!" he observed.

Close by, the soldier was hitching his team. "Hecks, Cap'en!" he exclaimed. "Here's a guid job done. I was thinkin' t'other day as it wad be fine to open the new kirk wi' a weddin'."

"Thinkin' o' marryin'?" innocently inquired the sailor.

"Ay."

"Who on?"

"Ye ken her weel. The widder Murray! An'," continued the soldier, slyly, "we'd like to hae ye give the bride awa."

"Weel," answered the sailor, nonchalantly, "I allus reckoned to be at the widder's weddin'. Ye may count on me, Soldier."

By eight o'clock that evening the rain fell fast, and at midnight the "Great Storm" was sweeping over western Ontario. At two in the morning a sixty-mile wind howled over the country-side, and by five the Zorras lay in the path of a screaming tornado. The feuds that wind created will survive until the crack of doom. Barns were unroofed, favorite shade trees uprooted, and all movables east of Mud Branch swept into the swollen creek. Then the wind gathered together house roofs, cattle, pigs, and sheep, and shuffled, cut, and dealt them round, irrespective of the claims of owners. Thus it was that Braby found his threshing outfit "set" in Black Donald's best parlor, and Sandy "Craggy" awoke to find Dave McDonald's brood-sow lying on his bed.

A couple of mornings after the storm, Soldier McKay turned out of his lane and strode up the Tenth Concession. Six inches of mud made fall ploughing impossible, and this, he thought, would be a good time to put in a day's "chinking" on the kirk. He was in pleasant mood. At one stroke he had planted the kirk by his own door, won a wife, and circumvented the schemes of the sailor. Wherefore as he walked along he whistled cheerfully.

Naturally as he neared the corner his eyes drew to the new building, but heavy foliage intervened, hiding it from view. As he turned around the school his whis-

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tle died, and he stopped dead, staring. He rubbed his eyes. He pinched himself. The kirk was gone. Not a stick, not even a chip, remained.

"Weel!" he muttered, feebly scratching his head. "Here's a queer trick for the Lord to play His people!" As he stood there, head wagging, striving with the problem, a wagon rattled round the corner.

It was the skipper on his way to town. "Ahoy, shipmate!" he roared. "What the deevil!" he continued, spying the empty site. "Whaur's the kirk?"

"Seen anything of it?" asked the soldier. A flavor of suspicion in the tones aroused the sailor's ire.

"Seen—anything—of—it?" he repeated, with sarcastic emphasis. "D'ye think kirks go wanderin' roond a-payin' veesits?"

A sharp answer trembled on the soldier's lips, but a distant halloo cut it short. Geordie Murray "21" was hurrying up the hill from Mud Branch.

"I'm thinkin'," he shouted when he got within ear-shot, "as the kirk's gone doon the cri'k. Ane o' the stringers is stickin' be the bridge."

"Queer as the skuil didna go?" queried the soldier, eying the skipper distrustfully.

"Ou, ay!" replied Geordie. "It takit Dave 'Shock's' barn an' left the hoose. Wha's the deeference?"

"An' noo," said the cap'en, gathering up his lines, "ye folk 'll mebbe come tae my way o' thinkin'. Git up, there!" After the wagon had rolled along for a couple of hundred yards, he turned in his seat. "Majoreety rules, Soldier!" he roared at the top of his fog-horn voice. "But no when the Lord's wi' the minoreety!"

The disappearance of the kirk set the caldrons of wrath to bubbling afresh in the Presbyterian fold. By the north folk it was looked upon as a special visitation of Providence, while the south people replied that it would have been useless to build north of the Twelth, as the inhabitants of that locality were already damned beyond redemption. But recrimination failed to recall the vanished kirk. It was gone as completely as the roof of Dave "Shock's" barn; and though Mud Branch was trailed through twenty miles of fen and forest, the stringer by the bridge alone remained to show the manner of its going.

Nor could the minister persuade the brethren to build anew. "Solomon," he suggested to Johnny "Bain" McKay, "was an hundred years building the temple."

"Folk lived ower lang i' those days," growled Johnny.

"Think how the children of Israel labored under the Egyptians," he mildly hinted to John "Death" Murray.

"A-buildin' useless pyramids," disgustedly returned the elder. "*They* paid no taxes! Nor is it written that Moses drawed salary."

The minister gave it up.

A week or so after the storm the soldier bagged up a load of windfall apples and pulled out for Stratford, the county town. The roads were still heavy, and it was well on in the day before he wheeled into the market-square, yet by dint of such straining of the truth as an elder may indulge in without loss of character, he succeeded in selling the last bag by three in the afternoon. Then, while his team fed, he wandered up the main street. As he approached the registrar's office the elder's usual confident bearing gave place to the mien of a sneak-thief. He glanced furtively up and down, and when he was sure no one was looking, dived headlong into the abode of Cupid. Half an hour thereafter he emerged, buttoning his coat, and proceeded to a near-by tavern, where he partook of a copious libation of corn whiskey. Then he hitched, and trotted gayly down the Line.

Now Cap'en Donald McKay's farm ran for nearly a mile along the Tenth Concession. The northern half was heavily timbered, and through it wound a giant loop of Mud Branch Creek. As the soldier passed on his way home, the ring of a saw and a lively hammering came from the sailor's bush.

"What 'll this be?" he muttered, pulling up his team. "Siccan a knockin'! Or is it the whuskey?" He leaned forward, listening. Certainly that was the ring of a saw! And close by! "I didna ken," he soliloquized, "as the sailor was cuttin' his maple. In the summer, too? That's queer!"

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From the milk-stand by the gate the cap'en saw the elder tying up his lines. "The deevil!" he exclaimed. "Ahoy! Soldier, a—hoy!"

Abandoning his intention of investigating, the elder whipped up and drove down to the gate. "Cuttin' maple?" he inquired.

"No! Black ash — rails. Cows gat into the corn las' night. We're a-goin' to raise the fence."

"I didna ken as ye had black ash be the road?"

The skipper swore beneath his breath. "Ou, ay!" he answered, readily. "There's a many things as ye dinna ken."

"I'm wantin' a few rails mysel," mused the elder. "We'll just step ower to the bush. If the price suits, I'll mebbe buy twanty score."

"I—I—I'm—no sellin' rails," the cap'en stammered.

"Ou? Weel, I'll tak a luik, anyway. Ye'll likely change yer mind."

For a moment the skipper stared blankly, then his face lightened. "Cartinly," he replied, politely. "Tie up the team, Soldier. This way. Yer gray's luikin' well." Chattering freely, he led on. "Might as well step ben the hoose be the way," he suggested. "There's a sample o' real imported rye as I'd like to hae your opeenion on. It's said ye ken guid whiskey."

"Ou, ay," replied the elder, modestly.

While the liquor was being sampled the skipper yarned of strange and peculiar tipples with which he had experimented in the four quarters of the globe; and while he talked he kept one eye on the lowering whiskey and the other on the sinking sun. They vanished together.

"But this is no business!" exclaimed the cap'en, when the last ray faded. "We'd better be steppin' to the bush. Why, goodness me! If it's no black dark! But ye'll come anither day, Soldier?"

But after a night's rest the elder had forgotten all about the matter, and he had trouble enough of his own to keep him from prying into the affairs of his neighbors. The storm had littered his orchard, and the falls had to be sorted over. Then, too, the widow had become exceedingly coy about naming the day, and here was a good five dollars invested in a marriage license that was yielding no returns. For a week he was very busy; then, when the apples were all attended to, he bagged a load and rolled off to town.

About a mile up the Line he met Dave "Shock." Dave was just bristling with the proud consciousness of tidings of import, and his usual good-natured stolidity was replaced by an air of the most profound mystery.

"She'll hae heert the news?" Dave inquired, reining in.

"What news?"

"She'll no a-heert, then?" continued Dave, with Highland persistency.

"No!" snapped the elder.

Dave grinned and whipped up. After he had travelled fifty yards he glanced back. The soldier was looking after. "She'll pe fin'in' oot hersel pratty soon!" bellowed Dave. "Coot-tay!"

He had scarce passed from view when Sandy Sutherland hove in sight. Sandy drove the fastest horses in the township, and was always in a hurry, but to-day he was just tearing down the Line.

"Mornin', Soldier!" he yelled from a hundred yards. "Ye'll hae heerd the news?"

"No. What news?"

Sandy flashed by, and was out of sight before the soldier finished consigning him to the place elders know of only by report.

"Well, well, Brother McKay! How are you?" The minister turned suddenly out of the Twelth Side Line. He was in a flurry of excitement, and his old nag was travelling at a most unministerial gait—five miles an hour at least. "You'll have heard the news, Brother McKay?"

A startling oath burst from the soldier's lips. The pastor glanced his surprise.

"Mr. McKay," he said, coldly, "this is unbecoming language for an elder of the kirk—especially to his minister. I shall have to report this at the next session of the Presbytery." Snorting indignantly, he drove off.

"Ye may report, and be— Weel, no matter! The hale country's mad," he growled, gazing after the man of God. "Fules! Can they no answer a ceevil question?" Flapping the lines, he drove

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slowly on past the cap'en's house, pondering all the while on the strange conduct of his neighbors. His eyes wandered abstractedly over the sailor's turnip drills. "No as straight as they might be," he muttered. "But yon's a pretty show of swedes. . . . Wonder what they fules meant?" And still wondering, he entered the sailor's bush.

Here the dusty road ran like a dim cathedral aisle through arched columns of living green. Huge Ontario maples reared on either side and interlaced their tossing branches. Through the checkered roof filtered flashing glimpses of trailing cloud and deep blue sky. A strong breeze sung in the tree-tops, but not a breath stirred the way-side grass. As the wheels rolled over the fallen leaves the rattle lulled to a lower key, and the sighing forest cast its spell over the vexed spirit of the elder.

His irritation subsided. A new train of thought slipped into his mind, and he had almost settled on the terms by which he would make peace with the minister, when a blaze of sunlight flared across the road.

"What 'll this be?" he muttered. And as the wagon rolled toward the open space his wonder increased. "I dinna ken—The deevil!" He almost tumbled off the wagon. For fifty yards along the road a belt of timber twenty yards in width had been chopped away, and there, within the clearing, chinked, plastered, roofed, windows in, whitewashed, ready for service, stood—the kirk.

"Weel!" began the elder, "I'm—" But just then a vigorous broom shot a shower of dust, plaster, and shavings through the open door, and a moment later the skipper followed.

"Mornin', Soldier!" he greeted, cheerfully. "Fine weather for the swedes."

"Whaur d'ye get that kirk?" thundered the elder.

"Easy, easy all," said the sailor, soothingly. "Ye see, Soldier, an the Lord thinks fit to blaw His ain hoose inter the cri'k, and the cri'k lan's it in my kail-yard, I'm no to be blamed for fishin' it oot. . . . She's a pratty piece wark," continued the cap'en, running his eye over the building; "an' I was thinkin' t'other day as it wad be fine to open her wi' a weddin'."

"Ye're to be marrit?" growled the elder.

"Ay."

"Who on?"

"Why," exclaimed the skipper, in innocent surprise, "hae ye no heerd? Ye ken her weel, Soldier. It's the widder Murray. An' we'd like to hae ye give the bride awa."

Uttering a giant oath, the elder bowed to the stroke of fate.

"Ye'll no hae bocht a license?" he anxiously inquired.

"Goin' to Stratford the morn."

"I'll sell ye ane cheap."

The skipper put on his glasses and spelled slowly through the document. "'Donald McKay . . . . Zorra Township . . . . and Jean Murray . . . . Zorra Township.' This 'll fit. Hoo much are ye askin'?"

"Five dollars."

"The price of a new ane? Na, na! Mak it three?"

"Done!" groaned the elder.

The First Miracle

BY ALFRED H. LOUIS

TO inmost centre of the House of Life
From Godless crowded market steal!
Kneel where I kneel,
There, where heart-silence with no sound hath strife!
By my side banquet at the Feast,
Where, Lord of Life, great Love's triumphant Priest,
Scanning the guests with steadfast eyes divine,
Changeth all waters at the lips to wine.

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Motor-Car Impressions

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

THE first trips — the initiation beneath the watchful eyes of the teacher—count for but little. One is not directly in communication with the marvellous beast. Its veritable character is hidden, for between us there is a baffling intermediary, an interpreter skilled in cunning device, a responsible tamer; and even when you have the brake under your foot, the handles between your fingers, you still are far from possessing the monster. It obeys the will by your side, whose sovereignty it has so long acknowledged; and to this will it offers the obsequious submission of a faithful dog. One feels somewhat as a lion-tamer's apprentice must feel on entering the cage with his father, before whose eye and thong the cowed brutes humbly prostrate themselves. A great desire comes over us to be alone in Space with this unknown animal that dates but from yesterday; we burn to discover what it is in itself, what it grants and what it withholds, what obedience it will offer to its strange master, and what new lesson the new horizons may teach us, wherein we shall be plunged to the very soul by a force that, issuing now, and for the first time, from the exhaustless reservoir of undisciplined forces, permits us in one day to absorb as much landscape and sky, as mighty a spectacle, as in former days would have been granted to us in the course of an entire life.

Yesterday the teacher conducted me from Paris to Rouen. This morning he left me, having first taken me without the gates of the ancient city of numberless steeples. Behold me alone with the redoubtable hippogriff; alone in the open country, the horizon on one side of immaculate blue, on the other still faintly pink; alone on the deserted road, which runs between oceans of corn in which clumps of trees form islands, looking in the far purple distance like the foliage of some disproportionate park.

Over and above such matters as compression, carburation, oiling, circulation of water, etc., the trembler-blade and the sparking-plug are the driver's most especial cares. Should the regulating screw of the one displace itself by the breadth of a hair, should the two opposed wires of the other be touched by a drop of oil or a trace of oxide, the miraculous horse will perish on the spot. But around these there are still many organs whereof I scarcely dare let myself think. Yonder, concealed in its case, like a furious genie confined in a narrow cell, is the mysterious apparatus for the change of speed; and this, if we give a half-turn to the fly-wheel when we come to the foot of a hill, will produce repeated explosions, urging the piston to movements so frantic that every vertebra of the creature shall quiver, and communicating to the slackened wheels a quadrupled force before which each mountain will bend its back and bear its conqueror humbly to its summit.

Further, there is the enigmatic mechanism of the "*arbre à la cardan*," which, dispensing with chains, straps, or gear, transmits direct to the two back wheels all the extraordinary power which is being generated in its delirious heart. And, lower still, beneath the brake, there rests in its almost inviolable case the transcendent secret of the differentiator, which by an inexplicable miracle permits two wheels of the same dimensions, revolving on the same axis and moved by the same motor, to perform an unequal number of turns.

But these mighty mysteries at present concern me not. Beneath my tremulous hand the monster is docile and ready, and on either side of the road the fields of

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corn flow peacefully onward, like veritable rivers of green. The time has now come to try the power of esoteric action. I touch the magic handles. The fairy horse obeys. It stops abruptly. One short moan, and its life has all ebbed away. Now it is nothing more than a vast, inert fabric of metal. How to resuscitate it? I descend and eagerly examine the body. The plains whose submissive immensity I have been braving begin to contemplate revenge. Now that I have ceased to move, they fling themselves further and wider around me; the blue distance seems to recoil, the sky to recede. I am lost among the impassable corn-fields, whose myriad ears press forward, whispering eagerly, craning to see what my next step will be, while from amongst that undulating crowd the poppies nod their red heads and burst into a thousandfold laughter. But no matter. My recent science is sure of itself. The hippogriff revives, gives its first snort of life, and then departs once more, singing its song. I conquer the plains, which bow down before me. Slowly do I turn the mysterious "advance ignition" handle, and regulate as well as I can the admission of the petrol. The pace grows faster and faster; the delirious wheels send forth a shrill and eager cry. And at first the road comes moving towards me like a bride waving palms, rhythmically keeping time to some melody of gladness. But soon it grows frantic, springs forward, and throws itself madly upon me, rushing under the car like a furious torrent, whose foam dashes over my face; it drowns me beneath its waves; it blinds me with its breath. Oh, that wonderful breath! It is as though wings, as though myriad wings that one cannot see, transparent wings of great supernatural birds that dwell on invisible mountains swept by eternal snow, have come to encircle my eyes and my brow with their vast freshness. Now the road drops sheer, and the machine speeds before it. The trees, that for so many slow-moving years have serenely dwelt on its borders, shrink back in dread of disaster. They seem to be rushing one to the other, to approach their green heads, and in startled groups to debate how to bar the way of the strange apparition. But as this rushes onward a great terror seizes them; they scatter and fly, each one eagerly seeking its own habitual place; and as I pass they bend tumultuously forward, and their myriad leaves, quick to the almost insensate joy of the force that is chanting its hymn, breathe in my ears the eloquent psalm of Space, admiring and welcoming the enemy that has hitherto always been vanquished, but now is triumphant—Speed.

Space and Time, its invincible brother, are perhaps the greatest enemies of man. Could we triumph over these, we should become like unto the gods. Time, that has neither body, nor form, nor organs that we can grasp, must of necessity appear unconquerable. It passes, and in the traces it leaves there will almost always be sorrow, as in the baleful shadow of some inevitable being we have never seen face to face. In itself, doubtless, it has no existence, but is only in relation to us; nor shall we ever succeed in bending to our will this necessary phantom of our organically false imagination. But Space, its magnificent brother, Space that decks itself with the green robe of the palms, the yellow veil of the desert, the blue mantle of the sea, and spreads over all the azure of the ether and the gold of the stars—Space must already have known many a defeat; but as yet man has never seized it, as it were, round the body, wrestled with it alone face to face. The monsters he has sent to combat its gigantic form might conquer, but only to be conquered in their turn. On the sea great steamers subdue it day after day; but the sea is so vast that the extreme speed our frail lungs are capable of supporting can achieve no more than a kind of motionless triumph. And again, as we travel on the railroad, and Space flies submissive before us, it is still far away; we do not touch it, we do not enjoy it; it is like a captive who adorns the triumph of a stranger king; and we are ourselves the feeble prisoners of that which has hurled it from its throne. But here, in this little chariot of fire, so docile and light, so marvellously untiring; here, between the unfolded wings of this bird of flame that flies low down over the earth in the midst of the flowers, that caresses the corn-fields and rivulets, welcomes the shade of the trees, enters vil-

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lage after village, passing open doors and tables spread for a meal, that counts the harvesters at work in the meadows, flits by the church with its girdle of lime-trees, takes its rest at the inn on the stroke of noon, and then, singing, sets forth once more, to see at one bound what is happening amongst men at three days' march from the place of halt, and surprises the very same hour in a new world; —here Space does indeed become human, proportionate to our eye, to the needs of this soul of ours, which is at once quick and slow, colossal and narrow, content and insatiable; here it is of us at last, it is ours, and at every turn presents us with the things of beauty that in former days would be offered only when the tedious journey was ended. But now it is not the arrival alone that opens our eyes, and makes quick the eagerness that is so precious to life, and invites our glad admiration; now the entire road is one long succession of arrivals. The joys of the journey's end are multiplied, for everything takes the adorable form of the end; the eyes are idle no longer, no longer indifferent; and memory, gentlest of fairies that preside over happiness, pondering silently on the less joyous hours that await all men, charges herself with the beauty of good Mother Earth; and among those possessions, of which none can deprive us, does she store the recollection of the treasures those marvellous hours have brought.

The Triumph of Forgotten Things

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THERE is a pity in forgotten things,
Banished the heart they can no longer fill,
Since restless Fancy, spreading swallow wings,
Must seek new pleasure still!

There is a patience, too, in things forgot;
They wait,—they find the portal long unused;
And knocking there, it shall refuse them not,—
Nor aught shall be refused!

Ah, yes! though we, unheeding years on years,
In alien pledges spend the heart's estate,
They bide some blessed moment of quick tears—
Some moment without date—

Some gleam on flower, or leaf, or beaded dew,
Some tremble at the ear of memoried sound
Of mother-song,—they seize the slender clew,—
The old loves gather round!

When that which lured us once now lureth not,
But the tired hands their gathered dross let fall,
This is the triumph of the things forgot—
To hear the tired heart call!

And they are with us at Life's farthest reach,
A light when into shadow all else dips,
As, in the stranger's land, their native speech
Returns to dying lips!

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"The Deserted Village"

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

WAS Goldsmith's "deserted village" Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, in the kingdom of Ireland; or was it Kennaquhair, in Dream County, Poet-Land? The Rev. R. H. Newell, B.D., and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, maintained that it was Lissoy. In 1811 he published a quarto volume of Goldsmith's *Poetical Works,* the chief object of which was to support this proposition. But Goldsmith himself would probably have resented too nice an identification of Auburn with Lissoy. He had become "Dr." Goldsmith. He was a member of the Literary Club. He had been appointed Professor of History to the Royal Academy; and he was the author of "The Traveller," a philosophical and didactic poem. As a "philosophical and didactic poem" he chiefly valued "The Deserted Village." It was not upon his exquisite little *genre* pictures,—not upon his portraits of the clergyman and the village schoolmaster,—not upon his vignette of that

sad historian of the pensive plain,

the aged water-cress-gatherer, that he prided himself most. It was upon the passages which treat of depopulation, and the cause of depopulation—Luxury—that he relied. Nowadays we care least for these. We doubt his conclusions, as Johnson did; we are even not quite sure about his facts. But not so Goldsmith. "Sir," one can imagine him saying—as, indeed, he does say to Reynolds in his admirable "Dedication"—"I sincerely believe what I have written. I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege. All my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display." And then, if Johnson were not present to rout his self-possession by a thundering "Why, no, sir," or other ejaculation of offence, he would probably go on to trace it all to his favorite source, and perhaps would quote, in his queer, halting, but not unfeeling utterance, his own verses:

Thus fares the land, by Luxury betray'd,
In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Yes, he had seen these things. But, as Macaulay says, he had not seen them together. His "smiling village" was English; his evictions were Irish. His mistake was that (like the gentleman who wrote on Chinese metaphysics) he had combined his information, and so "produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world."

At Lissoy, however, it was not unnatural that so complimentary a tradition should find its adherents. Indeed, one of the poet's admirers, a Mr. Hogan, who christened his house "Auburn," went so far as to rebuild or repair the old alehouse at Lissoy, and to equip it with the sign of the "Three Jolly Pigeons." Furthermore, he restored or supplied the properties of the ale-house in the poem. Whether it actually had its

chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,

we know not; but it certainly had

The white-wash'd wall; the nicely sanded floor;
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,

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as well as

> The pictures plac'd for ornament and use;
> The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose.

Nor, says Goldsmith's laborious first biographer, Prior, were wanting

> The broken teacups, wisely kept for show,

which glistened over the chimney, but for some occult reason were firmly embedded in the mortar—a circumstance which did not prevent their being stolen, together with the sign, by relic-hunters. But perhaps the most interesting thing about Mr. Hogan's renovated hostelry is the fact that, to the unsympathetic eye of criticism, it is just those very objects by which he sought to establish the identity of the inn at Auburn and the inn at Lissoy which are most assailable by a heartless incredulity. Oddly enough, some twelve years before, when he was living miserably in Green Arbour Court, Goldsmith had submitted to his brother Henry a sample of a heroi-comic poem describing a Grub Street writer in bed in "a paltry ale-house." In this "the sanded floor," the "twelve rules," and the broken teacups all played their parts as accessories, and even the double-dealing chest had its prototype in the poet's nightcap, which was "a cap by night,—a stocking all the day." A year or two later he expanded these lines in the *Citizen of the World,* and the scene becomes the Red Lion in Drury Lane. From this second version he adapted, or extended again, the description of the inn parlor in the "Deserted Village." It follows, therefore, either that he borrowed for London the details of a house in Ireland, or that he used for Ireland the details of a house in London. If, on the other hand, it be contended that those details were common to both places, then the identification in these particulars of Auburn with Lissoy falls hopelessly to the ground.

Something of the same treatment may be applied to the characters of the poem. It is frequently stated that the schoolmaster is a recollection of his own first master at Lissoy, Thomas or "Paddy" Byrne. That some of Byrne's traits are probably repeated in the picture may be admitted, but a closer examination tends to reduce even these to a minimum. Byrne, as described by Goldsmith's sister, was a character so individual that, if Goldsmith intended to depict him, he must be held to have failed conspicuously. Byrne had been a quartermaster under Peterborough in Spain, he had travelled over a great part of Europe, and seen strange things by sea and land, returning to his native village with an unabated taste for a wandering life, and an infinite faculty for relating his experiences. To the little thick-set and, by all accounts, thick-witted boy whom he instructed or endeavored to instruct in "the Three R's," the story of his personal perils was a never-failing source of delight. Nor was Byrne entirely limited to those narratives in which (metaphorically speaking) he "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won"; he had an inexhaustible supply of legends of fairies and banshees, and he was an adept in the swarming chap-book literature of his day. There is nothing of all this in the pedagogue of the "Deserted Village." Goldsmith might have depicted that worthy just as well if he had never heard of Paddy Byrne, never listened to his tales of Fair Rosamond and Tom Hickathrift, or his memories of "the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan." Paddy Byrne may have been "severe, and stern to view," though one would scarcely expect it from his other characteristics; he may have been able to presage "times and tides," and even have used "words of learned length and thundering sound." But it is evident that, if these were among his peculiarities, Goldsmith must have intentionally neglected his essential features in order to seize upon certain characteristics which he possessed in common with a great many people. Indeed, if it were not, as Fluellen says, "to mock at an honourable tradition," now too long established to be eradicable, it might be contended that Goldsmith never thought of Paddy Byrne at all, but simply built up "out of scraps and heel-taps" of observation and experience and memory what the world has since recognized as an almost typical picture of a village schoolmaster.

It is probable, however, that there is

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more in the story which connects the village clergyman, also rather a type than a character, with certain members of the poet's own family, who, at the time he wrote, had all become part of his youth and of an irrevocable past. But the very discordance of the identification seems to show conclusively that no one figure sat by itself for the picture. Mrs. Hodson, Goldsmith's sister, for example, maintained that it was the likeness of her father. "The Rev. Charles Goldsmith," she wrote, "is allowed by all that knew him to have been faithfully represented by his son in the character of the Village Preacher in his poem." Others found the true original in Goldsmith's brother Henry, the brother to whom, turning nobly from a noble patron, he had dedicated the "Traveller." "It will also throw a light upon many parts of it," he says, "when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year." If the amount of the stipend is to decide the question, then this is exactly the amount upon which the parson of the poem was "passing rich." Unfortunately it was also the stipend of many other country curates—of Charles Churchill, for instance—in whom we should certainly not seek for Goldsmith's model. A third claimant has been put forward in the person of the Reverend Thomas Contarine, that kind and long-suffering uncle to whom the poet owed so deep a debt of gratitude. It was Uncle Contarine who had assisted him at school and college; Contarine who had established him as a tutor; Contarine who had equipped him fruitlessly for the law; and Contarine who had finally supplied the funds to enable him to study medicine at Edinburgh. But the truth is that he drew from none of these individually, though he may have borrowed traits from each. That they were all kindly, modest, simple, unambitious, generous, is probably true; but it is impossible to dissociate from them a certain weakness and want of fibre which are frequently found in combination with these amiable qualities. To what he saw in them Goldsmith added a dignity, a moral grandeur, which again exalts the character to the type. But not to one, or to any of these separately, belong those noble concluding lines which for so many years have been regarded as the *ne varietur* representation of a typical village pastor—a picture for a parallel to which one must travel back some four hundred years to Chaucer's "poor parson of a town":

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

That branch of criticism which busies itself with parallel passages has been unusually active with respect to the deservedly admired simile with which the foregoing lines conclude, chiefly, it would appear, with the view of proving that it could not possibly have been Goldsmith's own. It is not improbable that it was; and, indeed, it might plausibly be contended, in a controversy in which so much is taken for granted, that he himself expanded it, by the ordinary operations of imagination, from his own line in the "Traveller" where he describes himself as "plac'd on high above the storm's

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career." But it is certainly noteworthy that so many passages have been discovered which might have suggested it. We pass by Claudian, Lucan, Statius—all of whom have been named—because in all likelihood, if Goldsmith found it anywhere, he found it nearer home. But the first Lord Lytton called attention to a passage from Chaulieu which certainly has much affinity to Goldsmith's lines. An even closer parallel was pointed out in 1886 by a correspondent in the *Academy*, from Chapelain's "Ode to Richelieu":

Dans un paisible mouvement
Tu t'élèves au firmament,
Et laisses contre toi murmurer cette terre;
Ainsi le haut Olympe, à son pied sablonneux,
Laisse fumer la foudre et gronder la tonnerre,
Et garde son sommet tranquille et lumineux.

There is also, as Mitford shows, a passage in Young's "Night Thoughts" which, in an incondite way, foreshadows the idea:

As some tall Tow'r or lofty Mountain's Brow
Detains the Sun, Illustrious from its Height,
While rising Vapours, and descending Shades,
With Damps and Darkness drown the Spatious Vale:
Undampt by Doubt, Undarken'd by Despair,
Philander, thus, augustly rears his Head.

That Goldsmith may have met with both of these is not unlikely. He knew Young and Young's works, and in "Edwin and Angelina" quoted a couplet from the same source as that above cited. He was also thoroughly familiar, probably as a result of his wanderings in France, with the French minor poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to whom his obligations, acknowledged and unacknowledged, are not inconsiderable. Either in Chapelain or Young or Chaulieu he had probably made mental note of the passage, and retained it so long that it had become an undistinguishable part of his own imaginative equipment. This is not an unusual occurrence, nor is it the only one in Goldsmith. The line, "A breath can make them, as a breath has made," is an almost textual reproduction of an old French motto upon an hour-glass, which Victor Hugo is also said to have unconsciously repeated; and the famous simile in the "Traveller" of the separation that "drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain" is but a memory of Cibber, who "conveyed" it from Dryden. That Goldsmith got it from Cibber is probable from the fact that another well-known saying of his is traced to the same source. When he said of Johnson that, "when his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt end," he was only saying what—as Boswell is careful to inform us—Cibber had said before him in one of his comedies. There is another example of his curious mental method in the *Good-Natur'd Man*. Years before, in the *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, he had quoted Sir William Temple's exquisite likening of life to "a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all care is over." When Goldsmith first used this he gave it as a quotation from an unnamed author; by the time his first comedy was written, he had adopted the foundling of his brain, and puts it without acknowledgment into the lips of Croaker.

As in the case of the "Traveller," several of the couplets in the "Deserted Village" have their first form in the poet's prose works. If there is no line textually repeated, like "A land of tyrants and a den of slaves" in the earlier poem, there are more than one of the couplets which recall passages both in the *Citizen of the World* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. But the closest parallel is a paragraph of "A City Night Piece," an essay printed in the *Bee*, and then repeated in one of Lien Chi's epistles: "These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. . . . Perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them." In the "Deserted Village" this is obviously and happily expanded in the touching—

Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.

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She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all: her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

It has been already said that, in spite of rumors to the contrary, Goldsmith never returned to Lissoy. But to the last he was always intending to go back. "I am again just setting out for Bath," he writes in one of his letters, "and I honestly say I had much rather it had been for Ireland with my nephew, but that pleasure I hope to have before I die." This is practical proof that his wish was never fulfilled, for the words were written in the last years of his life; and they are also practical proof that, whether Lissoy was or was not the "deserted village," he desired to revisit the "seats of his youth." To this feeling he has consecrated what are perhaps the most genuinely tender and yearning of his verses:

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd
Here to return—and die at home at last.

These, again, have their prose expression in the *Citizen of the World:* "However we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity; we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation opiate every calamity."

In some beautiful lines with which he concluded his work he bade adieu to Poetry. She was unfit, he said, in that degenerate time, to "touch the heart,"—one of her functions upon which, as an unregarded critic, he had insisted, even in those blank days of his bondage to Griffiths the bookseller. She was "his shame in crowds; his solitary pride"; and he further apostrophizes her as—

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.

Whether he sincerely intended to abandon the Muse may be a moot point. But whatever were Goldsmith's real feelings upon the subject, his words, in two respects, proved strictly accurate. The "Deserted Village" was really his last serious poetical effort. The "Threnodia Augustalis" is admittedly a mere occasional piece, while "Retaliation" was the outcome of an accident. What he regarded as his poetical works proper were the "Hermit," the "Traveller," and the "Deserted Village," those pieces, in fact, upon which he had labored most assiduously,—"the rest is all but leather or prunello,"—and to this vein of poetry he did, in fact, bid good-by, whether he meant it or not.

The other respect in which his words were no literary fiction is the fact that, great as was his reputation, his verse "kept him poor." His process of composition was languid and fastidious; his final touches lingering and far between.

For the "Traveller" he got but twenty guineas, and for the "Deserted Village" a hundred. Such remuneration must keep him poor, and it is not wonderful that he should have fallen back upon the easy perspicuous prose, which he wrote so readily and so inimitably. That he should have left behind him a piece of work so beautiful, so tender in touch, and so enduring as the "Deserted Village" is most remarkable.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

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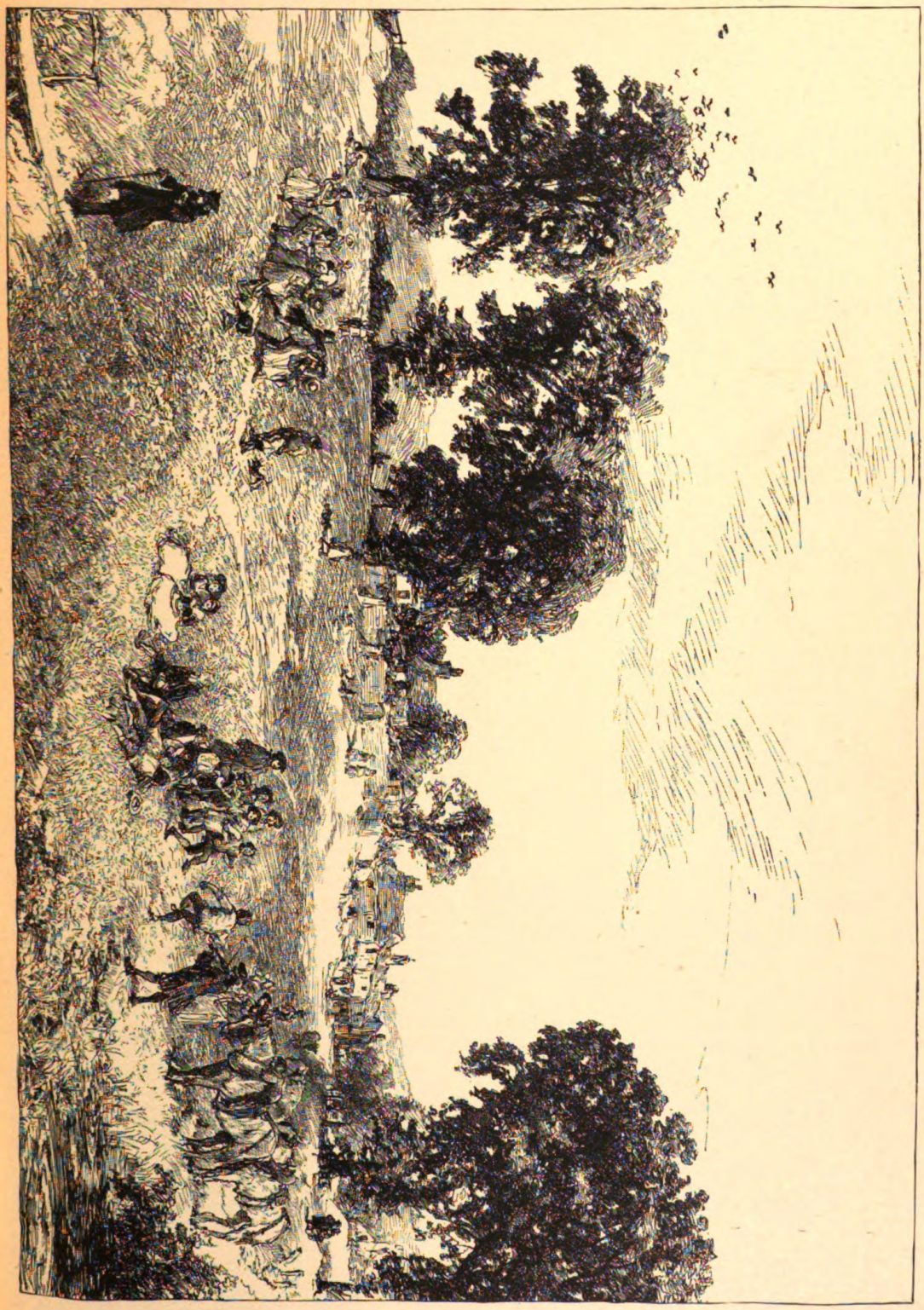
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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I bless'd the coming day

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green

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When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd—
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;

The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill

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These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,

The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade

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Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;

When every rood of ground maintain'd its man

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And every want to opulence allied;
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,

And every pang that folly pays to ***pride***

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In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd skill—
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;

Around my fire an evening group to draw

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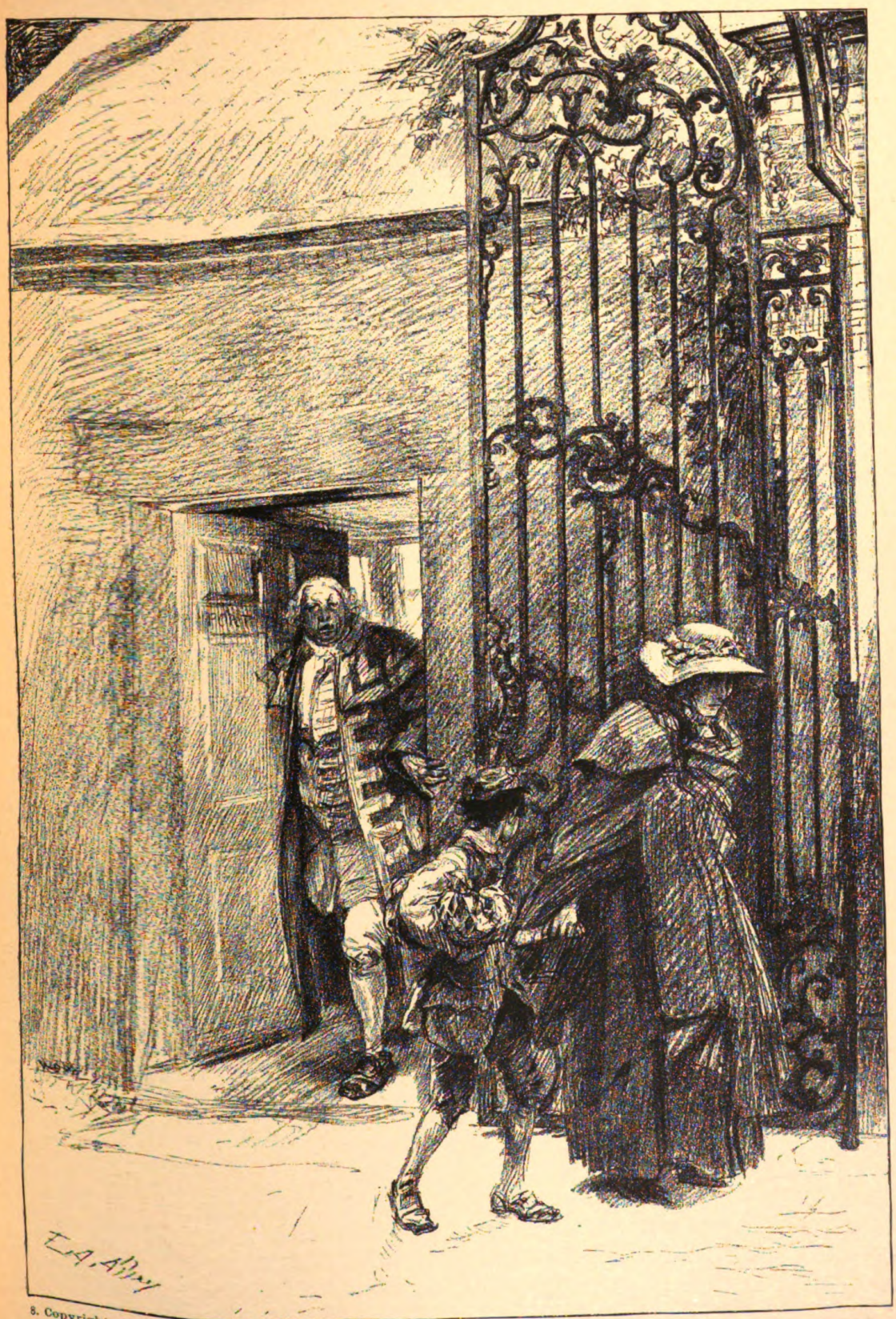
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Who quits a world where strong temptations try—
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend—
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way—
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung.

No surly porter stands in guilty state

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The Better Half

BY EDWARD S. THACHER

"MY dear," said the amiable young professor, at breakfast, "it is astonishing how good this coffee is. If *you* had made it, I should say nothing. But I am convinced, from things she has said in my hearing, that Nora can have no idea of method, if indeed she has ideas of any kind. It is not chance, for it has been just the same for a week. How *could* such a delightful thing happen every morning?"

"Never mind, Henry," answered the competent young person sitting opposite, whose eyes had none of the "waked too soon" look that spoils so many breakfast tables—"never mind; if you don't mention it, your class will never know about it. We'll take plenty of time and study it out together, and then some day you can just happen to think of it and use it as an illustration."

"You are flippant, my young friend, not to say impertinent; have the goodness to take the attitude preparatory to pouring another cup. The moment is close at hand, and I delight to see you poised in beneficent expectancy."

She made a face at him, but it was followed immediately by a look of perfectly frank happiness, that somehow appealed to Nora, who just then came in from the kitchen. It seemed to her that this was a pleasant dining-room, and she was content to be a contributor to its success.

Nora's cerebration was chiefly unconscious. Else how could she have gained the faculty of doing many things well, while remaining quite helpless on the side of formal expression? No one could answer a question so stupidly; yet she knew the way about her kitchen, and whatever she put her busy hand to responded as to the touch of an artist. The perplexity that she caused in the lucid mind of the Professor of Economics was such that he thought of consulting his physician or his colleague in metaphysics. His wife only laughed at him; and besides, the dear girl had never pretended to be scientific.

How had he come to marry a person so devoid of the academic spirit? He uninterruptedly rejoiced that he had; yet he was himself sometimes puzzled about it. If you came to think about it, she was something like Nora, in her lack of intellectual system. Her words were indeed always to the point, or at least to some point, and touched also with wit and charm; but she seemed innocent of syllogisms and of every known process of orderly logic. Yet he had passed safely through shoals of docile devotees of intelligent method, to be snapped up, one vacation, by this careless splasher of the pools.

Kate Martin had seen something of life before this wise young man came in her way; but she had been more with people who know how to do things than with those who are concerned to tell why things should or should not be done. She was a little bit humbled when she first caught a glimpse of the perspicuous scheme wherein the facts of life lay orderly in the mind of Professor Henry Brown. But she was not long in finding out that even she could contribute some items for his enlightenment; and thereupon she rejoiced to reinstate in relative esteem her dear father and brothers, who were successful in such things as mines and cattle-ranches.

Nevertheless her interest continued in the young professor and his mental operations. An instinctive scepticism prevented her unreserved acceptance of his explanations of things in general, and she sometimes had proof of facts that had eluded him; but her curiosity was stirred by the discovery of surveyed lines where she had never imagined anything but chance and tangle. It gave a new interest to her daily observations, and it opened up charming vistas

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through the wilderness. If countless by-paths were left for his independent exploration, she would delight to find where they branched off from these wide new highways.

And so, the professor being also of a sweet and generous temper, and endowed with humor unconfined even by academic convictions, it had seemed to her a not unprofitable task to captivate him. As her talent was executive, and as she was otherwise well equipped, the matter was readily accomplished, and it was for Brown to work out the explanation at his leisure.

This incipient household, then, was promptly set up, and the issue joined between two elements whose accommodation, if it could be permanently effected, offered a pungent interest to the observant college circle.

The professor was man enough to enjoy his coffee, in advance of unravelling the causes of its excellence. And other rewards of his marriage venture had to be accepted on similar terms. It sometimes seemed to him that his philosophy was going to ruin. The fact was that he had entered upon a process of intellectual salvation.

Some days after the breakfast alluded to, Nora, rising to inaugurate the operations of her kitchen, noticed from her window a line of black smoke coming from a corner of the roof of a dormitory near by, used by girl students. "That's not right!" she said to herself at once, and she hurried to call Mrs. Brown.

While the professor collected his thoughts and was laying out the proper line of action, his wife had turned in the fire-alarm from the neighboring box, and Nora was pounding with a piece of stove-wood on the door of the threatened building, using for once words that conveyed her ideas. Then her mistress, while the news clamored through the corridors, got from the matron a list of rooms and occupants. This she gave to one of the first who came out, and ordered her to check off the names of all who passed out of the door. The rooms not promptly vacated were thus ascertained, and special efforts at rescue were directed to them.

Before the fire company appeared, neighbors' ladders had been set at certain windows, brave students had made their way to the doors of those who were slow to escape, and within a very few minutes every name had been checked off as accounted for.

Then the rescue of property was taken in hand, Mrs. Brown still exercising authority as marshal of the general activity, with Nora for her lieutenant. The things that came out in a turbulent but continuous stream were gathered at once to a depot in a neighboring lot, where a guard was set over them, and not even owners were allowed to touch until the collection was complete. Then, while the firemen finished their fight with the burning walls, the list of names and numbers was again used, and applicants were one by one admitted to claim their property and order its transfer to such places as they had severally found available. What was remarkable in these simple operations was the speed with which, in spite of fright and confusion, they were steadily carried through.

The directing capacity of these two young women was from the first so evident that their orders were taken without demur. Even the fire-chief recognized that the business of rescue was in good hands, and confined his efforts to checking the fire. The professors, uneasily conscious of a duty of supervision, bowed nevertheless to the chief executive intelligence, and thereby experienced great relief.

Nora had developed an unsuspected faculty of swift persuasion, by which she was powerful to obtain specific performance from men who naturally believed that they knew better than this wild Irish girl.

When the crisis was over, she was sent back to her kitchen, and a good number of the unsheltered were called to get their breakfast in Mrs. Brown's little house.

The professors could now be seen in groups on the street corners, an expression of disturbed habits being apparent among them. They were just coming to realize how absurd had been this humble obedience to the wife of their youngest colleague. Yet most of them were frank to admire her performance, and to admit that no one could have done better.

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"But who," said the Professor of Metaphysics to Professor Brown—"who was the young woman who served your wife so effectively as aide? In a minor capacity, her faculty was almost as unusual. It was astonishing to see how every one moved at her word. There must be a peculiar mental equipment there."

"That!" said Brown, with a gesture of helplessness. "That was Nora, a girl lately from Ireland, whose mental processes, so far as her words reveal them, have seemed to be almost non-existent. Yet she cooks—oh, how she cooks! And everything that she does is right. How baseless the fabric of her sufficiency!"

"This case," replied the Professor of Metaphysics, "must be taken under serious advisement. Have you any notes upon it, and formulated hypothesis?"

"No!" cried Brown. "No; my notes are mental only, and written on a despairing intellect. It isn't Nora only. Professor, my philosophical faith is in danger. A horrid suspicion grows upon me that there are minds that work valuable results independently of our cherished methods—that somehow 'get there just the same.' I don't know where this thing is going to stop."

"Steady, my boy!" said his friend; "we shall find the explanation. I think you are slightly upset by so much activity before breakfast. Go home and get your coffee. I'll see you later on this matter."

"Come with me," said Brown. "It is too far to your house, and you are black under the eyes." So they went in together.

The rooms were swarming with young women in hasty toilets, drinking coffee in various attitudes of movement or repose. And there were plates of hot muffins, too, chasing the steaming coffee-pot about. There was an air of high bohemian festivity, and talk and laughter were unrestrained.

The entrance of the professors occasioned some temporary streaks of embarrassment, but these could not prevail. Mrs. Brown's welcoming smile showed that she was quite at ease. Nor was Nora, whose red and yellow figure kept appearing from the kitchen, a bit more disturbed than by an ordinary social undertaking.

The coffee, concocted in haste and in vast quantity, was just as good as usual, and the metaphysical professor took three cups, by way of developing the problem. He could not interrogate Nora, for she was too busy, and the running talk of the hostess was too swift for note-taking. In the few remarks that he addressed to her there was a deference which she could not account for, and which he had perhaps never exhibited before feminine intelligence.

As he went out, Brown said, escorting him to the door: "I think the Philosophical Society ought to deal with this matter. Suppose we take up, at our next meeting, a question something like this: 'How far may those faculties be called intellectual which, moving without reference to method or logic, yet reach notable results in practice?'"

"If your wife will give us a paper, I consent," said the metaphysician.

"Perhaps," said Brown, "a paper by Nora would be more significant."

"No, my friend," said the other, with his hand on Brown's arm; "let Nora by no means be interrupted. In her case, I am sure, doing is better than explaining."

"But you have never heard her explain," said Brown, impressively. "Good-by."

A curious relation grew up between Mrs. Brown and various wise members of the faculty. They got into a way of consulting her soberly on difficult matters of college management. This was partly because they enjoyed the consultation, but they were apt to follow her advice, given with laughing protest, and they hardly ever repented it.

Once, when the President himself gravely laid his perplexities before her, the absurdity seemed to her delightful. "What do you think about it?" he said, appealingly.

"I don't know that I ever *think* at all," she answered, her face flashing with amusement under his earnest eyes, "but if you really wish me to, I can tell you what I would *do*."

She watched him from the window, as he walked sedately down the street, on the way to do as she told him. "Nora!" she called, turning back into the room, "is the faculty standing on its head,

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or what is the matter with *me?*" "Yes, mem," said Nora, with a vacant look in her blue eyes, and then she went on taking up ashes from the fireplace.

As for the young professor, he gradually recovered confidence, and was soon pursuing his economic and social theories with as strong a heart as ever. But he had been forced to some silent admissions, which we shall not formulate here.

As time went on, it was found that he held genial relations with a world that was wider than the academic circle, that he was a companion to men of action as well as to men of learning and philosophy. This happy range was partly due, no doubt, to his liberal and generous nature. His wife shall have no more credit than she deserves, but an admiring association with her flash-light intelligence was good defence against the tyrannies of chart and schedule.

"Kate," said he, when she had given him one of her off-hand illuminations, on a matter that he had believed to be difficult, "how delightful it must be to be able to know without thinking!"

"Why, Henry," she protested, "I thought you *liked* to think. I wouldn't do it, if it isn't pleasant."

"Ah, but I have to. I can't learn your method."

"Method! Nonsense. Just let it alone—open your eyes—it does itself!"

Ask of the Night

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

WHEN Hate's strong waves have reached thy soul,
When on her tides thou wouldst embark
And let her storms thy life control,
When vengeance seems a holy mark,
Ask of the Night.

When Jealousy hath said, "Beware!
Trust not the pledge thou hast received!"
Rend not thy soul in dark despair,
But ere her scorning is believed
Ask of the Night.

Put by both Hate and Jealousy,
And let the calm Night kiss thy brow.
Sleep! When thou wakest, how differently
Shall seem the case so desperate now!
Ask of the Night.

We are a little folk at best:
The teeming fancies of the brain
Distort our judgment. Therefore rest
Within her arms and heal thy pain.
Ask of the Night.

For in her poppied realm there lies
A wisdom foreign to the day,
And she will lend it, to devise
Sweet balms to soothe thy cares away.
Ask of the Night.

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Man and the Upper Atmosphere

BY DR. R. SÜRING,

Royal Meteorological Institute, Berlin

So much has been written lately of navigable balloons and flying-machines that it may almost appear antediluvian to speak about a simple free balloon, that can only be led vertically, and otherwise has to follow the wind. The former ones are but in the first stages of their development, and it is still to be doubted whether they are a real lasting success, while the simple free balloon has become a favorite of the sportsman, an important aid to strategy, and an indispensable instrument of science, especially of meteorology. All our knowledge of the climatology within the regions of more than 20,000 feet above the earth we owe in the first place to aeronautics.

Few persons know how closely connected the history of aerial navigation is to scientific experiments, and that all great progresses in aeronautics are based on scientific designs. An ascent with meteorological instruments was made in 1783, the very year in which the balloon was invented. It was in London, on the 30th of November, 1784, that the first ascent for a merely scientific object was undertaken by the French aeronaut Blanchard and the physician Dr. Jeffries of Boston. In the beginning of the next year these same men succeeded in crossing the Channel from Dover in a balloon, an experiment which has since but seldom been repeated. The sensation caused by this voyage was so great that a monument was erected on the landing-place, Guines, in Normandy, probably the only aeronautical monument that we possess. During the following years aeronautics flourished especially in France. However, it was more than half a century later that a deed of real scientific worth was achieved by the famous ascents of John Welsh and James Glaisher (1852-1866). They for the first time studied intelligently the meteorology of the upper regions of the atmosphere. The instruments meanwhile were being improved, and it was urgently wished that scientists might complete and carry further Glaisher's observations; still for almost thirty years no ascent was made that actually brought anything new. Then the Berlin scientific ascents began, inaugurated by Professor Assmann, but rendered possible only by the personal interest and support of the German Emperor.

One main point in this new programme was the achievement of high ascents—that is, ascents of more than 20,000 feet—as especially in those regions great changes are still taking place. Such heights can only be reached by special precautions on the part of the aeronaut, and by respiring with the aid of pure oxygen. The ascent of the 31st of July, 1901, was one belonging to the series of these experiments, reaching 35,000 feet—undoubtedly the greatest height ever reached by men. At a height of 33,500 feet a complete set of instrumental observations was made, which has never before been possible above 30,000 feet.

The altitude that may be attained by a balloon depends, firstly, upon its size; secondly, upon the filling of gas; and thirdly, upon the weight being carried. A balloon of ordinary size (43,000 cubic feet), carrying the smallest weight—that is, one person—when filled with illuminating gas, may reach 20,000 feet, but when filled with hydrogen, 27,000 feet. In order to ascend higher, we first of all need a bigger balloon.

One may say it was a happy chance that the Royal Meteorological Institute of Berlin was provided by donation with a balloon of the unusual dimensions of 300,000 cubic feet. The German Emperor furnished £500 for making experiments with it, and the Meteorological Institute decided to make use of this opportunity for studying the highest regions of atmosphere.

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The balloon, constructed in Hanover, consists of two layers of strong cotton with an enclosure of India rubber. The inflated body has a diameter of 80 feet and a circumference of 260 feet, and weighs 2000 pounds. The valve at the top has a diameter of 4 feet. The net that surrounds it has a weight of 1600 pounds. It is attached to the ring by 48 wooden pins, and the ring has to carry the car by 24 lines. If the balloon is filled with hydrogen, it may lift 20,000 pounds, including its own weight and that of three persons; that is to say, about 16,000 pounds of ballast must be taken in order to let it rise gently. We have here given the approximate figures, because we so often find quite erroneous views of the dimensions and bearing-power possible in aerial locomotion.

As in all kinds of sport, so in ballooning, a great deal depends on careful preparations. It is only when every line, every knot, is in its right place that the whole power of the balloon can be made use of. For filling and mounting the balloon we were so fortunate as to obtain the assistance of the military aeronautical division, with their expert officers and well-trained men. With this assistance it could only be done on an absolutely quiet day.

In the year 1901 the balloon made two voyages; the first one—using ordinary gas—on the 11th of July, was undertaken by Mr. Berson, well known by his high ascents in Germany as well as in England, by the physiologist Dr. von Schrötter of Vienna, son of the celebrated physician Hofrath von Schrötter, and the present writer. It was a beautiful day—bright sunshine and warm quiet air. The balloon rose quickly, 6000 feet in twelve minutes, and then, by throwing out ballast, we were slowly carried upward to 24,500 feet. Here we observed 7° Fahrenheit below zero, while the normal temperature at this height is —28°. From a meteorological view it was most interesting to find this relatively high temperature, for this is probably one of the most characteristic features of the past dry and hot summer. The air above was extremely dry, therefore the prospect was clear and distinct, and consequently the voyage most delightful also from an æsthetic point of view. Luckily for us, very lovely parts of Germany were passed, especially the woods and hills of Thuringia; and the Wartburg, the place of refuge of Martin Luther, was clearly recognized 17,000 feet beneath us. The silver band of the Rhine was crossed south of Mainz, when the balloon had almost attained its utmost height, and we landed after ten hours' time in the Rheinpfalz, not far from the frontier of Lorraine.

On this voyage the physiological effects of height on the human body were carefully noted. It is generally known to mountaineers that in climbing up to great heights their strength vanishes, and they begin to feel sick. Quite the same happens in the balloon, but in greater altitudes, therefore the effort of climbing is only a secondary cause for the mountain-sickness. Still there are various views about the origin of it. Especially the opinion so general with people that the thin air at great height produces an abnormal circulation of the blood, and that consequently the limbs swell and blood streams from ears and nose, is absolutely wrong. Not once has such effect been observed by scientific men in balloons. Both voyages here described have shown quite clearly that at great height the functions of lung and heart are not really modified, but that it is only the want of oxygen—so much more abundant in the atmosphere below — that causes the illness. Now, we are able to take oxygen with us in the form of compressed gas, and by inhaling it we can protect ourselves against height-sickness, provided that we take long and slow gasps. The view of the Italian Angelo Mosso, that not oxygen is wanted, but carbonic acid, has not been confirmed by balloon experiments.

Furnished with this experience, Mr. Berson and the author mounted the car in order to reach the utmost height. It may be mentioned that neither physiological experiments nor the record of height was the chief object of the ascent, but in the first rank meteorological observations. The registration of automatic instruments borne by unmanned balloons being uncertain by the great intensity of solar radiation and very low temperatures, a controlling and direct observation has become most important.

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The balloon was filled with hydrogen by the military aeronautical troop within less than five hours, and it rose, with an enormous quantity of ballast, consisting of sand and iron filings. Within one hour a height of 16,000 feet, which is more than that of Mont Blanc, was attained; then we made about 3500 feet an hour, until at half past three o'clock the maximum, namely, six miles and a half, was reached. The wind was extremely slow and irregular up to 30,000 feet, but here, in the region of cirrus clouds, a strong western gale blew. The air was clear and transparent; only the lower clouds hindered a wide prospect; otherwise we ought to have been able to see from our highest point an area greater in extent than the kingdom of Prussia.

By abstaining from exertion as much as possible, the use of the compressed oxygen did not become necessary below 18,000 feet, and as soon as we took it in greater altitudes fresh strength and vigor returned at once. Thus we arrived in good condition at a height of 30,000 feet, feeling sometimes a weariness, which, however, had its reason in the short night rest before we started. This fatigue soon turned into a considerable apathy, an occasional falling asleep, from which state, however, we easily recovered by shouting and shaking one another. The observations could then be taken up again, though with some effort; and the inhaling of pure oxygen proved to be perfectly sufficient for reviving us. No sort of heavy unconsciousness took hold of either of the two voyagers until the last set of observations was made, at an altitude of 33,500 feet. It is to be noticed that, contrary to many former descriptions, the perception of the senses had not diminished; we could read the instruments quite accurately; even the viewing through a telescope did not tire; the notes we made are perfectly distinct, and scarcely different from one's handwriting below.

The events which took place at an altitude above 34,000 feet are a little confused to both of us. It seems that finally we became too weak to breathe regularly and deeply, and therefore we did not get enough oxygen. The falling asleep became more frequent, and therefore more dangerous. When Mr. Berson found me asleep at that point he resolved quickly to pull the valve. He succeeded; but the effort was too great; he collapsed altogether and lost consciousness. Before or after this act I too remember several clear moments, when I tried to impart more oxygen to my sleeping partner, but apparently in vain. Probably both of us had lost the breathing-pipes, and then sank into a heavy swoon, from which we recovered almost at the same time, finding ourselves at 20,000 feet.

We are very sorry that we cannot state exactly the altitude to which we really ascended. The ink of the barograph—an instrument measuring automatically the height—was frozen, so that the registrations above 33,000 feet became so imperfect that the weak line at 36,000 feet may be objected to, or at least discussed. Immediately before pulling the valve, by a quick glance at the mercurial barometer, Mr. Berson could read a height of 35,000 feet. However, the balloon was still in the act of climbing, as we had just thrown out two sand-bags; so in spite of opening the valve we must have ascended a few hundred feet more than we have stated. But we are quite justified in declaring that our maximum height was at the very least 35,000 feet.

Here we may mention the famous high ascent of Messrs. James Glaisher and Coxwell, who think they reached 36-37,000 feet on the 5th of September, 1862. Glaisher fainted when at 26,000 feet, but he concluded, from the swiftness of the descent at awakening, and by the registrations of a thermometer (not barometer), that he must have been 10,000 feet higher. Several competent critics in England, Germany, and America have justly doubted these statements. It is hardly possible that a balloon of the dimensions and the weight of Glaisher's could reach much more than 33,000 feet; also the resistance of air to the fall of such a balloon is too great to give so high figures for the swiftness of falling (sometimes more than one mile per minute) as Mr. Glaisher publishes. It is highly improbable that Mr. Glaisher ascended higher than 29,000 feet, but, nevertheless, such a voyage without the help of oxygen is astonishing.

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In order to return to our voyage of last summer, we must say that we felt very badly after our swoon of nearly three-quarters of an hour. After strongly inhaling oxygen, the want of breath and the feeling of anxiety passed off, but a great fatigue, an emptiness of the stomach, and now and then a little headache, remained. In spite of the size of the balloon we managed the descent easily, so that we landed quite gently at Briesen, in the vicinity of Cottbus, only seventy miles southeast of Berlin. The voyage lasted seven and a half hours. As usual, we found a most kind reception; the pastor of the village was especially hospitable in his hearty way. The next day we had fully recovered, and no sort of ill health remained.

It is not practicable or advisable in a brief paper to discuss all the meteorological results obtained in this voyage; it may be only mentioned that the air was again comparatively warm at the greatest height, just as on the 11th of July. It is true that we had 40° Fahr. below zero, but at a former voyage I observed already 55° below at a height of 25,000 feet. This voyage confirms the modern view, that even at the greatest heights of the atmosphere the variations of temperature are almost as great as on earth. The physiological observations seem to teach that at 35,000 feet is the boundary for a human being in open air. At any rate it would be dangerous to try to get any farther. And, finally, the venerable Mr. Glaisher, who is now more than ninety years of age, would undoubtedly be the first to acknowledge that his record has been surpassed, provided that he is still interested in aeronautics.

The Night Beautiful

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

DAY-LONG the fiery and unpitying sun
Flamed in a sky that glowed like burnished brass;
Dun stretched the ribbon of the road, and dun
The reaches of the grass.

In the still willow shadows by the pool
The cattle herded, standing dewlap-deep;
And all the beechen aisles, erewhile so cool,
Were sunk in fervid sleep.

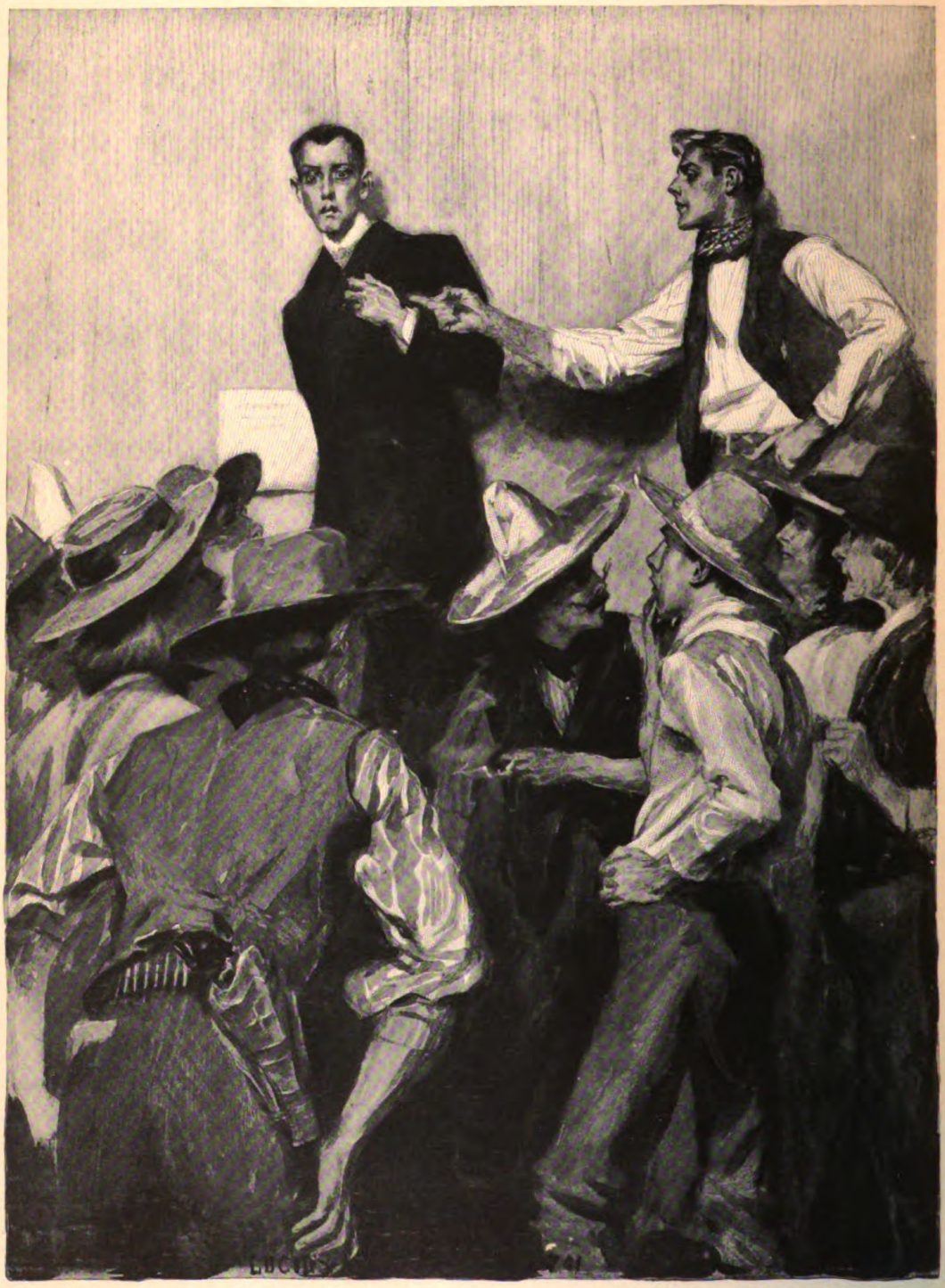
But with the dusk the vesper ecstasies
Of the charmed wood-thrush stirred our hearts to hope;
And then there breathed the blessing of a breeze
Adown the western slope.

The graceful garden-primrose set alight
Its little globes of lemon-gold, and soon
High in the deep blue garden of the night
Flowered the great primrose moon.

And we forgot the garishness, the glare,
The parching meadows, and the shrunken streams,
And in the glamour of that magic air
We gave ourselves to dreams.

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"YES, I'LL SAVE YOU"

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A Double-barrelled Detective Story

BY MARK TWAIN

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II

I

THE next afternoon the village was electrified with an immense sensation. A grave and dignified foreigner of distinguished bearing and appearance had arrived at the tavern, and entered this formidable name upon the register:

Sherlock Holmes.

The news buzzed from cabin to cabin, from claim to claim; tools were dropped, and the town swarmed toward the centre of interest. A man passing out at the northern end of the village shouted it to Pat Riley, whose claim was the next one to Flint Buckner's. At that name Fetlock Jones seemed to turn sick. He muttered to himself:

"Uncle *Sherlock!* The mean luck of it!—that *he* should come just when. . ." He dropped into a reverie, and presently said to himself: "But what's the use of being afraid of *him?* Anybody that knows him the way I do knows he can't detect a crime, except when he plans it all out beforehand and arranges the clews and hires some fellow to commit it according to instructions. . . . Now there ain't going to *be* any clews this time—so, what show has he got? None at all. No, sir; everything's ready. If I was to risk putting it off. . . . No, I won't run any risk like that. Flint Buckner goes out of this world to-night, for sure." Then another trouble presented itself. "Uncle Sherlock 'll be wanting to talk home matters with me this evening, and how am I going to get rid of him? for I've *got* to be at my cabin a minute or two about eight o'clock." This was an awkward matter, and cost him much thought. But he found a way to beat the difficulty. "We'll go for a walk, and I'll leave him in the road a minute, so that he won't see what it is I do: the best way to throw a detective off the track, anyway, is to have him along when you are preparing the thing. Yes, that's the safest—I'll take him with me."

Meantime the road in front of the tavern was blocked with villagers waiting and hoping for a glimpse of the great man. But he kept his room, and did not appear. None but Ferguson, Jake Parker the blacksmith, and Ham Sandwich had any luck. These enthusiastic admirers of the great scientific detective hired the tavern's detained-baggage lock-up, which looked into the detective's room across a little alleyway ten or twelve feet wide, ambushed themselves in it, and cut some peep-holes in the window-blind. Mr. Holmes's blinds were down; but by-and-by he raised them. It gave the spies a hair-lifting but pleasurable thrill to find themselves face to face with the Extraordinary Man who had filled the world with the fame of his more than human ingenuities. There he sat—not a myth, not a shadow, but real, alive, compact of substance, and almost within touching distance with the hand.

"Look at that head!" said Ferguson, in an awed voice. "By gracious! *that's* a head!"

"You bet!" said the blacksmith, with deep reverence. "Look at his nose! look at his eyes! Intellect? Just a battery of it!"

"And that paleness," said Ham Sandwich. "Comes from thought — that's what it comes from. Hell! duffers like us don't know what real thought *is.*"

"No more we don't," said Ferguson. "What we take for thinking is just blubber-and-slush."

"Right you are, Wells-Fargo. And look at that frown—that's *deep* thinking

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—away down, down, forty fathom into the bowels of things. He's on the track of something."

"Well, he is, and don't you forget it. Say—look at that awful gravity—look at that pallid solemness—there ain't any corpse can lay over it."

"No, sir, not for dollars! And it's his'n by hereditary rights, too; he's been dead four times a'ready, and there's history for it. Three times natural, once by accident. I've heard say he smells damp and cold, like a grave. And he—"

"'Sh! Watch him! There—he's got his thumb on the bump on the near corner of his forehead, and his forefinger on the off one. His think-works is just a-*grinding* now, you bet your other shirt."

"That's so. And now he's gazing up towards heaven and stroking his mustache slow, and—"

"Now he has rose up standing, and is putting his clews together on his left fingers with his right finger. See? he touches the forefinger—now middle finger —now ring-finger—"

"Stuck!"

"Look at him scowl! He can't seem to make out *that* clew. So he—"

"See him smile!—like a tiger—and tally off the other fingers like nothing! He's got it, boys; he's got it sure!"

"Well, I should *say!* I'd hate to be in that man's place that he's after."

Mr. Holmes drew a table to the window, sat down with his back to the spies, and proceeded to write. The spies withdrew their eyes from the peep-holes, lit their pipes, and settled themselves for a comfortable smoke and talk. Ferguson said, with conviction:

"Boys, it's no use talking, he's a wonder! He's got the signs of it all over him."

"You hain't ever said a truer word than that, Wells-Fargo," said Jake Parker. "Say, wouldn't it 'a' been nuts if he'd a-been here last night?"

"Oh, by George, but wouldn't it!" said Ferguson. "Then we'd have seen *scientific* work. Intellect—just pure intellect —away up on the upper levels, dontchuknow. Archy is all right, and it don't become anybody to belittle *him,* I can tell you. But his gift is only just eyesight, sharp as an owl's, as near as I can make it out—just a grand natural animal talent, no more, no less, and prime as far as it goes, but no intellect in it, and for awfulness and marvellousness no more to be compared to what this man does than—than— Why, let me tell you what *he'd* have done. He'd have stepped over to Hogan's and glanced — just *glanced,* that's all—at the premises, and that's enough. See everything? Yes, sir, to the last little *de*tail; and he'd know more about that place than the Hogans would know in seven years. Next, he would sit down on the bunk, just as ca'm, and say to Mrs. Hogan— *Say,* Ham, consider that you are Mrs. Hogan. I'll ask the questions; you answer them."

"All right; go on."

"Madam, if you please—attention—do not let your mind wander. Now, then—sex of the child?"

"Female, your Honor."

"Um—female. Very good, very good. Age?"

"Turned six, your Honor."

"Um—young, weak—two miles. Weariness will overtake it then. It will sink down and sleep. We shall find it two miles away, or less. Teeth?"

"Five, your Honor, and one a-coming."

"Very good, very good, *very* good indeed. You see, boys, *he* knows a clew when he sees it, when it wouldn't mean a dern thing to anybody else. Stockings, madam? Shoes?"

"Yes, your Honor—both."

"Yarn, perhaps? Morocco?"

"Yarn, your Honor. And kip."

"Um—kip. This complicates the matter. However, let it go—we shall manage. Religion?"

"Catholic, your Honor."

"Very good. Snip me a bit from the bed blanket, please. Ah, thanks. Part wool—foreign make. Very well. A snip from some garment of the child's, please. Thanks. Cotton. Shows wear. An excellent clew, excellent. Pass me a pellet of the floor dirt, if you'll be so kind. Thanks, many thanks. Ah, admirable, admirable! *Now* we know where we are, I think. You see, boys, he's got all the clews he wants now; he don't need anything more. Now, then, what does this Extraordinary Man do? He lays those snips and that dirt out on the table and leans over them on his elbows, and puts them together side by side and studies

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them—mumbles to himself, 'Female'; changes them around—mumbles, 'Six years old'; changes them this way and that—again mumbles: 'Five teeth—one a-coming—Catholic—yarn—cotton—kip—damn that kip!' Then he straightens up and gazes towards heaven, and ploughs his hands through his hair—ploughs and ploughs, muttering, 'Damn that kip!' Then he stands up and frowns, and begins to tally off his clews on his fingers—and gets stuck at the ring-finger. But only just a minute—then his face glares all up in a smile like a house afire, and he straightens up stately and majestic, and says to the crowd, 'Take a lantern, a couple of you, and go down to Injun Billy's and fetch the child—the rest of you go 'long home to bed; good-night, madam; good-night, gents.' And he bows like the Matterhorn, and pulls out for the tavern. That's *his* style, and the *Only*—scientific, intellectual—all over in fifteen minutes—no poking around all over the sage-brush range an hour and a half in a mass-meeting crowd for *him*, boys—you hear *me!*"

"By Jackson, it's grand!" said Ham Sandwich. "Wells-Fargo, you've got him down to a dot. He ain't painted up any exacter to the life in the books. By George, I can just *see* him—can't you, boys?"

"You bet you! It's just a photograft, that's what it is."

Ferguson was profoundly pleased with his success, and grateful. He sat silently enjoying his happiness a little while, then he murmured, with a deep awe in his voice,

"I wonder if God made him?"

There was no response for a moment; then Ham Sandwich said, reverently,

"Not all at one time, I reckon."

II

At eight o'clock that evening two persons were groping their way past Flint Buckner's cabin in the frosty gloom. They were Sherlock Holmes and his nephew.

"Stop here in the road a moment, uncle," said Fetlock, "while I run to my cabin; I won't be gone a minute."

He asked for something—the uncle furnished it—then he disappeared in the darkness, but soon returned, and the talking-walk was resumed. By nine o'clock they had wandered back to the tavern. They worked their way through the billiard-room, where a crowd had gathered in the hope of getting a glimpse of the Extraordinary Man. A royal cheer was raised. Mr. Holmes acknowledged the compliment with a series of courtly bows, and as he was passing out his nephew said to the assemblage,

"Uncle Sherlock's got some work to do, gentlemen, that 'll keep him till twelve or one, but he'll be down again then, or earlier if he can, and hopes some of you'll be left to take a drink with him."

"By George, he's just a duke, boys! Three cheers for Sherlock Holmes, the greatest man that's ever lived!" shouted Ferguson. "Hip, hip, hip—"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Tiger!"

The uproar shook the building, so hearty was the feeling the boys put into their welcome. Upstairs the uncle reproached the nephew gently, saying,

"What did you get me into that engagement for?"

"I reckon you don't want to be unpopular, do you, uncle? Well, then, don't you put on any exclusiveness in a mining-camp, that's all. The boys admire you; but if you was to leave without taking a drink with them, they'd set you down for a snob. And, besides, you said you had home talk enough in stock to keep us up and at it half the night."

The boy was right, and wise—the uncle acknowledged it. The boy was wise in another detail which he did not mention,—except to himself: "Uncle and the others will come handy—in the way of nailing an *alibi* where it can't be budged."

He and his uncle talked diligently about three hours. Then, about midnight, Fetlock stepped down stairs and took a position in the dark a dozen steps from the tavern, and waited. Five minutes later Flint Buckner came rocking out of the billiard-room and almost brushed him as he passed.

"I've *got* him!" muttered the boy. He continued to himself, looking after the shadowy form: "Good-by—good-by for good, Flint Buckner; you called my mother a—well, never mind what; it's all right, now; you're taking your last walk, friend."

He went musing back into the tavern.

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"From now till one is an hour. We'll spend it with the boys; it's good for the *alibi*."

He brought Sherlock Holmes to the billiard-room, which was jammed with eager and admiring miners; the guest called the drinks, and the fun began. Everybody was happy; everybody was complimentary; the ice was soon broken; songs, anecdotes, and more drinks followed, and the pregnant minutes flew. At six minutes to one, when the jollity was at its highest—

Boom!

There was silence instantly. The deep sound came rolling and rumbling from peak to peak up the gorge, then died down, and ceased. The spell broke, then, and the men made a rush for the door, saying,

"Something's blown up!"

Outside, a voice in the darkness said,

"It's away down the gorge; I saw the flash."

The crowd poured down the canyon—Holmes, Fetlock, Archy Stillman, everybody. They made the mile in a few minutes. By the light of a lantern they found the smooth and solid dirt floor of Flint Buckner's cabin; of the cabin itself not a vestige remained, not a rag nor a splinter. Nor any sign of Flint. Search-parties sought here and there and yonder, and presently a cry went up,

"Here he is!"

It was true. Fifty yards down the gulch they had found him—that is, they had found a crushed and lifeless mass which represented him. Fetlock Jones hurried thither with the others and looked.

The inquest was a fifteen-minute affair. Ham Sandwich, foreman of the jury, handed up the verdict, which was phrased with a certain unstudied literary grace, and closed with this finding, to wit: that "deceased came to his death by his own act or some other person or persons unknown to this jury not leaving any family or similar effects behind but his cabin which was blown away and God have mercy on his soul amen."

Then the impatient jury rejoined the main crowd, for the storm centre of interest was there—Sherlock Holmes. The miners stood silent and reverent in a half-circle, enclosing a large vacant space which included the front exposure of the site of the late premises. In this considerable space the Extraordinary Man was moving about, attended by his nephew with a lantern. With a tape he took measurements of the cabin site; of the distance from the wall of chaparral to the road; of the height of the chaparral bushes; also various other measurements. He gathered a rag here, a splinter there, and a pinch of earth yonder, inspected them profoundly, and preserved them. He took the "lay" of the place with a pocket-compass, allowing two seconds for magnetic variation. He took the time (Pacific) by his watch, correcting it for local time. He paced off the distance from the cabin site to the corpse, and corrected that for tidal differentiation. He took the altitude with a pocket-aneroid, and the temperature with a pocket-thermometer. Finally he said, with a stately bow:

"It is finished. Shall we return, gentlemen?"

He took up the line of march for the tavern, and the crowd fell into his wake, earnestly discussing and admiring the Extraordinary Man, and interlarding guesses as to the origin of the tragedy and who the author of it might be.

"My, but it's grand luck having him here—hey, boys?" said Ferguson.

"It's the biggest thing of the century," said Ham Sandwich. "It 'll go all over the world; you mark my words."

"*You* bet!" said Jake Parker the blacksmith. "It 'll boom this camp. Ain't it so, Wells-Fargo?"

"Well, as you want my opinion—if it's any sign of how *I* think about it, I can tell you this: yesterday I was holding the Straight Flush claim at two dollars a foot; I'd like to see the man that can get it at sixteen to-day."

"Right you are, Wells-Fargo! It's the grandest luck a new camp ever struck. Say, did you see him collar them little rags and dirt and things? What an eye! He just *can't* overlook a clew—'tain't *in* him."

"That's so. And they wouldn't mean a thing to anybody else; but to him, why, they're just a book—large print at that."

"Sure's you're born! Them odds and ends have got their little old secret, and they think there ain't anybody can pull

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it; but, land! when he sets his grip there they've got to squeal, and don't you forget it."

"Boys, I ain't sorry, now, that he wasn't here to roust out the child; this is a bigger thing, by a long sight. Yes, sir, and more tangled up and scientific and intellectual."

"I reckon we're all of us glad it's turned out this way. Glad? 'George! it ain't any name for it. Dontchuknow, Archy could 've *learnt* something if he'd had the nous to stand by and take notice of how that man works the system. But no; he went poking up into the chaparral and just missed the whole thing."

"It's true as gospel; I seen it myself. Well, Archy's young. He'll know better one of these days."

"Say, boys, who do you reckon done it?"

That was a difficult question, and brought out a world of unsatisfying conjecture. Various men were mentioned as possibilities, but one by one they were discarded as not being eligible. No one but young Hillyer had been intimate with Flint Buckner; no one had really had a quarrel with him; he had affronted every man who had tried to make up to him, although not quite offensively enough to require bloodshed. There was one name that was upon every tongue from the start, but it was the last to get utterance—Fetlock Jones's. It was Pat Riley that mentioned it.

"Oh, well," the boys said, "of course we've all thought of him, because he had a million rights to kill Flint Buckner, and it was just his plain duty to do it. But all the same there's two things we can't get around: for one thing, he hasn't got the sand; and for another, he wasn't anywhere near the place when it happened."

"I know it," said Pat. "He was there in the billiard-room with us when it happened."

"Yes, and was there all the time for an hour *before* it happened."

"It's so. And lucky for him, too. He'd have been suspected in a minute if it hadn't been for that."

III

The tavern dining-room had been cleared of all its furniture save one six-foot pine table and a chair. This table was against one end of the room; the chair was on it; Sherlock Holmes, stately, imposing, impressive, sat in the chair. The public stood. The room was full. The tobacco smoke was dense, the stillness profound.

The Extraordinary Man raised his hand to command additional silence; held it in the air a few moments; then, in brief, crisp terms he put forward question after question, and noted the answers with "Um-ums," nods of the head, and so on. By this process he learned all about Flint Buckner, his character, conduct, and habits, that the people were able to tell him. It thus transpired that the Extraordinary Man's nephew was the only person in the camp who had a killing-grudge against Flint Buckner. Mr. Holmes smiled compassionately upon the witness, and asked, languidly—

"Do any of you gentlemen chance to know where the lad Fetlock Jones was at the time of the explosion?"

A thunderous response followed—

"In the billiard-room of this house!"

"Ah. And had he just come in?"

"Been there all of an hour!"

"Ah. It is about—about—well, about how far might it be to the scene of the explosion?"

"All of a mile!"

"Ah. It isn't *much* of an alibi, 'tis true, but—"

A storm-burst of laughter, mingled with shouts of, "By jiminy, but he's chain-lightning!" and, "Ain't you sorry you spoke, Sandy?" shut off the rest of the sentence, and the crushed witness drooped his blushing face in pathetic shame. The inquisitor resumed:

"The lad Jones's somewhat *distant* connection with the case" *(laughter)* "having been disposed of, let us now call the *eye*-witnesses of the tragedy, and listen to what they have to say."

He got out his fragmentary clews and arranged them on a sheet of card-board on his knee. The house held its breath and watched.

"We have the longitude and the latitude, corrected for magnetic variation, and this gives us the exact location of the tragedy. We have the altitude, the temperature, and the degree of humidity prevailing — inestimably valuable, since

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they enable us to estimate with precision the degree of influence which they would exercise upon the mood and disposition of the assassin at that time of the night." (*Buzz of admiration; muttered remark, "By George, but he's deep!"*) He fingered his clews. "And now let us ask these mute witnesses to speak to us.

"Here we have an empty linen shot-bag. What is its message? This: that robbery was the motive, not revenge. What is its further message? This: that the assassin was of inferior intelligence—shall we say light-witted, or perhaps approaching that? How do we know this? Because a person of sound intelligence would not have proposed to rob the man Buckner, who never had much money with him. But the assassin might have been a stranger? Let the bag speak again. I take from it this article. It is a bit of silver-bearing quartz. It is peculiar. Examine it, please—you—and you—and you. Now pass it back, please. There is but one lode on this coast which produces just that character and color of quartz; and that is a lode which crops out for nearly two miles on a stretch, and in my opinion is destined, at no distant day, to confer upon its locality a globe-girdling celebrity, and upon its two hundred owners riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Name that lode, please."

"The Consolidated Christian Science and Mary Ann!" was the prompt response.

A wild crash of hurrahs followed, and every man reached for his neighbor's hand and wrung it, with tears in his eyes; and Wells-Fargo Ferguson shouted, "The Straight Flush is on the lode, and up she goes to a hundred and fifty a foot—you hear *me!*"

When quiet fell, Mr. Holmes resumed:

"We perceive, then, that three facts are established, to wit: the assassin was approximately light-witted; he was not a stranger; his motive was robbery, not revenge. Let us proceed. I hold in my hand a small fragment of fuse, with the recent smell of fire upon it. What is its testimony? Taken with the corroborative evidence of the quartz, it reveals to us that the assassin was a miner. What does it tell us further? This, gentlemen: that the assassination was consummated by means of an explosive. What else does it say? This: that the explosive was located against the side of the cabin nearest the road—the front side—for within six feet of that spot I found it.

"I hold in my fingers a burnt Swedish match—the kind one rubs on a safety-box. I found it in the road, 622 feet from the abolished cabin. What does it say? This: that the train was fired from that point. What further does it tell us? This: that the assassin was left-handed. How do I know this? I should not be able to explain to you, gentlemen, how I know it, the signs being so subtle that only long experience and deep study can enable one to detect them. But the signs are here, and they are re-enforced by a fact which you must have often noticed in the great detective narratives—that *all* assassins are left-handed."

"By Jackson, *that's* so!" said Ham Sandwich, bringing his great hand down with a resounding slap upon his thigh; "blamed if I ever thought of it before."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried several. "Oh, there can't anything escape *him*—look at his eye!"

"Gentlemen, distant as the murderer was from his doomed victim, he did not wholly escape injury. This fragment of wood which I now exhibit to you struck him. It drew blood. Wherever he is, he bears the telltale mark. I picked it up where he stood when he fired the fatal train." He looked out over the house from his high perch, and his countenance began to darken; he slowly raised his hand, and pointed—

"There stands the assassin!"

For a moment the house was paralyzed with amazement; then twenty voices burst out with:

"Sammy Hillyer? Oh, *hell,* no! *Him?* It's pure foolishness!"

"Take care, gentlemen—be not hasty. Observe—he has the blood-mark on his brow."

Hillyer turned white with fright. He was near to crying. He turned this way and that, appealing to every face for help and sympathy; and held out his supplicating hands toward Holmes and began to plead:

"*Don't,* oh, don't! I never did it; I give my word I never did it. The way I got this hurt on my forehead was—"

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"Arrest him, constable!" cried Holmes. "I will swear out the warrant."

The constable moved reluctantly forward—hesitated—stopped.

Hillyer broke out with another appeal. "Oh, Archy, don't let them do it; it would kill mother! *You* know how I got the hurt. Tell them, and save me, Archy; save me!"

Stillman worked his way to the front, and said:

"Yes, I'll save you. Don't be afraid." Then he said to the house, "Never mind how he got the hurt; it hasn't anything to do with this case, and isn't of any consequence."

"God bless you, Archy, for a true friend!"

"Hurrah for Archy! Go in, boy, and play 'em a knock-down flush to their two pair 'n' a jack!" shouted the house, pride in their home talent and a patriotic sentiment of loyalty to it rising suddenly in the public heart and changing the whole attitude of the situation.

Young Stillman waited for the noise to cease; then he said,

"I will ask Tom Jeffries to stand by that door yonder, and Constable Harris to stand by the other one here, and not let anybody leave the room."

"Said and done. Go on, old man!"

"The criminal is present, I believe. I will show him to you before long, in case I am right in my guess. Now I will tell you all about the tragedy, from start to finish. The motive *wasn't* robbery; it was revenge. The murderer *wasn't* light-witted. He *didn't* stand 622 feet away. He *didn't* get hit with a piece of wood. He *didn't* place the explosive against the cabin. He *didn't* bring a shot-bag with him, and he *wasn't* left-handed. With the exception of these errors, the distinguished guest's statement of the case is substantially correct."

A comfortable laugh rippled over the house; friend nodded to friend, as much as to say, "That's the word, with the bark *on* it. Good lad, good boy. *He* ain't lowering his flag any!"

The guest's serenity was not disturbed. Stillman resumed:

"I also have some witnesses; and I will presently tell you where you can find some more." He held up a piece of coarse wire; the crowd craned their necks to see. "It has a smooth coating of melted tallow on it. And here is a candle which is burned half-way down. The remaining half of it has marks cut upon it an inch apart. Soon I will tell you where I found these things. I will now put aside reasonings, guesses, the impressive hitching of odds and ends of clews together, and the other showy theatricals of the detective trade, and tell you in a plain, straightforward way just how this dismal thing happened."

He paused a moment, for effect—to allow silence and suspense to intensify and concentrate the house's interest; then he went on:

"The assassin studied out his plan with a good deal of pains. It was a good plan, very ingenious, and showed an intelligent mind, not a feeble one. It was a plan which was well calculated to ward off all suspicion from its inventor. In the first place, he marked a candle into spaces an inch apart, and lit it and timed it. He found it took three hours to burn four inches of it. I tried it myself for half an hour, awhile ago, upstairs here, while the inquiry into Flint Buckner's character and ways was being conducted in this room, and I arrived in that way at the rate of a candle's consumption when sheltered from the wind. Having proved his trial-candle's rate, he blew it out—I have already shown it to you—and put his inch-marks on a fresh one.

"He put the fresh one into a tin candlestick. Then at the five-hour mark he bored a hole through the candle with a red-hot wire. I have already shown you the wire, with a smooth coat of tallow on it—tallow that had been melted and had cooled.

"With labor — very heavy labor, I should say—he struggled up through the stiff chaparral that clothes the steep hillside back of Flint Buckner's place, tugging an empty flour-barrel with him. He placed it in that absolutely secure hiding-place, and in the bottom of it he set the candlestick. Then he measured off about thirty-five feet of fuse—the barrel's distance from the back of the cabin. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel—here is the large gimlet he did it with. He went on and finished his work; and when it was done, one end of the fuse was in Buckner's cabin, and the other end,

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with a notch chipped in it to expose the powder, was in the hole in the candle—timed to blow the place up at one o'clock this morning, provided the candle was lit about eight o'clock yesterday evening—which I am betting it was—and provided there was an explosive in the cabin and connected with that end of the fuse—which I am also betting there was, though I can't prove it. Boys, the barrel is there in the chaparral, the candle's remains are in it in the tin stick; the burnt-out fuse is in the gimlet-hole, the other end is down the hill where the late cabin stood. I saw them all an hour or two ago, when the Professor here was measuring off unimplicated vacancies and collecting relics that hadn't anything to do with the case."

He paused. The house drew a long, deep breath, shook its strained cords and muscles free, and burst into cheers.

"Dang him!" said Ham Sandwich, "that's why he was snooping around in the chaparral, instead of picking up points out of the P'fessor's game. Looky here—*he* ain't no fool, boys."

"No, sir! Why, great Scott—"

But Stillman was resuming:

"While we were out yonder an hour or two ago, the owner of the gimlet and the trial-candle took them from a place where he had concealed them—it was not a good place—and carried them to what he probably thought was a better one, two hundred yards up in the pine woods, and hid them there, covering them over with pine needles. It was there that I found them. The gimlet exactly fits the hole in the barrel. And now—"

The Extraordinary Man interrupted him. He said, sarcastically:

"We have had a very pretty fairy-tale, gentlemen—very pretty indeed. Now I would like to ask this young man a question or two."

Some of the boys winced, and Ferguson said,

"I'm afraid Archy's going to catch it now."

The others lost their smiles and sobered down. Mr. Holmes said:

"Let us proceed to examine into this fairy-tale in a consecutive and orderly way—by geometrical progression, so to speak—linking detail to detail in a steadily advancing and remorselessly consistent and unassailable march upon this tinsel toy-fortress of error, the dream-fabric of a callow imagination. To begin with, young sir, I desire to ask you but three questions at present—*at present.* Did I understand you to say it was your opinion that the supposititious candle was lighted at about eight o'clock yesterday evening?"

"Yes, sir—about eight."

"Could you say exactly eight?"

"Well, no, I couldn't be that exact."

"Um. If a person had been passing along there just about that time, he would have been almost sure to encounter that assassin, do you think?"

"Yes, I should think so."

"Thank you, that is all. For the present. I say, all *for the present.*"

"Dern him! he's laying for Archy," said Ferguson.

"It's so," said Ham Sandwich. "I don't like the look of it."

Stillman said, glancing at the guest,

"I was along there myself at half past eight—no, about nine."

"In-deed? This is interesting—this is very interesting. Perhaps you encountered the assassin yourself?"

"No, I encountered no one."

"Ah. Then—if you will excuse the remark—I do not quite see the relevancy of the information."

"It has none. At present. I say it has none—at present." He paused. Presently he resumed: "I did not encounter the assassin, but I am on his track, I am sure, for I believe he is in this room. I will ask you all to pass one by one in front of me—here, where there is a good light—so that I can see your feet."

A buzz of excitement swept the place, and the march began, the guest looking on with an iron attempt at gravity which was not an unqualified success. Stillman stooped, shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed down intently at each pair of feet as it passed. Fifty men tramped monotonously by—with no result. Sixty. Seventy. The thing was beginning to look absurd. The guest remarked, with suave irony,

"Assassins appear to be scarce this evening."

The house saw the humor of it, and refreshed itself with a cordial laugh. Ten or twelve more candidates tramped by—

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

IN A MOMENT I WAS AT HIS SIDE

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no, *danced* by, with airy and ridiculous capers which convulsed the spectators—then suddenly Stillman put out his hand and said,

"This is the assassin!"

"Fetlock Jones, by the great Sanhedrim!" roared the crowd; and at once let fly a pyrotechnic explosion and dazzle and confusion of stirring remarks inspired by the situation.

At the height of the turmoil the guest stretched out his hand, commanding peace. The authority of a great name and a great personality laid its mysterious compulsion upon the house, and it obeyed. Out of the panting calm which succeeded, the guest spoke, saying, with dignity and feeling:

"*This* is serious. It strikes at an innocent life. Innocent beyond suspicion! Innocent beyond peradventure! Hear me *prove* it; observe how simple a fact can brush out of existence this witless lie. Listen. My friends, that lad was never out of my sight yesterday evening at *any* time!"

It made a deep impression. Men turned their eyes upon Stillman with grave inquiry in them. His face brightened, and he said,

"I *knew* there was another one!" He stepped briskly to the table and glanced at the guest's feet, then up at his face, and said: "You were *with* him! You were not fifty steps from him when he lit the candle that by-and-by fired the powder!" *(Sensation.)* "And what is more, you furnished the matches yourself!"

Plainly the guest seemed hit; it looked so to the public. He opened his mouth to speak; the words did not come freely.

"This—er—this is insanity—this—"

Stillman pressed his evident advantage home. He held up a charred match.

"Here is one of them. I found it in the barrel—and there's *another* one there."

The guest found his voice at once.

"*Yes*—and put them there yourself!"

It was recognized as a good shot. Stillman retorted:

"It is *wax*—a breed unknown to this camp. I am ready to be searched for the box. Are you?"

The guest was staggered this time—the dullest eye could see it. He fumbled with his hands; once or twice his lips moved, but the words did not come. The house waited and watched, in tense suspense, the stillness adding effect to the situation. Presently Stillman said, gently,

"We are waiting for your decision."

There was silence again during several moments; then the guest answered, in a low voice,

"I refuse to be searched."

There was no noisy demonstration, but all about the house one voice after another muttered:

"That settles it! He's Archy's meat."

What to do now? Nobody seemed to know. It was an embarrassing situation for the moment—merely, of course, because matters had taken such a sudden and unexpected turn that these unpractised minds were not prepared for it, and had come to a standstill, like a stopped clock, under the shock. But after a little the machinery began to work again, tentatively, and by twos and threes the men put their heads together and privately buzzed over this and that and the other proposition. One of these propositions met with much favor; it was, to confer upon the assassin a vote of thanks for removing Flint Buckner, and let him go. But the cooler heads opposed it, pointing out that addled brains in the Eastern States would pronounce it a scandal, and make no end of foolish noise about it. In the end the cool heads got the upper hand, and obtained general consent to a proposition of their own, and their leader then called the house to order and stated it—to this effect: that Fetlock Jones be jailed and put upon his trial.

The motion was carried. Apparently there was nothing further to do now, and the people were glad, for, privately, they were impatient to get out and rush to the scene of the tragedy, and see whether that barrel and the other things were really there or not.

But no—the break-up got a check. The surprises were not over yet. For a while Fetlock Jones had been silently sobbing, unnoticed in the absorbing excitements which had been following one another so persistently for some time; but when his arrest and trial were de-

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creed, he broke out despairingly, and said:

"No! it's no use. I don't want any jail, I don't want any trial; I've had all the hard luck I want, and all the miseries. Hang me now, and let me out! It would all come out, anyway — there couldn't anything save me. He has told it all, just as if he'd been with me and seen it—*I* don't know how he found out; and you'll find the barrel and things, and then I wouldn't have any chance any more. I killed him; and *you'd* have done it too, if he'd treated you like a dog, and you only a boy, and weak and poor, and not a friend to help you."

"And served him damned well right!" broke in Ham Sandwich. "Looky here, boys—"

From the constable: "Order! Order, gentlemen!"

A voice: "Did your uncle know what you was up to?"

"No, he didn't."

"Did he give you the matches, sure enough?"

"Yes, he did; but he didn't know what I wanted them for."

"When you was out on such a business as that, how did you venture to risk having him along—and him a *detective?* How's that?"

The boy hesitated, fumbled with his buttons in an embarrassed way, then said, shyly,

"I know about detectives, on account of having them in the family; and if you don't want them to find out about a thing, it's best to have them around when you do it."

The cyclone of laughter which greeted this naïve discharge of wisdom did not modify the poor little waif's embarrassment in any large degree.

IV

From a Letter to Mrs. Stillman. Dated merely "Tuesday."

. . . . Fetlock Jones was put under lock and key in an unoccupied log cabin, and left there to await his trial. Constable Harris provided him with a couple of days' rations, instructed him to keep a good guard over himself, and promised to look in on him as soon as further supplies should be due.

Next morning a score of us went with Hillyer, out of friendship, and helped him bury his late relative, the unlamented Buckner, and I acted as first assistant pall-bearer, Hillyer acting as chief. Just as we had finished our labors a ragged and melancholy stranger, carrying an old hand-bag, limped by with his head down, and I caught the scent I had chased around the globe! It was the odor of Paradise to my perishing hope!

In a moment I was at his side and had laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder. He slumped to the ground as if a stroke of lightning had withered him in his tracks; and as the boys came running he struggled to his knees and put up his pleading hands to me, and out of his chattering jaws he begged me to persecute him no more, and said,

"You have hunted me around the world, Sherlock Holmes, yet God is my witness I have never done any man harm!"

A glance at his wild eyes showed us that he was insane. That was my work, mother! The tidings of your death can some day repeat the misery I felt in that moment, but nothing else can ever do it. The boys lifted him up, and gathered about him, and were full of pity of him, and said the gentlest and touchingest things to him, and said cheer up and don't be troubled, he was among friends now, and they would take care of him, and protect him, and hang any man that laid a hand on him. They are just like so many mothers, the rough mining-camp boys are, when you wake up the south side of their hearts; yes, and just like so many reckless and unreasoning children when you wake up the opposite side of that muscle. They did everything they could think of to comfort him, but nothing succeeded until Wells-Fargo Ferguson, who is a clever strategist, said,

"If it's only Sherlock Holmes that's troubling you, you needn't worry any more."

"Why?" asked the forlorn lunatic, eagerly.

"Because he's dead again."

"Dead! Dead! Oh, don't trifle with a poor wreck like me. *Is* he dead? On honor, now — is he telling me true, boys?"

"True as you're a-standing there!"

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said Ham Sandwich, and they all backed up the statement in a body.

"They hung him in San Bernardino last week," added Ferguson, clinching the matter, "whilst he was searching around after you. Mistook him for another man. They're sorry, but they can't help it now."

"They're a-building him a monument," said Ham Sandwich, with the air of a person who had contributed to it, and knew.

"James Walker" drew a deep sigh—evidently a sigh of relief—and said nothing; but his eyes lost something of their wildness, his countenance cleared visibly, and its drawn look relaxed a little. We all went to our cabin, and the boys cooked him the best dinner the camp could furnish the materials for, and while they were about it Hillyer and I outfitted him from hat to shoe-leather with new clothes of ours, and made a comely and presentable old gentleman of him. "Old" is the right word, and a pity, too; old by the droop of him, and the frost upon his hair, and the marks which sorrow and distress have left upon his face; though he is only in his prime in the matter of years. While he ate, we smoked and chatted; and when he was finishing he found his voice at last, and of his own accord broke out with his personal history. I cannot furnish his exact words, but I will come as near it as I can.

The "Wrong Man's" Story.

It happened like this: I was in Denver. I had been there many years; sometimes I remember how many, sometimes I don't—but it isn't any matter. All of a sudden I got a notice to leave, or I would be exposed for a horrible crime committed long before—years and years before—in the East. I knew about that crime, but I was not the criminal; it was a cousin of mine of the same name. What should I better do? My head was all disordered by fear, and I didn't know. I was allowed very little time—only one day, I think it was. I would be ruined if I was published, and the people would lynch me, and not believe what I said. It is always the way with lynchings; when they find out it is a mistake they are sorry, but it is too late,—the same as it was with Mr. Holmes, you see. So I said I would sell out and get money to live on, and run away until it blew over and I could come back with my proofs. Then I escaped in the night and went a long way off in the mountains somewhere, and lived disguised and had a false name.

I got more and more troubled and worried, and my troubles made me see spirits and hear voices, and I could not think straight and clear on any subject, but got confused and involved and had to give it up, because my head hurt so. It got to be worse and worse; more spirits and more voices. They were about me all the time; at first only in the night, then in the day too. They were always whispering around my bed and plotting against me, and it broke my sleep and kept me fagged out, because I got no good rest.

And then came the worst. One night the whispers said, "We'll never manage, because we can't *see* him, and so can't point him out to the people."

They sighed; then one said: "We must bring Sherlock Holmes. He can be here in twelve days."

They all agreed, and whispered and jibbered with joy. But my heart broke; for I had read about that man, and knew what it would be to have him upon my track, with his superhuman penetration and tireless energies.

The spirits went away to fetch him, and I got up at once in the middle of the night and fled away, carrying nothing but the hand-bag that had my money in it — thirty thousand dollars; two-thirds of it are in the bag there yet. It was forty days before that man caught up on my track. I just escaped. From habit he had written his real name on a tavern register, but had scratched it out and written "Dagget Barclay" in the place of it. But fear gives you a watchful eye and keen, and I read the true name through the scratches, and fled like a deer.

He has hunted me all over this world for three years and a half—the Pacific States, Australasia, India — everywhere you can think of; then back to Mexico and up to California again, giving me hardly any rest; but that name on the registers always saved me, and what is left of me is alive yet. And I am *so*

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tired! A cruel time he has given me, yet I give you my honor I have never harmed him nor any man.

That was the end of the story, and it stirred those boys to blood-heat, be sure of it. As for me—each word burnt a hole in me where it struck.

We voted that the old man should bunk with us, and be my guest and Hillyer's. I shall keep my own counsel, naturally; but as soon as he is well rested and nourished, I shall take him to Denver and rehabilitate his fortunes.

The boys gave the old fellow the bone-mashing good-fellowship hand-shake of the mines, and then scattered away to spread the news.

At dawn next morning Wells-Fargo Ferguson and Ham Sandwich called us softly out, and said, privately:

"That news about the way that old stranger has been treated has spread all around, and the camps are up. They are piling in from everywhere, and are going to lynch the P'fessor. Constable Harris is in a dead funk, and has telephoned the sheriff. Come along!"

We started on a run. The others were privileged to feel as they chose, but in my heart's privacy I hoped the sheriff would arrive in time, for I had small desire that Sherlock Holmes should hang for my deeds, as you can easily believe. I had heard a good deal about the sheriff, but for reassurance' sake I asked,

"Can he stop a mob?"

"Can *he* stop a mob! Can Jack *Fairfax* stop a mob! Well, I should smile! Ex-desperado—nineteen scalps on his string. Can *he!* Oh, I *say!*"

As we tore up the gulch, distant cries and shouts and yells rose faintly on the still air, and grew steadily in strength as we raced along. Roar after roar burst out, stronger and stronger, nearer and nearer; and at last, when we closed up upon the multitude massed in the open area in front of the tavern, the crash of sound was deafening. Some brutal roughs from Daly's Gorge had Holmes in their grip, and he was the calmest man there; a contemptuous smile played about his lips, and if any fear of death was in his British heart, his iron personality was master of it, and no sign of it was allowed to appear.

"Come to a vote, men!" This from one of the Daly gang, Shadbelly Higgins. "Quick! is it hang, or shoot?"

"Neither!" shouted one of his comrades. "He'd be alive again in a week; burning's the only permanency for *him.*"

The gangs from all the outlying camps burst out in a thunder-crash of approval, and went struggling and surging toward the prisoner, and closed around him, shouting, "Fire! fire's the ticket!" They dragged him to the horse-post, backed him against it, chained him to it, and piled wood and pine cones around him waist-deep. Still the strong face did not blench, and still the scornful smile played about the thin lips.

"A match! fetch a match!"

Shadbelly struck it, shaded it with his hand, stooped, and held it under a pine cone. A deep silence fell upon the mob. The cone caught, a tiny flame flickered about it a moment or two. I seemed to catch the sound of distant hoofs—it grew more distinct—still more and more distinct, more and more definite, but the absorbed crowd did not appear to notice it. The match went out. The man struck another, stooped, and again the flame rose; this time it took hold and began to spread—here and there men turned away their faces. The executioner stood with the charred match in his fingers, watching his work. The hoof-beats turned a projecting crag, and now they came thundering down upon us. Almost the next moment there was a shout—

"The sheriff!"

And straightway he came tearing into the midst, stood his horse almost on his hind feet, and said,

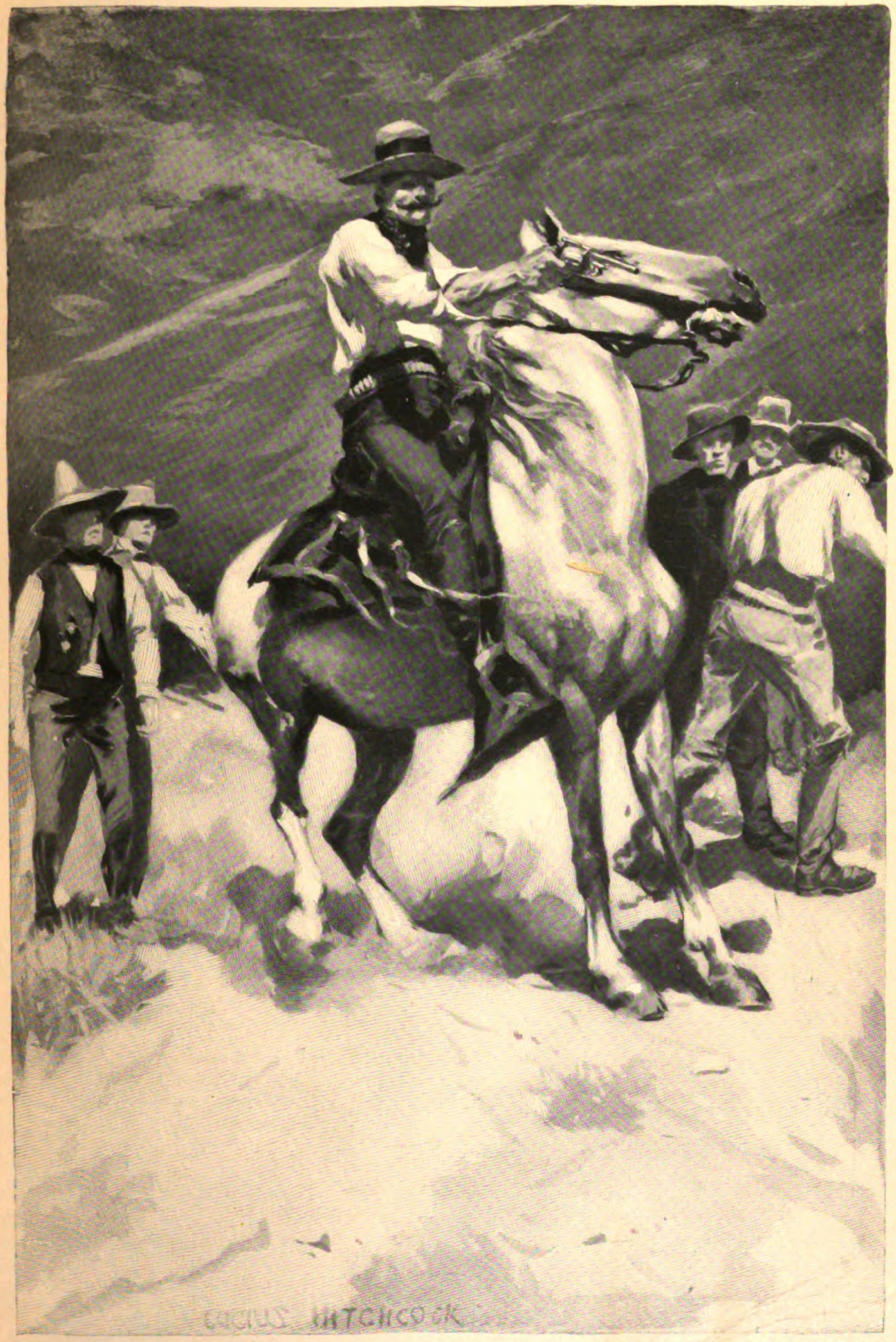
"Fall back, you gutter-snipes!"

He was obeyed. By all but their leader. He stood his ground, and his hand went to his revolver. The sheriff covered him promptly, and said:

"Drop your hand, you parlor-desperado. Kick the fire away. Now unchain the stranger."

The parlor-desperado obeyed. Then the sheriff made a speech; sitting his horse at martial ease, and not warming his words with any touch of fire, but delivering them in a measured and deliberate way, and in a tone which harmonized with their character and made them impressively disrespectful.

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"THE SHERIFF!"

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"You're a nice lot—now ain't you? Just about eligible to travel with this bilk here—Shadbelly Higgins—this loud-mouthed sneak that shoots people in the back and calls himself a desperado. If there's anything I do particularly despise, it's a lynching mob; I've never seen one that had a man in it. It has to tally up a hundred against one before it can pump up pluck enough to tackle a sick tailor. It's made up of cowards, and so is the community that breeds it; and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the sheriff's another one." He paused—apparently to turn that last idea over in his mind and taste the juice of it—then he went on: "The sheriff that lets a mob take a prisoner away from him is the lowest-down coward there is. By the statistics there was a hundred and eighty-two of them drawing sneak pay in America last year. By the way it's going, pretty soon there'll be a new disease in the doctor books — *sheriff complaint.*" That idea pleased him—any one could see it. "People will say, 'Sheriff sick again?' 'Yes; got the same old thing.' And next there'll be a new title. People won't say, 'He's running for sheriff of Rapaho County,' for instance; they'll say, 'He's running for Coward of Rapaho.' Lord, the idea of a grown-up person being afraid of a lynch mob!"

He turned an eye on the captive, and said, "Stranger, who are you, and what have you been doing?"

"My name is Sherlock Holmes, and I have not been doing anything."

It was wonderful, the impression which the sound of that name made on the sheriff, notwithstanding he must have come posted. He spoke up with feeling, and said it was a blot on the country that a man whose marvellous exploits had filled the world with their fame and their ingenuity, and whose histories of them had won every reader's heart by the brilliancy and charm of their literary setting, should be visited under the Stars and Stripes by an outrage like this. He apologized in the name of the whole nation, and made Holmes a most handsome bow, and told Constable Harris to see him to his quarters, and hold himself personally responsible if he was molested again. Then he turned to the mob and said:

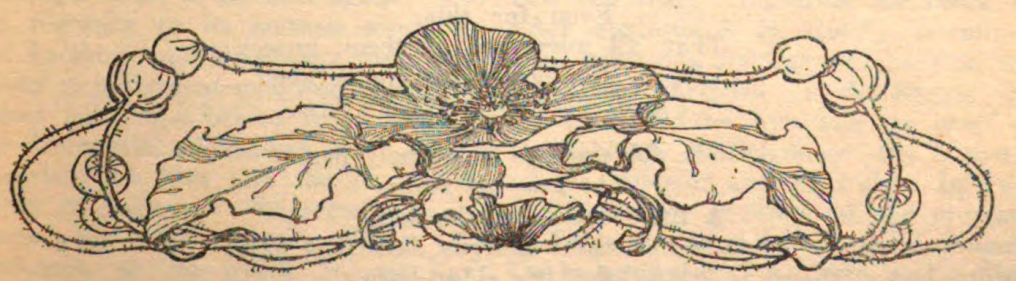
"Hunt your holes, you scum!" which they did; then he said: "Follow me, Shadbelly; I'll take care of your case myself. No—keep your pop-gun; whenever I see the day that I'll be afraid to have you behind me with that thing, it 'll be time for me to join last year's hundred and eighty-two;" and he rode off in a walk, Shadbelly following.

When we were on our way back to our cabin, toward breakfast-time, we ran upon the news that Fetlock Jones had escaped from his lock-up in the night and is gone! Nobody is sorry. Let his uncle track him out if he likes; it is in his line; the camp is not interested.

V

Ten days later.—"James Walker" is all right in body now, and his mind shows improvement too. I start with him for Denver to-morrow morning.

Next night. Brief note, mailed at a way station.—As we were starting, this morning, Hillyer whispered to me: "Keep this news from Walker until you think it safe and not likely to disturb his mind and check his improvement: the ancient crime he spoke of was really committed—and by his cousin, as he said. *We buried the real criminal* the other day—the unhappiest man that has lived in a century—Flint Buckner. His real name was Jacob Fuller!" There, mother, by help of me, an unwitting mourner, your husband and my father is in his grave. Let him rest.



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The Eldest-Born

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

I WAS a little baby, dead
That earthly morn;
They gave me a white rose to keep;
They sang, "It is not death, but sleep."
She cried, "My eldest-born!"

I was a little spirit then,
Reaching to God;
An eager, ignorant, upward flame,
Cleaving the darkness whence I came,
Tiptoe above the clod.

She cried, "The feet that I have kissed,
Cold in the grave;
The shut mouth, and the eyelids dim—
O God, the marble look of him!"
I, at heaven's architrave,

Trembled, but shrilled aloud, "I come,
O Christ, my brother."
The Beautiful leaned down and smiled:
"Go back to earth, thou little child,
And comfort thy sad mother.

"For when in dreams thou hoverest near,
Gladdening her eyes,
A glimpse of heaven she shall obtain,
And, drinking of her cup of pain,
Thyself shalt be made wise."

* * * * * * *

Time washes up along our shore,
A vast calm sea;
And I have learned the weight of tears,
Sin's color, and the length of years,
The stir of things to be.

My brothers win the earthly goal
With toil and stress;
Gone is their infancy divine,
And on their brows is writ the sign
Of earth's forgetfulness.

But God's large moments have made room
Even for this,
That, all unguessed of them, unseen,
Like a slim flower I wave between
And meet my mother's kiss.

She folds me to her lonely heart
At gray of morn;
A little child I am to her,
As in those wondrous days that were,
A babe, her eldest-born.

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Belgium's Art Crusade

BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

HALF a dozen years ago Eugene Broerman, who is still a young man, had gone to Italy to study and to work. Already an artist of marked ability, he hoped, under the inspiration of the works of the old Italian masters, to do much, and he went prepared to work hard. But that was the plan of a man. He fell very ill, and for many long weeks, unable to do any painting, he could only wander about seeing the beauty of which he hoped so much.

"I fell to thinking," he says, "that it was a great pity that so many of the houses were plain rectangles, when a little variety or ornament would have lent so much picturesqueness to some of the streets; and then I began to notice details—the windows, the doors, the signs—in these cities where art had once stood so high, and I felt the pathos of the modern bareness, and amused myself in imagining what might have been."

It all seemed only a sick man's profitless dreaming, until one day Broerman seriously asked himself why such mistakes should be permitted. The more he thought of this, the more he felt the necessity, while there was yet time, of reanimating this degenerated art of the street, of infusing new life into it, that should make it so robust and vigorous that it might perpetuate a worthy memory of our existence.

M. Broerman returned to Brussels, eager to put his idea into effect, that in his own little country at least civic art should come to its own again. The first requisite to its success would be good backing; and Broerman, going personally to prominent men and laying his project and hope before them, secured fifty influential signatures to a paper approving the idea and the plan of a society to foster it. So armed, he interested his artist friends, and a *fête lumineuse*, as he called it, was arranged in the fine commercial galleries of St.-Hubert at Brussels. It was in April, 1894, that this took place, and that night may be named the birthnight of the remarkable society L'Oeuvre Nationale Belge. Twenty-five thousand persons, at an admission fee of one franc each, passed through the galleries, and in the artists' pictures, of nonsense and of fancy, learned unsuspectingly a first lesson in the new course in public art, and furnished means for the instruction's continuance.

When the fête had closed, the aims of L'Oeuvre were explained in the words which follow:

"To create an emulation among artists, by discovering a practical way in which their works may be inspired with general interest.

"To clothe in an artistic form all that progress has made useful in the public life.

"To transform the streets into picturesque museums comprising various elements of education for the people.

"To restore to art its one-time social mission, by applying it to the modern idea in all the departments controlled by the public authorities."

The idea won its way rapidly. It spread also to other cities than Brussels, gaining so wide a membership that it became a wise act, as well as no more than a fair one, to change the assoeiation's title by the insertion of the word "nationale." The final words of the former title were then dropped, and the new one read, "L'Oeuvre Nationale de l'Art appliqué à la Rue." Within a year after the holding of the fête the first class included M. de Bruyn, the Minister of Fine Arts and the chief of the cabinet; M. Schollaert, the Minister of the Interior and of Public Instruction; also the governor of the province of Brabant, the president of his council, the burgomaster of Antwerp, and a num-

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ber of others. Enrolled in the list of "protectors" there were already eighty-eight names.

In the first rush of success, when its membership was extending from Brussels into the provinces and words of encouragement for the plan were coming from many eminent sources in foreign lands, application was made by the society for a municipal subvention to aid it in carrying on its patriotic work of reviving municipal art in Belgium. The circular explaining the society's claims to such aid was unanswered by the administration, and, as subsequently learned, had not even been read. The apparent inconsistency between the appreciation of officials at a distance and the lack of it from those at home is too common a phenomenon to require comment here. It only deserves notice as one of the episodes of L'Oeuvre's history. Just after this rebuff was the time that avowed hostility broke forth, possibly gaining courage through the circumstance; but another of the proofs that opposition did little real injury is in the fact that L'Oeuvre continued so to advance in official favor that the administration subsequently did receive and favorably answer the appeal.

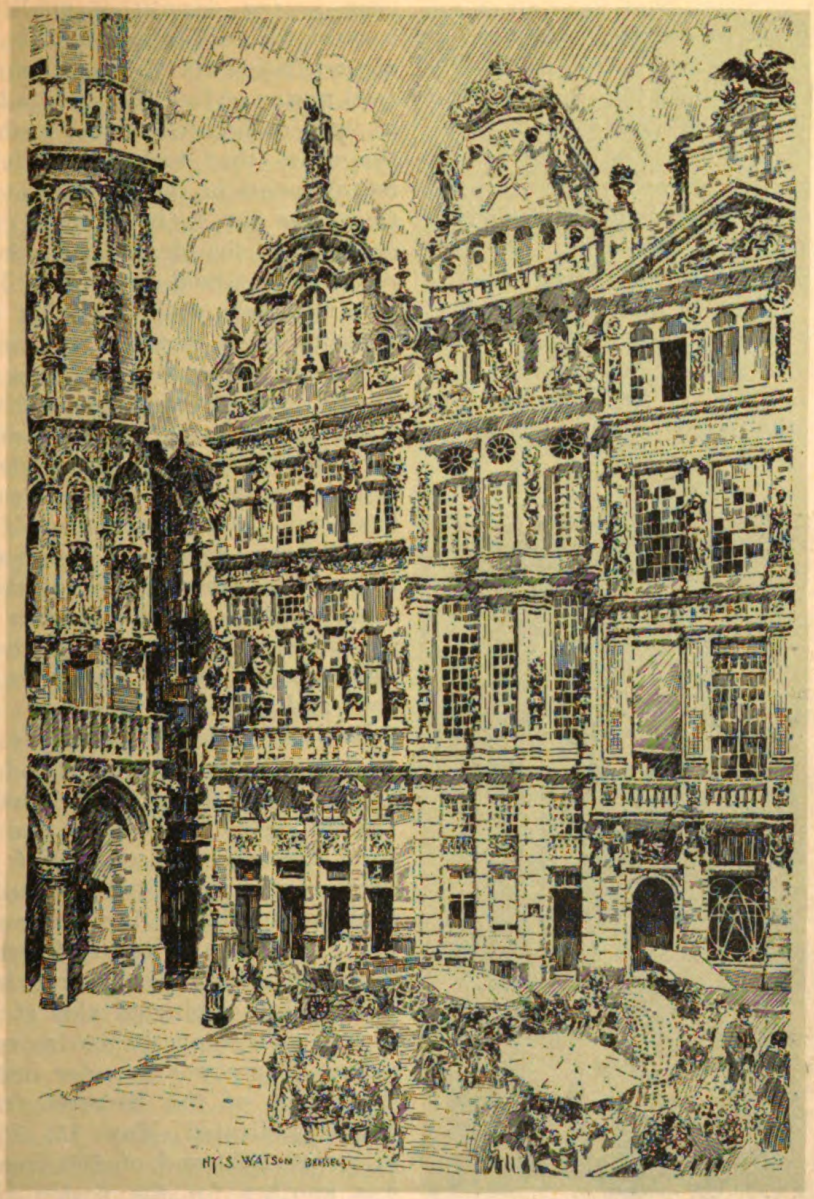
The many advantages to the society of possessing a periodical or journal that should be its own special organ early became clear. To satisfy these requirements, *L'Art Public*, a fortnightly journal, was started as the organ of L'Oeuvre. The first number appeared February 15, 1896, less than two years after the fête, and the paper has been illustrated from the start. When it contains the programmes for competitions or exhibitions, it is sent to all artists and art-workers in the country. It has now also a considerable circulation in France and Italy, and a few copies are beginning to find their way regularly to England and America.

L'Oeuvre's first act, after the early publication of its principles, was a formal announcement in 1894 that it intended to show its faith by its works, "in at once conducting open contests for the most beautiful constructions on a new street of Brussels, the Rue Joseph Stevens, and for various objects of public utility." These latter were to include street fountains, electric-light poles, flag-staffs, newspaper-kiosks, etc. So in the first year there was promised an immediate starting of that work now so widely known, and of the example which Paris has lately followed, of prizes for the most artistic house fronts on new streets. The society knew, long before its definite organization had been completed, precisely what its work should be.

In its second year, 1895, L'Oeuvre arranged an exposition of artistic signs, ancient and modern—held at the Museum of Brussels; organized (1) a competition for plans of signs, and (2) a competition for signs that had been executed. These were really the first undertakings of the society by itself, and the subject was chosen with the special purpose of indicating the practical usefulness of its teaching, and to combat "the widely current but false idea that art is incompatible with economy and the necessities of trade." Obviously L'Oeuvre was beginning its work at the foundation.

The particular purpose of the exposition was the architectural application of the sign, and so it offered, by the examples composing it, the best basis from which to criticise the actually executed signs that were the subject of the "second" competition. The two were opened at the same time as the exposition, in July, and comparison enhanced the value of both. The society was able to illustrate the important and strangely novel contention that the sign should be considered, by architect and by tradesman, as a decorative element of the business structure, and if it failed in this respect, ceasing to be a part of the architectural *ensemble*, or at least to harmonize with it, that it did only injury to the building, and gave rise to an ugliness of the public way without gaining any advantage from the point of view of publicity. On the basis of the appreciation which L'Oeuvre secured for this claim, it has subsequently dared to argue that to a division of the city government there should be given power to prevent the decoration of good façades by inharmonious advertisements. But to return to the competitions, it was required in the "first" that with the proposed plan of a sign there should be submitted a representation of the kind

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A Corner of the Grand Place at Brussels—the Ancient Glory of the City

of building to which the artist would like to see it affixed; in that for actually executed signs the highest favor was granted to such as had architectural character. With the announced results of that test there has been quarrel; but it is fair to say that in this matter L'Oeuvre was its own first critic. It at once made a plea for indulgence, on the ground that the competition was the first that it had held. In the competition for the plans of signs the prizes were secured by van Kuyck, a well-known artist of Antwerp, for his "In den Aap"; by the architect Ghysels, for his advertisement for a store in Brussels where Egyptian cigarettes are sold; and by Louis van Boeckel, for a sign in wrought iron of Louis XV. pattern. In the competition of actually executed signs the prizes were awarded to that of the Maison de Blanc, to the ale-house "A la Rose," and to a glass and china store in Brussels. Among the second prizes awarded was one for the advertisement of a well-known glove-store of the city.

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There is no pretence that these signs are now the best to be seen in Belgium, but it is claimed that they were the best at that time, and that the improvement which has since taken place must be largely due to the impetus of competitions. The award of a prize to van Boeckel called attention to an humble iron-worker in the little town of Lierre. The man has since died, but his works are already referred to as models, and in this prompt discovery of him L'Oeuvre did one of the things that it wants to do.

In the next year, 1896, the society adopted as the particular subject for its crusade the decorative quality of apparatus for public lighting. It organized a competition for the most artistic practical means of lighting such public places as were designated by the authorities of the cities that took part, dividing the requirements of the contest into two sections: the one, as in the case of the sign contest, for the idea, and another for the result of its actual execution. Thus those who took part could feel that they were working for a certain and tangible end. A jury of eminent artists was appointed jointly by the competitors and the public authorities who participated, and the result of the trial was that several of the submitted designs were recommended later for definite execution. A single candelabrum that was designed for the Place de la Monnaie in Brussels has been reproduced on a great number of places in different cities, and two other designs were accepted by the communes of Molenbeek and Anderlecht.



OLD AND NEW SIGNS, BRUSSELS

Each of these competitions was conducted on the principles laid down, with a jury selected by the competitors and the interested authorities, the delegates from the general council of L'Oeuvre having only minority representation, so that responsibility for progress toward the ideal might be left, as far as possible, to the vigorous forces of artistic activity. There were conducted also at this time several side competitions for specific articles. There was one, for instance, for the poster of the Brussels fair, which was adjudicated May 15, 1896, with prizes of 1000 and of 500 francs; there was another for the poster of a beef-extract company, which was put in the hands of the society by the company with prizes of 2000 and of 1000 francs, to be awarded a month after the former competition; there was one for designs of postage-stamps to commemorate the exposition in Brussels, and 250 artists took part in it; and finally the agitation of L'Oeuvre for an open competition to obtain new and artistic designs for the national coinage bore fruit in the presentation of a bill, with the backing of the Minister of Finance himself, for that purpose. If L'Oeuvre had done no more than carry on these competitions, it is clear that there must still have been through its

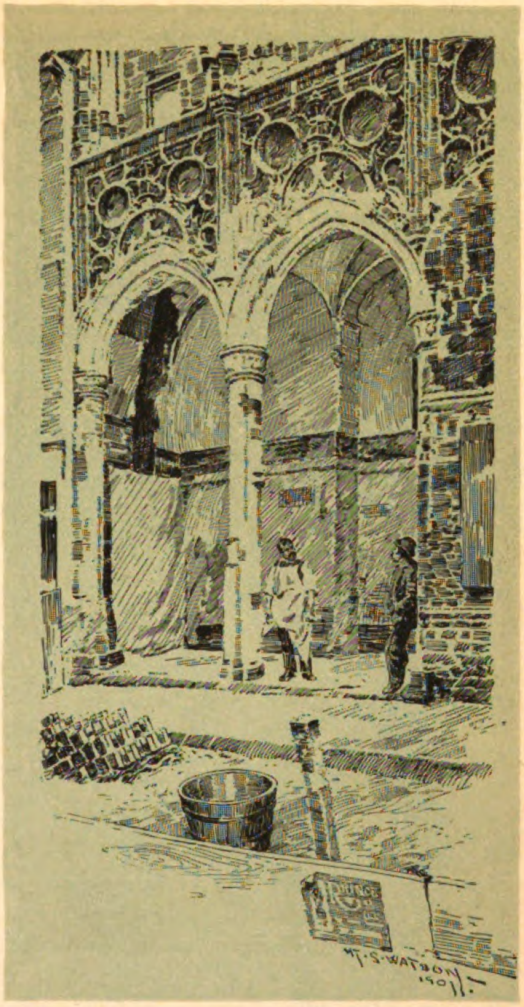
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efforts a real gain in several directions to public art in Belgium.

The fourth year of L'Oeuvre's existence, 1897, was notable in Brussels for the holding of a world's fair, and the society decided to bend its energies that year to the fitting up at the exposition of a Department of Public Art, in which it might give a careful and, it hoped, an inspiring, demonstration of its work and aims, and of the ancient glory of civic art in Belgium. On account of the latter purpose the exhibit was largely historical, and Antwerp, Liege, Ghent, Bruges, Namur, and many other cities joined with the enthusiasts of the city of Brussels to make it both interesting and valuable.

Each city sent exhibits, in original or reproduction, of its own treasures of public art in whatever sphere. These, carefully classified, were arranged in seven sections, as follows: (1) Monumental and decorative façades with their details; (2) monuments commemorative, etc.; (3) signs; (4) apparatus for public lighting and decoration; (5) fountains, wells, pumps, etc.; (6) monumental applications of painting and sculpture; (7) decoration for public fêtes. The whole made a showing of which Belgium had reason to be proud, and whence its ambition might be fed. To give a practical turn to this ambition, the new designs for public lighting were shown in models so large that any one could perceive at once their merits or defects, and there were designs for various important restorations, such as that of a church in Antwerp, of another in Ghent, of the Corporation houses, and the tower of St. Bavon in Malines. There were also exhibited new projects for the renaissance in particular spots of civic art in Brussels, and the plans for the great and noble clearing-out which is now revealing to public view, in worthy setting, the monumentally artistic centre of ancient Ghent. Very striking also were exhibits, side by side, of the conditions that had been, might be, and were.

So great was the general interest aroused that L'Oeuvre's next step was thereby marked out. This was the calling of a national conference. Its meetings, presided over by Monsieur Buls, the burgomaster of Brussels, extended



A Fragment of the Restoration of the Palais du Grand Conseil at Malines

from the end of 1897 into the beginning of 1898, and were attended by official delegates from all the important towns and from many artistic societies. Three important resolutions were passed by this conference:

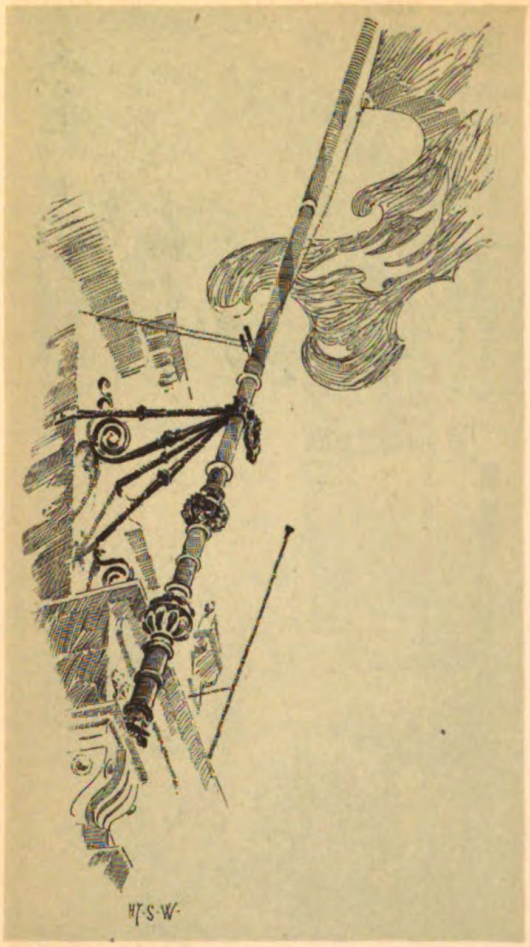
1. Looking to the definite organization of L'Oeuvre in committees corresponding to the communes that should appoint delegates to provincial committees, which, in their turn, should elect delegates to comprise a national committee of public art.

2. Approving the formation of intercommune museums of public art.

3. Advising the organization, under the society's patronage, of a first international congress of public art.

In the carrying out of these resolutions priority was given to the last.

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FLAG-POLE ON WINDERS' HOUSE, ANTWERP

The patronage of the King, of the national government, and of individuals high in authority in nation, province, and commune, was secured, with the result that the invitations to participate which were sent to foreign countries were generously accepted, and the first international congress of public art that was ever held, and which was greatly to widen L'Oeuvre's reputation, passed into history as an extremely important conference, not so much for what it did as for the suggestions that it made, as for the extent and strength and worth of the interest which it indicated among all civilized peoples in this newly revived subject.

Whenever a new project for city improvement of one kind or another came up, there was offered the ideal opportunity for this national society of public art to fully consider and measure the project from an artistic standpoint.

When, for example, the question was raised of prolonging the Rue du Lombard toward the Rue Saint-Jean in Brussels, in order to establish direct communication between two important points, L'Oeuvre published a careful review of the project, taking for the basis of its criticism that æsthetic standpoint which was apt to be slighted by those who were eager for the merely utilitarian advantages of the new way. L'Oeuvre considered in detail the effect of the proposed street on the beautiful panorama of Brussels as seen from the Place Poelaert, the view of the Palais de Justice which the new street would open, the views which it would afford of two churches that were on its line, the new view that it would give of the Hôtel de Ville, the general aspect of the street and of the lateral streets as seen from it.

But in the energetic progress of the art crusade its attention during these years was not solely devoted to innovations. In the matter of advertisements, for instance, L'Oeuvre appealed eloquently for legislation that should give to city authorities the power to suppress or correct barbarism in art on the public ways, as they had power already in hygienic or other matters in which the complete liberty of the individual is made subservient to the welfare of the community. It asked, what was the use of the city's offering prizes for the most beautiful building fronts on the central boulevards of Brussels if those who occupied the structures were allowed to mask the fine façades with huge and hideous signs? It urged that an architect should have the same rights as an author has in regard to his books, or a painter in regard to his pictures—the right to protect his work from defacement and injury by others. Custom, by-the-way, already sanctioned in Belgium his signature to a building, and when custom did so much, and the city made earnest positive efforts for public art, it seemed no revolutionary step to ask for legislation that should negatively point to the same end.

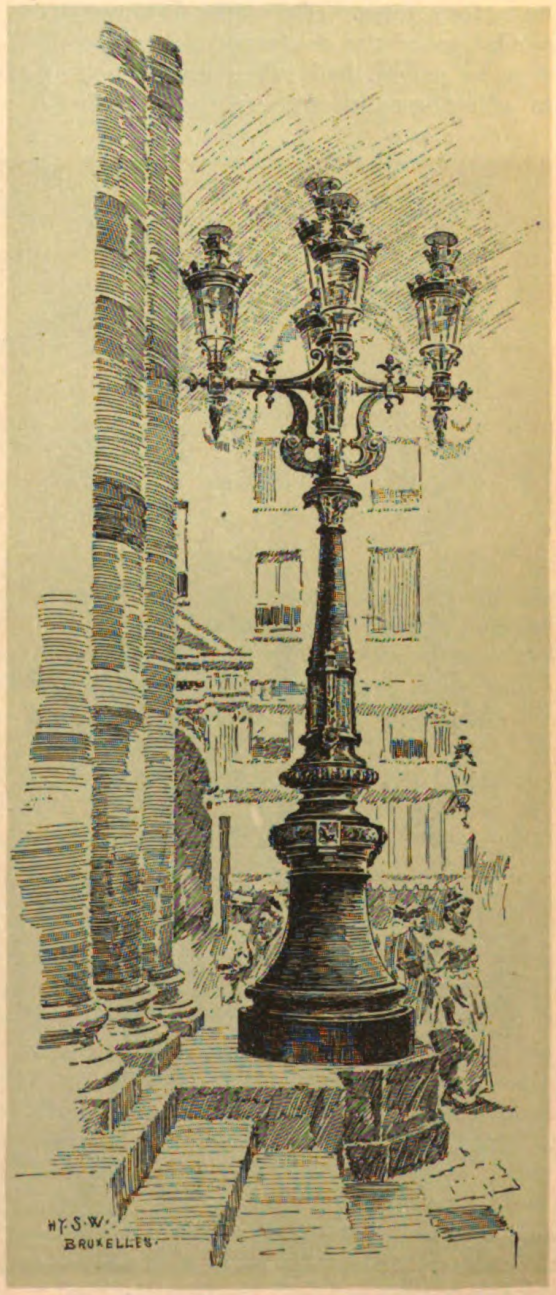
So striving earnestly in many lines wherever opportunity was offered for advance in civic art, L'Oeuvre came at last

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to its call for the first international congress on the subject. The sessions were held from September 24 to September 29, 1898, in Brussels, and there were present official representatives to the number of more than two hundred from England, France, the United States, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Hungary, the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg, and from many important cities and societies, the membership making a very distinguished body, judged from either an administrative or artistic standard. The discussion was arranged under three heads, to each of which one section of the congress was assigned to make special study and report. The first section considered Public Art as a Subject for Legislation and Control; the second section devoted itself to Public Art from a Social Point of View; and the third section to Public Art from the Technical Standpoint. A series of practical questions was arranged under each of these heads for the consideration of the congress, and carefully written and earnest papers were submitted.

The votes finally taken by the congress resolved, under the head of Public Art as a Subject for Legislation and Control, that intervention, subject to the laws, was wholly expedient on the part of public authorities. Under the second head, which, taking the social point of view, had the strongest sympathy of the congress, it was resolved that it would be well for each country to have a national office to exercise control over the erection of public monuments, and to publish a bulletin showing the monumental structures yet required and the conditions of their execution; also that the teaching in all schools should include some obligatory art instruction, to be supplemented by excursions, visits to monuments, and "lectures on the spot"; that designs for public work should be submitted to the judgment of experts; and, finally, that museums should be established in local centres. Under the third head greater freedom of instruction, partly to be gained by decentralization, was advocated for the art schools. It was urged, further, that art-work in the public schools should be general rather than special, and that upon this foundation instruction should follow in a system of schools of industrial art which should each be directed by delegates from the workmen and masters of its own particular branch.

Of all the countries taking part, it was obvious that Belgium, where the congress

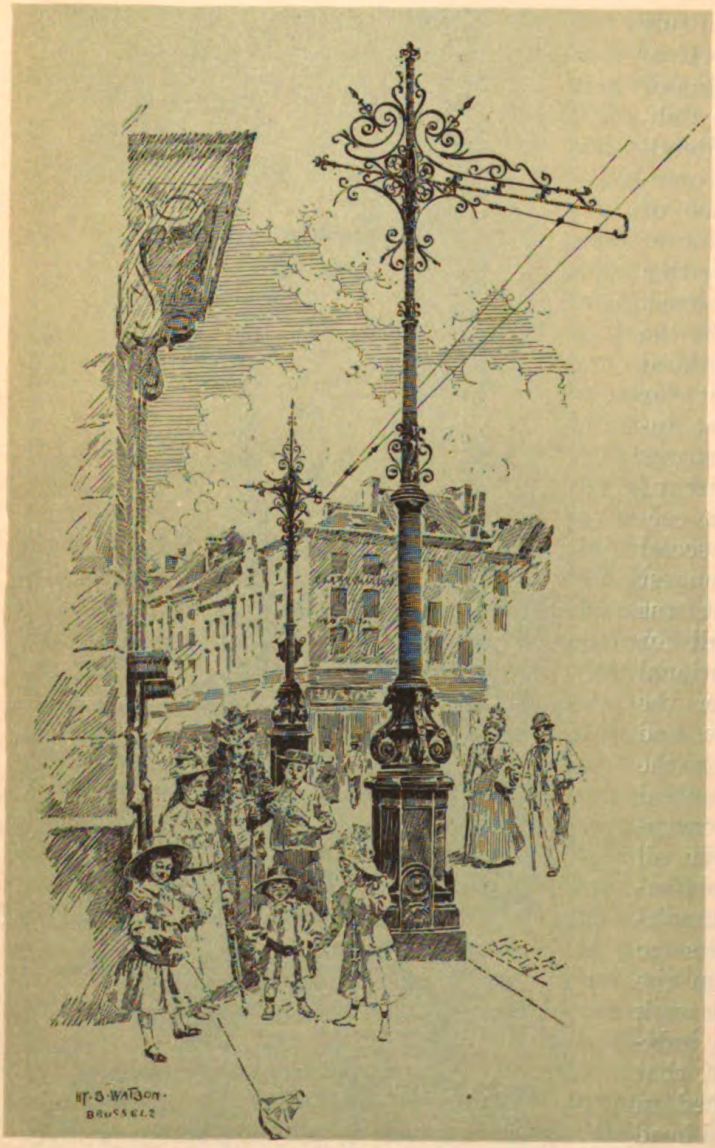


CANDELABRUM, PLACE DE LA MONNAIE, BRUSSELS

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was entertained and the idea of it conceived, had the strongest single organization behind the movement for the renaissance of municipal art. In its own national conference, which had preceded the international congress, one of the resolutions, approving "the formation of intercommune museums of public art," had made a recommendation nearly identical with one of those of the second section of the congress. It is to Belgium, therefore, that we should look with most confidence for practical national results from the latter's votes. But as the final recommendation of the conference, that a congress be called, had taken precedence of its other resolutions, so the establishment of the museums, which is beginning now to engage attention there, was temporarily shoved aside by the wish to carry into execution the plan for the decentralization of L'Oeuvre.

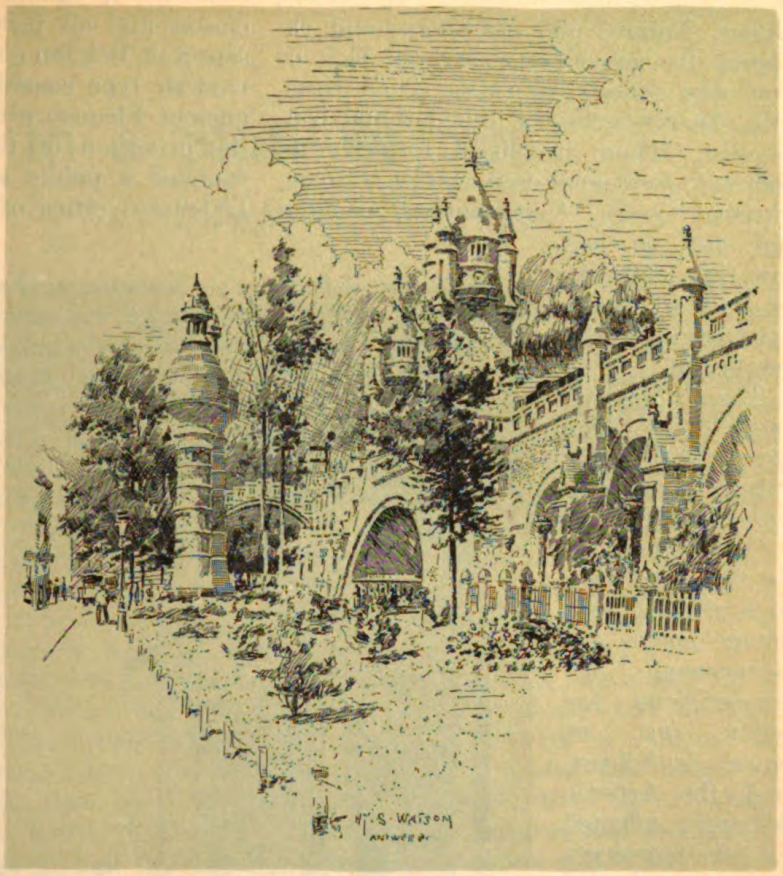
That plan had acknowledged the society's strength beyond the capital by implying recognition of the self-sufficiency of chapters outside of Brussels. It thus amounted to a witness of L'Oeuvre's national success at the moment that it hinted an element of weakness in the failure of the old administrative system to take account of local pride and jealousy through a vain hope that such feelings might be lost in a public-spirited wish for the renaissance of civic art in the whole of Belgium. Such a result might be as eagerly wished for in Antwerp as it was in Brussels, but it was not human nature for the Antwerp members, seeing the results of all their efforts centralized at the national capital, to be satisfied with the mere expression of a hope that some time the movement would spread to other cities. Brussels was making positive gains, and the whole theory of L'Oeuvre's organization was based on that city's continued leadership in all that goes to make a city beautiful. Because of the difficulties of making this plan attractive to laymen, the Antwerp branch of L'Oeuvre Nationale had always had different organization from that in Brussels.



POLES FOR ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY, BRUSSELS

In Antwerp it was under the distinguished leadership of Jean Jacques Winders, a vice-president of the central administration of L'Oeuvre, a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, and prob-

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RAILROAD BRIDGE NOT FAR FROM THE CENTRE OF ANTWERP

ably the most prominent architect of the country; but the membership was confined to artists. The branch was organized soon after the *fête lumineuse* had started the movement in Brussels. M. Winders was president of the Cercle Artistique, and the new society of public art became one of the expressions of that association's activity. The Cercle contains something over a hundred members, who are the leaders in the various branches of the art-work of Antwerp. It was founded a half-century ago by Henri Leys, and membership is only secured by a unanimous vote, dependent on the excellence of the work submitted. On this account there are many artists in Antwerp who are outside the Cercle, and who are grouped in societies of their own. To these smaller associations the Cercle allows one delegate each, who may attend and vote at its sessions. In this way it remains at the head of art effort in the city. M. Winders, then, enthusiastic over the prospective value to Antwerp of such a society as M. Broerman had founded in Brussels, established a branch of it there among the members of the Cercle, and was made its president.

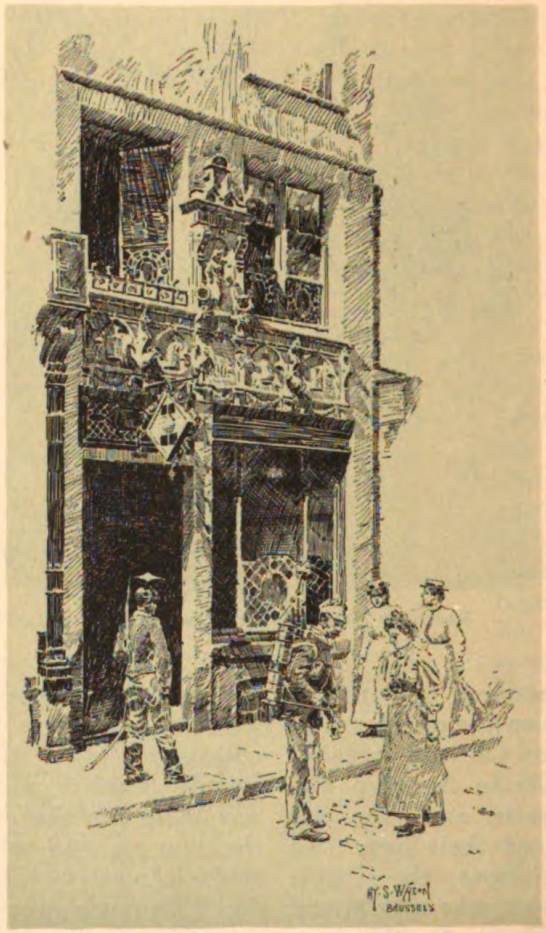
The sympathy of the public authorities was so cordially enlisted in Antwerp as to secure an annual grant of 3000 francs, and the Antwerp members, engaging in L'Oeuvre competitions at Brussels, carried off some of the first prizes. But as long as all visible results were confined to Brussels, and even the city's appropriation was sent thither, it was impossible to arouse any really popular enthusiasm, and the artists themselves found it hard to realize that work which was done for the capital was done for the country, and would finally make itself felt in other cities. So the movement for L'Oeuvre's decentralization and the separate standing of each chapter had no stronger advocate than the Antwerp branch, and in personal conversation M. Winders assured the writer that the result of the separation would be far greater energy in the work at Antwerp, and the immediate opening to the public of the membership which, heretofore confined to artists, had included only one class, and required no dues beyond those regularly involved in belonging to the Cercle Artistique. At the same time, through the central committee, there would be entire harmony between the separate branches.

The attitude of the Antwerp members represents fairly well that of the dele-

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gates from the other branches—in Bruges, Ghent, Namur, and elsewhere—and explains, in connection with the lack of any very serious opposition from Brussels, the resolution of the national conference. There had been formerly an elaborate provincial organization, of committees "local," "permanent," communal, and so on; but this has now, of course, been overturned by the resolution.

The dissatisfaction in Antwerp with the former strong centralization of L'Oeuvre had led to the formation of a rival society, which made announcement of competitions for public art at home. In Schaerbeek the Artistic Alliance, affected by the precepts and example of L'Oeuvre, had secured, in co-operation with other societies, after an earnest agitation, the establishment of a city competition for artistic façades on the Place Colignon. These are only instances of various efforts outside the capital, and show that the work which has been actually done during the last five years for the renaissance of municipal art in Belgium by reason of the organization of L'Oeuvre Nationale Belge is not entirely confined to the special deeds of that association. The movement received its impetus from L'Oeuvre, and has had most of its direction from that source, but has become, as the promoters of L'Oeuvre hoped it might, really national. It finds expression in countless channels, it enlists the sympathy of all classes and all tastes, it is altering the aspect of Belgian cities, restoring to their modern type something of the glory of ancient Flemish art, and it is attracting the attention of the world. Paris has founded a public society in likeness to L'Oeuvre; cities of Italy, led to dream of their lovely past, have followed the Belgian example in an organized effort to reclaim it. The dictum that there is no essential reason why cities should be ugly, why the centres which are gathering to themselves an ever-larger proportion of civilized mankind should not be built with a beauty worthy of their high position, that the artistic in public work is as cheap as the hideous and far more to be desired, is ringing unchallenged through many thoughtful nations.



MAISON À LA ROSE, BRUSSELS

"Art dans la rue" has of late years become a rallying-cry that reaches farther than Belgium's little cities; but the movement has found in them its strongest organization, gains confidence in the thought of their proud history, finds inspiration in the loyalty to tradition of the earnestness of their present effort to reclaim it. There is no art endeavor of the day that is as interesting as that of L'Oeuvre Nationale Belge to foster art in municipal undertakings, to bring beauty into the familiar phases of city life, and thus to raise its common level that has lately been so low.

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In a State of Sin

BY OWEN WISTER

"WOULD you be a parson?"

This, after his nine days' silence, during which the talking part of him had deeply and unbrokenly slept, was its first yawn and stretch of waking. Official words had of course come from him as we rode southward from the railroad, gathering the Judge's stray cattle: some of these animals had, since the spring round-up, as usual, got off their range very far, and getting them on again had fallen to him. Directions and commands — whatever communications to his subordinates were needful to the forwarding of this — he had duly given. But routine has never at any time of the world passed for conversation. His utterances, such as, "We'll work Willo' Creek to-morro' mawnin'," or, "I want the wagon to be at the fawks o' Stinkin' Water by Thursday," though on some occasions numerous enough to sound like discourse, had not once broken the man's true silence. Seeming to keep easy company with the camp, he had yet kept altogether to himself. That talking part of him—the mood which brings out for you your friend's spirit and mind as a free gift or as an exchange—had, since his quelling their revolt at the railroad, been down in some dark cave of his nature, hidden away. Perhaps it had been dreaming; perhaps completely reposing. The Virginian was one of those rare ones, I had come to find, who are able to refresh themselves in sections. To have a thing on his mind did not keep his body from resting. During our recent journey—it felt years ago now!—while our caboose on the freight-train had trundled endlessly westward, and his men were on the ragged edge, the very jumping-off place, of mutiny and possible murder, I had seen him sleep like a child. He snatched the moments not necessary for vigil. I had also seen him sit all night watching his responsibility, ready to spring on it and fasten his teeth in it. And when the peril and the stress were over, and he had utterly confounded them, playing with them the kind of war they themselves had chosen, and killing them with their own attempted weapon of ridicule, which is more fatal than pistols—I knew how he had slept after that! For in camp we made our beds together. He had conquered by a potent effort of mind, backed by a perpetual readiness of body. The body had never come into action; but in the final pitched battle of wits he had marshalled his words like a general who plans flank movements and designates reserves. Then with a sudden final charge he had routed the enemy and made them — all save the ringleader, Trampas—his captives and friends; and in the great reaction which followed this climax of strain all his powers had seemed to lie profoundly dormant. You never could tell, of course. There was no telling, when it came to the Virginian.

But Scipio LeMoyne would say to me, now and then, "If I was Trampas, I'd pull my freight." And once he added, "Pull it kind of casual, yu' know, like I wasn't noticing myself do it."

"Yes," our friend Shorty murmured, pregnantly, with his eye upon the quiet Virginian, "he's sure studying his revenge."

"Studying your pussy-cat," said Scipio. "He knows what he'll do. The time 'ain't arrived." This was the way they felt about it; and not unnaturally this was the way they made me, the inexperienced Easterner, feel about it. That Trampas also felt something about it, was easy to know. Like the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump, one spot of sulkiness in camp will spread its dull flavor through any company that sits near it: and we had had to sit near Trampas at meals for nine days. The Virginian's way of meeting their mutiny had made all the rest of the men as utterly his own

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as they had been Trampas's before; and to Trampas they could have given but small respect or comfort during this journey through the Basin. Why he did not take himself off to other climes—"pull his freight casual," as Scipio said—I can explain only thus: Pay was due him—"time," as it was called in cow-land; if he would have this money, he must stay under the Virginian's command until the Judge's ranch on Sunk Creek should be reached; meanwhile each day's work added to the wages in store for him; and finally, once at Sunk Creek, it would be no more the Virginian who commanded him; it would be the real ranch foreman. His authority had been deputed to the Virginian only for the journey which they were all now ending — the expedition which Trampas had, from jealousy of the promoted Virginian, lately done his best to wreck. At the ranch he would be the Virginian's equal again, both of them taking orders from their officially recognized superior, the foreman. As to who might be whose superior, if Trampas's defeated mutiny on the railroad had galled him, these nine days of seeing his recent adherents cheerfully accept the Virginian as their natural leader were not very likely to cure a fit of sulks. Shorty's word about "revenge" seemed to me like putting the thing backwards. Revenge, as I told Scipio, was what I should be thinking about if I were Trampas.

"He dassent," was Scipio's immediate view. "Not till he's got strong again. He got laughed plumb sick by the bystanders, and whatever spirit he had was broke in the presence of us all. He'll have to recuperate." Scipio then spoke of the Virginian's attitude. "Maybe revenge ain't just the right word for where this affair has got to now with him. When yu' beat another man at his own game like he done to Trampas, why, yu've had all the revenge yu' can want, unless you're a hog. And he's no hog. But he has got it in for Trampas. They've not reckoned to a finish. Would you let a man try such spite-work on you and quit thinkin' about him just because yu'd headed him off?" To this I offered his own notion about hogs and being satisfied. "Hogs!" went Scipio, in a way that dashed my suggestion to pieces—"hogs ain't in the case. He's got to deal with Trampas somehow—man to man. Trampas and him can't stay this way when we all get back and go workin' same as we worked before. No, sir; I've seen his eye twice, and I know he's goin' to reckon to a finish."

I still must, in Scipio's opinion, have been slow to understand, when on the afternoon following this talk I invited him to tell me what sort of "finish" he wanted, after such a finishing as had been dealt Trampas already. Getting "laughed plumb sick by the bystanders" (I borrowed his own not over-stated expression) seemed to me a highly final finishing. While I was running my notions off to him, Scipio rose, and, with the frying-pan he had been washing, walked slowly at me.

"I do believe you'd oughtn't to be let travel alone the way you do." He put his face close to mine. His long nose grew eloquent in its shrewdness, while the fire in his bleached blue eye burned with amiable satire. "What has come and gone between them two has only settled the one point he was aimin' to make. He was appointed boss of this outfit in the absence of the regular foreman. Since then all he has been playin' for is to hand back his men to the ranch in as good shape as they'd been handed to him, and without losing any on the road through desertion or shooting or what not. He had to kick his cook off the train that day, and the loss made him sorrowful, I could see. But I'd happened to come along, and he jumped me into the vacancy, and I expect he is pretty near consoled. And as boss of the outfit he beat Trampas, who was settin' up for opposition boss. And the outfit is better than satisfied it come out that way, and they're stayin' with him; and he'll hand them all back in good condition, barrin' that lost cook. So for the present his point is made, yu' see. But look ahead a little. It may not be so very far ahead yu'll have to look. We get back to the ranch. He's not boss there any more. His responsibility is over. He is just one of us again, taking orders from a foreman they tell me has showed partiality to Trampas more'n a few times. Partiality! That's what Trampas is plainly trusting to. Trusting it will fix him all

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right and fix his enemy all wrong. He'd not otherwise dare to keep sour like he's doing. Partiality! D'yu' think it 'll scare off the enemy? It's sure a thing to scare some that has their livin' to make, and a girl they're aimin' to marry, and don't want to be fired from their job." Scipio looked across a little creek where the Virginian was helping throw the gathered cattle on the bed-ground. "What odds"—he pointed the frying-pan at the Southerner—"d'yu' figure Trampas's being under any foreman's wing will make to a man like him? He's going to remember Mr. Trampas and his spite-work if he's got to tear him out from under the wing, and maybe tear off the wing in the operation. And I am going to advise your folks," ended the complete Scipio, "not to leave you travel so much alone—not till you've learned more life."

He had made me feel my inexperience, convinced me of innocence, undoubtedly; and during the final days of our journey I no longer invoked his aid to my reflections upon this especial topic: What would the Virginian do to Trampas? Would it be another intellectual crushing of him, like the frog story, or would there be something this time more material—say muscle, or possibly gunpowder—in it? And was Scipio, after all, infallible? I didn't pretend to understand the Virginian; after several years' experience of him he remained utterly beyond me. Scipio's experience was not yet three weeks long. So I let him alone as to all this, discussing with him most other things good and evil in the world, and being convinced of much further innocence; for Scipio's twenty-odd years were indeed a library of life. I have never met a better heart, a shrewder wit, and looser morals, with still a native sense of decency and duty somewhere hard and fast enshrined. But all the while I was wondering about the Virginian: eating with him, sleeping with him (only not so sound as he did!), and riding beside him often for many hours, yet never once, through his agreeable, easy-going silence, catching a single gleam of his thoughts. Was he going to remember Trampas? To ask him would have been about as efficient as asking one of the mountains. So that by this final afternoon, with Sunk Creek actually in sight, and the great grasshoppers slatting their dry song over the sage-brush, and our journey within half an hour of its end, my own thoughts had reached a considerable pitch of speculation; and when without preface he asked me his question, I was mentally so far away that I couldn't get back in time to comprehend or answer before he had repeated it.

"What would yu' take to be a parson?"

He drawled it out in his gentle way, precisely as if no nine days stood between it and our last real intercourse.

"Take?" I was still vaguely moving in my distance. "How?"

His next question brought me home.

"I expect the Pope's is the biggest of them parson jobs?"

It was with an "Oh!" that I now entirely took his idea. "Well, yes; decidedly the biggest."

"Beats the English one? Archbishop—ain't it?—of Canterbury? The Pope comes ahead of him?"

"His Holiness would say so if his Grace did not."

The Virginian turned half in his saddle to see my face—I was, at the moment, riding not quite abreast of him—and I saw the gleam of his teeth beneath his mustache. It was seldom I could make him smile, even to this slight extent. But his eyes grew, with his next words, remote again in their speculation.

"His Holiness and his Grace. Now if I was to hear 'em naming me that-a-way every mawnin', I'd sca'cely get down to business."

"Oh, you'd get used to the pride of it."

"'Tisn't the pride. The laugh is what would ruin me. 'Twould take 'most all my attention keeping a straight face. The Archbishop"—here he took one of his wide mental turns—"is apt to be a big man in them Shakspere plays. Kings take talk from him they'd not stand from anybody else; and he talks fine, frequently. About the bees, for instance, when Henry is going to fight France. He tells him a beehive is similar to a kingdom. I learned that piece." The Virginian could not have expected to blush at uttering these last words. He knew that his sudden color must tell me in whose book it was he had learned the

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piece. Miss Molly Wood, schoolmistress of Bear Creek, and too pretty to live with spelling-books alone, lent him many volumes. And whatever number of things she thereby might teach him, I was of opinion that from him she would inevitably learn one thing herself. Was not her copy of *Kenilworth* even now in his cherishing pocket? So he now, to cover his blush, very deliberately recited to me the Archbishop's discourse upon bees and their kingdom—

"Where some, like magistrates, correct at home, . . .
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make loot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor.
He, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold—

"Ain't that a fine description of bees a-workin'? 'The singing masons building roofs of gold!' Puts 'em right before yu', and is poetry without bein' foolish. His Holiness and his Grace. Well, they could not hire me for either o' those positions. How many religions are there?"

"All over the earth?"

"Yu' can begin with ourselves. Right hyeh at home I know there's Romanists, and Episcopals—"

"Two kinds!" I put in. "At least two of Episcopals."

"That's three. Then Methodists, and Baptists, and—"

"Three Methodists!"

"Well, you do the countin'."

I accordingly did it, feeling my revolving memory slip cogs all the way round. "Anyhow, there are safely fifteen."

"Fifteen." He held this fact a moment. "And they don't worship a whole heap o' different gods like the ancients did."

"They all declare the reverse."

"It's just the same one."

"The same one."

The Virginian folded his hands over the horn of his saddle, and leaned forward upon them in contemplation of the wide, beautiful landscape. "One God and fifteen religions," was his reflection. "That's a right smart of religions for just one God."

This way of reducing it was, if obvious to him, so novel to me that my laugh evidently struck him as a louder comment than was required. He turned on me as if I had somehow perverted the spirit of his words.

"I ain't religious. I know that. But I ain't *un*religious. And I know that too."

"So do I know it, my friend."

"Do you think there ought to be fifteen varieties of good people?" His voice, while it could now cut anything it came against, was still not raised. "There ain't fifteen. There ain't two. There's one kind. And when I meet it, I respect it. It is not praying nor preaching that ever has caught me and made me ashamed of myself, but one or two people I have knowed that never said a superior word to me. They thought more o' me than I deserved, and that made me behave better than I naturally wanted to. Made me quit a girl onced in time for her not to lose her good name. And so that's one thing I have never done. And if ever I was to have a son or somebody I set store by, I would wish their lot to be to know one or two good folks mighty well—men or women—women preferred."

He had looked away again to the hills behind Sunk Creek ranch, to which our walking horses had now almost brought us.

"As for parsons"—the gesture of his arm was a disclaiming one—"I reckon some parsons have a right to tell yu' to be good. The Bishop of this hyeh Territory has a right. But I'll tell yu' this: a middlin' doctor is a pore thing, and a middlin' lawyer is a pore thing, but keep me from a middlin' man of God."

Once again he had reduced it, but I did not laugh this time. I thought there should in truth be heavy damages for malpractice on human souls. But the hot glow of his words, and the vision of his deepest inner man it revealed, faded away abruptly.

"What do yu' make of the proposition yondeh?" As he pointed to the cause of this question, he had become again his daily agreeable saturnine self.

Then I saw over in a fenced meadow, to which we were now close, what he was pleased to call "the proposition." Proposition, in the West, does in fact mean

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whatever you at the moment please—an offer to sell you a mine, a cloud-burst, a glass of whiskey, a steamboat. This time it meant a stranger clad in black, and of a clerical deportment which would in that atmosphere and to a watchful eye be visible for a mile or two.

"I reckoned yu' hadn't noticed him," was the Virginian's reply to my ejaculation. "Yes. He set me goin' on the subject awhile back. I expect he is another missionary to us pore cowboys."

I seemed from a hundred yards to feel the stranger's forceful personality. It was in his walk—I should better say stalk—as he promenaded along the creek. His hands were behind his back, and there was an air of waiting, of displeased waiting, in his movement.

"Yes, he'll be a missionary," said the Virginian, conclusively; and he took to singing, or rather to whining, with his head tilted at an absurd angle upward at the sky:

"Dar is a big Carolina nigger,
About de size of dis chile or p'raps a little bigger,
By de name of Jim Crow.
Dat what de white folks call him.
If ever I sees him I 'tends for to maul him,
Just to let de white folks see
Such an animos as he
Can't walk around de streets and scandalize me."

The lane which was conducting us to the group of ranch buildings now turned a corner of the meadow; and the Virginian went on with his second verse:

"Great big fool, he hasn't any knowledge.
Gosh! how could he, when he's never been to scollege?
Neither has I.
But I's come mighty nigh:
I peaked through de do' as I went by."

He was beginning a third stanza, when a horse neighed close behind us.

"Trampas," said he, without turning his head, "we are home."

"It looks that way." Some ten yards were between ourselves and Trampas, where he followed.

"And I'll trouble yu' for my rope yu' took this mawnin' instead o' your own."

"I don't know as it's your rope I've got." Trampas skilfully spoke this so that a precisely opposite meaning flowed beneath his words.

If it was discussion he tried for, he failed. The Virginian's hand moved, and for one thick, flashing moment my thoughts were evidently also the thoughts of Trampas. But the Virginian only held out to Trampas the rope which he had detached from his saddle.

"Take your hand off your gun, Trampas. If I had wanted to kill yu', you'd be lying nine days back on the road now. Here's your rope. Did yu' expect I'd not know it? It's the only one in camp the stiffness ain't all drug out of yet. Or maybe you expected me to notice and—not take notice?"

"I don't spend my time in expectations about you. If—"

The Virginian wheeled his horse across the road. "Yu're talkin' too soon after reaching safety, Trampas. I didn't tell yu' to hand me that rope this mawnin', because I was busy. I ain't foreman now; and I want that rope."

Trampas produced a smile as skilful as his voice. "Well, I guess your having mine proves this one is yours." He rode up, and received the coil which the Virginian held out, unloosing the disputed one on his saddle. If he had meant to devise a slippery evasive insult, no small trick in cow-land could be more offensive than this taking another man's rope. And it is the small tricks which lead to the big bullets. Trampas put a smooth coating of plausibility over the whole transaction. "After the rope corral we had to make this morning"—his tone was mock-explanatory—"the ropes was all strewed around camp, and in the hustle I—"

"Pardon me," said a sonorous voice behind us. "Do you happen to have seen Judge Henry?" It was the reverend gentleman in the meadow, come to the fence. As we turned round to him he spoke on, with much rotund authority in his eye. "From his answer to my letter, Judge Henry undoubtedly expects me here. I have arrived from Fetterman according to my plan, which I announced to him, and find that he has been absent all day."

The Virginian sat sidewise to talk, one long straight leg supporting him, the other bent at ease, the boot half lifted from the dangling stirrup. He made

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himself the perfection of courtesy. "The Judge is frequently absent all night, seh."

"Scarcely to-night, I think. I thought you might know something about him."

"I have been absent myself, seh."

"Ah! On a vacation, perhaps?" The divine had a ruddy face. His strong glance was straight and frank and fearless; but his smile too much reminded me of days bygone, when we used to return to school from the Christmas holidays, and the masters would shake our hands and welcome us with: "Robert, John, Edward, glad to see you all looking so well! Rested and ready for hard work, I'm sure!"

That smile does not really please even good, tame, little boys; and the Virginian was near thirty.

"It has not been vacation this trip, seh," said he, settling straight in his saddle. "There's the Judge driving in now, in time for all questions yu' have to ask him."

His horse took a step, but was stopped short. There lay the Virginian's rope on the ground. I had been aware of Trampas's quite proper departure during the talk; and as he was leaving, I seemed also to be aware of his placing the coil across the cantle of its owner's saddle. Had he intended it to fall and have to be picked up? It was another evasive little business, and quite successful, if designed to nag the owner of the rope. A few hundred yards ahead of us Trampas was now shouting loud cowboy shouts. Were they to announce his return to those at home, or did they mean derision? The Virginian leaned, keeping his seat, and swinging down his arm, caught up the rope, and hung it on his saddle somewhat carefully.

From his fence the divine now spoke, in approbation, but with another strong cheerless smile. "You do that as if you were well trained to it."

"It's part of our business, seh, and we try to mind it like the rest." But this, stated in a gentle drawl, gave no hurt to the missionary; he wore the armor of rectitude.

We now rode on, and I was impressed by the reverend gentleman's robust, dictatorial back as he proceeded by a short-cut through the meadow to the ranch. You could take him for nothing but a vigorous, sincere, dominating man, full of the highest purpose. But whatever his creed, I already doubted if he were the right one to sow it and make it grow in these new wild fields. He seemed more the sort of gardener to keep old walks and vines pruned in their antique rigidity. I admired him for coming all this way with his clean, short, gray whiskers and his black, well-brushed suit. And he made me think of a powerful locomotive stuck puffing on a grade.

"Is he going to save us?" This I had cheerily asked of the Virginian before I perceived how he was still looking.

"Don't talk so much," was his almost violent reply. Even his neck was flushed, but dull red, instead of the more engaging crimson which a lover's consciousness had earlier brought upon his face. I had got the whole accumulation!

"Who's been talking?" I in equal anger screeched back. "I'm not trying to save you. I didn't take your rope." And having poured this out, I whipped up my pony.

But he spurred his own alongside of me; and glancing at him, I saw that he was now convulsed with internal mirth. I therefore drew down to a walk, and he straightened into gravity.

"I'm right obliged to yu'"—he laid his hand in its buckskin gauntlet upon my horse's mane as he spoke—"for bringin' me back out o' my nonsense. I'll be as serene as a bird now—whatever they do."

Probably Trampas would not have been too much for him without the missionary.

"A man," he stated, reflectively, "any full-sized man, ought to own a big lot of temper. And like all his valuable possessions, he'd ought to keep it and not lose any." This was his full apology. "As for salvation, I have got this far: Somebody"—he swept an arm at the sunset and the mountains—"must have made all that, I know. But I know one more thing I would tell Him to His face: if I can't do nothing long enough and good enough to earn eternal happiness, I can't do nothing long enough and bad enough to be damned. I reckon He plays a square game with us if He plays at all, and I ain't bothering my haid about other worlds."

As we reached the stables, he had be-

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come the serene bird he promised, and was sentimentally continuing:

"De sun is made of mud from de bottom of de river;
De moon is made o' fox-fire, as you might disciver;
De stars like de ladies' eyes,
All round de world dey flies,
To give a little light when de moon don't rise."

If words were meant to conceal our thoughts, melody is perhaps a still thicker veil for them. Whatever temper he had lost, he had certainly found again; but this all the more fitted him to deal with Trampas, when the dealing should begin. I had half a mind to speak to the Judge, only it seemed beyond a mere visitor's business. Our missionary was at this moment himself speaking to Judge Henry at the door of the home ranch.

"I reckon he's explaining he has been a-waiting." The Virginian was throwing his saddle off, as I loosened the cinches of mine. "And the Judge don't look to be hopelessly distressed."

I now surveyed the distant parley, and the Judge, from the wagonful of guests whom he had evidently been driving upon a day's excursion, waved me a welcome, which I waved back. "He's got Miss Molly Wood there!" I exclaimed.

"Yes." The Virginian was brief about this fact. "I'll look afteh your saddle. You go and get acquainted with the company."

This favor I accepted; it was the means he chose for saying he hoped, after our recent boiling over, that all was now more than right between us. So for the while I left him to his horses, and his corrals, and his Trampas, and his foreman, and his imminent problem.

They were all down out of the large three-seated wagon; and as I came within the sound of their talk, it was the minister's sonority which reached me first: ". . . . more opportunity for them to have the benefit of hearing frequent sermons," was the sentence I heard him bring to completion.

"Yes, to be sure, sir." Judge Henry gave me (it almost seemed) additional warmth of welcome for arriving to break up the present discourse. "Let me introduce you to the Rev. Dr. Alexander MacBride. Doctor, another guest we have been hoping for about this time," was my host's cordial explanation to him of me. There remained two more, a gentleman with his wife from New York, and to these I made my final bows. But I had not broken up the discourse.

"We may be said to have met already." Dr. MacBride had fixed upon me his full, mastering eye; and it occurred to me that if they had policemen in heaven, he would be at least a centurion in the force. But he did not mean to be unpleasant; it was only that in a mind full of matters less worldly, pleasure was left out. "I observed your friend was a skilful horseman," he continued. "I was saying to Judge Henry that I could wish such skilful horsemen might ride to a church upon the Sabbath. A church, that is, of right doctrine, where they would have opportunity to hear frequent sermons."

"Yes," said Judge Henry—"yes. It would be a good thing."

Mrs. Henry, with some murmur about the kitchen, here went into the house.

"I was informed"—Dr. MacBride held the rest of us—"before undertaking my journey that I should find a desolate and mainly godless country. But nobody gave me to understand that from Medicine Bow I was to drive three hundred miles and pass no church of any faith."

The Judge explained that there had been a few a long way to the right and the left of him. "Still," he conceded, "you are quite right. But don't forget that this is the newest part of a new world."

"Judge," said his wife, coming to the door, "how can you keep them standing in the dust with your talking?"

This most efficiently did break up the discourse. As our little party, with the smiles and the polite holdings-back of new acquaintanceship, moved into the house, the Judge detained me behind all of them long enough to whisper, dolorously, "He's going to stay a whole week."

I had hopes that he would not stay a whole week when I presently learned of the crowded arrangements which our hosts, with many hospitable apologies, disclosed to us. They were delighted to have us, but they hadn't foreseen that we should all be simultaneous. The fore-

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man's house had been prepared for two of us, and did we mind? The two of us were Dr. MacBride and myself; and I expected him to mind. But I wronged him grossly. It would be much better, he assured Mrs. Henry, than straw in a stable, which he had tried several times, and was quite ready for. So I saw that though he kept his vigorous body clean when he could, he cared nothing for it in the face of his mission. How the foreman and his wife relished being turned out during a week for a missionary and myself, was not my concern, although while he and I made ready for supper over there, it struck me as hard on them. The room with its two cots and furniture was as nice as possible; and we closed the door upon the adjoining room, which, however, seemed also untenanted.

Mrs. Henry gave us a meal so good that I have remembered it; and her husband the Judge strove his best that we should eat it in merriment. He poured out his anecdotes like wine, and we should have quickly warmed to them, but Dr. MacBride sat among us giving occasional heavy ha-ha's, which produced, as Miss Molly Wood whispered to me, a "dreadfully cavernous effect." Was it his sermon, we wondered, that he was thinking over? I told her of the copious sheaf of them I had seen him pull from his wallet over at the foreman's. "Goodness!" said she. "Then are we to hear one every evening?" This I doubted: he had probably been picking one out suitable for the occasion. "Putting his best foot forward," was her comment: "I suppose they have best feet, like the rest of us." Then she grew delightfully sharp. "Do you know, when I first heard him I thought his voice was hearty. But if you listen you'll find it's merely militant. He never really meets you with it. He's off on his hill watching the battle-field the whole time."

"He will find a dangerous antagonist here."

"Judge Henry?"

"Oh no! The wild man you're taming. He's brought you *Kenilworth* safe back."

She was smooth. "Oh, as for taming him! But don't you find him intelligent?"

Suddenly I somehow knew that she didn't want to tame him. But what did she want to do? The thought of her had made him blush this afternoon. No thought of him made her blush this evening. Convention must assuredly proclaim her many degrees above him. Was she, in spite of that, interested? Or was she rather cruelly experimenting? A great laugh from the rest of the company made me aware that the Judge had consummated his tale of the "Sole Survivor."

"And so," he finished, "they all went off as mad as hops because it hadn't been a massacre." Mr. and Mrs. Ogden—they were the New-Yorkers—gave this story much applause; and Dr. MacBride half a minute later laid his "Ha-ha!" like a heavy stone upon the gayety.

"I'll never be able to stand seven sermons," said Miss Wood to me.

"Talking of massacres"—I now hastened to address the already saddened table—"I have recently escaped one myself."

The Judge had come to an end of his powers. "Oh, tell us!" he implored.

"Seriously, sir, I think we grazed pretty wet tragedy; but your extraordinary man brought us out into comedy safe and dry."

This gave me their attention; and, from that afternoon in Dakota when I had first stepped aboard the caboose, I told them the whole tale of my experience: how I grew immediately aware that all was not right, by the Virginian's kicking the cook off the train; how, as we journeyed, the dark bubble of mutiny swelled hourly beneath my eyes; and how, when it was threatening I know not what explosion, the Virginian had pricked it with humor so that it burst in nothing but harmless laughter.

Their eyes followed my narrative: the New-Yorkers, because such events do not happen upon the shores of the Hudson; Mrs. Henry, because she was my hostess; Miss Wood followed for whatever her reasons were—I couldn't see her eyes, rather I *felt* her listening intently to the deeds and dangers of the man she didn't care to tame. But it was the eyes of the Judge and the missionary which I saw riveted upon me, indeed, until the end; and they forthwith made plain their quite dissimilar opinions.

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Judge Henry struck the table lightly with his fist. "I knew it!" And he leaned back in his chair with a face of contentment. He had trusted his man, and his man had proved worthy.

"Pardon me." Dr. MacBride had a manner of saying "pardon me" which rendered forgiveness wellnigh impossible.

The Judge waited for him.

"Am I to understand that these—a—cowboys attempted to mutiny, and were discouraged in this attempt upon finding themselves less skilful at lying than the man they had plotted to depose?"

I began an answer. "It was other qualities, sir, that happened to be revealed and asserted by what you call his lying that—"

"And what am I to call it, if it is not lying? A competition in deceit in which, I admit, he outdid them."

"It's their way to—"

"Pardon me. Their way to lie? They bow down to the greatest in this?"

"Oh," said Miss Molly Wood in my ear, "give him up."

The Judge took a turn. "We-ell, Doctor—" He seemed to stick here.

Mr. Ogden handsomely assisted him. "You've said the word yourself, Doctor. It's the competition, don't you see? The trial of strength by no matter what test."

"Yes," said Miss Wood, unexpectedly. "And it wasn't that George Washington couldn't tell a lie. He just wouldn't. I'm sure if he'd undertaken to he'd have told a much better one than Cornwallis."

"Ha-ha, madam! You draw an ingenious subtlety from your books."

"It's all plain to me," Ogden pursued. "The men were morose. This foreman was in the minority. He cajoled them into a bout of tall stories, and told the tallest himself. And when they found they had swallowed it whole—well, it would certainly take the starch out of me," he concluded. "I couldn't be a serious mutineer after that."

Dr. MacBride now sounded his strongest bass. "I cannot accept such a view, sir. There is a levity abroad in our land which I must deplore. No matter how leniently you may try to put it, in the end we have the spectacle of a struggle between men where lying decides the survival of the fittest. Better, far better, if it was to come, that they had shot honest bullets. There are worse evils than war."

The Doctor's eye glared righteously about him. None of us, I think, trembled; or if we did, it was with emotions other than fear. Mrs. Henry at once introduced the subject of trout-fishing, and thus happily removed us from the edge of whatever sort of precipice we seemed to have approached; for Dr. MacBride had brought his rod. He dilated upon this sport with fervor, and we assured him that the streams upon the west slope of the Bow-Leg Mountains would afford him plenty of it. Thus we ended our meal in carefully preserved amity. But a week of careful preserving—!

"Do you often have these visitations?" Ogden inquired of Judge Henry. Our host was giving us whiskey in his office; and Dr. MacBride, while we smoked apart from the ladies, had repaired to his quarters in the foreman's house previous to the service which he was shortly to hold.

The Judge laughed. "They come now and then through the year. I like the Bishop to come. And the men always like it. But I fear our friend will scarcely please them so well."

"You don't mean they'll—"

"Oh no. They'll keep quiet. The fact is, they have a good deal better manners than he has, if he only knew it! They'll be able to bear him. But as for any good he'll do—"

"I doubt if he knows a word of science," said I, musing about the Doctor.

"Science! He doesn't know what Christianity is yet. I've entertained many guests, but none— The whole secret," broke off Judge Henry, "lies in the way you treat people. As soon as you treat men as your equals, they are ready to acknowledge you—if you deserve it—as their superior. That's the whole bottom of Christianity, and that's what our missionary will never know."

There was a somewhat heavy knock at the office door, and I think we all feared it was Dr. MacBride. But when the Judge opened, the Virginian was standing there in the darkness.

"So!" The Judge opened the door wide. He was very hearty to the man he had trusted. "You're back at last."

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"I came to repawt, seh."

While they shook hands, Ogden nudged me. "That the fellow?" I nodded. "Fellow who kicked the cook off the train?" I again nodded, and he looked at the Virginian, his eye and his stature.

Judge Henry, properly democratic, now introduced him to Ogden.

The New-Yorker also meant to be properly democratic. "You're the man I've been hearing such a lot about."

But familiarity is not equality. "Then I expect yu' have the advantage of me, seh," said the Virginian, very politely. "Shall I repawt to-morro'?" His grave eyes were on the Judge again. Of me he had taken no notice: he had come as an employee to see his employer.

"Yes, yes; I'll want to hear about the cattle to-morrow. But step inside a moment now. There's a matter—" The Virginian stepped inside, and took off his hat. "Sit down. You had trouble—I've heard something about it," the Judge went on.

The Virginian sat down, huge and graceful. But he held the brim of his hat all the while. He looked at Ogden and me, and then back at his employer. There was reluctance in his eye. I wondered if his employer could be going to make him tell his own exploits in the presence of us outsiders; and there came into my memory the Bengal tiger at a trained-animal show I had once seen.

"You had some trouble," repeated the Judge.

"Well, seh, there was a time when they maybe wanted to have notions. They're good boys." And he smiled a very little.

Contentment increased in the Judge's face. "Trampas a good boy too?"

But this time the Bengal tiger did not smile. He sat with his eye fastened on his employer.

The Judge passed rather quickly on to his next point. "You've brought them all back, though, I understand, safe and sound, without a scratch?"

The Virginian looked down at his hat, then up again at the Judge, mildly. "I had to part with my cook, seh."

There was no use; Ogden and myself exploded. Even upon the embarrassed Virginian a large grin slowly forced itself. "I guess yu' know about it," he murmured. And he looked at me with a sort of reproach. He knew it was I who had told tales out of school.

"I only want to say," said Ogden, conciliatingly, "that I know I couldn't have handled those men."

The Virginian relented. "Yu' never tried, seh."

The Judge had remained serious; but he showed himself plainly more and more contented. "Quite right," he said. "You had to part with your cook. When I put a man in charge, I put him in charge. I don't make particulars my business. They're to be always his. Do you understand?"

"Thank yu', seh." The Virginian understood that his employer was praising his management of the expedition. But I don't think he at all discerned—as I did presently—that his employer had just been putting him to a further test, had laid before him the temptation of complaining of a fellow-workman and blowing his own trumpet, and was delighted with his reticence. He made a movement to rise.

"I haven't finished," said the Judge. "I was coming to the matter. There's one particular—since I do happen to have been told. I fancy Trampas has learned something he didn't expect."

This time the Virginian evidently did not understand, any more than I did. One hand played with his hat, mechanically turning it round.

The Judge explained. "I mean about Roberts."

A pulse of triumph shot over the Southerner's face, turning it savage for that fleeting instant. He understood now, and was unable to suppress this much answer. But he was silent.

"You see," the Judge explained to me, "I was obliged to let Roberts, my old foreman, go last week. His wife could not have stood another winter here, and a good position was offered to him near Los Angeles."

I did see! I saw a number of things. I saw why the foreman's house had been empty to receive Dr. MacBride and me. And I saw that the Judge had been very clever indeed. For I had abstained from telling any tales about the present feeling between Trampas and the Virginian; but he had divined it. Well enough for him to say that "particulars" were some-

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thing he let alone; he evidently kept a deep eye on the undercurrents at his ranch. He knew that in Roberts, Trampas had lost a powerful friend. And this was what I most saw, this final fact—that Trampas had no longer any intervening shield. He and the Virginian stood indeed man to man.

"And so"—the Judge continued speaking to me—"here I am at a very inconvenient time without a foreman. Unless"—I caught the twinkle in his eyes before he turned to the Virginian—"unless you're willing to take the position yourself. Will you?"

I saw the Southerner's hand grip his hat as he was turning it round. He held it still now, and his other hand found it and gradually crumpled the soft crown in. It meant everything to him: recognition, higher station, better fortune, a separate house of his own, and—perhaps—one step nearer to the woman he wanted. I don't know what words he might have said to the Judge, had they been alone; but the Judge had chosen to do it in our presence, the whole thing from beginning to end. The Virginian sat with the damp coming out on his forehead, and his eyes dropped from his employer's.

"Thank yu'," was what he managed at last to say.

"Well, now, I'm greatly relieved!" exclaimed the Judge, rising at once. He spoke with haste, and lightly. "That's excellent. I was in something of a hole," he said to Ogden and me; "and this gives me one thing less to think of. Saves me a lot of particulars!" he jocosely added to the Virginian, who was now also standing up. "Begin right off. Leave the bunk-house. The gentlemen won't mind your sleeping in your own house."

Thus he dismissed his new foreman gayly. But the new foreman, when he got outside, turned back for one gruff word—"I'll try to please yu'." That was all. He was gone in the darkness. But it was light enough for me, looking after him, to see him lay his hand on a shoulder-high gate and vault it as if he had been the wind. Sounds of cheering came to us a few moments later from the bunk-house. Evidently he had "begun right away," as the Judge had directed. He had told his fortune to his brother cowpunchers, and this was their answer.

"I wonder if Trampas is shouting too?" inquired Ogden.

"Hm!" said the Judge. "That is one of the particulars I wash my hands of."

I knew that he entirely meant it. I knew, once his decision taken of appointing the Virginian his lieutenant for good and all, that, like a wise commander-in-chief, he would trust his lieutenant to take care of his own business.

"Well," Ogden pursued with interest, "haven't you landed Trampas plump at his mercy?"

The phrase tickled the Judge. "That is where I've landed him!" he declared. "And here is Dr. MacBride."

Thunder sat imminent upon the missionary's brow. Many were to be at his mercy soon. But for us he had sunshine still. "I am truly sorry to be turning you upside down," he said, importantly. "But it seems the best place for my service." He spoke of the tables pushed back and the chairs gathered in the hall, where the storm would presently break upon the congregation. "Eight-thirty?" he inquired.

This was the hour appointed, and it was only twenty minutes off. We threw the unsmoked fractions of our cigars away, and returned to offer our services to the ladies. This amused the ladies. They had done without us. All was ready in the hall.

"We got the cook to help us," Mrs. Ogden told me, "so as not to disturb your cigars. In spite of the cowboys, I still recognize my own country."

"In the cook?" I rather densely asked.

"Oh no! I don't have a Chinaman. It's in the length of after-dinner cigars."

"Had you been smoking," I returned, "you would have found them short this evening."

"You make it worse," said the lady; "we have had nothing but Dr. MacBride."

"We'll share him with you now!" I exclaimed.

"Has he announced his text? I've got one for him!" said Molly Wood, joining us. She stood on tiptoe and spoke it comically in our ears. "'I said in my haste, All men are liars.'" This made us merry as we stood among the chairs in the congested hall. She was becoming something more than pretty. There was a look in her eyes that any man must

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notice. Frontier life was warming this little fruit blossom from New England. Lucky Virginian, should he get her! But lucky quite as much as the woman who should get him for lover and husband. She would know a passion and a protection of not the every-day kind. And how much should a little rustic English weigh against these gifts? And now he was going to be foreman, and Trampas was going to be—what?

I left the ladies and the hall, and sought the bunk-house. I had heard the cheers, but I was curious also to see the men, and how they were taking it. There was but little for the eye. There was much noise in the room. They were getting ready to come to church—brushing their hair, shaving, and making themselves clean, amid talk occasionally profane and continuously diverting.

"Well, I'm a Christian, anyway," one declared.

"I'm a Mormon, I guess," said another.

"I belong to the Knights of Pythias," said a third.

"I'm a Mohammedist," said a fourth: "I hope I ain't going to hear nothin' to shock me."

And they went on with their joking. But Trampas was out of the joking. He lay on his bed reading a newspaper, and took no pains to look pleasant. My eyes were considering him when the blithe Scipio came in.

"Don't look so bashful," said he. "There's only us girls here."

He had been helping the Virginian move his belongings from the bunk-house over to the foreman's cabin. He now himself was to occupy the Virginian's old bed here. "And I hope sleepin' in it will bring me some of his luck," said Scipio. "Yu'd ought to've seen us when he told us in his quiet way. Well"—Scipio sighed a little—"it must feel good to have your friends glad about you."

"Especially Trampas," said I. "The Judge knows about that," I added.

"Does he? What's he say?" Scipio drew me quickly out of the bunk-house.

"Says it's no business of his."

"Said nothing but that?" Scipio's curiosity seemed strangely intense. "Made no suggestion? Not a thing?"

"Not a thing. Said he didn't want to know and didn't care."

"How did he happen to hear about it?" snapped Scipio. "You told him!" he immediately guessed. "*He* never would." And Scipio jerked his thumb at the Virginian, who appeared for a moment in the lighted window of the new quarters he was arranging. "He never would tell," Scipio repeated. "And so the Judge never made a suggestion to him," he muttered, nodding in the darkness. "So it's just his own notion. Just like him, too, come to think of it. Only I didn't expect—well, I guess he could surprise me any day he tried."

"You're surprising me now," I said. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, him and Trampas."

"What? Nothing's surely happened yet?" I was as curious as Scipio had been.

"No, not yet. But there will."

"Great heavens, man! when?"

"Just as soon as Trampas makes the first move," Scipio replied, easily.

I became dignified. Scipio had evidently been told things by the Virginian.

"Yes, I up and asked him plumb out," Scipio answered. "I was liftin' his trunk in at the door, and I couldn't stand it no longer, and I asked him plumb out. 'Yu've sure got Trampas where yu' want him.' That's what I said. And he up and answered and told me. So I know." At this point Scipio stopped; I was not to know.

"I had no idea," I said, "that your system held so much meanness."

"Oh, it ain't meanness!" And he laughed ecstatically.

"What do you call it, then?"

"He'd call it discretion," said Scipio. Then he became serious. "It's too blamed grand to tell yu'. I'll leave yu' to see it happen. Keep around, that's all. Keep around. I pretty near wish I didn't know it myself."

What with my feelings at Scipio's discretion, and my human curiosity, I was not in that mood which best profits from a sermon. Yet even though my expectations had been cruelly left quivering in mid-air, I was not sure how much I really wanted to "keep around." You will therefore understand how Dr. MacBride was able to make a prayer and to read Scripture without my being conscious of a word that he had uttered. It was when

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I saw him opening the manuscript of his sermon that I suddenly remembered I was sitting, so to speak, in church, and began once more to think of the preacher and his congregation. Our chairs were in the front line, of course; but, being next the wall, I could easily see the cowboys behind me. They were perfectly decorous. If Mrs. Ogden had looked for pistols, daredevil attitudes, and so forth, she must have been greatly disappointed. Except for their weather-beaten cheeks and eyes, they were simply American young men with mustaches and without, and might have been sitting, say, in Danbury, Connecticut. Even Trampas merged quietly with the general placidity. The Virginian did not, to be sure, look like Danbury; and his frame and his features showed out of the mass; but his eyes were upon Dr. MacBride with a creamlike propriety.

Our missionary did not choose Miss Wood's text. He made his selection from another of the Psalms; and when it came, I did not dare to look at anybody; I was much nearer unseemly conduct than the cowboys. Dr. MacBride gave us his text sonorously: "'They are altogether become filthy; there is none of them that doeth good, no, not one.'" His eye showed us plainly that present company was not excepted from this. He repeated the text once more, then, launching upon his discourse, gave none of us a ray of hope.

I had heard it all often before, but preached to cowboys it took on a new glare of untimeliness, of grotesque obsoleteness—as if some one should say, "Let me persuade you to admire woman," and forthwith hold out her bleached bones to you. The cowboys were told that not only they could do no good, but that if they did contrive to, it would not help them. Nay, more; not only honest deeds availed them nothing, but even if they accepted this especial creed which was being explained to them as necessary for salvation, still it might not save them. Their sin was indeed the cause of their damnation, yet, keeping from sin, they might nevertheless be lost. It had all been settled for them not only before they were born, but before Adam was shaped. Having told them this, he invited them to glorify the Creator of the scheme. Even if damned, they must praise the person who had made them expressly for damnation. That is what I heard him prove by logic to these cowboys. Stone upon stone he built the black cellar of his theology, leaving out its beautiful park and the sunshine of its garden. He did not tell them the splendor of its past, the noble fortress for good that it had been, how its tonic had strengthened generations of their fathers. No; wrath he spoke of, and never once of love. It was the Bishop's way, I knew well, to hold cowboys by homely talk of their special hardships and temptations. And when they fell, he spoke to them of forgiveness and brought them encouragement. But Dr. MacBride never thought once of the lives of these waifs. Like himself, like all mankind, they were invisible dots in creation; like him, they were to feel as nothing, to be swept up in the potent heat of his faith. So he thrust out to them none of the sweet but all the bitter of his creed, naked and stern as iron. Dogma was his all in all, and poor humanity was nothing but flesh for its canons.

Thus to kill what chance he had for being of use seemed to me more deplorable than it did evidently to them. Their attention merely wandered. Three hundred years ago they would have been frightened, but not in this electric day. I saw Scipio stifling a smile when it came to the doctrine of original sin. "We know of its truth," said Dr. MacBride, "from the severe troubles and distresses to which infants are liable, and from death passing upon them before they are capable of sinning." Yet I knew he was a good man; and I also knew that if a missionary is to be tactless, he might almost as well be bad.

I said their attention wandered—but I forgot the Virginian. At first his attitude might have been mere propriety. One can look respectfully at a preacher and be internally breaking all the commandments. But even with the text I saw real attention light in the Virginian's eye. And keeping track of the concentration that grew on him with each minute made the sermon short for me. He missed nothing. Before the end his gaze at the preacher had become swerveless. Was he convert or critic? Convert was

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incredible. Thus was an hour passed before I had thought of time.

When it was over we took it variously. The preacher was genial, and spoke of having now broken ground for the lessons that he hoped to instil. He discoursed for a while about trout-fishing, and about the rumored uneasiness of the Indians northward where he was going. It was plain that his personal safety never gave him a thought. He soon bid us good-night. The Ogdens shrugged their shoulders and were amused. That was their way of taking it. Dr. MacBride sat too heavily on the Judge's shoulders for him to shrug them. As a leading citizen in the Territory he kept open house for all comers. Policy and good-nature made him bid welcome a wide variety of travellers. The cowboy out of employment found bed and a meal for himself and his horse; and missionaries had before now been well received at Sunk Creek ranch.

"I suppose I'll have to take him fishing," said the Judge, ruefully.

"Yes, my dear," said his wife, "you will. And I shall have to make his tea for six days."

"Otherwise," Ogden suggested, "it might be reported that you were enemies of religion."

"That's about it," said the Judge. "I can get on with most people. But elephants depress me."

So we named the Doctor "Jumbo," and I departed to my quarters.

At the bunk-house the comments were similar, but more highly salted. The men were going to bed. In spite of their outward decorum at the service, they had not liked to be told that they were "altogether become filthy." It was easy to call names; they could do that themselves. And they appealed to me, several speaking at once, like a concerted piece at the opera: "Say, do you believe babies go to hell?"—"Ah, of course he don't."—"There ain't no hereafter, anyway."—"Ain't there?"—"Who told yu'?"—"Same man as told the preacher we was all a sifted set of sons-of-guns."—"Well, I'm goin' to stay a Mormon."—"Well, I'm goin' to quit fleein' from temptation."—"That's so! Better get it in the neck after a good time than a poor one." And so forth. Their wit was not extreme, yet I should like Dr. MacBride to have heard it. One fellow put his natural soul pretty well into words: "If I happened to learn what they had predestinated me to do, I'd do the other thing, just to show 'em!"

And Trampas? And the Virginian? They were out of it. The Virginian had gone straight to his new abode. Trampas lay in his bed, not asleep, and sullen as ever.

"He 'ain't got religion this trip," said Scipio to me.

"Did his new foreman get it?" I asked.

"Huh! It would spoil him. You keep around, that's all. Keep around."

Scipio was not to be probed; and I went, still baffled, to my repose.

No light burned in the cabin as I approached its door.

The Virginian's room was quiet and dark; and that Dr. MacBride slumbered was plainly audible to me even before I entered. Go fishing with him! I thought as I undressed. And I selfishly decided that the Judge might have this privilege entirely to himself. Sleep came to me fairly soon, in spite of the Doctor. I was wakened from it by my bed's being jolted—not a pleasant thing that night. I must have started. And it was the quiet voice of the Virginian that told me he was sorry to have accidentally disturbed me. This disturbed me a good deal more. But his steps did not go to the bunk-house, as my sensational mind had suggested. He was not wearing much, and in the dimness he seemed taller than common. I next made out that he was bending over Dr. MacBride. The divine at last sprang upright.

"I am armed," he said. "Take care. Who are you?"

"You can lay down your gun, seh. I feel like my spirit was going to bear witness. I feel like I might get an enlightening."

He was using some of the missionary's own language. The baffling I had been treated to by Scipio melted to nothing in this. Did living men petrify, I should have changed to mineral between the sheets. The Doctor got out of bed, lighted his lamp, and found a book, and the two retired into the Virginian's room, where I could hear the exhortations as I lay

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amazed. In time the Doctor returned, blew out his lamp, and settled himself. I had been very much awake, but was nearly gone to sleep again, when the door creaked, and the Virginian stood by the Doctor's side.

"Are you awake, seh?"

"What? What's that? What is it?"

"Excuse me, seh. The enemy is winning on me. I'm feeling less inward opposition to sin."

The lamp was lighted, and I listened to some further exhortations. They must have taken half an hour. When the Doctor was in bed again, I thought that I heard him sigh. This upset my composure in the dark; but I lay face downward in the pillow, and the Doctor was soon again snoring. I envied him for a while his faculty of easy sleep. But I must have dropped off myself, for it was the lamp in my eyes that now waked me as he came back for the third time from the Virginian's room. Before blowing the light out he looked at his watch, and thereupon I inquired the hour of him.

"Three," said he.

I could not sleep any more now, and I lay watching the darkness.

"I'm afeared to be alone!" said the Virginian's voice presently in the next room. "I'm afeared." There was a short pause, and then he shouted very loud: "I'm losin' my desire afteh the sincere milk of the Word!"

"What? What's that? What?" The Doctor's cot gave a great crack as he started up listening; and I put my face deep in the pillow.

"I'm afeared! I'm afeared! Sin has quit being bitter in my belly."

"Courage, my good man." The Doctor was out of bed with his lamp again; and the door shut behind him. Between them they made it long this time. I saw the window become gray; then the corners of the furniture grow visible; and outside, the dry chorus of the blackbirds began to fill the dawn. To these the sounds of chickens, and impatient hoofs in the stable, were added, and some cow wandered by, loudly calling for her calf. Next, some one whistling passed near and grew distant. But although the cold hue that I lay staring at through the window warmed and changed, the Doctor continued working hard over his patient in the next room. Only a word here and there was distinct; but it was plain from the Virginian's fewer remarks that the sin in his belly was alarming him less. Yes, they made this time long. But it proved, indeed, the last one. And though some sort of catastrophe was bound to fall upon us, it was myself who precipitated the thing that did happen.

Day was wholly come. I looked at my own watch, and it was six. I had been about seven hours in my bed, and the Doctor had been about seven hours out of his. The door opened, and he came in with his book and lamp. He seemed to be shivering a little, and I saw him cast a longing eye at his couch. But the Virginian followed him even as he blew out the now quite superfluous light. They made a noticeable couple in their underclothes; the Virginian with his lean racehorse shanks running to a point at his ankle, and the Doctor with his stomach and his fat sedentary calves.

"You'll be going to breakfast and the ladies, seh, pretty soon," said the Virginian, with a chastened voice. "But I'll worry through the day somehow without yu'. And to-night you can turn your wolf loose on me again."

Once more it was no use. My face was deep in the pillow; but I made sounds as of a hen who has laid an egg. It broke on the Doctor with a total instantaneous smash, quite like an egg.

He tried to speak calmly. "This is a disgrace. An infamous disgrace. Never in my life have I—" Words forsook him, and his face grew redder. "Never in my life—" He stopped again, because, at the sight of him being dignified in his red drawers, I was making the noise of a dozen hens. It was suddenly too much for the Virginian. He hastened into his room, and there sank on the floor with his head in his hands. The Doctor immediately slammed the door upon him, and this rendered me easily fit for a lunatic asylum. I cried into my pillow, and wondered if the Doctor would come and kill me. But he took no notice of me whatever. I could hear the Virginian's convulsions through the door, and also the Doctor furiously making his toilet within three feet of my head; and I lay quite still with my face the other way; for I was really afraid to look at

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him. When I heard him walk to the door in his boots, I ventured to peep; and there he was, going out with his bag in his hand. As I still continued to lie, weak and sore, and with a mind that had ceased all operation, the Virginian's door opened. He was clean and dressed and decent, but the devil still sported in his eye. I have never seen a creature more irresistibly handsome.

Then my mind worked again. "You've gone and done it," said I. "He's packed his valise. He'll not sleep here."

The Virginian looked quickly out of the door. "Why, he's leavin' us!" he exclaimed. "Drivin' away right now in his little old buggy!" He turned to me and our eyes met solemnly over this large fact. I thought that I perceived the faintest tincture of dismay in the features of Judge Henry's new, responsible, trusty foreman. This was the first act of his administration. Once again he looked out at the departing missionary. "Well," he vindictively stated, "I cert'nly ain' goin' to run afteh him." And he looked at me again.

"Do you suppose the Judge knows?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "The windo'-shades is all down still oveh yondeh." He paused. "I don't care," he stated, quite as if he had been ten years old. Then he grinned guiltily. "I was mighty respectful to him all night."

"Oh yes, respectful! Especially when you invited him to turn his wolf loose."

The Virginian gave a joyous gulp. He now came and sat down on the edge of my bed. "I spoke awful good English to him most of the time," said he. "I can, yu' know, when I cinch my attention tight on to it. Yes, I cert'nly spoke a lot o' good English. I didn't understand some of it myself!"

He was now growing frankly pleased with his exploit. He had builded so much better than he knew! He got up and looked out across the crystal world of light. "The Doctor is at one-mile crossing," he said. "He'll get breakfast at the N-lazy-Y." Then he returned and sat again on my bed, and began to give me his real heart. "I never set up for being better than others. Not even to myself. My thoughts ain't apt to travel around making comparisons. And I shouldn't wonder if my memory took as much notice of the meannesses I have done as of —as of the other actions. But to have to sit like a dumb lamb and let a stranger tell yu' for an hour that you're a hawg and a swine, just right after you have acted in a way that them that know the facts would call pretty near white—"

"Trampas!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Has Scipio—"

"No. Not a word. He wouldn't."

"Well, yu' see, I came back here with several thoughts. And not one of 'em were what yu'd call Christian. I ain't the least little bit ashamed of 'em. I'm a man. But after the Judge—well, yu' heard him. After I went away and saw how positions were changed—"

A step outside stopped him short. Nothing more could be read in his face, for there was Trampas himself in the open door.

"Good-morning," said Trampas, not looking at us. He spoke with the same cool sullenness of yesterday.

We returned his greeting.

"I believe I'm late in congratulating you on your promotion," said he.

The Virginian consulted his watch. "It's only half afteh six," he returned.

Trampas's sullenness deepened. "Any man is to be congratulated on getting a rise, I expect."

This time the Virginian let him have it. "Cert'nly. And I ain't forgetting how much I owe mine to you."

Trampas would have liked to let himself go. "I've not come here for any forgiveness!" he sneered.

"When did yu' feel yu' needed any?" The Virginian was impregnable.

Trampas seemed to feel how little he was gaining this way. He came out straight now. "Oh, I haven't any Judge behind me, I know. I heard you'd be paying the boys this morning, and I've come for my time."

"You're thinking of leaving us?" asked the new foreman. "What's your dissatisfaction?"

"Oh, I'm not needing anybody back of me. I'll get along by myself." It was thus he revealed his expectation of being dismissed by his enemy.

This would have knocked any meditated generosity out of my heart. But I

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was not the Virginian. He shifted his legs, leaned back a little, and laughed. "Go back to your job, Trampas, if that's all your complaint. You're right about me being in luck. But maybe there's two of us in luck."

It was this that Scipio had preferred me to see with my own eyes. The fight was between man and man no longer. The case could not be one of forgiveness; but the Virginian would not use his position to crush his subordinate.

Trampas departed with something muttered that I did not hear, and the Virginian closed intimate conversation by saying, "You'll be late for breakfast." With that he also took himself away.

The ladies were inclined to be scandalized, but not the Judge. When my whole story was done, he brought his fist down on the table, and not lightly this time. "I'd make him a Lieutenant-General if the ranch offered that position!" he declared.

Miss Molly Wood said nothing at the time. But in the afternoon, by her wish, she went fishing, with the Virginian deputed to escort her. I rode with them—for a while. I was not going to continue a third in that party: the Virginian was too becomingly dressed, and I saw *Kenilworth* peeping out of his pocket. I meant to be fishing by myself when that volume was returned.

But Miss Wood talked with skilful openness as we rode. "I've heard all about you and Dr. MacBride," she said. "How could you do it when the Judge places such confidence in you?"

He looked pleased. "I reckon," he said, "I couldn't be so good, if I wasn't bad onced in a while."

"Why, there's a skunk," said I, noticing the pretty little animal trotting in front of us at the edge of the thickets.

"Oh, where is it? Don't let me see it!" screamed Molly. And at this feminine remark the Virginian looked at her with such a smile that, had I been a woman, it would have made me his to do what he pleased with on the spot.

Upon the lady, however, it seemed to make less impression. Later on, while absorbed in my fishing, I suddenly found that they had followed my steps, and were speaking, unaware of any listener.

"Haven't you anything to tell me yet?" I heard him finish, pleadingly.

"Yes. I have. I wish to say that I have never liked any man better than you. But I expect to!"

Outrageous girl!

Trade-Clouds

BY EDWARD BARRON

TRADE-CLOUDS! trade-clouds that hold your courses down,
Down along the monsoon way, across the Sulu Sea,
Oh, will you tell my sweetheart—hard by the little town—
That she shall have the milk-white pearls long since she asked of me?
And one is for the thought of her that keeps me ever true,
And one is for the promise that she gave to me that day,
And one is for the message sweet—for her I give to you—
"Oh, milk-white pearls on milk-white breast forever may they sway!"

Trade-clouds! trade-clouds that half the world have turned,
Full well you know the coral reef where lies the mother shell,
And well you know by what dire toil the milk-white pearls are earned—
Set in their guardian chamber like white nuns in a cell;
And one is for the virgin soul that lives without a sin,
And one is for the tender heart that beats for me—I pray—
And one is for the wish you bear, the breath of love therein—
"Oh, milk-white pearls on milk-white breast forever may they sway!"

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Captain John Smith and the American Nation

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

"THE six and twentieth day of Aprill (1607), about foure a clock in the morning, wee descried the Land of Virginia.

"The same day wee entred in the Bay of Chesupioc without any let or hindrance.

"There wee landed and discouered a little way: but wee could find nothing worth the speaking of, but faire meddowes and goodly tall Trees; with such Fresh waters running through the woods as I was almost rauished at the first sight thereof."

The little flotilla which, as thus related, cast anchor off Cape Henry on that fair April morning contained, it may be, many besides Captain George Percy who "found nothing worth the speaking of," because the "Fresh waters running through the woods" did not, like South-American rivers, wash down golden sands to the Bay of Chesupioc. Furthermore, there were no palaces, ornamented with rare marbles and metals still more precious, peeping through the "goodly tall Trees"; and the "Sauages creeping vpon all foure," whom they too speedily encountered, were decked upon festive occasions with nothing more valuable than pieces of copper and chains of river pearls.

It was a shock and a disappointment; it was something which the adventurers themselves realized but slowly, and which it required years to bring home to the minds of the London Council for Virginia, that the chief material wealth of the country was to be obtained by agriculture, and not by mining. Happily, though the basis of the enterprise was commercial, and the colonists members and shareholders in a great joint-stock company, lust of gold was not its only motive power; both patriotism and religion had contributed to its inception, and to the carrying out of the project had gone the most disinterested efforts of some of the strongest and purest spirits ever nourished upon English soil.

Had the hundred and five adventurers upon the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery* been able to rise into the air high enough to obtain a bird's-eye view of the continent of North America, they would have found, north of the half-barbaric Hispaniolized cities of Mexico, no trace of the white man, save a few Spanish settlements on the coast of Florida, and far to the north, perhaps some rude cabins along the St. Lawrence, built by French fur-traders, who now and again came thither in the season. Off the coast of Newfoundland might have been discerned perhaps a number of fishing-boats of several nationalities. Far away eastward, on the southern shore of England, two ships lay nearly ready in Plymouth Harbor for their voyage to the New World. They were the *Mary and John* and the *Gift of God*, and under the direction of the Plymouth Company they were to convey to the mouth of the Kennebec the adventurers who, in August of that same year, were there to plant a short-lived colony, and to return home the next spring discouraged by toil and hardship. But east and south from Virginia the West India Isles were thickly dotted with the dwellings of the Spaniard.

When Isabella the Catholic lent her jewels to the enterprise of Columbus, she sowed the seed of a harvest which more than a hundred years had at this time failed to exhaust. Billion after billion of treasure had poured from the mines of Mexico and Peru into Spanish coffers since Pope Alexander VI., as the

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THE OLD CHURCH AT SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA

Vicegerent of Heaven, had bestowed on Spain, the eldest son of the Church, all of the new world:—a claim which, it appeared, Spain meant to enforce: the Huguenot colony that had invaded the coast of Florida was cut off not merely as Protestant, but as French.

Ever since Elizabeth of England had announced the counter-claim that the gift of Pope Borgia was valid only when enforced by discovery and the fact of actual settlement and possession, it had been manifest to English statesmanship that the haughty enemy must be met and vanquished on her own ground, and that the most effective blow to her supremacy in Europe would be the establishment of permanent military stations on the Atlantic coast of North America. The experiment had been tried more than once; but there were other and nearer foes than Spain to contend with; Raleigh himself had founded a colony on the island of Roanoke, and his gallant half-brother had perished in a vain attempt to settle Newfoundland. Both these experiments had failed; nay, even Spain herself had not succeeded in establishing colonies north of Florida. Almost within hail of the Virginia flotilla on that April morning were two abandoned Spanish settlements; one on the banks of the Potomac, under the Jesuit fathers Segura and Quiros, the other under Ayllon on the James itself, had perished through the savage treachery of the Indian. There had grown up a belief in England that it was practically impossible to colonize North America; and in 1604 some of those then present in the ships off Cape Henry had been concerned in the futile attempt of the brothers Leigh to found an English colony on the Oyapok River in South America, where malaria had proved more deadly than either Indian or Spaniard. This Virginia expedition was, therefore, wellnigh a forlorn hope; that it succeeded where

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all others had failed was due to the personality of one remarkable man.

Captain John Smith has met with an injustice at the hands of the writers of history that ought not to surprise us. For though not in any sense a politician, but a soldier, he occupied towards the politics of his own day the position of an advanced conservative—the hardest of all positions to be understood by a later day, when the points at issue in his time have been decided, once for all, by the logic of events.

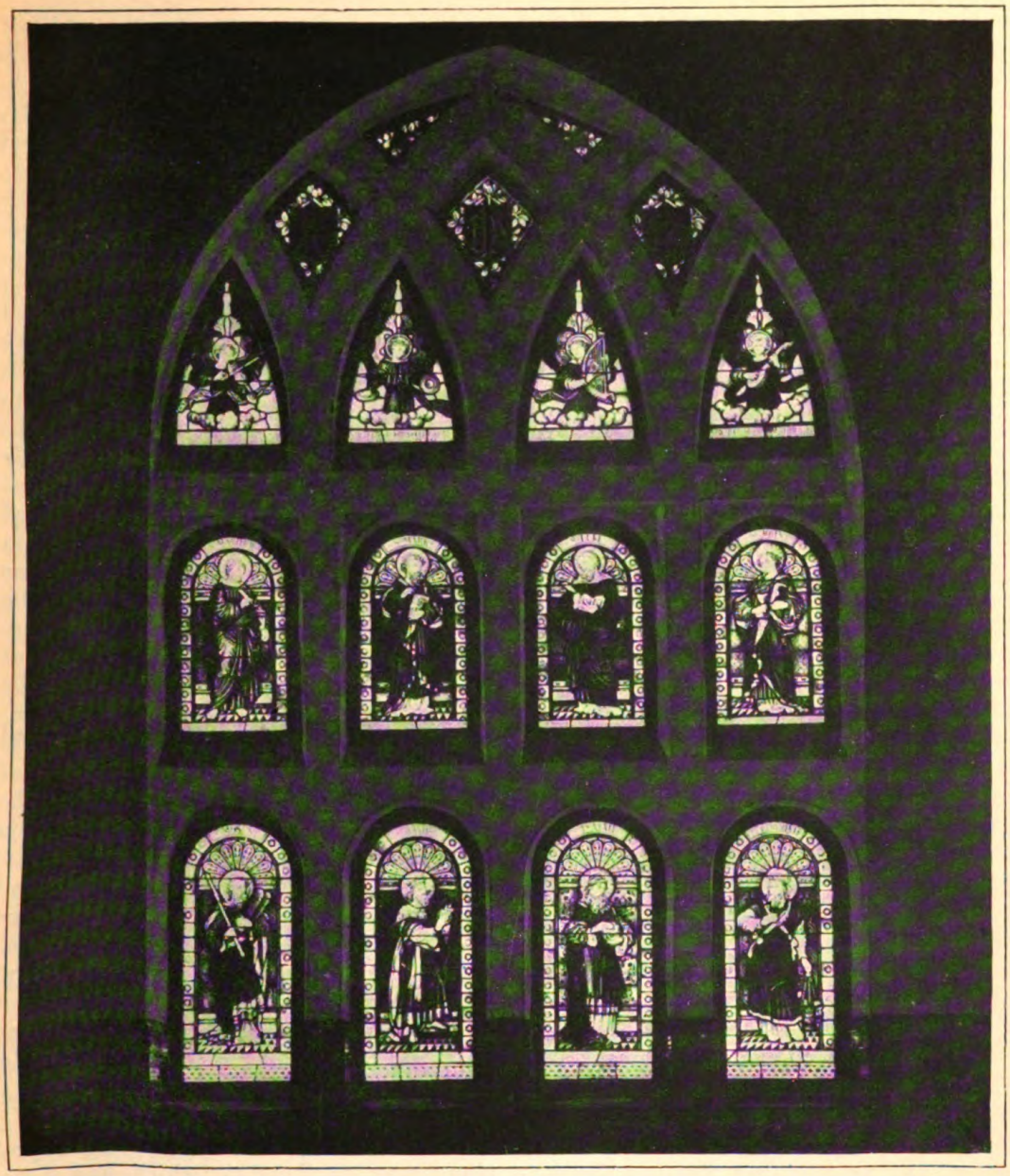
His father had, it may be, served in the wars of France under Lord Willoughby, who commanded the English contingent sent to the aid of Henri de Navarre; the young John Smith was on terms of friendly intimacy with the sons of that nobleman, of whom one was commander-in-chief of the forces of Charles I. in his struggle with the Parliament. He shared with them the influences which made them loyal till the end of their lives to Church and King, the lofty ideals, the pure morality, which in the Elizabethan days had produced a Spenser, a Sidney, and a Raleigh. Ardent, fiery, and ambitious as we find John Smith in the beginning of his career, he is never without principle; he never loves fighting or pillage for its own sake; and after his earliest essay in arms under Maurice of Nassau, he goes forth a second time against the Turk, "both lamenting and repenting to have seen so many Christians slaughter one another."

Upon his return to England, after many adventures, he found the scheme of American colonization become for that time its Quest of the San Grail. The "greater England beyond the wave" was to be first a protest against Spanish arrogance and a stronghold against Spanish encroachment; next, a refuge for the poor and needy, and especially for those disbanded soldiers whom the establishment of peace had left without employment. It was also to be an outlet for English commerce, and a treasury of real wealth for the nation; above all, it was to be a nursery where the Protestant faith could grow up in peace, and in loyalty to Church and King. That any government but a military paternalism was worth while trying, for an infant colony, Smith never understood; that James I. was at heart a traitor, reaching forth greedy hands after "the kingdom of Virginia," that he might use it for the overthrow of English freedom, Smith never believed; errors of judgment in a sovereign were always chargeable upon mistaken and dishonest advisers, and Smith was too honest a man to fathom the mind of a Stuart.

Into the project for colonizing Virginia, therefore, the young soldier, then but twenty-five years of age, threw himself with fervent, patriotic ardor; but at the landing at Jamestown he found himself a prisoner, accused of mutiny and conspiracy. For he was a person to whom no one could easily remain indifferent; he inspired at once either a loyal friendship or a fervent enmity; and he had, as we are told, a strong following aboard the flotilla, scattered on all three ships, whose discontent with things as they were, and warm but injudicious praise of their leader, may have given color to the accusations against him. Nevertheless, no shred of real evidence could be produced, and on a fair trial he was acquitted and admitted of the Council.

The story of this first year of English Virginia is a chronicle of mutual suspicion, distrust, confusion, and anarchy. Wingfield, the first President, an honest man, but unequal to the situation, had in some manner got wind of a plot to hand the colony over to the Spaniard, which may possibly have had other foundation than his imagination. Afraid, therefore, to fortify the locality they had chosen to settle in, or to arm the colonists, lest such a course should in some way work to the advantage of Spain, he thus left the settlement defenceless against the Indians. When a sudden onset of the savages, only repulsed by the guns of the ships, had convinced him of his error in this respect, he still remained narrow, timid, and suspicious. There is no trace, during his administration, of any wise or far-sighted policy in any department of the affairs of Virginia; the Council were mutually distrustful and suspicious, and fundamentally disunited; the whole colony went mad with the gold-fever, neglecting to provide the necessaries of food and shelter against the fast-approaching winter; they were further hampered by

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MEMORIAL WINDOW TO JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS, IN THE SMITHFIELD CHURCH

the misunderstanding of the London Council of their situation, who, conceiving from the first accounts sent home to them that Virginia was a land of summer climate and tropic abundance, neglected to supply their real necessities, while sending peremptory demands for the discovery of gold, and also a passage to the South Sea.

By the concurrent testimony of many eye-witnesses, John Smith saved the situation and preserved Virginia. He was the one man in the colony who could keep order at the fort or deal effectually with the Indians abroad. He understood the savages instinctively, alike for good or evil; he knew when to trust them, and when to be on his guard against their treachery. He fought them, made treaties of peace and friendship, forced them to trade for corn when they would have far preferred to starve out their white fathers, explored and made maps of their territory, and is at the present time our sole authority for the location of their tribes. With a force of only about forty

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faithful soldiers he reduced to obedience and kept in awe all the tribes of the region about Jamestown; yet his campaigns against them were almost bloodless, and in time of peace his treatment of them was absolute kindness, fairness, and integrity. Had his example in this respect been followed in later years, had his Indian policy been universally adopted, it would have spared American history some of its most blood-stained pages.

At home he asserted and maintained steadily and consistently that the policy of the London Company towards Virginia was unwise and mistaken; that the colony ought to be, and must be, if it were to survive, supplied with the necessaries of life until it was able to provide these for itself; at which time the Company might with some justice begin to expect a return for its outlay. Yet in thus testifying he was but the more loyal; to the terms of the charter, as first granted, he adhered with military strictness; even the recommendations of the "Instructions by way of advice," probably written by the younger Hakluyt, were by him carried out, wherever possible, in their most minute particulars. The Presidency of Virginia, having come to him in due course, gave him an opportunity to spend himself for her more freely than he had as yet been able to do; but so careful was he in the observance of even the smallest points of law that when at the expiration of his year of office there remained only himself and Captain Martin who were eligible for President, under the terms of the charter, Smith solemnly elected his fellow-councillor, and as solemnly received the latter's resignation of the Presidency into his own hands.

He was, however, ready to apply the strong hand when a necessity higher than law made it expedient to do so. Three times were the discontented on the point of abandoning the colony and returning to England, and three times did Smith turn the fort's guns upon their vessels, giving them their choice to sink or remain in Virginia. When a ship laden with clothing and provisions for trade arrived at Jamestown in the hour of famine, the President calmly requisitioned her cargo, and used it for the public good, sending home a message to the disappointed owner that he had no money, and could not dispense with the goods. The test of his administration was applied in the moment of its seemingly highest prosperity, when, as he believed, abundance of food had been provided, to last until harvest, and the buildings, forts, and manufactures begun under his care were all satisfactorily in progress. Then, at the sudden discovery that the grain had been destroyed in the storehouses by rats and dampness, there began what might have proved another Starving Time; but the wise and prudent course immediately inaugurated by the President brought the colony through with the loss of only seven persons, who died from sickness rather than starvation. It is indeed the best answer to the detractors from Smith's merit whom our own time has produced to point to the fact that the government of Lord Delaware was successful only by carrying into effect Smith's plans, and giving heed to the advice contained in his "Rude Answer"; while the massacre of 1622 would have been impossible had his policy of withholding English weapons from the Indians been strictly followed. There is little wonder that he considered that matters had been grossly mismanaged, and that he urged the King to resume the government into his own hands.

Had the counsels of the timid prevailed, had John Smith been absent, or of a different temper from what we find him, what, we may ask, would in that case have been the result to America?

The correspondence between Philip III. of Spain and his ministers, Zuñiga and Gondomar, in London, which has been translated and published by Dr. Alexander Brown, shows that Spain from the first regarded the Virginia colony with hatred and suspicion. She had lost much of her strength through the damage inflicted on her commerce by Drake, and more by the destruction of the Armada; she dared not brave the open enmity of England; but she did her best, by all the subtleties of diplomacy, to overthrow the infant colony. She maintained a correspondent in the London Council itself, and sent spies to Jamestown, whose depositions are still on record. She was vividly awake, and keenly on the watch, and there is very little doubt that she

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would have seized upon the abandonment of Jamestown, had such event occurred, as a virtual ceding of the English claim to Virginia.

Meantime English enterprise in that direction would have received a decisive set-back; the Pilgrims, leaving Holland only thirteen years later, would have gone to Guiana, and there perished of malaria, or survived, if at all, enfeebled and enervated by the climate. The Dutch, attempting the settlement of New Netherlands, would have found the enemy of Holland and Belgium already in possession; for it is hardly conceivable that, except by the direct interposition of Providence, Spain, with a foothold and base of supplies already established in Florida and the West Indies, would have neglected the opportunity to push her colonies northward and westward.

But the hand of Providence was put forth after another fashion, in, as says Edward Arber,* "the fortunate presence of this English captain, so self-denying, so full of resources, and so trained (by his conflicts and captivity in eastern Europe) in dealing with savage races. . . . If Smith had died or left earlier than he did, the James River settlement must have succumbed; for manifestly he was the life and energy of the whole plantation. . . . So that for about a couple of years all the glorious possibilities that are still wrapped up in the words United States of America hung, as on a slight thread, upon the hardened strength and powers of endurance, the self-forgetfulness and public spirit, of this enthusiastic young English captain. He has therein given us a noble example not to flinch from duty or sacrifice; for we never know the great results that may come from our doing the one or making the other."

* Smith's Coll. Works, ed. Arber, Preface, pages xiii., xiv.

Pose and Point of View

BY KATHERINE COLLINS

FRENCH school-girls sometimes play a game, dignified by them with the name of "Poses Plastiques," in which, taking each other by the hand in couples, they turn violently round till one or the other unexpectedly lets go; the forced attitude which results from the effort to keep from falling is maintained by each, and the play-ground is filled with groups in grotesque and absurd positions. Such peals of laughter as greet that ludicrous spectacle must the gods give at the sight of our modern world, in which people, grown up, therefore presumably reasonable, seriously present themselves in mental attitudes of similar degrees of unnatural distortion.

To think or act as the simple occasion warrants is nowadays to be without distinction; we must play our part to catch the eye, and are glad even of a sorrow if it affords us an opportunity to wrap round us the tragic mantle. Nor are we too proud to wear motley and greet the world with our jingling bells; it is a pose as good as another an we fool it extravagantly enough. Clever poseurs we are, too, some of us, and gracefully emphasize this or that quality till art seems but nature.

The first necessity of conscious mental life is a "point of view." This has somehow got confused with the "pose," and as it is ignorantly assumed that the object is to gain the attention of the world, there arise the mania for posing and the search for telling attitudes. The real object is, of course, to reach some standing-place from which to survey the world, to have a "point of view" from which one may focus as many as possible of the converging lines of life.

It is a confusing world at best, and one soon grows weary of seeing it but in patches; to get a glimpse of things resolving themselves into some kind of whole, one must be willing to change attitude on finding this or that has been left out of sight, and hold one's self in readiness to shift one's position in order to arrive at an increasingly widening point of view.

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Your poseur, however, is superior to any such consideration. Given a pose that suits, there he sticks, and no power on earth can drive him from it. And, indeed, as a child of this generation, he has reason on his side. A pose that is successful according to the poseur's idea of its object often provides the first necessity of physical life, bread—sometimes the butter thereto as well! A good pose pays and, skilfully maintained, has, after all, some ability at the back of it, and may serve some purpose.

But those who are still only vainly seeking some effective attitude in which to display their talents, or show off their qualities—it is they who make our social life wearisome with their careful explanations of each new attitude they strike. The person who cannot settle upon the pose that suits or pays, and is constantly changing as he sees that of others, is also unsatisfactory as an element of society that can never be reckoned upon: one expects him to dance, and he pipes up a lamentation or looks for a song from him, and is greeted with a burst of tears.

It is difficult to refrain from uncharitable remarks on the absurd results of unskilful efforts and ineffective posturings, but we should remember that they are, after all, an unconscious search after self-expression or the mistaken attempt to reach a point of view. A pose may indeed be but a kind of half-way house to the point of view. Seeking a point of view, one may involuntarily stop short at a mere pose; assuming a momentary pose, one may find it a point of view, though in this case it is not likely to afford anything but a limited outlook. It is not, in fact, always easy to decide whether the attitude of a given individual is a pose or a point of view, but the pose betrays itself sooner or later; it is stationary, static, and cramping; a real point of view is always dynamic, flexible, and ready for change.

To have some definite point of view, however limited, from which to survey the world, redeems life from being a mere blur of impressions, lends point and clearness to one's thinking, and so increases the value of existence that it is hard to forgive any *pose*, however pretty and graceful, for usurping the place of a true *point of view*.

Transition

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

AWAKE, my soul!
Thou shalt not creep and crawl—
An earth-bound creature, pitiful and small,
Whose weak ambition knows no higher goal!—
Thou wistful soul!

When morning sings,
Forgetful of the night,
Bathe all thy restless being in the light
Till 'neath the mesh that close about thee clings
Thou feel thy wings.

Then find life's door,—
Trusting the instinct true
That points to Heaven and the aerial blue
A wingèd thing, impelled for evermore
To soar and soar!

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ALONG SHORE CLOSE TO THE BANK OF UNDERBRUSH

Misery and Company

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

THE man who strode along shore close to the bank of underbrush did not know that a boy followed him. At another time he might have been aware of the glitter of waves beyond in the sunset, and would perhaps have trod carefully where the delicate pink bells of wild sweet-pea flourished in the salt soil; he would have noticed the crying gulls circling above the beach where a fishing-boat had dropped its smaller, surplus fish in landing. Now, however, he dived into one of the inclines behind the bank, and threw himself down where scrubby pines and the tops of dwarf cedars cast something of a shadow and added to solitude. He flung his hat aside and rolled over with his face upon his arms.

The little boy also stopped. He had mechanically followed this tall, square-shouldered figure in gray tweed, because they happened to be going the same way; even as he, in turn, was followed by a dog, whose aspect denoted that its sole object in life was to evoke sympathy. They reached the end of the bank, and apparently of earthly ambition, for the small boy gazed aimlessly around, and the dog wagged a dejected tail.

The water of the sound lapped against the jutting land, with tiny whitecaps breaking far out upon the bar. It was a lonely place, and the boy climbed over the bank and sat down with his back to the man's recumbent figure. His short duck trousers were on a level with his chin, and he threw chips over the bank in a disconsolate manner for the dog to fetch; but the dog only crouched nearer and looked woful. The man glanced up surlily and said:

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"Hello! What's the matter with *you?*"

"*I'm* all right!" returned the little boy, with a mechanical effort toward cheerfulness, which was a sorry failure.

"Then let me alone, please." The man's blond head dropped again upon his arm.

"I ain't hurtin' you!" said the boy, defiantly.

"Then let the dog alone! Confound it! take it away, can't you?" The man's foot looked as though about to kick, and the little boy's eyes suddenly blazed, and struggled with angry tears. He drew up sturdily, with something of haughtiness mingled with fierceness, and his eyes met the blue ones behind him unflinchingly.

"If you touch Misery, I'll lick you!" he said.

The man rolled over and laughed in spite of himself. "My word, you are a nervy kid! I guess I'll not fight just now, though we're spitting like two cats already. But I've been knocked out in one round, thank you."

The small boy looked incredulously at the other's well-knit figure, and gave a slight sniff. "Misery's had bullyin' enough for to-day."

"I sympathize with Misery," said the other. "I've been bullying myself, and it's a tough experience,—worst bullying I ever had in my life. Misery's name's good. He's the most miserable-looking cur alive!"

"He's just a dog!" The boy defiantly stroked Misery's unkempt coat.

"I wish I were!" muttered the man.

"If I were a man, I shouldn't want to be a dog—"

"Precisely! It's because I'm not half a man to-day that I do. If I were a man, I shouldn't be here."

"Don't you like it here?"

"Awfully; that's what's the matter."

"I'd stay here straight along with Misery if I could, but farver's goin' to-morrow"—he was a very little boy, and his shoulders heaved suspiciously—"and —and I can't take Misery!"

The first real note of interest stole into the man's voice.

"Oh—I see! Mother doesn't like dogs?"

"Haven't any mother."

"Sister, maybe?"

"Nup"—the small boy swallowed something—"haven't anybody 'cept Misery,—only when farver's home. That isn't very often. My farver's a awful busy man. Course there's Jonesy—that's my tutor—but he don't count. We've got to go live on the yacht for a month, 'cause farver's goin' to Egypt. Me an' Misery's been together all summer 'most. He's awful struck on me,—ain't you, Misery?"

The child's face rested upon his hand, and he rubbed the dog's back with his foot. His was a pale little face; there were silver buttons on his white silk blouse, and silver buckles on his patent-leather shoes, and silver letters on his white cap; his hands, too, were delicate under their sunburn, and his skin white and fine-grained.

The man gently touched Misery's tail. "That's hard lines!" he said; but Misery struck out for the sandy bar to chase gulls. "He's a fine dog, sonny. I don't wonder you want to keep him. Maybe if you asked your father again—"

"My farver's never asked fings twice," said the child, gravely; "but I wouldn't let Misery get in the way on the yacht. I fink he's a very good sailor. He only wants to be with me. You see, I found him myself; he's mine; nobody didn't buy him for me!" The significant and impassioned note of possession was not lost on his listener. The man looked at him keenly.

"Hello! Are you old—are you John B. Anskew's son?"

"Course!" The boy turned his fearless, troubled eyes.

"Jove! no wonder!" muttered the other. "Yes, your father's a very busy man, but perhaps if he knew how very much you want the dog—"

The child shook his head conclusively. "My farver can't be interrupted at present. The telephone and telegraph and Pitts—that's his sekkertary—are all goin' at once. He'll start for the Mediterranean this time. He was goin' to start the day before yesterday, but he stayed to take Miss Lehew aboard the *Lady Babbie*. He said it was all her fault that he didn't go to-day, but he's goin' to-morrow sure, 'cause he was orderin' fings around this mornin'—" The boy stopped short.

"O wise young judge!" murmured

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"IF YOU TOUCH MISERY, I'LL LICK YOU!" HE SAID

the man. He leaned upon his elbow now, and his indifference had vanished. "Your father's yacht's a daisy!" he said, invitingly. The boy fell into the trap.

"She's well enough for a yacht,—if I could take Misery along. I'm 'most tired of yachts and fings, though the yacht's better'n the John B. Anskew,—that's the private car we go to California in. I'd a heap ravver have Misery. A yacht's no good. There's luncheons 'most every day, and me and Jonesy have to keep out of the way, and Jonesy's tiresome sometimes." He sighed, and clasped his arms around his knees, pausing to take a burr off his silk stockings.

"Too bad, old fellow. Don't you think you'd better ask your father again about the dog?"

The boy shook his head again. "He said, 'I'll not have that dirty cur on the yacht!' An' Misery isn't real dirty; he's just not used to fings yet; but—but he's awful struck on me;" the little boy swallowed something hard again and looked out wide-eyed to where Misery sat, a dejected black spot upon the bar, gazing mournfully seaward.

"It's—it's hard not to ask for what one wants most," said the man. "Say, I'm in the same boat, old man."

"If I were a man an' wanted anyfing, I'd go get it; that's the way farver does."

"Or buy it," said the other, with a

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"SHE SAID IT WAS FOOLISH TO CRY FOR WHAT ONE COULDN'T HAVE"

peculiar intonation. "No, sonny, you wouldn't, if you were a beggar and wanted a jewel."

"I don't know," said the boy, wearily, "maybe so. Miss Lehew says she would."

"Miss Lehew!"

"She's my girl," said the child, gravely.

"Oh, I beg pardon. Well, I vow!" muttered the man. "Say, did—did Miss Lehew say anything, though, about a beggar wanting a jewel?"

"Course not! Miss Lehew's a grown lady, but she lets me call her my girl. She's awful pretty. My farver told General Van Vleet that she's the handsomest woman he knows on this side. He gave her a luncheon on the *Lady Babbie* yesterday, an' the favors were gold water-lilies. She likes water-lilies."

"Gold ones?" murmured the man.

"Really ones, too."

"Yes, of course she does." The other spoke as though retrospectively.

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"We get 'em sometimes when me an' her go out in her boat. I 'spect farver meant he wants her to go to Egypt, too, 'cause he pulled my ear and said there might be somebody aboard some day nicer'n Misery." There was a sound akin to a groan from the listener. "I was huntin' her when I came down this way, 'cause she wouldn't come down this mornin',—said she had a headache or somefin. Farver was in such a stew! He sent Jacques up to know if she would see him, and she sent down word, 'No,' and farver said—he said—" The small boy suddenly caught himself up again, and the color flamed in his face.

"Look here, sonny, are you sure she said 'No'—dead sure?" said the man, eagerly. The child turned in surprise.

"Sure! Wasn't I there askin' him 'bout Misery? An'—an' when he'd said it he—he—said, 'Get out!'" The little boy pulled hard at a tuft of grass. For a moment there were no sounds other than the lapping waves and a stifled sob.

"I c-can't go and l-leave M-Misery here by himself! I'm everybody h-he's g-got!" He struggled manfully, and then rolled over and turned away in embarrassment. "I'm n-not cryin' now, either!"

"Say, old fellow, crying's all right," said the man, "and I'll tell you something, if you don't give me away. I was just about to cry too when you came along. I came here for the express purpose!"

"What for?" exclaimed the boy.

"Your reason. I had to leave something without asking to take it along."

"Why, that was what Miss Lehew was cryin' about last night!"

"What?"

"Me and her went out on the pier after dinner, an' she stood lookin' at the water, an' she was cryin', 'cause I saw her. She said it was foolish to cry for what one couldn't have, and she wouldn't do so any more. An' I said if she'd tell me what it was, I'd tell farver to buy it for her. Then she laughed, too, and said that it was one fing that all farver's money couldn't buy, nor give her."

"She said that? Sure?" asked the man, breathlessly.

"Sure! Is the fing you want somefin farver can't buy, too?"

"God knows I hope so!" breathed the man, "though I feared not. Go on."

"I said if I were a man I'd give it to her. She said nobody couldn't do that 'cept just one person, and she fought he didn't want to. So I s'pose that's what made her cry. I said if I were a man I'd make him do it! An' she said he didn't even know she—she— Whew! Here, Misery, here! Mis-er-y!"

"Say, hold on! Wait!" The man



MIDWAY IN THE STREAM STOOD MISERY

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"JOVE! YOU'RE A NERVY YOUNG ONE!"

seized the boy's arm. "Tell me! Tell me—"

"Lemme go! He's in the water! Lemme go! Mis-er-y! Oh, he's awful 'fraid of water! Here! Here!"

"Confound the dog! Are you sure she said that? Say, come back, kid! Jove! he's going in after that dog! The little fool! He'll be—" The man leaped over the sand, but before he could reach the bar the child was wading in the water, striving to keep his balance, while calling to Misery. The man picked him up bodily, and catching the dog in the other hand, waded back and landed them both on the sand.

"Jove! you're a nervy young one!"

"Misery's 'fraid of water," said the boy; "I'm not." The other wrapped his coat around the boy, then gathered him up and marched off with him.

"Cold?" asked the man as they went up the beach. "No; I'm very warm; an' fank you for gettin' Misery. If you

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hadn't been there, I 'spect I'd had to drag him through all that water!"

"If I hadn't been there, young man—" The other broke off and looked back to where the tide was rushing over the bar. "I fancy your father is in a great state about you."

"I was huntin' Miss Lehew first, an' then I just kept on with Misery," said the boy, resting his pale face against the broad shoulder.

"My case precisely!" muttered the other. Here a yellow cart suddenly appeared around the curve of the shore, and the shoulders squared themselves under their light weight, and the man exclaimed something under his breath. "Hello!" cried the boy. "There's Miss Lehew! Hi, Miss Lehew, are you huntin' for us?"

"Jove!" muttered the man.

"I was hunting for you, Willy," said the occupant of the cart as she drove up. "I did not know that you had some one with you, however. Your father has sent in every direction except this; we looked with the spy-glass and could see no one."

"That's because we were down behind the bank, me an' him, an' he says he went there to—" In some way a hand under the coat wrapping Misery's master muffled the words and cut them off.

"This end of the island was so improbable that I gave it up until I remembered the way the tide cuts across the bar, then I came anyhow." The wind had ruffled her hair. "I thought you had left the island," she added, to the man. "Won't you get in, also?"

"We both went after Misery." He looked ruefully at his trousers as he climbed in and deposited the boy between them.

"Please put Misery in; he's not a very strong dog," said the child. Whereupon Misery was called to crouch against the dashboard. "The tale of adventure will keep until this young man is put to bed with some hot milk," said Willy's protector.

"That's all right!" piped the voice out



"HELLO!" CRIED THE BOY. "THERE'S MISS LEHEW!"

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of the coat. "If you'll please keep Misery when I go, Miss Lehew,—that was why I was huntin' you."

"You are not to go, Willy; you and Mr. Jones are to spend the fall here. Your father consented to-day to let you remain," she said.

Happiness may be weighty. Willy was silent, then he said: "My farver's awful nice sometimes. Are you goin' to Egypt with him, Miss Lehew?"

"Why, of course not, Willy!" Her face showed a decided increase of color, and she gave the horse a cut. "I am going to stay here this fall."

"Then farver's got to go by himself, hasn't he?"

"I suppose so. But don't you want me to stay here?"

"I'd ravver have you than any one 'cept Misery; and I'd like him to stay too," with a backward gesture to her silent neighbor. "He's awful nice too. But he says he wants somefin he can't have, 'most as badly as I wanted to take Misery. Don't you?" this to the man.

"Yes, Willy,—so much, in fact, that I have not dared ask for it," said the man, distinctly. "I can offer so little in return, compared with that which can be offered by another, that it did not seem fair,—so I came back to take a farewell look, Willy, when you found me with —Misery. Now I am wondering if I am to go—or to ask for what I want—"

"I—I did not know you had come back." Miss Lehew's color paled, and her voice was not steady.

"I could not help it; but I could not stay away, and yet—and yet I felt it was cowardly of me to—interfere. Tell me," he broke off, with a sudden note of fierceness, "where have you been all this endless day?"

"Likewise with misery," she said, and laughed, but her eyes were misty. Their looks clung, and she added, bravely, "I need not have been, had you asked for what you wanted!" Behind Willy's back his hand found hers, and for an instant his lips rested upon it. "Misery's a fine dog," remarked Willy, with happy unconsciousness in the silence. "You said so!"

"Without exception the finest on earth!" said the man behind Willy, triumphantly. "Lovely!" murmured Miss Lehew, tremulously.

And Misery dropped one ear and whimpered with consistent dejection.



"MISERY'S A FINE DOG," REMARKED WILLY

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Strong Points of Infancy

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE distinction of the human infant lies in his incapacity. So say our brethren learned in science, assuring us that man's strongest points are his excessive helplessness when he is a new baby, and the preposterous length of time it takes him to grow up. Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, who has written a book about *The Child,* gives a crowd of authorities for these assertions, and makes the reasons of them so plain that any of us can see for himself that they may be true. We know that "man begins life at the very bottom of the ladder, and crawls to maturity at a slower pace by far than any of the animal species." Instead of being like a colt, grown up at four and used up at twenty, he is barely grown up at twenty, but is good then for forty or fifty years of service. It was John Fiske who pointed out that the protracted helplessness of children kept parents together for longer and longer periods in successive epochs, and led at last to permanent family relations. The human race would have perished, Rousseau declared, if man had not begun by being a child. "Easy come, easy go," seems to be a rule of biological development as well as of pecuniary enlargement. It was a scientific mistake to represent Minerva as springing complete from the head of Jove. It would have accorded better with human experience to make her perfection the fruit of an extra-long childhood. Whoever is impatient of childhood, of its helplessness at first, its long duration, the slow development of strength, judgment, and responsibility, let him ponder these matters and come to a better point of view. Childhood is an enormous expense to humanity, but not one minute of it, if we take the large view, is wasted. The expenditure on account of it is money invested, not squandered; time and pains put out at interest for the future maintenance of humanity. Which are the strong nations of earth? Invariably those whose sons and daughters come slowest to maturity, and are best carried through the longest periods of infancy, childhood, and youth.

Not but that precocity is excusable in individuals. In the development of a race heredity will play many tricks, now and then putting an old head on young shoulders, and equipping some children with faculties so unusual that some of them must ripen early to make way for the development of the rest. By all means bring along the precocious children as rapidly as prudence permits, for no rule holds in all individual cases, and there is no certainty that the light that burns brightest at the start may not endure radiant to an end duly remote. But be thankful that all children are not precocious, for in races the rule holds, and quick development means a shallow soil, an early crop, and then sterility.

So childhood is not man's disability, but his opportunity, glorious and unmatched in all creation. It is that that we need to realize and act upon. The biologists tell us that men are never so much like monkeys or monkeys so much like men as at the very beginnings of their respective lives. They trace all sorts of queer analogies between our babies and infant monkeys. One investigator, Dr. Louis Robinson, has remarked that brand-new human babies have a capacity for holding on with their hands which is out of all proportion to their strength in all other ways. Infants an hour old, it seems, can grasp a stick and support their weight by their arms for a quarter of a minute, and at two weeks old they can hang on in that fashion for about two minutes. That implies prodigious strength in the arms and fingers, considering the extreme helplessness in other directions of the creature who can't hold up its head or do anything with its legs. They tell us that this in-

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fantile capacity for hanging on has come down from a time when we were still monkeys and lived in trees. Then, babies that couldn't hang on for dear life to their mothers' hair, or a limb, or anything clutchable, got an early fall, and never grew up. Those that did grow up handed down to their descendants this capacity for taking hold early and hard, and our babies still have the habit, though it is a long time now since human families have been raised in these parts in anything more treelike than a tenement-house fire-escape. The scientists spin other tales about babies that are interesting, though possibly libellous. They insist that their heads at birth are shaped very like the heads of young monkeys, and that some of them show signs of a half-hearted and abortive early disposition towards tails. They hold, too, that the delight of a young infant to splash in a tub is the distant echo of a remote time when we were members of the alligator family, and took kindly to water at the earliest possible age. They say that the reason babies can't stand on their legs at first, and make such a protracted labor of learning to walk, is that standing erect and walking on the hind legs is a latter-day accomplishment, and that if we took after our forebears and walked naturally, we would still go on all-fours.

The upshot of all these imputations and deductions is that babies are very like little monkeys, and that we are least human when we are youngest. But by way of solace, and to save our self-conceit if that has suffered, they assure us that whereas the little monkeys grow less and less like humans every hour they grow, our babies turn their backs on the monkey type at the first squirm, and grow away from it hand over fist during the whole of their protracted period of development. The monkey child's strength runs to jaw and to length of limb, and to agility and monkey ways. The human child's nose asserts itself, his brain grows and grows, and insists on having room to expand in, and his skull takes shape accordingly. He finds his legs, and gradually puts them to use, though in some children strength comes to the legs very slowly. The learned doctors assure us, too, that the period of upward development in which the child grows more human all the time, and keeps putting distance between himself and the monkeys, is in infancy and early youth, and that presently upward evolution stops, and development becomes "an adaptation to the environment without regard to upward zoological movement."

The deduction from all these learned revelations seems to be: Take care of the child, and the man will take care of himself. So long as the period continues which is most favorable to progress away from the monkey type, keep the infant on the run. Get all the monkey out of him you can. As to his body, encourage Nature in her disposition to work out the baby's human possibilities by keeping him well. As to his mind, humanize it in every way you can. And take especial pains with the girl babies. They are the ones, Mr. Chamberlain says, that count the most. The child and the woman, we are assured, are the transmitters of evolution for the race. The woman, more childlike than man, is more important than he to future generations, though man unquestionably has his uses and his value in the immediate present.

The practical advantage of this theory of monkey ancestry is that it helps us to realize what children have to get over, gives us increased patience with them, and especially with boys, and supports our confidence in the final triumph of the human traits even when they seem to lag. The drawbacks to it are that it flouts our self-conceit, and that it seems to abbreviate too much the evolutionary possibilities of each individual. It is grievous to be assured that we make our fastest progress away from monkeydom before we are born and in earliest infancy, and that our upward course is soon checked by the need of adapting ourselves to our environment. Never mind. Those theories apply more to the bones and the body than to the spirit and the mind. It is the weak point of the inferior races that their mental development stops very early, but very intelligent persons believe that in the best individuals of the best races it never stops at all. Their view seems to be that compelling necessities of environment may and do check mental growth, as they

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are said to check physical evolution, but that if the environment is favorable enough, mental growth need not be halted. There was discussion of this matter recently between President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, and President Eliot. Dr. Hall held to the idea that there were stated periods in life during which, but hardly afterwards, certain kinds of knowledge could be assimilated to advantage. The season of development was soon past, he thought, and the time for organization succeeded it. But Dr. Eliot maintained that though men's powers are diminished by age, life is a progress, a growth, an expansion from beginning to end. Growth in most men is stopped, he thought, not by natural retrogression, but by the need of making a living.

There is solace for ambitious spirits in Dr. Eliot's opinions; and as for persons who don't want monkeys or monkey traits in the family, they are welcome to share the attitude of a young person named Clementine, who says there is no warrant for the monkey proposition in Genesis, nor yet in Exodus, but explicit information in both those depositories to the contrary.

Lopho, the Quail

BY BARTON WARREN EVERMANN, Ph.D.

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WHEN I first knew him he was merely one among fourteen others of his kind, and as the fourteen lay arranged in two concentric rings about Lopho* in the centre, it was not easy to see wherein one differed from any other.

They were each a beautiful and regular ovoid in shape, about an inch in diameter, and fully a fourth greater in length; and the color of them was a rich creamy white, smooth and shining, sometimes decidedly buffy, profusely covered with spots and blotches, some well rounded and of various sizes, some irregular in outline, and all of different shades of dark chestnut-brown, olivaceous drab, or golden russet.

But to any one who sees things as they really are it was apparent that Lopho, or what was to be Lopho, possessed some slight advantages over the others. He was a little larger, and a little less sharply pointed, which last gave him more elbow-room, and permitted him to turn about, and stretch his legs, and try his strength from day to day, as he grew larger and felt more and more the restraints of the close confinement of his narrow house. And his slightly greater size, with its accompanying greater weight, was another point in his favor; for in the hollow hemisphere in which the fifteen had their home, was he not the one of the whole fifteen who was most sure to find his way to the centre, where he would be surrounded on all sides by his fourteen brothers and sisters, where no chilling winds nor smothering fogs would reach him, and where he could always keep snug and warm? True, his mother, once every day, turned him over, for to lie too long on one side is not good for any one, and moved him to the outer ring; but, unruly child that he then was, he never stayed where his mother placed him, but straightway crowded himself back into the centre of the nest again, where he was always nice and warm, even if his mother did sometimes stay away longer than usual when she went for something to eat, or when the little spring dried up and she had to go far across the fields to get a cool drink from San Francisquito Creek, as it flows among the alders down by the cottage called Cedro.

Then those in the outer row sometimes got chilled a little, and the blood flowed slowly in their veins. And once, when it seemed to them their mother was gone a

* *Lophortyx californicus* is the scientific name of the California quail.

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long, long time, two of those in the outside row—two that were not very big nor very strong anyway—felt such chill as they had never felt before; their blood coursed slowly through their veins, their hearts became weak, the light grew dim and yet more dim, and they wondered what it all meant. Then a numbness came over them, and a sleep came over them, from which they never awoke to see the light.

And all the while Lopho lay snug and warm in the centre of the hollow hemisphere, growing in strength and possibilities day by day. He had lain in this manner some eighteen days, and was now full of strength and impatience, and a desire to see more of the world. During the last few days a little sharp bony point had been growing upon the top of his nose near the end, and he was very much ashamed of it; for a sharp horn on his own nose made him feel like other people who have carbuncles on theirs; so one day—I think it was the twentieth—he determined not to have it; he would rub or break it off, if he could. But the only thing that he could find upon which to strike it was his own house, the shell that surrounded him so snugly on all sides, and which, he now noticed for the first time, seemed to press upon and confine him within too narrow limits. So he began striking and pushing and rubbing against this shell with that ugly thing upon his nose with all his might, determined that it must come off. But he did not know how hard it was, nor how firmly fastened to his nose it was, and he felt discouraged very much. "I shall never be able to break it off," he cried in despair. And then he felt more smothered than ever. He couldn't stand it another minute; he *must* have more room; besides, the horn on his nose seemed bigger and uglier than ever. So he drew back his head as far as he could—and precious little it was—and struck and pressed with all the strength of determined and final effort, when, lo! the walls of the house began to give way! He had broken the wall down in one place, and pushed it as far from him as he could; and to those who saw from the outside there were three triangular little pieces of shell pushed up into a nice little pyramid, and those who listened heard a soft, satisfied chirping inside. And Lopho felt that something strange and unusual had happened. Just what it was he did not know, but he was sure it was something of great importance. He now felt stronger than he had ever felt before, and so he pushed his little nasal horn harder and harder against the wall. But he soon found that he had pushed the wall so far away that he could barely reach it now. He tried again and again, but nothing could he do; then he turned a little in his bed and discovered that he could now reach the wall very easily; so he began pushing with all his might, and another little pyramid was raised upon the shell. Now he saw how it was done, so he kept turning more and more in his bed, pressing the ugly nasal horn against the wall from time to time, raising a row of little three-sided pyramids entirely around the shell. Then as he stopped to rest a moment he felt the sweet air coming in through the rents he had made, and he filled his lungs with it—a thing he had never done before—and it intoxicated him, and made him feel bigger and stronger than he ever felt before. So he straightened himself out just to show how big and fine he was, when, lo! the whole top of the house fell off, and he rolled out into the bottom of the hollow hemisphere, the most astonished creature you ever saw! He lay there for a moment, then got up, pulled the "crick" out of his back, shook the kinks out of his legs and wings, and after critically examining himself for a moment, felt that he was now really somebody worth while, and was starting off to see the world, when his mother called him to come back and wait a few minutes for the other children, when they would all go together.

He sat quietly under the edge of his mother's wing, looking wonderingly out upon the strange new world. Very soon other little fellows very much like himself began to peep out from under his mother's wings and breast, and when she got up and stood beside the nest, she saw thirteen as fine, lusty California quail as the fondest of mothers ever looked upon. But Lopho, her first-born, was the largest and strongest of them all.

Then, with their mother leading, they all started off to see the world, and at the

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same time get something to eat, for they were ravenously hungry. So their mother showed them the world, and picked up delicate morsels for them to eat. Lopho asked his mother, and father (who had now joined them), many questions about the world, and what to eat and what not. He learned that he must not go near or look into the cold gray eyes of Soma, the gopher-snake, and that he must keep away from old Felis, the cat. He must hide and keep very still when Strix, the barn-owl, comes about at night-time, nor must he be friendly with Accipiter, him of the sharp shin, who ranges the fields and searches the groves.

And thus passed the long dry summer and fall, when they had to go away over to San Francisquito Creek by Cedro Cottage when they wanted a drink; and then the winter, which was no winter at all—only a time when the rains come again and the wild oats spring up on the hillsides, with the peonies and malvas, and the poppies and weeds in the fields. And the spring came, and this year the rains ceased earlier than usual, and the foothills and fields became dry and parched long before their time. The outlook was so unpromising that many of the birds never paired at all, and few if any nests were found, except near the creeks or in the few other favored places. Lopho took his mother's advice and remained with her and his father all summer. Some of his brothers and sisters, not heeding the counsels of their elders, sought mates, built hollow hemispheres in the fields for homes, and hatched broods of young; but the little ones, not being able to go so far as 'Cisquito Creek or to "the lake," soon perished from thirst. Meanwhile Lopho roamed the fields and orchards with his parents for another year, gaining in strength and wisdom every day. He was of unusual size, standing full one-half inch higher than any other of his kind; and as for strength and beauty, there was none to compare with him. The brown of his breast was especially rich, the vermiculations on his sides were unusual in their artistic delicacy, and the nodding plume upon his head—there was no other quail in all Santa Clara County that had a plume one-half so rich and fine.

When the second spring came and Lopho was nearly two years old, the drought still continued. The winter's rainfall had again been light, and no rain had fallen since the first of April.

Lopho wandered far and wide in search of water, and though he found none that promised to withstand the long dry summer, he made a discovery which filled him with feelings he had never felt before. One day, as he wandered along the bed of an "arroyo seco" in a little canyon in the foot-hills, he came upon Ortyx, who looked more like his sweet mother than any other he had ever seen, only she was younger, her feathers were smoother and fresher-looking, her plume was larger, and as to her eyes, they were the largest and brightest he had ever seen. So when he returned to his mother that evening he took Ortyx with him, and she, wise old mother that she was, knew well what it all meant. She simply said: "Lopho dear, I see how it is. Ortyx is evidently a very superior girl, strong, healthy, wise, and with a beauty which, your father says, recalls that which I possessed in my younger days. I approve your choice, and may the spirits bless you. But do not make a home on this parched hill-side. Find living water somewhere where there are not already too many birds, and there make your home."

And Lopho lost no time in his search for living water. Day after day he travelled far and wide without avail. He was becoming greatly discouraged, when one day he went farther toward the bay than he had ever gone before, and closer to the large cream-colored buildings where there are so many pretty girls and so many noisy boys, who yell, "Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, Stanford!" than he ever dared go before, when he came to a pretty grove with many kinds of trees and shrubs and flowers, and in the centre of which is "Xazmin House." There was a big Blue Dane dog, named Ulf, chained under the great live-oak near the barn, and lying on a mat on the front piazza was a sleepy gray cat, called Cap. So Lopho looked about the place, and found many long pipes running about shallow in the ground, and at several places the pipes stood up straight for a foot or more above the ground, and there was a hole in the side of each, and, "Eureka!" from these water

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was gently dripping! In one case a little stream was constantly flowing, and a nice pool of good pure water stood on the ground beneath. With joy and hope in his heart, he hastened back to the hill-side, and brought Ortyx to see what he had found.

Together they returned to the grove of trees of many kinds. They wandered about it for several days, examining every part with care. They watched the water most closely, and found that it kept running all the time, and that linnets and goldfinches and the curious sickle-billed thrasher, as well as other birds, came to it regularly every day. They examined the hedge-rows and the bushes and grasses along the south fence for suitable nesting-places. Nor did they fail to inspect the fields near by for wild oats and the various kinds of weeds whose seeds are good for quail. And they learned many things, not only with their own eyes, but by talking with old Crooked-bill, the thrasher; Modesty Itself, the brown towhee; and El Carpintero, the woodpecker. They learned that they had come to "Xazmin House," which means jasmine, in which lives a wise man who loves the trees and shrubs and flowers, and birds and monkeys and bees, as well as the fishes in the streams and sea, and who tries to see things as they really are. And so he had planted around Xazmin House many kinds of flowers and vines and shrubs and trees, many of them queer and curious and from foreign lands; and the huge old live-oaks he had spared, and where did quail or other bird ever find safer retreat than among their thick, matted branches? For more than a week Lopho and Ortyx wandered about, taking note in their way of many things. They observed that Ulf, the Blue Dane, though sometimes permitted to go unchained, was a big, kind-hearted fellow, who seldom made any noise, and never bothered any of the birds in the least. And Cap, the cat, though roaming freely among the bushes and trees, never seemed to notice the birds except in a kindly way. Still, he never quite gained their entire confidence, and they were always careful not to let him become too familiar. John, who watered the flowers, was kind to all the birds, so they had no fear of him.

By-and-by Lopho found a nice secluded grassy place down by the fence next to the field which pleased Ortyx very much, and no sooner said than done, they began pulling up bits of dry grass, out of which they fashioned a beautiful hollow hemisphere. They placed it under the spreading and protecting branches of a weed where it was not easily seen. The making of the home was a matter of only a few days, and what happy days they were as they together gathered the blades and fashioned them into the symmetrical nest! And a few days later he who cared to look could see that hollow hemisphere filled almost to the edge with curiously mottled eggs, such as we saw on the hill-side two years ago. There were a baker's dozen of them, and as regular and handsome as any mother bird would care to have. And when I looked in upon them some twenty days later to see how they were coming on, I saw nothing but a great pile of more or less irregular and broken little hollow hemispheres piled in and about the one of grass. Among the vines not far away was heard a mild scolding and now and then a contented clucking, and if you cared to wait until they came out into the open, you would have seen stately Lopho and modest Ortyx proudly leading thirteen as pretty little fluffy grayish-brown balls of energy as you will see in many a day. And how proud Lopho and Ortyx were of their promising family.

Lopho dearly loved to take them on little exploring expeditions about the place, and to impart to them the wisdom and knowledge of the world which he had learned from his mother or gained through his own experience. With the wise and motherly help of Ortyx he taught them the kinds of seeds they might eat. He led them about through all parts of the grove of trees of many kinds, on to the road running in front of it, and into the fields near by. He showed them the spigot which the master of Xazmin allowed to leak, and taught them to drink the refreshing water from the little pool beneath it. Three times a day, or oftener when the sun was unusually hot and the air was unusually still, he led them to this pool; first they came early in the morning, then again about two o'clock in the afternoon, and

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for the last time in the evening near the going down of the sun.

Following the afternoon visit they were wont to go to an open place where the ground was clean and powdery and soft, and there they would play in the dust for many minutes. The old birds were the first to begin the sport. Lying upon one side, Lopho would scratch the loose dirt vigorously with his feet, then with a rapid motion of his wings and a rotary motion of the body he would throw the fine dust all over himself, and deepen the hole in which he lay. Then the thirteen little ones would do the same, the old birds looking on admiringly; and a pretty sight it was. And when they had done, and had wandered away in quest of food or adventure, if you cared to examine the dusting-place, you would have seen two larger hollow hemispheres and thirteen small ones, as if made by two mammoth and thirteen smaller raindrops in the finely powdered dust.

As the sun began to pass beyond the hills to the westward and the air began to grow chill, they would make their last visit to the pool beneath the spigot. Having slaked their thirst, they would for a little time scratch in the dust or feed upon the seeds of the weeds near by; and then, when the sun had wholly disappeared, Lopho and Ortyx, with a call which the little ones understood, would fly up into the live-oak, the thirteen young following like so many animated balls of dust shot into the air. Then the old birds would call: "Are all here? Are all here?" And when satisfied that they were, then came the command: "Hide yourselves! Hide yourselves!" which they at once proceeded to do by crawling in among the matted branches where the leaves were the thickest and they would not be seen.

But the days were not always days of happiness without anxiety, fear, and sorrow. For Accipiter, he with the sharp shin, who lives among the oaks in the canyon beyond the stock-farm, and who is a bloodthirsty freebooter who ranges far and wide, was wont to make occasional visits to Xazmin. So Lopho and Ortyx tried to be always on their guard, for they greatly dreaded the visits of the cruel Accipiter; and when they saw him coming from afar, or noiselessly and phantomlike from among the trees, they scurried under cover with their greatest speed, uttering the startled cry which they had taught the little ones meant "greatest danger," and then calling: "Run right here! Run right here!"

They had all been taught never to fly into the matted branches of the live-oak when Accipiter comes, for to catch young quail "on the fly" is Accipiter's strong hold; but one day when they were out in the dusty road Accipiter suddenly emerged from the grove, and was over them before even the watchful eye of Lopho saw him. There was no copse near by which they could reach, and they did not know which way to run. Now was Accipiter's chance, for which he had manœuvred, watched, and waited for many a day. Like a flash he dashed among them on the ground, readily seized one little brown body in his sharp talons, and as the others in direst desperation rose to fly to the matted limbs of the live-oak, he caught another in his equally sharp bill. Thus heavily handicapped he did not fly far, but alighted upon the top of the big water-tank upon which the Rah, rah boys had painted "'03." There was enacted the old game of "addition, division, and silence," after which Accipiter flew with the remaining little bird to his home in the foothills beyond the stock-farm.

Now and then in the twilight of the evening or in the early dawn of morning old Strix, the barn-owl, who has his home away among the pepper-trees in the Arboretum, did not fail to visit Xazmin, hoping he might find Lopho napping and off his guard. Though he came on noiseless wing and as stealthily as old Cap himself, Lopho was never taken by surprise, and Strix had to depend on gophers, grasshoppers, and spermophiles for his food.

As it happened, it was at about this time that old Soma, he of the evil eye, crawled from his burrow under the rocks not far away, and came at night to the grove of trees of many kinds. Examining the ground with care, he found the little cup-shaped depressions in the dust, which were now only thirteen in number, and all nearly as large as the largest. This was just the place for

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which he had long been seeking; so he carefully coiled his long cold body in the shadow of the currant-bush and waited. There he lay, without the movement of a muscle or the batting of an eye, during the long forenoon and until the middle of the afternoon. Then he saw the eleven fine young quail going slowly from under the almond and acacia trees to the pool beneath the spigot. A little later Lopho and Ortyx were seen to follow. Then Callie, one of the brightest and bravest of the eleven, without waiting for the others, started toward the dusting-ground. Just as she lay down in one of the hollow hemispheres, with her head toward the currant-bush, she saw the two cruel eyes of Soma peering into her own, and with a fierceness and power she had never before seen or felt. Not for the shortest moment were the evil eyes taken from her own; not for the briefest instant did they lose their terrible fierceness or the power they gained in that first cold stare. If there had been any possibility of her escaping from this terrible power, it entirely vanished when Soma thrust out his tongue and she saw flashes of forked and zigzag lightning playing about her. Then the control over her by him of the evil eye was complete. Limp and without the power to move a muscle or to take her eyes from the cold gray ones, she lay awaiting her fate. Just as Soma felt that his conquest was complete and that the time had come for him to strike and seize his helpless victim, Lopho, the brave, came to the dusting-ground. Seeing Callie lying helpless upon the ground, he instantly knew the cause.

A glance under the currant-bush, and he saw the long cold coiled body of Soma, his deadly enemy. Quick as a flash, and with a fierceness and power such as none of his kind had ever before shown, he dashed upon the terrible foe, not thinking of the great danger to himself, but determined to save his child, whatever the hazard might be. He well knew that once he could get the cold evil eyes of the snake to cease staring into the eyes of the helpless bird, the charm would be broken, the hypnotic influence would be no longer exerted. So he flew into the face of the cruel hypnotist, striking him with his bill and scratching at the evil eyes with his claws. The suddenness and vigor of the attack dazed the snake for the moment, and he tried to shield his head by thrusting it beneath the coils of his own body. Recovering his presence of mind almost instantly, he struck at Lopho with a viciousness that only snakes are capable of, but the heavy feathers of the bird's breast afforded full protection. The next blow Lopho parried with his wing. Then he dashed again upon the snake's head from behind, and with bill and claw and smart blows with his wings he proved more than a match for the gopher-snake, who now, filled with fear and a desire to save himself, retreated to the protection of the tangled copse near by. Lopho followed him to the edge, striking him in a frenzy of fierceness again and again.

In the mean time, when the cold evil eyes no longer looked into hers with their paralyzing stare, Callie was quick to recover self-control and hasten away from the place of such terrible influences. When Lopho found her she had joined Ortyx and the others of the family among the matted branches of the great live-oak in which El Carpintero, the woodpecker, has his home. After a time, Lopho and his flock, losing the fear and memory of the terrible combat, resumed their usual strolls about the grove.

And at present if you should go to Xazmin House and sit under the big live-oak, you would see that the master still lets the water drip from the spigot, that to the pool beneath come birds of many kinds, and that the bravest and most stately of them all is Lopho, the Plumed Knight of Xazmin.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IS THAT WHAT IT STANDS FOR?" HE DEMANDED, BREATHLESSLY

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Bobby Unwelcome

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

BOBBY had learned U that day in school, and he strutted home beside his nurse, Olga, with conscious relief in the swing of his sturdy legs. There was a special reason why Bobby felt relieved to get to U. He glanced up, up, up, sidewise, at the non-committal face so far above him, and wondered in his anxious little way whether or not it would be prudent to speak of the special reason now. Olga *had* times, Bobby had discovered, when you dassent speak of things, and it looked—yes, cert'nly—as though she was having one now. Still, if you only dast to—

"It's the same one that's in the middle o' my name, don't you know," he plunged in, hurriedly.

"Mercy! What iss it the child iss talking about!"

There! wasn't she having one? Didn't she usually say "Mercy!" like that when she was?

"That letter, you know—U. The one in the middle o' my name," Bobby hastened on—"right prezac'ly in the middle of it. I wish"—but he caught himself up with a jerk. It didn't seem best, after all, to consult Olga now—not now, while she was having one. Better wait—only, dear, dear, dear, how long he had waited a'ready!

It had not occurred to Bobby to consult his mother. They two were not intimately acquainted, and naturally he felt shy.

Bobby's mother was very young and beautiful. He had seen her dressed in a wondrous, soft, white dress once, with little specks of shiny things burning on her bare throat, and ever since he had known what angels look like.

There were reasons enough why Bobby seldom saw his mother. The house was very big, and her room so far away from his;—that was one reason. Then he always went to bed, and got up, and ate his meals, before she did.

There was another reason why he and the beautiful young mother did not know each other very well, but even Olga had never explained that one. Bobby had that ahead of him, to find out,—poor Bobby! Some one had called him Fire Face once at school, but the kind-hearted teacher had never let it happen again.

At home, in the great empty house, the mirrors were all high up out of reach, and in the nursery there had never been any at all. Bobby had never looked at himself in a mirror. Of course he had seen himself up to his chin—dear, yes—and admired his own little straight legs often enough, and doubled up his little round arms to hunt for his "muscle." In a quiet, unobtrusive way Bobby was rather proud of himself. He had to be—there was no one else, you see. And even at six, when there is so little else to do, one can put in considerable time regarding one's legs and arms.

"I guess you don't call *those* bow-legged legs, do you, Olga?" he had exulted once, in an unguarded moment when he had been thinking of Cleggy Munro's legs at school. "I guess you call those pretty straight-up-'n'-down ones!" And the hard face of the old nurse had suddenly softened in a strange, pleasant way, and for the one only time that he could remember, Olga had taken Bobby in her arms and kissed him.

"They're beautiful legs, that iss so," Olga had said, but she hadn't been looking at them when she said it. She had been looking straight into his face. The look hurt, too, Bobby remembered. He did not know what pity was, but it was that that hurt.

The night after he learned U at school Bobby decided to hazard everything and ask Olga what the one in his name stood for. He could not put it off any longer.

"Olga, what does the U in the middle o' my name stand for?" he broke out suddenly while he was being unbuttoned

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for bed. "I know it's a U, but I don't know a U-*what*. I've 'cided I won't go to bed till I've found out."

Things had gone criss-cross. The old Norwegian woman was not in a good humor.

"Unwelcome—that iss what it must stand for," she laughed.

"Bobby Unwelcome!" Bobby laughed too. Then a piteous little suspicion crept into his mind, and began to grow. He turned upon Olga sharply. "What does Unwelcome mean?" he demanded.

"Eh? Iss it not enough plain to you? Well, not wanted—that iss what it means, then."

"Not wanted,—not wanted." Bobby repeated the words over and over to himself, not quite satisfied yet. They sounded bad—oh, very; but perhaps Olga had got them wrong. She was not a United States person. It would be easy for another kind of a person to get things wrong. Still—"not wanted"—they certainly sounded very plain. And they meant—Bobby gave a faint gasp, and suddenly his thoughts turned dizzily round and round one terrible pivot—"not wanted." He sprang away out of the nurse's hands and darted down the long, bright hall to his mother's room. She was being dressed for a ball, and the room was pitilessly light. She sat at a table with a little mirror before her. Suddenly another face appeared in it with hers—a little scarred, red face, stamped deep with childish woe. The contrast appalled her.

Bobby was not looking into the glass, but into her beautiful face.

"Is that what it stands for?" he demanded, breathlessly. "She said so. Did she lie?"

"Robert! For Heaven's sake, child, stand away! You are tearing my lace. What are you doing here? Why are you not in bed?"

"Does it stand for *that?*" he persisted.

"Does what stand for what? Look, you are crushing my dress. Stand farther off. Don't you see, child?"

"She said the U in the middle o' my name stood for Not Wanted. Does it? Tell me quick. Does it?"

The contrast of the two faces in her mirror hurt her like a blow. It brought back all the disappointment and the wounded vanity of that time, six years ago, when they had shown her the tiny, disfigured face of her son.

"No, it wasn't that. I morember now. It was Unwelcome, but it *means* that. Is the middle o' my name Unwelcome—what?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she said. The boy's eyes followed hers to the mirror, and in that brief, awful space he tasted of the Tree of Knowledge.

With a little cry he stumbled backward into the lighted hall. There was a slip, and the sound of a soft little body bounding down the polished stairs.

A good while afterward Bobby opened his eyes wonderingly. There seemed to be people near him, but he could not see them at all distinctly. A faint, wonderful perfume crept to him.

"It's very dark, isn't it?" he said, in surprise. "I can smell a beautiful smell, but I can't see it. Why, why! It isn't she, is it?—not my mother? Why, I wasn't specting to find— Oh, I morember it now—I morember it all! Then I'm glad it's dark. I shouldn't want it to be as light as *that* again. Oh no! oh no! I shouldn't want her to see—Why, is she crying? What is she crying for?"

He put out a small weak hand and groped toward the sound of bitter sobbing. Instinctively he knew it was she.

"I'm very sorry. I guess I know what the matter is. It's me, and I'm very sorry. I never knew it before; no, I never. I'm glad it's dark now—aren't you?—'count o' that. Only I'm a little speck sorry it isn't light enough for you to see my legs. They're very straight ones—you can ask Olga. You might feel of 'em if you thought 'twould help any to. P'r'aps it might make you feel a very little—just a *very* little—better to. They're cert'nly very straight ones. But then of course they aren't like a—like a —a *face*. They're only legs. But they're the best I can do."

He ended wearily, with a sigh of pain. The bitter sobbing kept on, and seemed to trouble him. Then a new idea occurred to him, and he made a painful effort to turn on his pillow and to speak brightly.

"I didn't think of that— P'r'aps you

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think I'm feeling bad 'count o' the U in the middle o' my name. Is that what makes you cry? Why, you needn't. *That's* all right! After—after I looked in *there,* of course I knew 'bout how it was. I wish you wouldn't cry. It joggles my—my heart."

But it was his little broken body that it joggled. The mother found it out, and stopped sobbing by a mighty effort. She drew very close to Bobby in the dark that was light to every one else, and laid her wet cheek against the little scarred, red face. The motion was so gentle that it scarcely stirred the yellow tendrils of his soft hair. An infinite tenderness was born out of her anguish. There was left her a merciful moment to be a mother in. Bobby forgot his pain in the bliss of it.

"Why, why, this is very nice!" he murmured, happily. "I never knew it would be as nice as this—I never knew! But I'm glad it's dark,—aren't you? I'd ruther it would—be———dark."

And then it grew altogether dark for Bobby, and the little face against the new-born, heart-broken mother's cheek felt cold, and would not warm with all her passionate kisses.

The Successors of the Telephone

BY WALDON FAWCETT

THE opening months of the new century have witnessed the introduction of electrical devices for talking across the Atlantic, for telephoning through the earth, for transmitting optical images over a wire just as articulate speech is carried over a telephone line, for signalling through the sea without wires, and for recording telephone messages automatically. The teloptoscope, devised by Philip K. Stern, an American electrical engineer, is a new invention whereby it is possible to transmit pictures in colors by wire. On the top of the instrument is an electrical focussing arc-lamp for illuminating the subject which is to be transmitted to the remote end of the line, and a constant illumination of this object is therefore provided.

In order to transmit optical images the transmitter is focussed upon the image to be sent. The luminous rays are transformed into electric currents and sent to the receiving end over an ordinary electric circuit. An additional wire must of necessity be provided, however, for the manipulation of the receiving apparatus. At the distant end the electric currents are again employed to record the varying intensities of the rays of light which come to the receiving instrument. In short, the variations of light at the receiving station correspond to the light and shadow at the transmitting station. Naturally the picture received under these conditions will be in a single color, but by the introduction of three colored screens the apparatus may be made to reproduce almost any tints desired.

The inventor claims that the teloptoscopic receiver will make a photograph at the same time that the image is being transmitted and at the same time that it is being viewed. This is accomplished by splitting the image received in the transmitter so that part of the light from the image is reflected on a sensitive photographic plate. The value of a device that will permit of photographs being taken in any part of the world of objects in any other part must be apparent, and it would also appear that the teloptoscope would be invaluable as a means of identifying persons in connection with telephone service.

The teloptoscope represents a step in advance of the most perfect printing telegraphs, the simplest form of which is found in the familiar "stock-ticker," and various improved forms of which have also been lately introduced. One of the most interesting of the latter is the invention of Donald Murray, and is now in use by the Postal Telegraph Company. The distinctive feature of this apparatus is a perforated tape, divided into spaces of half an inch, each of which contains a letter or character. The perforated

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tape is fed into a transmitter at the transmitting station, and the impulses sent over the wire serve to operate a magnetic perforator at the receiving station, and as a result a fac-simile of the transmitting tape is produced. Tests with this apparatus have proved that it is capable of transmitting messages from Boston to New York and automatically printing them in Roman characters at the rate of 130 words a minute. At this rate the capacity of an ordinary telegraph line can be more than trebled.

In the same general class are the various new fac-simile telegraphs, one of the newest and most wonderful of which is known as the electrograph. One of its chief advantages is found in the fact that it is infinitely speedier in operation than any of the various forms of apparatus which have previously been introduced for electrically transmitting pictures, handwriting, and printed impressions from one station to another. In the electrograph the picture to be sent over the wires is transferred, usually on an enlarged scale, to a zinc sheet which is curled around the cylinder of the transmitting machine. As the cylinder is rotated a stylus glides back and forth across it, very much as the stylus travels along the sound record in a phonograph, and the variations of the uneven surface are communicated almost instantaneously to an inked pen which is playing upon a sheet of paper on the cylinder of the receiving machine hundreds of miles away. In the preparation of the zinc plate those portions of the picture which are to remain unshaded are covered with insulating material, and thus when the transmitting stylus in its travels back and forth across the cylinder strikes these spots the electric circuit is broken, and the pen at the other end of the line is temporarily lifted from the paper. By this apparatus pictures may be sent at the rate of one inch a minute.

The business world has waited rather anxiously for the evolution of a device which will record telephonic conversation automatically, and this would seem to have been found at last in the invention of a Danish electrical engineer, Mr. Waldemar Poulsen, of Copenhagen, Denmark. This apparatus, which is of recent inception, is characterized by the inventor as the telephonograph, although it has been variously designated as the "telegraphone," the "microphonograph," and the "magneto-phonograph" in Europe. In this ingenious instrument a recording electro-magnet is connected in circuit with an ordinary telephone transmitter and a battery. When the transmitter is spoken into it acts as a tap upon the battery, and currents of varying length, proportionate to the strength of the sound waves, are permanently recorded on magnetized steel wire wound on a drum revolved by means of an electric motor.

To secure the recital of a message which has been perpetuated by this novel device it is only necessary to substitute for the transmitter a Bell receiving telephone and start the drum revolving, whereupon the sounds and words originally spoken will be reproduced with absolute fidelity. Experiments have proved that the instrument will record and reproduce the most delicate sounds, even breathing and very low whispering, and it has also been demonstrated that it will receive satisfactorily certain words which those persons who have had experience in working with the Edison phonograph know have always been very difficult to record and reproduce perfectly.

By the employment of the band telephonograph—also an invention of the Danish electrician—which consists of two reels carrying a band or ribbon of steel, continuous telephone conversation may be recorded for more than an hour. Such records may be reproduced thousands of times; indeed, it has been proved by actual experiment that a record may be reproduced 2200 times and still remain in very perfect condition. On one occasion a spool containing a record was shipped across the country, and when placed on another machine gave forth its message with absolute perfection, and in another instance a rusty wire was sandpapered and polished without the record being impaired in the slightest degree. However, if it is desirable to destroy a record, it is only necessary to utilize a magnet to obliterate every impression which has been stored up in the steel wire.

The Poulsen telephonograph in its ordinary form does not speak louder than an ordinary Bell telephone, but it is

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quite feasible to introduce it in connection with Edison's "electro-motograph," or "chalk" telephone receiver, which delivers messages so distinctly that an assemblage of more than five thousand persons may hear them perfectly. Abroad, arrangements are being made to utilize the telephonograph as a talking newspaper, and it is claimed that the system has many advantages over the talking newspaper system now being operated in Budapest in connection with the "theatrophone," or the similar system introduced in Paris by the employment of Edison phonographs.

That there is a great future for the use of recording instruments in connection with telephones is very manifest. At the Telegraph and Cipher Bureau of the Executive Mansion at Washington phonographs have been employed to give messages to telephones, and on several of the railroads of the country, where it is proposed to in future conduct train-despatching by telephone exclusively, it has been virtually decided to employ phonographs or some other recording instruments in order that there may be a permanent record of every order transmitted.

The very acme of achievement in the transmission of messages would seem to have been reached in the wireless telephone system which has recently been developed by Professor A. Frederick Collins, an electrical engineer residing in Philadelphia. Spoken words are transmitted great distances through the ground without the use of a connecting wire, and in accordance with a plan totally different from that of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

The Collins system simply takes advantage of the fact that there are natural electrical currents in evidence slightly below the surface of the earth at any point that may be selected, and by this invention currents of this character are utilized to cause a flow of electricity between two instruments stationed above the surface of the earth. The only underground mechanism employed consists of small zinc-wire screens, which are buried in shallow holes, one at the sending station and the other at the receiving station. Above these are tripods supporting transmitting and receiving apparatus, such as is employed in ordinary telephony, a wire affording connection in each case with the buried screen. When the electricity from a storage battery is turned on, sounds of all kinds may be sent through the transmitter, and heard, in many instances, even more distinctly than were a regular overhead telephone employed.

More remarkable still, in the experiments which have been made with this invention, messages have been telephoned without wires across the Delaware River at Philadelphia, a distance of fully a mile, and under all circumstances the words enunciated have been as sharp and clear as though uttered by a person only a few feet away. The Collins invention in its simplest form is adapted to sending a message but one way—that is, it is not possible to utilize a receiver as a transmitter and reply to a message received, but the transmitter and receiver are each equipped with an annex for performing the opposite function, so that to all intents and purposes this new telephone is not different from the instruments already in use.

For a time it appeared as though it would be difficult for different subscribers to a telephone system of this character to talk without conflicting, but discoveries recently made by the inventor have remedied all this. In a nutshell, the plan employed may be described as the provision on each telephone of two disks, somewhat resembling the combination of a safe. Then, if a subscriber wishes to call another subscriber, he merely revolves the dial until it reaches a point opposite the number of the subscriber with whom he seeks to communicate. This establishes a connection between the two instruments, and even though other persons were conversing by means of the wireless system in the same locality, no confusion would result, for the reason that each pair of instruments are "tuned" differently, as it might be expressed.

Experiments have been conducted in Europe with another kind of wireless telephony. Giant reflectors have been used to concentrate upon a fixed point many miles distant the full strength of "bow lights" of perhaps 40,000,000 candle-power. The luminous cone in which all the rays of such a reflector are united,

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striking a selenium cell, sets the telephonic apparatus in motion. In short, the luminous cone acts as a conducting wire. This mode of telephoning without wires has scarcely passed beyond the experimental stage, but it is believed that, owing to the movability of the great reflectors, the system can be employed to excellent advantage, particularly for communicating with ships.

Although, strictly speaking, only a modification of telephony as heretofore conducted, there is a considerable element of novelty in the method of transatlantic telephoning devised by Dr. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University. This plan for talking across the ocean contemplates the introduction of small coils at intervals of one-eighth of a mile throughout the entire length of the cable. These coils, which are enclosed in the protecting sheath and appear as swellings in the cable, will virtually act as what might be termed repeating stations, and whereas on an ordinary transmission line the sound of the human voice might become so faint as to be unrecognizable at a distance of one hundred miles or so from the talker, the introduction of coils at frequent intervals so strengthens the tones that it is believed that conversation will be perfectly distinct when transmitted across the ocean.

Mention has been made of the invention of Poulsen, the Danish engineer, which records sounds magnetically on a steel ribbon, and still another invention for accomplishing the same object by a perhaps more sensitive method is known as the photographophone, and employs photography as the recording means. The main piece of apparatus in a photographophone installation consists of a case in which a film passes rapidly before the focus of a lens, being wound and unwound from reels just as in the case of the cinematograph and so-called "picture machines" generally. The film is subjected to the action of an arc or incandescent light, which undulates in accordance with sound waves.

For reproducing the sounds after they have thus been recorded upon the film there is employed an ordinary stereopticon. Behind the film, as it is unwound at exactly the same speed as it travelled when the record was made, is placed a selenium cell connected with two telephone receivers. As selenium conducts electricity with an intensity that varies as the light by which it is illuminated, the constantly varying light thrown upon the cell by the travelling film causes a corresponding variation in the current which is transformed at the telephone receivers into acoustic waves. Sounds may be produced with marvellous distinctness by this method, and the volume may be increased by providing a more powerful light in the stereopticon.

Unique methods of telephony are working wonders in the field of marine signalling, and when this phase of the new achievements has been fully developed it is believed that the danger of collisions and other disasters at sea will be very materially lessened. One of the most important of these systems of telephone signals for ships was invented by the late Dr. Gray. By this plan the water of a lake, ocean, or river is made to act as the medium for conveying sounds, as, for instance, the strokes of a bell tolled below the surface of the water. The sounds thus transmitted are heard distinctly at great distances by means of exceptionally sensitive telephonic receivers designed especially for such service. Inasmuch as any number of different signals may be arranged by the introduction of various combinations of strokes given in quick succession or at long intervals, it will be seen that the possibilities of the system for signalling purposes are virtually limitless. The practical application of this invention has already been carried so far that ships have been fitted with apparatus which causes gongs to ring automatically when the vessel comes "within hail" of one of these submerged bells.

Another wireless telephone for maritime use is known as the topophone, and was invented by Col. D. P. Heap, a United States light-house engineer. The topophone, which will enable an observer to hear sounds at greater distances than would be possible with the unaided ear, and, more important still, enables the location of a sound within one point of the compass, consists of two acoustic receivers or hearing-trumpets mounted on a vertical shaft and facing in opposite directions. To the lower end of each

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trumpet is attached a rubber tube leading to metal hearing-tubes with hard rubber ear-pieces. When the instrument is in use these ear-pieces are adjusted to the ears, and the vertical shaft is held in front of the body so that the trumpets are above the head of the observer.

If the sound which it is desired to locate is directly in front of the observer, it will be heard equally well in both ears, but should it proceed from either side it will be heard much more distinctly in the ear-piece connected with the trumpet pointed in that direction. By the use of the topophone, moreover, sounds can be heard which are inaudible to the unassisted ear. The direction of an echo and its approximate distance may even be determined by having a blast blown on the steamer whistle and counting the seconds until the echo is heard. The number of seconds multiplied by 550 represents the approximate distance in feet of the echo.

The enumeration of the successors of the telephone which have been introduced in maritime practice would scarcely be complete without passing mention of the uses to which the ordinary megaphones or speaking-trumpets of giant proportions have been put. The most important utilization of the megaphone in this new sphere is for fog signalling. It has been determined by actual experiment that the blasts of a whistle or fog siren, when sounded through a megaphone, can be heard many miles farther at sea than if given in the ordinary manner. Furthermore, it has been demonstrated that by providing a revolving megaphone, or a circle of megaphones directed to the various points of the compass, and "aiming" a blast of different length in each direction, the navigators at sea in a fog will be enabled to determine, upon hearing such a signal, the general direction of the location of the fog signal.

Finally, if the saving of electrical energy is to be accounted a gain, recognition must be given to the device invented by L. G. Woolley for enabling the magnet to do the work of the electrical battery for telegraphing and signalling of all kinds. The ordinary or electro-magnetic telegraph comprises a circuit, a circuit-breaker, an electro-magnet, and a battery, which is essential, since the electro-magnet is only temporarily a magnet when within the sphere of an electric current, and this latter the battery furnishes. Without going into detailed description of the new invention, it may be explained that the battery is eliminated by the introduction of a permanent magnet. The great gain which it is claimed will be effected by the extensive introduction of this new invention is found, of course, in the elimination of battery stations, thousands of which are now in use in the United States, and the first cost and maintenance of which represent an expenditure of vast sums of money.

Opportunity

BY JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY

I FLUNG the shining thing afar,
And gathered up my toys again.
How should I know it was a star
God sent me then?

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Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE cannot have followed the course of recent public comment without noting the interest, mounting almost to anxiety, in the question of what shall be done with our multi-millionaires, or what they shall do with themselves. The republic is not ripe yet, apparently, for a leisure class, but with the *subiti guadagni* of all sorts, which form its most impressive fact, a very large leisure class has arisen, and is tasking our best energies for its assimilation. What, in a nation of hard workers, shall it do, can it do? That is what the class itself asks us, not only tacitly, but sometimes in so many words; for the most remarkable characteristic of our leisure class is its apparent dissatisfaction with itself. In other communities, where the leisure class has, as it were, grown up with the country, it is troubled with no such misgivings. The drones there are proud and happy, with the sovereign in their special charge, and consequently the general welfare; for by the theory which prevails in the greater part of the world, it is through the sovereign that all the divine blessings flow by carefully graduated falls to the nobility, gentry, middle and lower middle classes, down to the masses at the bottom. But here the drones have no such office of guardians or conduits to perform. They are themselves at the top of earthly things, though they have evidently had no sign yet from the Deity that He has any particular use for them there. A plaint has more than once gone up from our leisure class that it has nothing to do,—quite as if that were not just what it was here for,—and that its leisure seems to take the meaning out of life. As we poor working-bees are given to understand, neither villas nor yachts, nor horses nor automobiles, nor dining and being dined, nor going to Europe and coming back, quite fill up the gulf which the over-rich feel yawning in them. The old suggestion to sell all they have and give unto the poor, and turn and follow its Author, has always been felt to be impracticable. No rich man in our time has even tried to do that but Count Tolstoy, and the Countess Tolstoy has wisely seen to it that he did not do it. The plaint of the idle rich cannot be met with this precept as if it were the answer to their melancholy conundrum, and it is doubtful if anything more than a study of their problem can be offered by the observer who regards them with the most affectionate desire to help them.

I

The first point in the condition of the idle rich which takes the eye of the student is that they are the victims of circumstances. Like the idle poor, the idle rich suffer because there is nothing for them to do, but the greater hardship of the idle rich lies in the fact that they do not seem fit to do anything. Some philosophers have supposed that their leisure qualified them to take charge of the political and economical affairs of people who were at work, and there has been a good deal of polite regret among us that up to the present time there has been no more zeal in the people at work than there has been an apparent purpose of Providence to turn our leisure class to account in this way. We have seen that under other systems they are turned to account in this way; but their conduct of public business under these systems has not convinced us. It seems to have been mainly in their own interest, with few escapes from the vicious circle which forms the logic of their lives; it seems to have tended always to the perpetuation of that leisure class which, it was philosophized, their public employment would practically put an end to.

Another notion has been that they could be used as leaders on such public occasions as have a society complexion, and that they could profitably put themselves in the van of the Better Element when it enters upon one of its crusades. They may actually head such a movement at the outset, or seem to head it, but, like Mark Twain's tourists who advanced to meet the Bedouins, they sooner or later turn up in the rear, or drop out of sight altogether. They do not even serve the poor use of princes

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in laying corner-stones, or receiving official addresses. Which of them presses the electric button that starts the machinery at industrial exhibitions? How much do they contribute to culture?

It is imaginable that having enjoyed, or suffered, a liberal education, they would turn their minds to literature, and excel, say, in history, which is the most expensive province of the republic of letters, and the oftenest resorted to by persons of independent property. But as yet our multi-millionaires have not written a single history, and what two or three of them have done in the sister realm of romance has not been the kind of thing to make us wish any of them would do more. They collect books as they collect pictures, but they write the one as little as they paint the other. Possibly they read books, though it is doubtful; for if by a flattering chance you are ever thrown in their company, you find their literary opinions mostly second hand, or, when first hand, second rate.

Probably they do not read themselves, but have their reading done for them, as they have their good works done for them, when they are of a benevolent mind. An almoner is quite as indispensable to a charitable millionaire as to a prince, for the people who wish to prey upon him, to make him their means, are many, and alert for every unguarded moment. It is his purpose, of course, to help only the deserving poor, and the undeserving are so skilled in the arts of deceit that a sort of detective is necessary to him when, as not often happens, he would part his cloak with a beggar. Mostly, he leaves that sort of thing to St. Martin, for if he has a conscience against anything, it is against pauperizing beggars. With nothing to do, and with the longing to do something, you would think he would give his time to charity, if he finds any pleasure in it, and would be his own almoner, his own detective. But if he did, he would have no leisure.

The trouble is, the rich man has been taught to expect too much of himself, and makes demands upon human nature in his own case which it would be inhuman in another to second. In far the greater number of instances he has made his own money, and has really fulfilled his office in the world. It is his peculiar misfortune to be now and here so posited in time and place that he lives on after he really has nothing more to do. In former times and other places he was his whole life long in getting over-rich, and had only a moment at the end for making his peace with God, as it was called, and going to his reward. But now he survives his sole use, and remains to cumber the earth, a dead body of extinct activities, to fester and corrupt, and spread a pestilence of envy and covetousness and discontent, as far as the fame of his riches can reach. It is no wonder that in most instances he cannot cease from gain, but keeps on and on, heaping up wealth which the wildest prodigality could hardly waste. Even when he wills to work no longer, his wealth works for him, and when it has reached a certain sum, defies him to arrest its increase. Worse than this, the man who has not made money from the love of it, and yet has made money immeasurably and irremediably, infects more selfish money-makers with the superstition that they are somehow the instruments of Providence, and that they are doing God's will in grabbing everything in sight, and keeping it. They have their logic, and if you once grant their premises, you must grant their conclusions. But their greed is really rarer than the vain ideal of the man who means somehow to give again what he has got, and has flattered himself he was getting for the good of others.

II

There are probably few millionaires who have not their moments of misgiving for themselves, or are not troubled for those who are to inherit their wealth. It is imaginable of most of the over-rich, whom we like so much better to imagine worse things of, that they are not easy in their minds as to the transmission of the intolerable idleness which is the corollary of immeasurable riches. It is credible that they give much earnest thought as to how the means shall be kept and the end averted, and this Chair would be the last movable to think scorn of their hopeless plight.

Their devices are superficially of the

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kind of things that work quite well in other circumstances than theirs. They fancy teaching their children habits of frugality and industry, and as long as the children are little and unspotted of the world, they obey that teaching. The Easy Chair has known of some rich mothers who made their girls help somewhat about the house-work, and their boys shovel the snow from the steps. This was in a simpler and austerer order of things, subject to an elder tradition of plainer living and higher thinking than prevails in Fifth Avenue and the Millionaire Blocks on the East Side next the Park, but still it did not work. It could not found the sort of character which those admirable mothers hoped to see reproduced in their children. As soon as these came to the knowledge of economical good and evil, they perceived that they were the victims of a pious fraud, and that they were made, in an innocent insincerity, to do the things which were justly the part of those who did them in submission to a law inapplicable to themselves. For themselves, this law really read, "Not in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and so, as soon as they dared, they did those things no longer.

They were quite right. One need not be so banal as to point out that if the over-rich do the work of the over-poor, they keep the bread out of mouths where the sweat of the brow would rightfully put it; it is sufficient to say that a virtue dishonestly come by is the worst of vices. Then, is the sort of virtue which those admirable mothers aimed at quite beyond the hopes of their children? Quite, the Easy Chair would say, with the most Rhadamanthine of its frowns. This is a world in which the difficulty of carrying water on both shoulders is one of the most humiliating of the facts that inexorably condition us. But what, then, is the remedy of an ill so deplorable? For all human ills there must be a remedy; where there is so much will, surely there must be a way. Experience does not teach this invariably, but the universal longing of mankind is not cast into proverbial form without some reason, and probably truth as well as hope lurks in these sayings. What, then, is the truth? It may be that if you will begin far back enough, you will catch up and pass by the evil that seems to outrun the good intent. But it is not practicable to begin with one's ancestry, and regenerate one's grandfathers, so that one's grandsons shall have the right sort of heredity; and those admirable mothers were doing the next best thing, and trying to regenerate their children. They trusted, not ignobly, that if their children did the labors of the poor, they would have their virtues; but they trusted vainly. What they could have reasonably expected to do was to give their children higher and purer ideals than those which had made them rich men's sons and daughters. They could have taught them by the example of exalted lives that the things which money can buy are not the precious things, and that the riches which their fathers held so dear were not worth what they had cost; that they had the malign force to make self-denial a mockery, and plain living and high thinking a comic masque for their possessor. They could have shown the little ones, whom they wished to make wise and good, through a share of the labor which the Supreme Wisdom and Goodness ordained for every creature, that money makes money of itself, and nothing but eternal vigilance could guard them from increasing opulence and indolence. They could point out that there is no greater fallacy than the American superstition of three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. They could have summoned every prominent, and nearly every historic, family in the country to prove that it is hardly three generations from shirt sleeves to sleeves of cloth of gold, and from the tow smock to the stomacher embroidered in pearls, with the expectation of any richer apparel which

> Luxury, straining her low thought,

could invent for the fourth and fifth generations. If riches ever had wings, they have now been clipped, or adapted to carrying their owner securely as long as he likes, and wherever he wishes to go.

III

For those who are presently rich, either by acquisition or inheritance, it seems hard to realize that the high ideals are possible only in the difficult providence

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with which all things are possible. But if this fact is disheartening, there is another fact which may well buoy us up against despair. After all, the over-rich, though they own so much more of the commonwealth than they ought, are very few beside the great numbers of the over-poor, or even the moderately moneyed. They are the millionaires, but they are not the millions, and it is to the millions that one may turn with the lively expectation of interesting their children in the ideals so all but impossible to the children of the millionaires. The children of the millions may hopefully be asked to consider whether there are not better things than the things that money can buy, and whether it is not wiser to spend one's life for these than for the things within reach of the every-day dollar. For there is something very distinguished in the more precious things, something personal, something inalienable, something imperishable, in what is unpurchasable; and the world has lately been offered an impressive lesson to this effect in a book which we can here regard in one aspect only. This book is the biography of James Russell Lowell, which Mr. Horace E. Scudder imagined so well that he has made it, as it were, a plate of clear glass, through which the poet may be seen, in the great, essential things, as he was to the knowledge of those who knew him in life. The glass is not without its flaws; it is not without that coloring of the artist's nature which cannot be kept out of the artist's work; it is written here and there, with the twists that were in his own mind; here and there a bit of decoration interrupts or obscures; the whole has the limitations of his thinking and feeling; but the work is most conscientious, the intention is singularly free of selfish literary ambition, and the result is a transparency which leaves in the beholder a lessening sense of any barrier. The author has told the story of Lowell's life in such a way as to make it continuously interesting, but he has done it so that it seems to tell itself, and to leave us at last in an illusion of the very presence of the man, with his little imperfections in the true proportion to his great perfections. One may well believe this a true portrait of one who failed in so few of the things that exalt living; whose soul was very noble and pure; whose mind was bent mainly upon the humanities, but was always at the service of humanity; who was sublimely unhappy in his turn through the sorrows that befall every one, but always at peace in the freedom from mean motives, from the remorse of selfish aims, and the shame of vulgar success.

Perhaps it was because we had been thinking much and compassionately of the hard lot of those rich men who do not know what to do with themselves that the lesson of Lowell's life seemed to be one that we could wholly commend to those who wish to escape their vain regrets. The rich, indeed, cannot escape them, and hardly their children, such is the malign strength and inexorable force of riches; but many who are now poor, and are in danger of becoming millionaires by the misapplication of their powers, may be hopefully invited to learn from Lowell's life how to live all their days in a usefulness that shall long outlast their days. He was not born to the poverty that most men know, even most literary men, but the ease in which at the best he lived was never affluence, and it never was entire ease; it never was free from the anxiety of those who have wholly or partly to make their living. Sometimes his support, with his will or against it, was scarcely more than meagre, and almost to the end he was doing something to earn his bread. He had a high reverence for law, and he did not try to shirk the holiest and highest law, that which bids us eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, though probably no man would have found leisure sweeter, or better known how to keep it from being bitter. In his early years, when he vowed himself to the service of the slave, he gave freely of his brains and means, and never at any period did a good cause lack his help in either. One reads with amaze of his simple ambition in the way of money, with pathos of his experience in things that were almost poverty. One year he hoped to earn four hundred dollars and to live on it. Like Agassiz, he had no time to make money, and hardly to look after what had been left him. He was sometimes cramped by losses, and he could not give up his professorship, when he would have chosen to teach in

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a larger way, because he needed his salary. He missed his salary when he went abroad, not for rest, but for wider work; and when the country honored itself in making him its representative abroad, he freely spent his own little income with his official pay, that his country might not suffer the ignominy that it merited. He did better than this; he exalted it by his character, and defended its shabbiness against the logic of those who censured it. When he came home an old man, he still worked and hoped to work, not that he might make money, but that he might earn a little for those who were dearer to him than himself. At the end of his days, which no misfortune could keep from being beautiful and glorious, he was as poor as when they began.

IV

Is this, then, the sort of life which the Easy Chair holds up for an example to the rising generation? Quite the sort of life, if the rising generation wishes to take warning rather than example by those rich men who cannot do anything with themselves. If you wish to do something with yourself, you must begin early and keep on late, and you must be very careful that anything done for yourself shall be the incident, not the aim of your endeavor. That seems to be the law, for otherwise you become successful in the low worldly sense, and condemn yourself to the fruition that the rich find so unsatisfying. If your ideal is riches, the money you make will become so precious to you that you either cannot bear to rid yourself of it, or if you give it, you will give it with a sense of it far beyond its real value, and will wish to be known for having given it. You will wish to be remembered as a millionaire philanthropist, or some such lamentable thing; and if you keep your wealth to buy honor and pleasure, you will do a thing equally vain. No man was ever yet honored for his riches, however courted and flattered he may have been. If you like envy and hate and greed in those who come near you, or try to come near you, money will buy you these, and plenty of them. But they will scarcely be a pleasure, as any rich man will tell you, if you take him in one of those moments when his mask is off. Money will buy fine houses, yachts, pictures, *éditions de luxe*, horses, automobiles, balls, dinners, but if you have made the money, it cannot buy you joy in them, and if you have inherited the money, use will have blighted the joy of them, so that they will be to you as if they were not. A rich man may dream of living unselfishly, simply, the brother and the equal of other men, but he cannot. The rich are impelled to live as they do by the subtle and mystical forces which oblige men to be of their condition, and forbid them to declass themselves. There is no sane man of the average intelligence who, if he had it put clearly before him, would not prefer the life of Lowell to the lot of the richest man in America. Here, again, it may appear that the choice is not free, and that without Lowell's gifts the life of Lowell cannot be lived. That is true, but it is not true that his motives are impossible to those who begin soon enough. They need not begin with their grandfathers; they can begin with themselves. To obey such motives will not be so easy as making money; that cannot be promised; but it may be promised that in the humblest instances the result will be prouder. To be past the fear of want, that is an essential condition of happiness; but to be beyond the chance of work, which is the right and the duty of all, is the supreme misery, the very image of perdition. Perhaps something like this perdition, beginning on the earth, was an implication of the saying that the rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. He is not sinful beyond other men; many poor men are great sinners; but he can find nothing to do, and to be idle is to be far from bliss. Some work, in which you shall lose yourself, work for its own sake, for others' sake, that is the lesson of Lowell's life, that is the true good of life. There is no pleasure but in resting from work, except resting *in* work, which is rapture beyond the dreams of saint-hood. But this is what the millionaires complain is denied them, and it is to win this that we urge upon those who are yet young not to become millionaires if they can help it.

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Editor's Study.

THERE is an evolution of biography, a progressive development, that during the last century is as discernible as that of fiction. It has become an art quite distinct from that which dominates Clio's proper realm. It is true that many important histories have taken the guise of biographies—as in Hay and Nicolay's *Lincoln,* and, in like cases, where the subject of biography has been the central figure in a critical period of a nation's or of the world's history. But, even dealing with such central figures—Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln—the biographic art may be, and is, at its best when it is so exercised as to maintain its distinction, disowning the historic aim and scope.

I

It is a modern distinction. There was among the tuneful Nine no separate Muse of Biography. The story of the leader was in early times the story of his people. In a more complex civilization, as of the mature Greece or Rome, and of the modern Western nations, there are many eminent personalities besides military or political leaders. Yet in ancient classical literature the biographies of such men—philosophers, lawgivers, artists, and poets—are crude and meagre. The martyrdom of Socrates helped to give him especial notice in Xenophon's reminiscences, but the Memorabilia is, after all, only a sketch; and we should know very little of the private life of Marcus Aurelius if he had not been himself an author, disposed to introspection and autobiographic reminiscence. Only men of affairs were considered worthy of elaborate memoirs; and their private lives were only slightly sketched, or, when more than this was attempted, the matter was trivial, as in the pages which Suetonius devotes to the domestic affairs of the Cæsars.

When the man's life is mainly afield—*foris,* as the Latins expressed it (whence are derived *foreigner, forest,* etc.)—in camp or forum, a thing open and of the daylight; when the individual is merged in the mass, the highest ambition possible having relation only to that collectivity—to be its leader or sage—then record is made of deeds only (the *res gesta),* and biography is mainly a matter of anecdote. Individualism belongs to the reflective period, when man ceases to be to himself a *non-intime,* when he courts solitude and reclusion, and night for him seems made not for sleep only.

In the maturity of this reflection was developed the habit of letter-writing as a means of individual expression, a habit which had its own culture along with that of the intellect and of those emotions which are the basis of friendship, romance, and domestic happiness. The correspondence between Cicero and Atticus is a good index of the best Roman social culture, while at the same time its constant allusion to public affairs made it indispensable to Froude in his sketch of Julius Cæsar.

In our modern life, diaries and private correspondence play a more important part for biographical uses. Good as was Lockhart's life of Sir Walter Scott, the latter's letters recently published constitute an almost wholly new biography.

Diaries like that of Amiel or of Eugénie de Guérin, and recorded confessions like those of Rousseau, show the writer as he would like to appear to the world, and we suspect a disguise in his self-portraiture, however frank and sincere he may seem to himself to be; but even thus the record has interest. Much more interesting as well as more truthful is the view given by the diarist of contemporaneous life, men, and affairs. Pepys will be of fresh interest to every new generation as long as the English language is read. The recent autobiography of W. J. Stillman is replete with contemporaneous portraiture. But for the purposes of biography the letters of a man of distinction, having important personal contacts, especially if he has insight and the faculty of expression, hold the first place. They are *unconscious* autobiography.

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We have a good example of this in the just published *Letters of John Richard Green,* edited by Leslie Stephen. Mr. Stephen's prefaces to the four main sections of the book—Early Life, Clerical Career, the Short History, and Last Years—are judiciously complementary, as are the abundant foot-notes scattered through the volume. The letters cover a period of twenty-five years—that is, from 1858, when Mr. Green was twenty-one, to January 15, 1883, about two months before his death; and they bring vividly before the reader this man (himself "vivid as lightning," as Tennyson once said to him) in every aspect of his life, from his Oxford days to the last sad years of restless work and wearing disease, briefly blessed by a late marriage when he was already under the shadow of death.

II

The best biography is more interesting than any novel. Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* was by many a man read at one sitting, so hard it was to lay it down. It is true that the same thing might be said of Shorthouse's *John Inglesant,* a novel so real as to seem like biography; but in such a case there is still lacking one element of potent interest — the *knowledge* that the hero actually lived and moved and had his being—his action and his passion—on this earth, in the time and place allotted him by the novelist. The imaginative interest in the very highest works of art—in Shakspere's tragedies, for example—is supreme; but who does not feel that Shakspere in these tragedies availed of the *fact—i. e.,* of the actual existence on this troubled earth of his protagonists—for an added interest, not wholly of the imagination, but related to that as the body is to the soul?

As to Shakspere himself, why so little is known of his life is a riddle quite baffling any rational solution. We are compelled to suppose that for some reason (possibly because of a near relative's fierce religious antipathy to plays and play-acting) there was some sudden and ruthless destruction of material which might have served the purpose of a memoir. If he had been as much given to letter-writing as he was to sonnet-making, such oblivion would have been impossible. He was so essentially creative that a letter would inevitably have taken the shape of a sonnet. He knew little *about* anything, his information being a direct creative *informing*—so that his Venice is an ideal synthesis, inmostly true, but void of any true outward presentment—and there is a kind of fitness in our having little knowledge about *him.* He must remain forever the ideal Shakspere. Fortunately there is no possibility of such a brutal representation of him as has been given in recent biographies called "the true Byron," "the true Shelley," etc.

While Shakspere was certainly a most companionable spirit, such companions as he had were not those addicted to literary reminiscences. Wordsworth and all the Lake Poets at the beginning of the last century had fortunate inhabitation in the appreciation and memory of Thomas De Quincey, whose literary reminiscences are the most delightful of all his writings. From that time biography has been well nourished. One remarkable previous instance there had been of abundant reminiscence and anecdote in Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* but this was exceptional—unique, indeed, in the whole history of literature — based upon the singular and almost worshipful reverence of one man for another.

III

It is not true that "the individual withers and the world is more and more." When a man can truly say, not merely for himself, but speaking representatively for the men of his time, "My mind to me a kingdom is," then are the possibilities of all outward kingdoms exalted. The growth of society is measured by that of the individual. The primitive social organization has the greater *vital* strength—its procession is that of destiny. With the complex specialization of social life, human will in free and rational exercise becomes more and more manifest. The modern individualism is thus developed, and with it the modern novel and the modern biography, in both of which the individual is eminent and interesting independently of those large movements, political and military, by which the destinies of nations seem to be fulfilled; and while for the justification

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of biography some eminence of the subject in art, science, or literature—if not in politics or war—is deemed necessary, in the novel the individual with no such distinction may be held worthy of a master's portraiture simply as a man or a woman, of whatever estate, with human passions, striving and loving, with the hopes and fears, the glory and despair, of our common mortality.

The intimate association of the best biography (which is that most nearly autobiography) with the greatest fiction is indicated in the fact that so much of the latter has its genesis in an autobiographic motive. Neither Dickens nor Victor Hugo would have written fiction but for this prompting from a sensibility affected by individual experience. Rousseau had been moved entirely by this, though he lacked the dramatic power of the two authors just mentioned, and was therefore limited to such impressions as were afforded by sensibility and temperament. It is possible, as will be shown by a contribution to a subsequent number of this Magazine, to trace the characters and much of the circumstance, feeling, and atmosphere of Dickens's novels to the men and women he had actually known, and to experiences by which he had been profoundly affected in the most impressionable period of youth and early manhood. What in the stories seems incidental was a primary motive. The introductions which Mrs. Ritchie has prefixed to the novels in what is known as the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works furnish abundant examples of this autobiographical prompting. The early and more characteristic novels of George Eliot would show a like genesis. The Human Comedy of Balzac was individual before his imagination gave it the generic type. One might follow Howells in his novels from Ohio to Venice, from Venice to Boston, from Boston to New York, and thence to Europe and back again, and feel at every step the autobiographic impression.

IV

The literary man is fortunate in the comradeship of other men of letters not only for what it means in itself, but for his prosperity in their memories. What interesting glimpses and what worthy appreciations of the distinguished Cambridge group of authors should we miss if Howells had not lived among them and had not written his *Literary Friends and Acquaintance!* Lowell was especially prosperous in this record.

But we hold that, apart from his domestic happiness, there was no so great felicity in Lowell's lifetime as has since befallen him in having Horace Elisha Scudder as his biographer. This recently published *Life of Lowell* will stand for all time as his most adequate biography. The single point of inadequacy is pointed out by Mr. Scudder himself in his preface to the work. "The existence," he says, "of the two volumes of *Letters of James Russell Lowell, edited by Charles Eliot Norton,* has determined the character of this biography. If they had not been published, I might have made a *Life and Letters* which would have been in the main Lowell's own account of himself, in his voluminous correspondence, annotated only by such further account of him as his letters failed to supply. As it is, though I have had access to a great many letters not contained in Mr. Norton's work, I have thought it desirable not so much to supplement the *Letters* with other letters as to complement those volumes with a more formal biography, using such letters or portions of letters as I print for illustration of my subject, rather than as the basis of the narrative."

Notwithstanding this admission as to the supreme value of the previously published *Letters,* which confirms the opinion that we have already expressed, and which is further supported by such important examples of essentially autobiographical works as the *Letters of John Richard Green* and the *Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley,* Mr. Scudder has succeeded in giving us something more than a merely "formal biography." There is not a dull page in it, and the chief charm of the work is the vivid presentation of Lowell's personality. Incidentally (though a matter of primary importance) Lowell is set right in certain circumstances of his life that were easily misunderstood, and he not only stands forth as first of all an American, but is redeemed from fatuities imputed to him by contemporaneous misjudgment.

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V

Biography, like fiction, has its influence upon character—a more potent influence because of its actuality. But this use of it should be regarded as incidental. Existing primarily for such a purpose, it would be tempted to deviate from its proper mission, to its own stultification and corruption. We have had too much of this self-imposed degradation in both the biography and the novel. Even Clio nods when, as often happens, history is written for some special purpose and deviates into obliquities.

Frailty seems inseparable from mortality, and it sometimes happens that a man is loved as much for his weaknesses as for the strong points of his character, since those bring him amiably nearer to us, while for his strength we have admiration rather than love. Evil is so mingled with good in all strong personalities that it should be given its fair place in the biographer's portraiture. If Lowell in a certain period of his youth was the occasion of apprehension to some of his friends, we see no reason why this stress of his life and his consequent irritability and depression should be excluded from the record. Mr. Scudder does not blink here, does not even suppress the "cuss words" in his letters of that time. It is a brief season, and the clear sky of a happier time seems all the fairer for the cloud and storm that have obscured and disturbed it.

A good deal may be said for Mr. W. E. Henley's complaint of Balfour's really very frank *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,* that it ignores or explains away faults and eccentricities, and is so obviously and uniformly laudatory. Stevenson himself would side with Henley. If one's faults are of so great use to one's self, why should they not be of use to others? Besides, they are entertaining.

If there were a separate Muse of Biography, it would seem that she took her revenge upon the writers whose aim had been to persuade young readers to believe in the spotless perfection of Washington and Franklin and Hamilton (preparing the way for a more or less sad disillusionment in the future) by a reaction to the opposite extreme, presiding at the apotheosis of Villon and Baudelaire, and shielding those authors who emphasize the peccability of favorite poets, warriors, and statesmen.

Does the evil that men do live after them—not the petty badnesses, but such evil as we impute to all-absorbing and relentless ambition? Yes, but mainly in results that, irrespective of the immediate intention, we must pronounce good—as in the case of Napoleon. But the biographer is not the less pledged to a true exposition of the original motive—whether a good one that went wrong or a selfish one that went right. He must not ignore the fact that Cæsar's admirable Gallic commentary was, after all, only meant for a campaign document.

It is only within a few years that the loyalists of the American Revolutionary period could be fairly judged by Americans, or that a eulogistic biography of the most eminent and best meaning of them (like Governor Hutchinson) could be tolerated in this country. Religious prejudice, even more than political bias, has affected the justice of biography as it has that of history; but in such matters an increasing tolerance is manifest,—not due to indifference, but to regard for the truth.

The stimulation of youth to noble purpose, though an incidental motive to the biographer, is a worthy one, and is best served by frank and truthful portraiture. Always it is the truth—in fiction, in biography, and in every form of literature, as in every relation of life—that makes us free.

The emancipation is a very real one, giving free play to judgment as well as to life. We come to our study of individual lives with a pliant criticism, considering what must be (not fatally, but vitally) as well as what ought to be. The individual life of a great man points to heights not yet attained by the average of his fellows, and is thus leading and inspiring; but upon even such a life no chart of rigorous critical judgment can be laid to fit its freely flowing lines, which, as George Eliot would say, are those of a picture, not of a diagram.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Voyage of the "Mary Simpson"

BY ARTHUR COLTON

CAPTAIN DAVID BRETT was an ex-whaler, and spun yarns that smelt of the sea, not fishy, but salty. When he got on a chair and cried, "There she blows!" it was a remarkable thing.

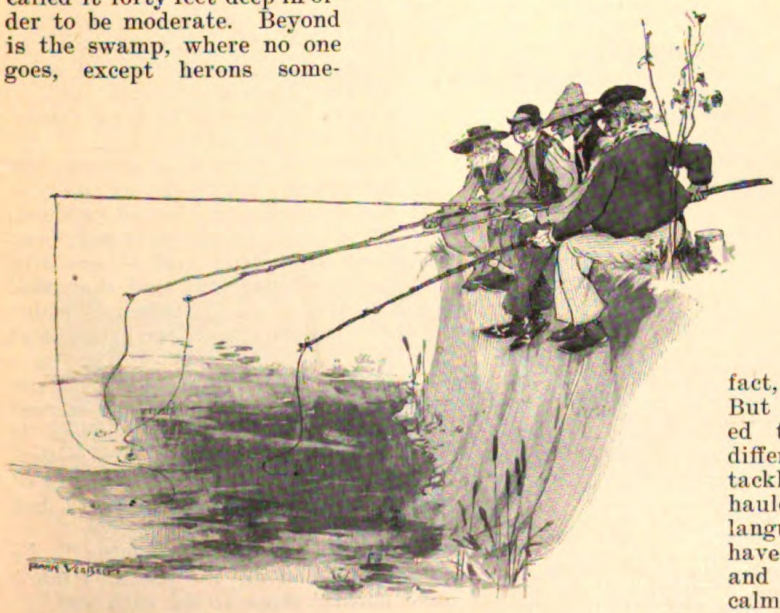
The captain had a horse named Borneo, an iron gray, whose gait was like unto that of a storm-tossed ship. I never could understand how an inland-born horse like Borneo came to achieve so nautical a manner. The captain taught him to chew tobacco. We would have liked it if Borneo could have hitched up his trousers, but this was beyond him.

Northeast of Hagar lies Cumming's alder swamp. It is a nucleus into which gather numerous little threads of shining water, from the Cattle Ridge, from the meadows farther east, and even from the gentle slopes of the Salem hills. And all these dribble somehow through the gentle swamp, and come out in the Mill Stream marvellously clear.

The Muck Hole is on the south side of the swamp, so that when you fish for eels you do not mind that it looks dark and cold, because the comfortable meadows are behind you, with only a few rods of alders between. Otherwise it would be a doubtful place, for it is a bit uncanny, anyway. The banks are steep and slippery, of grayish clay, and ten feet high. The water is inky black. We called it forty feet deep in order to be moderate. Beyond is the swamp, where no one goes, except herons sometimes and kingfishers. Bull-frogs live there, for you can hear them gulp and bellow in the twilight, and a great number of silent and creeping things.



We sat on the bank of the Muck Hole, with our feet dangling over the smooth, inky water. Borneo, with the deacon's buckboard, was hitched in the alders behind. Moses Durfey had a bamboo rod. Chub Leroy and I had no bamboos; we despised snobbishness. The captain had a massive black pole and a thick line. The eels that summer afternoon paid us very little attention. Being so cool in the Muck Hole, they did not understand how hot it was sitting on the bank and waiting for them. And here Captain David told us the manner of the voyage of the *Mary Simpson*.



"It don't amount to much," he said, indifferently. "Some cur'us—one o' those things that happens without no point to 'em, as you might say;" and he yawned, with a fine air of wearied experience.

The *Mary Simpson*, it appeared, as the captain's tale progressed, was a stanch ship. She was, in fact, "a buster in a gale." But so many things happened to her connected with different kinds of wind, her tackle and sails were so hauled about with strange language, that she must have been tired of busting, and glad enough to be becalmed in the Pacific, even

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if "sou'east o' the Austral Islands, bearing away from Lan'ster Reef."



There were no whales in sight, and not a ripple on the flat sea. The crew of the *Mary Simpson* amused themselves by hooking sharks and sword-fish over the side of the ship, but it was dull and difficult to keep awake doing this, for even the sharks were seldom over thirty feet long. Sometimes, when the sharks and sword-fish took to fighting, it was more interesting, for the sharks would swallow the sword-fish, and the sword-fish would thrash around inside, and make an exit for themselves, and come out; and the expression on the faces of the sharks at this point was always worth seeing.

But, on the whole—Captain David said—it was dull; so that when he hooked a sea-serpent every one was delighted, even the sea-serpent; and it had the best reason, in the way that when two people are hooked together the joke is on the smaller. In this way the joke was on the *Mary Simpson*.

The sea-serpent put its head up a little way out of the water, fifty or sixty feet, and grinned at the *Mary Simpson*, and began to back off, nearly dragging the rope out of the captain's hands; but he held on, so that the *Mary Simpson* followed, of course. Presently the serpent grew tired of hauling the *Mary Simpson*, and tried to shake the hook out of its mouth. Then it pulled the other end of itself from the bottom of the ocean and slapped the *Mary Simpson* in a disgusted kind of way, as much as to say, "Aw, let up there, will you!" It is no joke to be slapped by anything as broad as a house. The *Mary Simpson* did not like it. It threw tons of mud on her deck, so that every one said the sea-serpent had better mind what it was about before somebody got angry.

It came nearer to look into the matter, and the trouble seemed to be mostly the captain, who was holding the line, and wondering how much half a mile of sea-serpent would bring if sold to a museum by the yard; so the sea-serpent pulled in its tail again and slapped Captain David. It was done in an impertinent way, and Captain David went overboard in a very bad temper.

The sea-serpent swam, and Captain David hung on to the line, partly on account of his great anger, and partly because when he cleared the mud from his eyes the *Mary Simpson* was far away on the horizon and quite out of the question. He found himself swishing along, with the great coils going up and down close beside him in a way that would have frightened another man.



After a time the serpent felt something twitching at its lip, eased up, and looked around. First it seemed surprised, and then disgusted; and if one ever meets a surprised and disgusted sea-serpent, he should take particular notice. Captain David remarked it at the time.

"I can't make it out at all. Blow me!" said the sea-serpent, or seemed to say, "it's ridiculous." Then it flung its tail in the air like a sky-rocket and started for the bottom of the ocean. The captain let it go, but he was angry, and showed it.

"I give you fair warning!" he shouted. "You an' me parts. I don't have nothin' more to do with you."

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"An' I didn't," he added to us. "I never saw him again."

Now this happened on a Saturday night, and Captain David swam from then till Monday morning. It is very bad luck to be swimming on Sunday, and that was the reason that on Monday morning he landed on a cannibal island. The cannibals had all been converted and were dead, and the missionaries had gone away. Still it was bad luck; the next worse thing to being eaten is not to eat, and there was little on the island to eat but a musty kind of clam.



On Wednesday the wind blew a gale, and on Thursday who should come along but the *Mary Simpson*, busting! She poked her nose into the island looking for the captain, who was angry with her for thinking that he could not look after himself; and the *Mary Simpson* was angry with the captain for losing the sea-serpent; so that they all sailed toward the south pole, very grumpy and looking for whales, whales being fish of a fair size, and yet not so long but that you can account for both ends of them.

"An' now," said the captain, "would you believe it— Ho! I got a bite. It's a buster!"

This was not the end of the voyage of the *Mary Simpson*, but at this point the captain had a bite.

"It's an eel!" he cried. "It's a buster!"

Then we knew what busting was like, and wished we could have seen the *Mary Simpson* busting. The great eel went round in circles, did itself up into knots and shot out again, plunged to the bottom, and flashed over the surface.

"Get him!" yelled Moses.

"Play him!" cried Chub.

"Hrrrup! Hi! Hold on to me!" said the captain, and he went over the bank, coasting down the soft clay, with his stout legs in the air kicking vehemently, till he splashed in the water. We three overhead performed a cannibal dance that was neither decorative nor useful.

The captain got on his feet with a deal of tumult and looked himself over, dripping with muddy water and plastered with sticky clay. "Now ain't that disgustin'!" he said.

He could not climb the bank, and it was undignified to have rolled down it. There were no cannibal islands to swim to between Saturday and Monday. Things were a deal more convenient in the Pacific. The eel kept perfectly quiet, and did not offer to tow the captain anywhere. There seemed to be something for us to do, and we were not satisfied that a cannibal dance was the right thing. We felt that even as cannibals we ought to consider the captain's rheumatism.

"Here!" howled Captain David. "You git me out o' this."

"It's the sea-serpent's business," said Moses, who was very literal. "Poke it up."

"Can't. It's gone to the bottom," I said.

"Borneo!" said Chub, and dove into the alders and brought Borneo.

We tied the lines to the traces; the captain wound them around his hands and came up the bank as if there were nothing in gravitation, and gripping his pole.

"Hi!" said Moses. "Go it, Borneo! Here comes the eel."

Captain David gathered himself and looked at the squirming thing on the grass.

"Hitched himself to the wrong man that time, didn't he? Can't fool me!"

He stumped through the alders, leading Borneo and dragging the eel.

"Cap'n David," said Chub, thoughtfully, "if you'd had Borneo 'stead of the *Mary Simpson*, you'd have landed the sea-serpent, wouldn't you?"

"Ay," said Captain David. "Yes. You're right. Borneo's a good hoss."



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A Melancholy Fate

BY CHARLES B. DE CAMP

A GENTLEMAN of parts I sing.
Though oftentimes eccentric, he
Evinced a taste for anything,
Particularly chemistry.

He used to go about with cans
And gather water from the street;
And when he'd poured it out in pans,
Pronounce it always strictly sweet.

He used to climb the highest trees
For bits of exudescent gum;
And when he had a pound of these,
Distil therefrom a kind of rum.

He'd often fill a siphon up
With liquid glue, and demonstrate,
When he had stood it in a cup,
Just why it didn't percolate.

His genius perseverance crowned.
For him it was not work at all,
With mortar 'tween his knees, to pound
For hours upon a rubber ball.

A vein of saving humor through
His learning ran, which rarely is
The case with those devoted to
Exacting scientific biz.

He liked his joke, I'll have you know,
And oft at table with a tit-
Ter said, "This here is H-Two-O,—
You think you ever tasted it?"

A thousand more ensamples of
His blended wit and wisdom might
Employ my pen, but those above
Will have to do; I now must write

About his finish. 'Tis a task
Extremely painful, for I feel
Compelled (though you forbear to ask)
The wretched causes to reveal.

It is a story old as time—
How one misstep has hurlèd down
Attaining virtue, near sublime;—
Torn from the victor's grasp the crown.

One day while hunting for a hose
He chanced the garret door to pass;
And there, arrested by his nose,
Exclaimed, "Why, bless me, I smell gas!"

And he—oh, curse the evil arts
Of circumstance!—undid the latch;
Went in—oh, gentleman of parts!—
He entered in and struck a match.

Why tell you more? Of how they came
And took away the house in carts;
Of how the papers mocked the name
Of him—the gentleman of parts.

For part of him fell in a ditch,
And part went where we could not see,
And part dropp'd in the garden, which
Annoyed the cook excessively.

THE SIGN THAT FAILED

THE roof of Captain Tom Codd's pagoda-like boat-house glistened black in the sunlight. The sides of it and the verandas, under which dories green, red, white, and yellow bobbed over the reflections in the water below, were dazzling white.

Mr. Umber, the paint-manufacturer, approaching down the long causeway, regarded the place with frank admiration. He chuckled a little as he observed that the captain had inscribed the words "Hotel de Lobster" in great black letters across the front of the shanty.

"Been whitewashing and tarring, captain?" he asked.

"Well, some; but not personally. 'Nother man did the work for me. More, too."

"What more?"

"Donated the paint gratis!"

The manufacturer stared at the captain in amazement. "Captain Tom," he said, "if people are giving away paint, it is news to me. You know I am in the paint business myself."

The captain turned his face away and sternly regarded the glittering pools that flashed up the sunlight from among the uneasily moving fields of green marsh-grass. "So I hear," he replied, gravely, "even so." Then he added, "Come on, Mr. Umber, and set awhile in the Lobster, and I'll expound the matter to you.

"You know, last season, Mr. Umber, the Lobster was plumb disreputable-looking. I had laid out to tar the upper decks and whitewash her topsides come this spring. But just about boat-painting time along comes a man from down Boston way selling paint. He comes along every so-so, just about when you've made up your mind he's dead and ain't coming. I took some lead and colors off him for the boats. But that didn't satisfy him. Something seemed to be a-working on his brain; put me in mind of a blackfish sucking the bait off the hook without taking holt.

"'T last he gets up and walks out over the bridge, and stands in the road and takes most general observations on the Lobster.

"'When are you going to give her a coat of paint?' he says.

"'Ain't,' says I, 'but whitewash.'

"'Paint 'd be better,' says he.

"'So would a gold sign up there,' I says. 'And velveteen carpets on the floor, and gilt-framed pictures of the family on the walls.

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A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH

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But trade don't warrant 'em. When I move the Lobster to Kingdomcome, p'r'aps I'll call on you for jasper and sapphire paint for her,' I told him.

"'Stop your talking,' he says, 'and get down to business. 'Twon't cost you a cent.'

"'I don't want to steal paint. I'm an honest man,' says I.

"'Don't have to steal,' says he. 'I'll paint your house for you, and be glad to do it. Now listen.'

"Then he gives me a long discourse on the pictureness of the Lobster, and how it was a landmark for miles up and down the bay, which I knew afore he was born. Then he addressed on the text of the value of publicity, and finally come to port by saying he wanted to put a notice of his paint on the roof of the Lobster.

"Couldn't see it, I couldn't. Where would all the pictureness and landmarkedness be with that sign up there? Next thing some pilot 'd be telling the man at the wheel to keep to the deep channel by making 'due east from the barrel buoy till the Hotel de Paint-sign was in line with the mast of the life-saving station.' Where'd I be, and my trade? He kind of got het up some when I wouldn't have it.

"'Seems to me,' he says, 'old age is telling on your business facilities, captain,' he says, 'when you pass a chance like this. All I ask you to do is to let me paint three words on the roof of your house. Just three words, that's all. Just to let me climb up on your moss-grown old roof and paint those three words.'

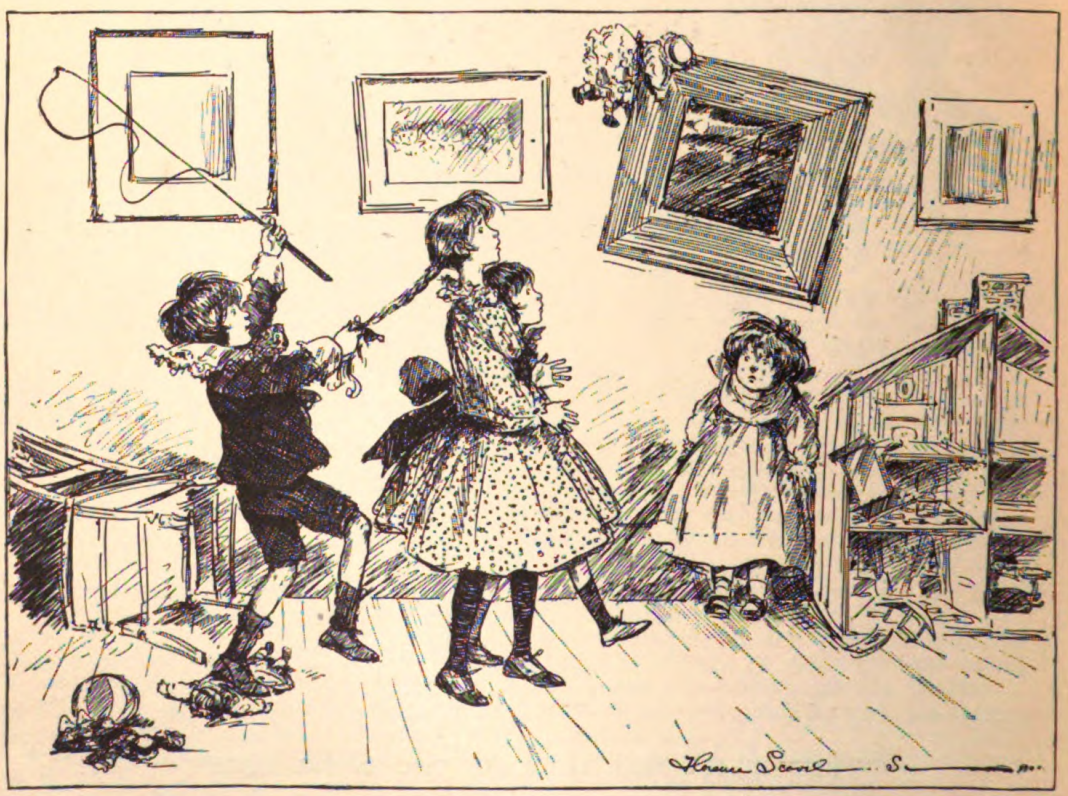
"You see, he was a-talking so much he gave me time to think a bit. And what he said about how little he asked sort of put me about and on another beat.

"'Let me understand,' says I; 'you offer to paint my house; the upper deck black, and topsides and promenade decks white, leaving the under-body bare; and all you ask of me for it is the privilege of letting you paint three words on the roof; is that it?'

"'That's it,' he says; 'you've got the idea!'

"I did have an idea, but I didn't let on to him what it was. Just so! 'Stead of that I asked him how big he was a-going to make the lettering of them words. I had a reason for wanting to know. 'T last we dickered down to making the letters three feet high, no part of any one of 'em to have a beam of more'n seven inches. That suited him. Suited me. Then I held out for two gallon cans of black paint to be throwed in to boot.

"Mr. Paint Peddler begun to kick at that. Said he'd take back all he'd said about my losing my business sense. I didn't forget it, though, just because he'd took it back. He said he had very special reasons for wanting to put the sign somewhere on the



IN CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOUR

Cousin Fred comes to spend the Afternoon

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MINSTREL CUPID

He sings a tender love-song in a voice both sweet and low,
And plays a soft accompaniment upon his well-strung bow

point this summer, and he came around to the extra two gallons of black paint after a while, and we signed articles, so to speak.

"He did a nice job. I'm not denying that. He put on two coats of white and three of black, and his men took their time to do the job shipshape and proper."

"But," said Mr. Umber, "I didn't notice his sign as I came along. Did he put it up?"

"Put it up all right," responded the captain, somewhat uneasily.

Mr. Umber rose and went out to the road and surveyed the roof.

"It isn't there now, anyway," he said, as he walked into the shadow of the veranda again.

"Didn't expect to see it, did you?" asked the captain. "What d'you think I wanted them extra two gallons of black paint for, except to paint it over? I didn't want to stand in a man's way and be disobliging by keeping him from decorating my roof if he wanted to—'specially when he gave me the paint to cover it over with, and limited the size of the letters so I could do it easy."

"You haven't told me yet, captain," said Mr. Umber, gradually controlling his merriment, "what the sign was. I can see myself getting a good dinner out of some competitor of mine with that yarn."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No."

"Well, I had my boy take a picture of the thing before I painted it over, just in case of lawsuits." The captain drew a photograph from his pocket. Mr. Umber looked. He read in large white letters on the roof of the pictured Lobster:

USE UMBER PAINTS

"I hated kind of to do it," said Captain Tom Codd, contritely, "knowing you so well, Mr. Umber, but there wasn't nothing said, after all, about letting it stay there after he had put it on, and my failing business sense" — Captain Tom smiled furtively — "couldn't see the use of letting it stand."

LINDSAY DENISON.

THE OPEN FIRE

THE open fire leaps and glows
In hues of gorgeous gold and rose,
While by the hearth its priestess fair
Wears in flushed cheek and burnished hair
The color that the flame bestows.

When such distractions interpose
Small wonder converse sparsely flows,
While I assume to tend with care
The open fire.

I watch the light that comes and goes
Within her eyes; while longing grows.
A moment more and I aflare
With glowing hope will even dare
To show my heart and there disclose
The open fire!

KATHARINE PERRY.

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Shakspere vs. Bacon. How it Started.



Anne Hathaway. "What a beautiful valentine! Such divine poetry! Now, I wonder who sent it—William or Francis?"

A HEAVENLY INSPIRATION

A PRETTY girl boarded a crowded street car in Washington, and a pompous old gentleman arose and gave her a seat.

After some time a number of passengers got out, and the old gentleman sank into the nearest corner with a weary sigh.

"I wouldn't get up again," he murmured, "for an angel," and then, as he caught the eyes of the girl fixed upon him reproachfully, he added, quickly, "I mean, madam, for *another* angel!" F. L. H.

THE SINFUL BROTHER

IT was at a certain church meeting, and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By-and-by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate.

"Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop, briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother.

"What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian, and not hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother, quietly.

"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."

"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he is."

"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man, hold family prayer?" thundered the bishop.

"He has no family," meekly answered the brother. A. J. B.

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The April Number

IN its fiction, its special articles, and its illustrations, HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April will be a number of exceptional brilliancy and interest. The opening article of the number will be "Washington Society," a vivid picture of social life during the season at the Capital, by A. Maurice Low. Mr. Low's paper will be illustrated with many charming pictures from water-color paintings by W. T. Smedley.

THERE will be seven short stories in the April number; among them are "The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse," by Thomas A. Janvier, charmingly illustrated in tint by Elizabeth Shippen Greene; "The Spartan," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, with pictures by Smedley; "Victor," by Octave Thanet, with pictures by W. D. Stevens; "Prosper's Old Mother," by Bret Harte; "An Hour and a Half from Jamestown," by A. E. Thomas, illustrated by T. K. Hanna; "An Unmanifested Destiny," by Eugene R. White; and "The Gay Chevalier," by Sydney H. Preston.

A LITERARY article of peculiar interest is "Dickens in His Books," by Percy Fitzgerald, a friend of the great novelist and president of the Dickens Club of London. Professor Morris Jastrow gives the final results of the investigations among the recently discovered ruins of "The Palace of Nebuchadnezzar." The article is illustrated with drawings and a richly colored reproduction of one of the unearthed mosaics. Other special articles of importance are "Experiments in Cartography," by Bertelle M. Lyttle; "New Light on Revolutionary Diplomacy," by Henrietta Dana Skinner, with hitherto unpublished letters of John Adams; and "The Mists o' Skye," by Arthur Colton, charmingly illustrated from photographs.

A PARTICULARLY important travel feature of the April number will be "From Paris to New York by Land," by Harry de Windt, F. R. G. S., who is now making this remarkable trip across two continents. The article is illustrated with map showing Mr. De Windt's course and drawings by the author. Other contributions of eminent interest are "Fifty Years of Synthetic Chemistry," by Carl Snyder; "In the Country," a charming essay by E. S. Martin, beautifully illustrated in tint from artistic photographs; "The Stranger," a quaint child sketch by Virginia Yeaman Remnitz, with picture by Elizabeth Shippen Greene; and a striking sketch of Biblical times entitled "The Seamless Robe," by H. Christian Troutman. There are twenty-eight separate contributions in this number.

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"His House was known to all the Vagrant Train" DRAWN BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIV MARCH, 1902 No. DCXXII

The Lineage of the English Bible

BY H. W. HOARE

IT may be doubted whether among those who take up an English Bible there are more than a few who realize what a long history lies behind the version at which they are looking, and how rich in interest that history is. Yet the subject is one which appeals to a wide circle, and for such of our readers as may be unfamiliar with it a few pages may not be thrown away in the endeavor to sketch in outline the literary pedigree of what is perhaps the most notable work in the world.

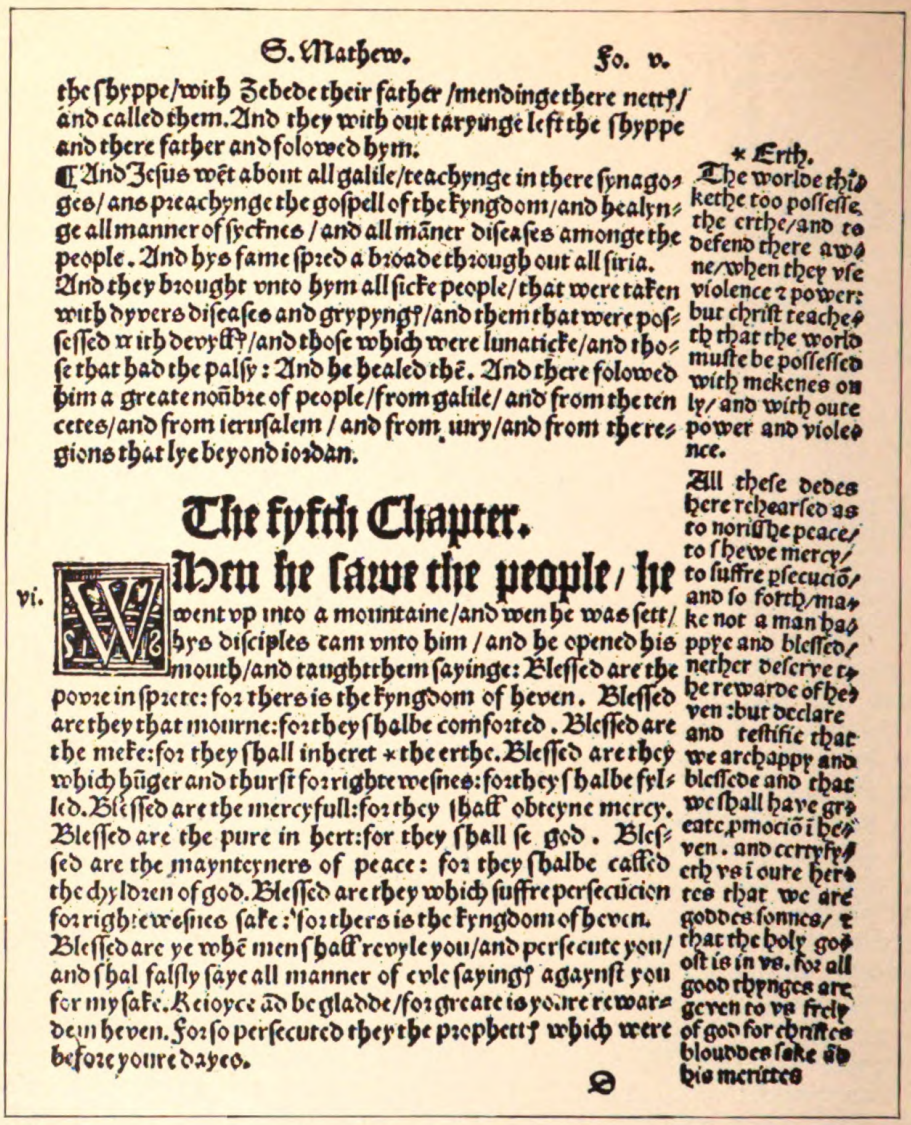
In severe strictness we can hardly carry our present printed Bible back beyond the Reformation. Its parent source, as we shall presently see, is Tyndale, and Tyndale's first New Testament dates from 1525, or the sixteenth year of the reign of King Henry VIII. Many revisions, including the author's own, have been made since then, both of his New Testament and of his uncompleted work on the Old; but so sound was his scholarship, so felicitous his diction, so majestic his rhythm, that something like four-fifths of his latest renderings still survive unaltered in our Old Testaments, and a yet higher proportion in our New.

But while we cannot too highly honor Tyndale as the true father of our English Bible, it would be wrong to forget that we had a complete hand-written Bible as early as the fourteenth century, and that the practically unbroken line of our translators carries us back for yet another six or seven hundred years to the days of the great monk of Jarrow, the Venerable Bede, the father, as Burke calls him, of English learning. Let our readers, then, allow their imagination to transport them for a brief space into the Anglo-Saxon England of the first few decades of the eighth century.

More than a hundred years, let us suppose, have gone by since Augustine landed his little company in Kent. Partly through their efforts, but to a far greater degree through the Celtic fervor of Aidan, and of the northern missions, the pagan settlers have been brought over to the faith of Christ. Moreover, this is England's second conversion. But just as British Christianity produced no Celtic Bible, so tradition can tell of no early English Bible. In other lands it had been otherwise. As long ago as the second century the Latin-speaking West had received the Scriptures in Latin, while, a little later on, the East had received them in Syriac. Why was the case different with the nations that arose out of the wreck of the Roman Empire, and, in particular, why was it different with these islands? The answer is, that although there were not wanting scholars like Bede, and saints like Aidan, the raw material upon which missionary monks had to work was coarse and rude. Outside the monasteries very few persons knew even how to read. Life for

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S. Mathew. Fo. v.

the shyppe/with Zebede their father/mendinge there nettes/ and called them. And they with out taryinge left the shyppe and there father and folowed hym.

¶ And Jesus wet about all galile/teachynge in there synagoges/ and preachynge the gospell of the kyngdom/and healynge all manner of sycknes/and all māner diseases amonge the people. And hys fame spred a broade through out all siria. And they brought vnto hym all sicke people/that were taken with dyvers diseases and grypyngs/and them that were possessed with devyls/and those which were lunaticke/and those that had the palsy: And he healed thē. And there folowed him a greate noūbre of people/from galile/and from the tenceres/and from ierusalem/and from iury/and from there regions that lye beyond iordan.

* Erth. The worlde thinkethe too possesse the erthe/and to defend there awne/when they vse violence & power: but christ teacheth that the world muste be possessed with mekenes only/and with oute power and violence.

The fyfth Chapter.

vi. When he sawe the people/ he went vp into a mountaine/and wen he was sett/ hys disciples cam vnto him/and he opened his mouth/and taught them sayinge: Blessed are the povre in spirite: for thers is the kyngdom of heven. Blessed are they that mourne: for they shalbe comforted. Blessed are the meke: for they shall inheret * the erthe. Blessed are they which hūger and thurst for righte wesnes: for they shalbe fylled. Blessed are the mercyfull: for they shall obteyne mercy. Blessed are the pure in hert: for they shall se god. Blessed are the maynteyners of peace: for they shalbe called the chyldren of god. Blessed are they which suffre persecucion for righte wesnes sake: for thers is the kyngdom of heven. Blessed are ye whē men shall revyle you/and persecute you/ and shal falsly saye all manner of evle sayings agaynst you for my sake. Reioyce ād be gladde/for greate is youre rewarde in heven. For so persecuted they the prophetes which were before youre dayes.

All these dedes here rehearsed as to norisshe peace/ to shewe mercy/ to suffre psecucio/ and so forth/make not a man happy and blessed/ nether deserve the reward of heven: but declare and testifie that we are happy and blessede and that we shall have greate promocio in heven. and certifyeth vs in oure herte that we are goddes sonnes/ & that the holy goost is in vs. for all good thynges are geven to vs freely of god for christes blouddes sake ād his merittes

Specimen Page from Tyndale's Bible

our Saxon forefathers meant for the most part the battle and the chase, the bowl and the banquet. Savage and ignorant, they had to be taught the first elements of self-discipline and self-restraint before a written Bible could be of any benefit to them. In the long preliminary task which was pressing for accomplishment book-learning found no place.

While this preparatory labor of moral training and of organization was going on, the modest requirements of converts, whether clerical or lay, were met by renderings into the native tongue of such portions of the Latin Bible and liturgy as were in most familiar use. Bede eagerly encouraged such versions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments, and the last moments of his busy life were devoted to completing a translation of the fourth Gospel. In like manner Abbot Aelfric vernacularized the books of Moses, Joshua, Judges, Kings, Esther, Judith, and the two books of Maccabees. "*I have englished this* (Judith) *for your example,*" he says to Ethelward, "*that you also may defend your country against foreign hosts.*" In frequent use, too, were various metrical versions of incidents in the Bible story, and "glosses" of psalm and gospel in which each line of the Latin original had its Anglo-Saxon equivalent inserted underneath it.

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This much, then, for such fragmentary anticipations as we find of the translation which as yet was in the distant future. It is not, however, to any dumb parchments that we must look for the operative Bible of those semi-pagan days. That lay elsewhere. It lay in the living voice of the popular minstrels, in the power of pure and self-sacrificing Christian lives, in the sacred pictures which through the ministry of religious art spoke to the worshipper from the altar and the walls of his country church. It was Cædmon's rude poetry that was the earliest instructor of Northumbria, while, in the south, we read how Abbot Aldhelm chose the disguise of a bard in order that he might beguile wayfarers on the bridge by Malmesbury with his singing, and teach them at the same time. Songs, he found, were incomparably more attractive than sermons.

From Saxon England let us now spirit ourselves into the closing years of the fourteenth century. The devastations of the Dane have long been forgotten. The conquering Norman has at last been naturalized and assimilated. Latin of course is still the language of church and university, but the old home speech, bearing the marks of its long struggle with the invader, is fast winning its way as a literary dialect, and making ready for its public baptism by Chaucer. Feudal England is settling down into an independent nationality, and the mediæval sway of the "World-Monarch" and of the "World-Priest" is being weakened on every side. The age is restless, dissatisfied, and feverish, and we seem to catch a reflection of its spirit in a figure which stands out head and shoulders above the crowd. It is the figure of John Wycliffe, well called "the last of the Schoolmen and the first of the Reformers."

Marked out among his brother theologians by his conviction that the Bible ranked far above all the traditions of the schools, Wycliffe was surnamed the "evangelical" Doctor. He looked to the simplicity of the gospel message for a reformation of conduct, and his object was to effect a complete translation of the Latin Bible, and to spread a knowledge of it among the common people by an organization of trained missionary preachers. This object he achieved, but a question has of late years been raised by Father Gasquet whether the English versions which have come down to us are really the versions made by the Reformer and his friends. Father Gasquet



WILLIAM TYNDALE
After an engraving by W. Humphrys

contends that they were the work of Wycliffe's life-long antagonists, the bishops, and that the Wycliffe translation has been lost. All that can be said here is that the balance of expert opinion is against this contention, and that in the great edition of 1850 by Forshal and Madden we possess just what we have hitherto believed ourselves to possess, namely, an

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English Bible of 1382, partly from the hand of Wycliffe and partly by Nicholas of Hereford, and also an English Bible of 1388, which is not an independent version, but a revision of the earlier one, by John Purvey, Wycliffe's curate at Lutterworth.

To us, we confess, it appears very improbable that if Wycliffe and his friends had known of any previously existing translation they would have remained silent on the subject, especially if the translation had been made by the Church. For the head and front of their offence was that they were introducing a *pernicious innovation,* and casting pearls before swine. Moreover, Wycliffe does in his writings refer to a previous version, but then it was not an English version. "As lords in England," he says, "have the Bible *in French,* so it were not against reason that they hadden the same in English."

The chief points of general interest about these Bibles are the following:

(1) They are not from the Hebrew and Greek, but from the Latin.

(2) They are anonymous, which suggests a fear of the ecclesiastical authorities.

(3) They are coincident with the development of the native speech into a literary dialect, with the moral decadence of the papacy, and with the growing sense of nationality.

(4) They spread abroad and helped to keep alive the idea of a people's Bible in the people's English.

(5) They point to Wycliffe's earnest desire to purify the gross corruptions of church and state in his day, and to lay stress on the primary religious importance of a Christian life lived in the love and fear of God.

(6) Though divided into chapters, they are not divided into verses. This latter division dates only from the sixteenth century. It was introduced into England with the Genevan Bible.

Lastly, we feel a sort of kinship with these old Bibles when we remember that some of their phrases still survive. Among such phrases are *"the beam and the mote," "the deep things of God," "the cup of blessing which we bless," "the strait gate."* Their rendering of part of the "Magnificat" is as follows:

> And Mary seyde: My soul magnifieth the Lord, and my spiryt hath gladid in God myn helthe. For he hath beholden the mekeness of his handmayde. Loo! forsooth of this alle generations shulen seye me blessid. For he that is mighti hath done grete thingis to me, and his name is holy.

We pass on to the Reformation period, and to the printing of a New Testament in English by William Tyndale, the scholar to whose heroism, devotion, and genius we owe so great a debt.

Two great events influence this epoch. The one is the revival of letters, carrying with it the eager study of Hebrew and Greek. The other is the invention of paper and of printing. Translators could now go back to the original languages of Scripture, and a check was imposed on those many unavoidable errors which creep into a hand-transmitted text. That which had been the toil of months and years became the work of a few days or hours, that which had been costly became cheap, and that which had circulated sluggishly from hand to hand was scattered broadcast among a newly formed reading public.

For under the Tudors, and owing to the operation of economic and commercial causes, the urban middle class was on the increase, and this class became full of growing eagerness for a national Bible. The Wycliffe Bibles had been rendered antiquated by changes in the language, and even in their own day had been only of secondary authority as translations of a translation.

Bible study had strongly attracted Tyndale as far back as his Oxford days. Soon after he had left Oxford for Cambridge, Erasmus brought out his Latin translation of the New Testament, and thus challenged the hitherto accepted infallibility of the Vulgate. Four years later, in 1520, Luther burnt the Pope's Bull. In 1521 he was condemned at the Diet of Worms. In 1522 appeared his German Testament. It would have been strange if Tyndale's wish for an English version had not been intensified by the electrical shock of these events. It became the passion of his life. Accordingly in 1523 he sought a home in London, hoping in due season to publish there. But Bishop Tunstall, to whom he applied, turned him adrift, and it needed

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JOHN WYCLIFFE
After an engraving by C. White

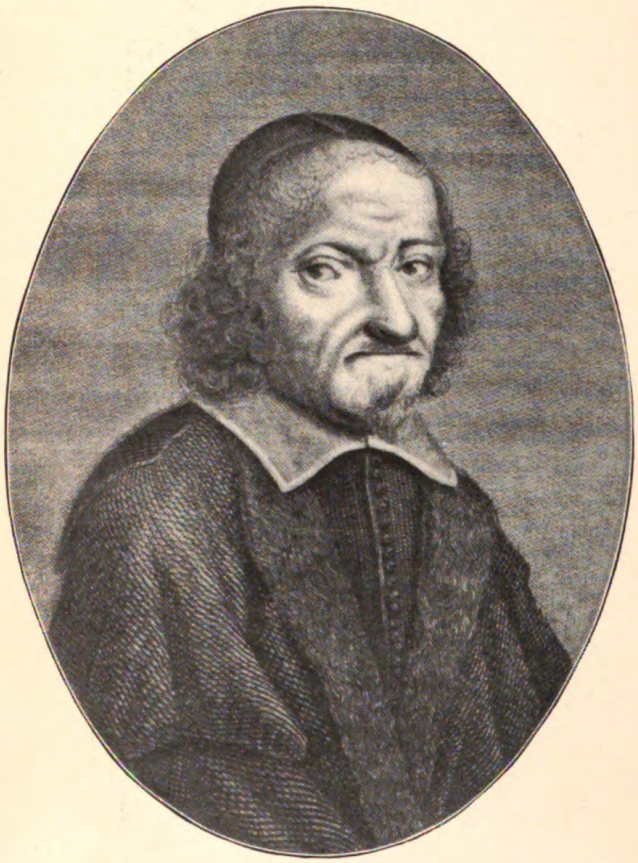
but a few months' experience to convince him that, under existing circumstances, no English printer would dare to take up his business. Ecclesiastical hostility was much too strong. Nothing daunted, he embraced an exile's lot, and the imminent risk of being put to death, sooner than abandon his fixed purpose. By the spring of 1525 he had got ready in the press at Cologne a quarto edition of an English New Testament.

How a Roman spy informed against him, how he fled to Worms with his partially printed sheets, how, in spite of Wolsey's lynx-eyed inquisitors, two editions, one of quarto size with notes, and one of octavo size without notes, were smuggled into England in the early months of 1526, we have no space to tell here. Packed away in sacks of flour, in cloth bales, in any hiding-place which conveniently suggested itself, they contrived to reach their destination. But so vigorous was the search for them that of the many thousands which were distributed, there are now but three solitary survivors. Of the quarto we have but one mutilated fragment; of the octavo, only two copies.

Tyndale did not live to complete his

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translation. By 1536 he had finished and published the whole of the New Testament, the Pentateuch, and the Book of Jonah. In addition to this he had by him, unpublished and in manuscript, nine additional books of the Old Testament



MILES COVERDALE
After an engraving by Thomas Trotter

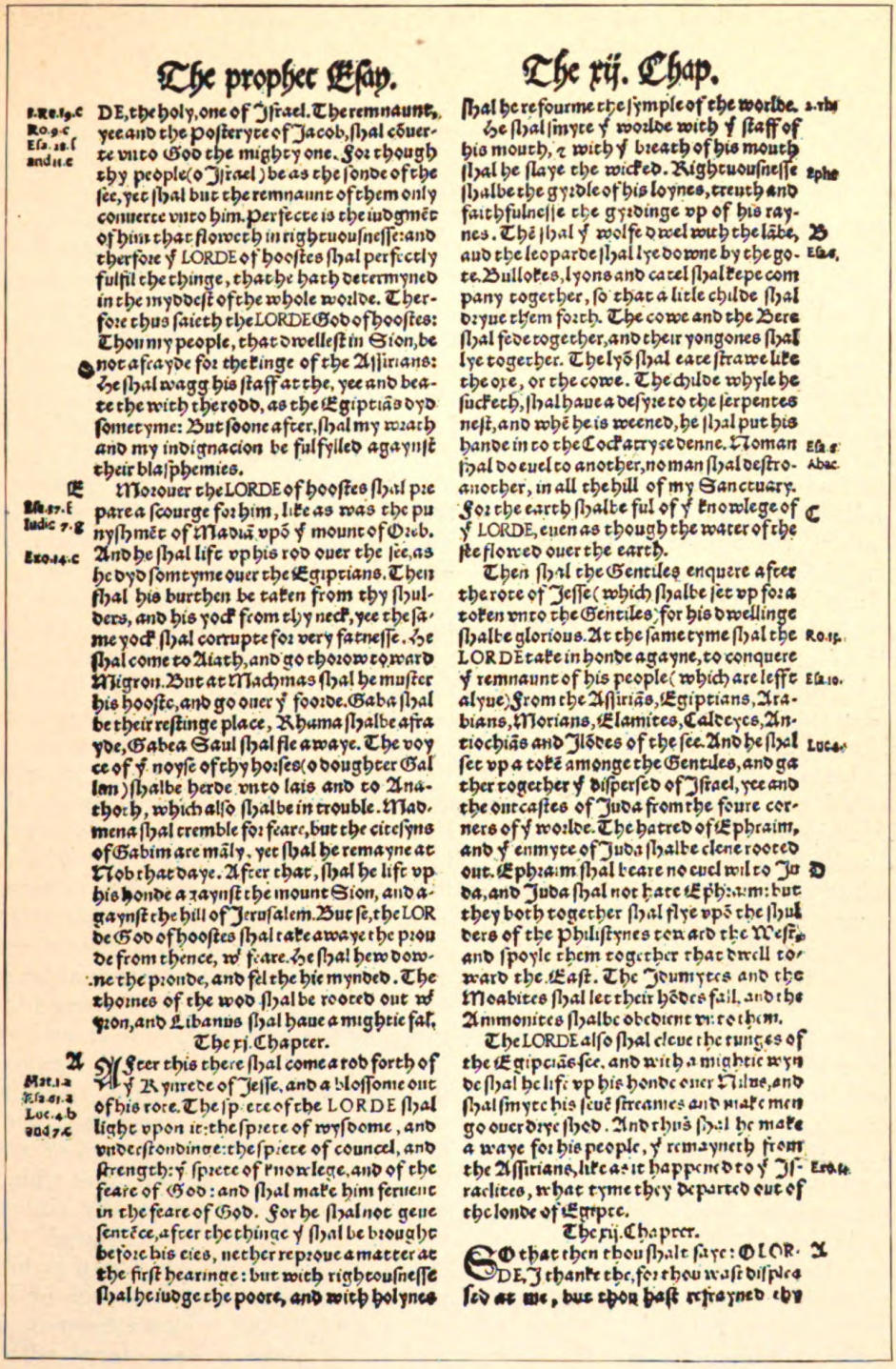
(Joshua to II. Chronicles, inclusive). In May, 1535, he was arrested and thrown into prison; and on October 6, 1536, he was strangled, and his body burnt at the stake.

A year before his martyrdom, and while he was in Vilvorde prison, a complete English Bible, by Miles Coverdale, who became a bishop under Edward VI., was published either at Antwerp or at Zürich. The date was October, 1535. Its origin is shrouded in uncertainty. We know, however, that Coverdale was chiefly resident on the Continent for some years before 1535, and we have his own candid admission that translation with him was no spontaneous impulse, but that he took it up at the urgent instance of patrons, and because Tyndale's career was plainly coming to an end. The patrons were Thomas Cromwell and Sir Thomas More. When Cromwell (whose Protestantism savored somewhat strongly of the cult of the rising sun) foresaw that the King's marriage with Anne would make strongly for the Protestant side, it is quite likely that he determined to anticipate any renewed call which might arise for an English Bible, and that he set Coverdale confidentially to work.

Thus far, then, we have introduced our readers to two Bibles which may be called the formative Bibles of the Reformation. They differ in more ways than one. Tyndale went straight to the Hebrew and Greek. Coverdale, but little versed in Hebrew, used the best Latin and German translations, and availed himself of Tyndale's translations. Coverdale's is a complete Bible. Tyndale had left Ezra to Malachi (except the Book of Jonah) untranslated. The one is first and foremost the scholar, and he displays all the scholar's severe conscientiousness and absorption in his task. The other is the artist; receptive, cosmopolitan, full of dexterity and resource. Tyndale's characteristics are strength and self-reliance; Coverdale's, gentleness and docility. The former was made to lead, the latter to follow. Coverdale could never have made a hero, nor Tyndale a courtier. As translators they both ring with the true note of literary distinction; both have the instinct of rhythm; both are alike lovers of homeliness and simplicity. Coverdale has beauties innumerable* of his own, but for accuracy, majesty, stateliness, and grandeur the palm must be awarded to Tyndale.

* We need only refer to the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms, which is nearly all his work, or to Isaiah in our Bibles. There, by a comparison with his revision in the Great Bible, his hand is sufficiently evident.

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The prophet Esay.

DE, the holy, one of Israel. The remnaunt, yee and the posteryte of Jacob, shal cõuerte vnto God the mighty one. For though thy people (o Israel) be as the sonde of the see, yet shal but the remnaunt of them only converte vnto him. Perfecte is the iudgmẽt of him that floweth in righteousnesse: and therfore ỹ LORDE of hooستes shal perfectly fulfil the thinge, that he hath determyned in the myddest of the whole worlde. Therfore thus saieth the LORDE God of hooستes: Thou my people, that dwellest in Sion, be not afrayde for the kinge of the Assirians: he shal wagg his staff at the, yee and beate the with therodd, as the Egiptiãs dyd sometyme: But soone after, shal my wrath and my indignacion be fulfylled agaynst their blasphemies.

Moreover the LORDE of hooستes shal prepare a scourge for him, like as was the punyshmẽt of Madiã vpõ ỹ mount of Oreb. And he shal lift vp his rod ouer the see, as he dyd sometyme ouer the Egiptians. Then shal his burthen be taken from thy shulders, and his yock from thy neck, yee the same yock shal corrupte for very fatnesse. He shal come to Aiath, and go thorow toward Migron. But at Machmas shal he muster his hooste, and go ouer ỹ foorde. Gaba shal be their restinge place, Rhama shalbe afrayde, Gabea Saul shal fle awaye. The voyce of ỹ noyse of thy horses (o doughter Gallim) shalbe herde vnto Iais and to Anathoth, which also shalbe in trouble. Madmena shal cremble for feare, but the citesyns of Gabim are mãly, yet shal he remayne at Nob that daye. After that, shal he lift vp his honde a zaynst the mount Sion, and agaynst the hill of Jerusalem. But se, the LORde God of hooستes shal take awaye the prode from thence, w feare. He shal hew downe the prounde, and fel the hie mynded. The thornes of the wod shal be rooted out w yron, and Libanus shal haue a mightie fal.

The xj. Chapter.

AFter this there shal come a rod forth of ỹ Kynrede of Jesse, and a blossome out of his rote. The spirite of the LORDE shal light vpon it: the spirite of wysdome, and vnderstondinge: the spirite of counsel, and strength: ỹ spirite of knowlege, and of the feare of God: and shal make him feruent in the feare of God. For he shal not gene sentẽce, after the thinge ỹ shal be brought before his eies, nether reprouе a matter at the first hearinge: but with righteousnesse shal he iudge the poore, and with holynes shal he reforme the symple of the worlde.

He shal smyte ỹ worlde with ỹ staff of his mouth, & with ỹ breath of his mouth shal he slaye the wicked. Righteousnesse shalbe the gyrdle of his loynes, treuth and faithfulnesse the gyrdinge vp of his raynes. Thẽ shal ỹ wolfe dwel with the lãbe, and the leoparde shal lye downe by the gote. Bullokes, lyons and catel shal kepe company together, so that a litle childe shal dryue them forth. The cowe and the Bere shal fede together, and their yongones shal lye together. The lyõ shal eate strawe like the oxe, or the cowe. The childe whyle he sucketh, shal haue a desyre to the serpentes nest, and whẽ he is weened, he shal put his hande in to the Cockatrysedenne. Noman shal do euel to another, no man shal destroy another, in all the hill of my Sanctuary. For the earth shalbe ful of ỹ knowlege of ỹ LORDE, euen as though the water of the see flowed ouer the earth.

Then shal the Gentiles enquere after the rote of Jesse (which shalbe set vp for a token vnto the Gentiles) for his dwellinge shalbe glorious. At the same tyme shal the LORDE take in honde agayne, to conquere ỹ remnaunt of his people (which are lefte alyue) from the Assiriãs, Egiptians, Arabians, Morians, Elamites, Caldeyes, Antiochiãs and Jlõdes of the see. And he shal set vp a tokẽ amonge the Gentiles, and gather together ỹ dispersed of Jsrael, yee and the outcastes of Juda from the foure corners of ỹ worlde. The hatred of Ephraim, and ỹ enmyte of Juda shalbe clene rooted out. Ephraim shal beare no euel wil to Juda, and Juda shal not hate Ephraim: but they both together shal flye vpõ the shulders of the philistynes toward the West, and spoyle them together that dwell toward the East. The Idumytes and the Moabites shal let their hõdes fall, and the Ammonites shalbe obedient vnto them.

The LORDE also shal cleue the tunges of the Egiptiãs see, and with a mightie wynde shal he lift vp his honde ouer Nilus, and shal smyte his seuẽ streames and make men go ouer drye shod. And thus shal he make a waye for his people, ỹ remayneth from the Assirians, like as it happened to ỹ Jsraelites, what tyme they departed out of the londe of Egipte.

The xij. Chapter.

SO that then thou shalt saye: O LORde, I thanke the, for thou wast displesed at me, but thou hast refrayned thy

Specimen Page from Coverdale's Bible, 1535

There was yet another essential difference. Though Tyndale's Testament was anonymous, the secret of it was soon out. Now it happened that his name was in bad odor both with the King and the Church. He had written against the divorce. He was the author of works which were branded as heretical. He was mixed up with Lutheranism; and Lutheranism, in the eyes of Henry and of the Catholic party, meant not reform, but revolution. Moreover, Tyndale had trans-

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lated according to what he believed to be the best literal and grammatical sense, and in so doing had disregarded certain well-established and deeply venerated ecclesiastical terms, such as "grace," "charity," "priest," "penance." His version, accordingly, was denounced as untrustworthy, as a book tainted with the plague-spot of heresy, and deserving only of the flames. Not so with Coverdale. Doubtless he too was heart and soul on the side of the Reformation, but he was not notorious as an extreme man, and he did his utmost to be conciliatory. It was never his intention or desire to become a translator. If he carried out what Cromwell had enjoined on him, it was (as he tells us himself) because he saw that Tyndale, the prince of translators, was doomed, and because he was profoundly anxious that his cause should not die with him. He saw also that the prospects of an English Bible were now brighter by far than they had heretofore been. His translation, accordingly, had no need to be anonymous. Nay, more, it bore an obsequious dedication to Henry, framed no doubt with a view of floating the volume into favor. Cromwell failed to secure for it the royal authorization in 1536, but, on the other hand, the publication was never publicly prohibited; and when the edition of 1537 appeared, it was under the "*most gracious license*" of the Supreme Head.

We come now to the Bible which is the basis of all later work, the Bible from whose text, through the line of the Great Bible (1539), the Bishops' Bible (1568), and the King's Bible (1611), the revised versions of 1881 and 1885 are directly descended. The version to which we refer is dated 1537, and is known as Matthews' Bible. Like Coverdale's, this Bible was printed abroad; very probably in Antwerp, where Tyndale had been arrested, and it was dedicated by one "Thomas Matthews" (a feigned name) to Henry. Who Matthews may have been must remain quite uncertain. Perhaps he was a friendly merchant who paid the necessary printing expenses. The real author was John Rogers, who suffered martyrdom at Smithfield in 1555. Now Rogers had long been on terms of close friendship with Tyndale. He was also his literary executor, and his object at this juncture was twofold. In the first place he wished to perpetuate the whole of Tyndale's finished work. In the next place he wished to expand it, by incorporating a part of Coverdale's version into a complete Bible. Including the manuscript left in his hands, Rogers had of Tyndale's translation (1) the New Testament, (2) the Old Testament as far as II. Chronicles, (3) the book of Jonah. With this last exception the books from Ezra to Malachi still remained to be done. These books Rogers took therefore from the Coverdale Bible. Why he did not take Jonah from the Tyndale version one cannot say. Perhaps he could not procure a copy. At any rate he did take it from Coverdale, as Coverdale himself had taken it in great measure from Tyndale. In his editorial capacity he thus produced an amalgam, some two-thirds of which, if a broad view be taken, may be said to represent Tyndale, and the other third Coverdale. His folio contained a large mass of extraneous matter, and the margin was freely used for the inevitable "notes," some of which, after the fashion of the day, were offensively polemical. There was also a prefatory exhortation to the study of Scripture, which greatly delighted Cranmer. This Bible reached England about July, 1537. The Primate, who almost seems to have been expecting its arrival, at once sent a copy to Cromwell, begging him to persuade the King to license it, and within a very few days Cromwell, strange to say, had actually succeeded. Cranmer, who, when he heard it, exclaimed that the news was better than a present of £1000, must surely have known that this so-called "Matthews" was really (in great measure) Tyndale resuscitated. Yet church and state quietly conspire to impose the fraud upon a monarch of Henry's uncertain and volcanic temperament, and act out the solemn farce with all possible success. The whole transaction is indeed one of the standing curiosities of history.

Of one thing we may at any rate be tolerably sure. Neither the minister nor the Archbishop could have slept quietly in his bed while this Bible was being sold under the King's sanction. In the north the gathering storm against Cromwellism had already broken out. At any

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TITLE-PAGE, DESIGNED BY HOLBEIN, FOR THE "GREAT BIBLE" (1539)

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moment Henry might discover that he had been duped, and the scaffold might not improbably be the result. Cromwell lost no time in providing against the danger. In order so far as possible to cover up Tyndale's trail, and to efface the memory of Rogers's "notes," he instructed the indefatigable Coverdale to act as editor in the preparation of that famous revision which was to become known as "The Great Bible." No expense was to be spared in producing a typographical masterpiece which should drive all its rivals out of the field.

In the spring of 1538, Coverdale, Grafton the King's printer, and Regnault the French printer, set to work in Paris under a conditional license from Francis I. They had made fair progress, and had sent over some printed sheets to London, when on December 17 the Inquisitor General swooped down on them, and they sought safety in flight. But the "waste paper" as which their revision had been sold was craftily recovered. Presses, types, and workmen were carried over to England, and in April, 1539, the first edition of Cromwell's "*Great Bible*" made its appearance. A prominent feature in it was the engraving on the title-page from a design by Holbein. The picture deserves attentive study even if it be only as a piece of history. In the upper section the Saviour is represented in the clouds committing the "Word of Truth" to the King. Just below we see Henry, on his throne, transmitting the book, through Cranmer, to the clergy on his right, and, through Cromwell, to the lay peers on his left. A little lower come Cranmer and Cromwell again, while at the base is a preacher addressing a crowd of grateful and applauding subjects.

During 1540 and 1541 no less than six editions were published. For the second issue, of April, 1540, Cranmer wrote a Preface, and it is this which has caused this version to be so often called "Cranmer's Bible," whereas its originator was Cromwell, and its revising editor Coverdale. A later issue bears the notification that it was "oversene and perused" by Cuthbert of Duresme and Nicholas of Rochester. Now this Cuthbert was no other than the Bishop Tunstall who had turned Tyndale from his palace, and had burnt his New Testament at Paul's Cross. The martyr's dying prayer had been, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." How thankful and exultant would he have been could he have seen his work, embodied in this "Great Bible," receive the blessing of the ecclesiastical Vicegerent, of the Primate, and of the Bishop of London, and have watched it being set up in every parish church by the direct command of the "Defender of the Faith"!

Such, then, was the origin of Cromwell's Bible, which had a reign of nearly thirty years, whose renderings were adopted by our first Prayer-Book of 1549, and whose *Psalter* is specially retained, as set forth in a note prefixed to our prayer-books of to-day.

The various titles of the successive versions of our Bible tend somewhat to obscure a fact which it is the object of this little sketch to bring into relief. We hear of Tyndale's Bible, of Coverdale's, of Matthews', and the rest, and we naturally form an idea of them as independent books, not as correlated members of one organic whole. But it is one of the glories of our Bible that it has been a gradual national growth. The spell of the "divine library" has attracted one man after another, and one set of men after another, to its service. The idea of a Bible for the people, in the language neither of the court nor of the schools, but of the people themselves, seems to have originated with Wycliffe. Tyndale took up the idea and clothed it in imperishable glory. Coverdale, diffidently following in his footsteps, filled up his incompleteness. Thus the great lines were laid down forever. All subsequent work has been not retranslation, but revision, not the making of a new Bible, but the bettering of the old one. From Lutterworth to Westminster, from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth, this principle has prevailed — the principle, namely, of a popular Bible, in idiomatic English, conveying, so far as one language can represent another, the meaning of the original Hebrew and Greek.

For the rest we must be very brief. The "Great Bible" marks a pause in the work of Bible-making. As early as October, 1536, the so-called "Pilgrimage of Grace," or revolt of the north of England, had showed that Cromwell was go-

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ing too fast. The King turned upon him, and in July, 1540, he went to the block. The pendulum began to swing back towards the party of Gardiner, and no fresh revision was made till the reign of Elizabeth. During that reign the work was taken up again from three different quarters, namely, by the Puritan exiles, by the Roman Catholic exiles, and by the English bishops. The Puritans produced the Genevan Bible of 1560; the Roman Catholics, in 1582, the New Testament part of the Douai Bible, to which the Old Testament (held back only from want of funds) was added in 1610; and the Church of England the Bishops' Bible of 1568.

Both the Genevan Bible and the Douai Bible occupy a very important position in the history of our translations, but neither of them is, so to speak, in the direct line of succession, though no versions had more influence on the Authorized Version of 1611. The Bishops' Bible, on the other hand, is in the direct line. It is based on the Great Bible, to which Coverdale, as revising editor, devoted his best work, and is itself the basis of the King's Bible, as that in turn is of the Revised Version. Our readers may fairly ask, therefore, to have its origin explained.

This Church Bible was published under the guidance of Archbishop Parker, a fine scholar and a great advocate of uniformity. We may almost say that it was forced upon him by the situation in which the Church found itself. On the one side was the Great Bible, which was already becoming antiquated, while its editor, Coverdale, was but a poor Hebrew scholar, and had consequently been compelled to lean on the best translations that were to be had. Moreover, this new version was now seen to be greatly inferior to the Genevan Bible in accuracy and expression. Yet a Bible so redolent of Calvinism as the Genevan could not become the standard book of the Church. Either, then, there must be a confusing medley of authorities, or else the bishops must supersede all existing versions by a Bible in all respects worthy of church and state. It will thus be seen that the Bishops' Bible was an attempt by the Primate of the day, assisted by his episcopal brethren, to bring forward an edition which should bring order into chaos, and should take rank as *the* Bible of the land. The attempt failed. Borrowing from Geneva the excellent principle of co-operation, Parker was unsuccessful in carrying it into practice. The work done was of uneven merit, and it lacked unity of tone. The volume itself was too heavy, cumbersome, and costly for anything but liturgical use. In scholarship it was defective. Its ecclesiastical predecessor, the Great Bible, naturally gave place to it, but not so the Genevan version. Convenient in size, moderate in price, printed in roman type, and divided into verses, clothed with the prestige of the names of Calvin and Beza, fragrant, for many, with pathetic memories, as good a translation as the best learning of the age could produce, the Genevan or Puritan Bible rose rapidly into favor, and became the home Bible of England and Scotland until, after a protracted rivalry, it was superseded by the King's Bible of 1611.

This latter has won its place by its irresistible superiority. Its scholarship marked a conspicuous advance even on that of Geneva. It was free from bias, and did not provoke opposition by any polemical notes. The character of its diction was in full harmony with the key-note which Wycliffe had been the first to sound, and which Tyndale had re-echoed. Its English was the people's English, yet reflecting at the same time all the glow and glory of a period never surpassed in the whole history of letters. Receiving the jewel committed to them with a deep sense of devout responsibility, King James's revisers provided for it a setting of imperishable beauty. In strength and tenderness, in its sustained note of nobility and solemnity, in its wondrous pathos, in its chastened sobriety, simplicity, and directness, in the semblance of inevitableness under which the elaborate art of it lies concealed, in its haunting cadences and rhythms, the richness and power and grandeur of our native tongue have been enshrined for evermore. In other respects our debt to King James may not be great, but in the history of the English Bible he stands out as the energetic, sagacious, and wide-minded promoter of an enterprise not unworthy of the nation.

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YOU CLUNG TO HER APRON FOR SUPPORT IN YOUR MUTE AGONY

Grandmother

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

IN the days when you went into the country to visit her, Grandmother was a gay, spry little lady with velvety cheeks and gold-rimmed spectacles, knitting reins for your hobby-horse, and spreading bread and butter and brown sugar for you in the hungry middle of the afternoon. For a bumped head there was nothing in the bottles to compare with the magic of her lips.

"And what did the floor do to my poor little lamb? See! Grandmother will make the place well again." And when she had kissed it three times, lo! you knew that you were hungry, and on the door-sill of Grandmother's pantry you shed a final tear.

When you arrived for a visit, and Grandmother had taken off your cap and coat as you sat in her lap, you would say,

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YOU WATCHED THEM AS THEY WENT DOWN THE WALK TOGETHER

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softly, "Grandmother." Then she would know that you wanted to whisper, and she would lower her ear till it was even with your lips. Through the hollow of your two hands you said it:

"I think I would like some sugar pie now, Grandmother."

And then she would laugh till the tears came, and wipe her spectacles, for that was just what she had been waiting for you to say all the time, and if you had not said it—but, of course, that was impossible. Always, on the day before you came, she made two little sugar pies in two little round tins with crinkled edges. One was for you, and the other was for Lizbeth.

After you had eaten your pies you chased the rooster till he dropped you a white tail feather in token of surrender, and just tucking the feather into your cap made you an Indian. Grandmother stood at the window and watched you while you scalped the sunflowers. The Indians and tigers at Grandmother's were wilder than those in your yard at home.

Being an Indian made you think of tents, and then you remembered Grandmother's old plaid shawl. She never wore it now, for she had a new one, but she kept it for you in the closet beneath the stairs. While you were gone, it hung in the dark alone, dejected, waiting for you to come back and play. When you came, at last, and dragged it forth, it clung to you warmly, and did everything you said: stretched its frayed length from chair to chair and became a tent for you; swelled proudly in the summer gale till your boat scudded through the surf of waving grass, and you anchored safely, to fish with string and pin, by the Isles of the Red Geraniums.

"The pirates are coming," you cried to Lizbeth, scanning the horizon of picket fence.

"The pirates are coming," she repeated, dutifully.

"And now we must haul up the anchor," you commanded, dragging in the stone. Lizbeth was in terror. "Oh, my poor dolly," she cried, hushing it in her arms. Gallantly the old plaid shawl caught the breeze; and as it filled, your boat leaped forward through—

"Harry! Lizbeth! Come and be washed for dinner!"

Grandmother's voice came out to you across the waters. You hesitated. The pirate ship was close behind. You could see the cutlasses flashing in the sun.

"More sugar pies," sang the Grandmother siren on the rocks of the front porch, and at those melting words the pirate ship was a mere speck on the horizon. Seizing Lizbeth by the hand, you ran boldly across the sea.

By the white bowl Grandmother took your chin in one hand and lifted up your face.

"My, what a dirty boy!"

With the rough wet rag she mopped the dirt away—grime of your long sea-voyage—while you squinted your eyes and pursed up your lips to keep out the soap. You clung to her apron for support in your mute agony.

"Grand—," you managed to sputter ere the wet rag smothered you. Warily you waited till the cloth went higher, to your puckered eyes. Then, "Grand-m-m—" but that was all, for with a trail of suds the rag swept down again, and as the half-word slipped out, the soap slipped in. So Grandmother dug and dug till she came to the pink stratum of your cheeks, and then it was wipe, wipe, wipe, till the stratum shone. Then it was your hands' turn, while Grandmother listened to your belated tale, and last of all she kissed you above and gave you a little spank below, and you were done.

All through dinner your mind was on the table—not on the middle of it, where the meat was, but on the end of it.

"Harry, why don't you eat your bread?"

"Why, I don't feel for bread, Grandmother," you explained, looking at the end of the table. "I just feel for pie."

It was hard when you were back home again, for there it was mostly bread, and no sugar pies at all, and very little cake.

"Grandmother lets me have *two* pieces," you would urge to Mother, but the argument was of no avail. Two pieces, she said, were not good for little boys.

"Then why does Grandmother let me have them?" you would demand, sullenly, kicking the table leg; but Mother could not hear you unless you kicked hard, and then it was naughty boys, not Grandmothers, that she talked about. And if

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that happened which sometimes does to naughty little boys—

"Grandmother don't hurt at all when *she* spanks," you said.

So there were wrathful moments when you wished you might live always with Grandmother. It was so easy to be good at her house—so easy, that is, to get two pieces of cake. And when God made little boys, you thought, He must have made Grandmothers to bake sugar pies for them.

"Suppose you were a little boy like me, Grandmother?" you once said to her.

"That would be fine," she admitted; "but suppose you were a little grandmother like me?"

"Well," you replied, with candor, "I think I would rather be like Grandfather, 'cause he was a soldier, and fought Johnny Reb."

"And if you were a grandfather," Grandmother asked, "what would you do?"

"Why, if I were a grandfather," you said—"why—"

"Well, what would you do?"

"Why, if I were a grandfather," you said, "I should want you to come and be a grandmother with me." And Grandmother kissed you for that.

"But I like you best as a little boy," she said. "Once Grandmother had a little boy just like you, and he used to climb into her lap and put his arms around her. Oh, he was a beautiful little boy, and sometimes Grandmother gets very lonesome without him—till you come, and then it's like having him back again. For you've got his blue eyes and his brown hair and his sweet little ways, and Grandmother loves you—once for yourself and once for him."

"But where is the little boy now, Grandmother?"

"He's a man now, darling. He's your own father."

Every Sunday Grandmother went to church. After breakfast there was a flurry of dressing, with an opening and shutting of doors upstairs, and Grandfather would be downstairs in the kitchen, blacking his Sunday boots. On Sunday his beard looked whiter than on other days, but that was because he seemed so much blacker everywhere else. He creaked out to the stable and hitched Peggy to the buggy and led them around to the front gate. Then he would snap his big gold watch and go to the bottom of the stairs and say:

"Maria! Come! It's ten o'clock."

Grandmother's door would open a slender crack,—"Yes, John,"—and Grandfather would creak up and down in his Sunday boots, up and down, waiting, till there was a rustling on the stairs and Grandmother came down to him in a glory of black silk. There was a little frill of white about her neck, fastened with her gold brooch, and above that her gentle Sabbath face. Her face took on a new light when Sunday came, and she never seemed so near, somehow, as on other days. There was a look in her eyes that did not speak of sugar pies or play. There was a little pressure of the thin lips and a silence, as though she had no time for fairy-tales or lullabies. When she set her little black bonnet on her gray hair and lifted up her chin to tie the ribbon strings beneath, you stopped your game to watch, wondering at her awesomeness; and when in her black-gloved fingers she clasped her worn Bible and stooped and kissed you good-by, you never thought of putting your arms around her. She was too wonderful—this little Sabbath Grandmother—for that.

Through the window you watched them as they went down the walk together to the front gate, Grandmother and Grandfather, the tips of her gloved fingers laid in the hollow of his arm. Very solemn was the steady stumping of his cane. Very solemn was the day. Even the roosters knew it was Sunday, somehow, and crowed in a hushed sort of way; and the bells—the church-bells tolling through the quiet air—made you lonesome and cross with Lizbeth. Your collar was very stiff, and your Sunday trousers were very tight, and there was nothing to do, and you were dreary.

After dinner Grandfather went to sleep on the sofa, with a newspaper over his face. Then Grandmother took you up into her black silk lap and read you Bible stories and taught you the Twenty-third Psalm and the golden text. And every one of the golden texts meant the same thing—that little boys should be very good and do as they are told.

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TO AND FRO GRANDMOTHER ROCKED YOU

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Grandmother's Sunday lap was not so nice as her other ones to lie in. Her Monday lap, for instance, was soft and gray, and there were no texts to disturb your revery. But Grandmother would stop her knitting to pinch your cheek and say, "You don't love Grandmother."

"Yes, I do."

"How much?"

"More'n tonguecantell. What is a tonguecantell, Grandmother?"

And while she was telling you she would be poking the tip of her finger into the soft of your jacket so that you doubled up suddenly with your knees to your chin; and while you guarded your ribs, a funny spider would crawl down the back of your neck; and when you chased the spider out of your collar, it would suddenly creep under your chin, or there would be a panic in the ribs again. By that time you were nothing but wriggles and giggles and little cries.

"Don't, Grandmother; you tickle." And Grandmother would pause, breathless as yourself, and say, "*Oh,* my!"

"Now you must do it some more, Grandmother," you would urge, but she would shake her head at you and go back to her knitting again.

"Grandmother's tired," she would say.

You were tired too, so you lay with your head on her shoulder, sucking your thumb. To and fro Grandmother rocked you, to and fro, while the kitten played with the ball of yarn on the floor. The afternoon sunshine fell warmly through the open window. Bees and butterflies hovered in the honeysuckles. Birds were singing. Your mind went a-wandering—out through the yard and the front gate and across the road. On it went past the Taylors' big dog and up by Aunty Green's, where the crullers lived, all brown and crusty, in the high stone crock. It scrambled down by the brook where the little green frogs were hopping into the water, leaving behind them trembling rings that grew wider and wider and wider, till pretty soon they were the ocean. That was a big thought, and you roused yourself.

"How big is the ocean, Grandmother?"

"As big—oh, as big as all out-doors."

Your mind waded out into the ocean till the water was up to its knees. Then it scrambled back again and lay in the warm sand and looked up at the sky. And the sand rocked to and fro, to and fro, as your mind lay there, all curled up and warm, by the ocean, watching the butterflies in the honeysuckles and the crullers in the crock. And all the people were singing . . . all the people in the world, almost . . . and the little green frogs. . . "Bye — bye, bye — bye," they were singing, in time to the rocking of the sand . . . "Bye — bye" . . . "Bye" . . . "Bye". . .

And when you awoke you were on the sofa, all covered up with Grandmother's shawl.

So you liked the gay week-day Grandmother best, with her soft lap and her lullabies. Grandfather must have liked her best too, you thought, for when he went away forever and forgot his cane, it was the Sunday Grandmother he left behind—a little gray Grandmother sitting by the window and gazing silently through the panes.

What she saw there you never knew—but it was not the trees, or the distant hills, or the people passing in the road.

Sophistication

BY JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY

I TOOK the fruit that makes me lord
Of good and evil: in a trice
At gate of every Paradise
Stands knowledge with a flaming sword.

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Our Tree-top Library

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I

PERHAPS, dear reader, it has not chanced to be one of your dreams to build a library in a tree-top. If you ever thought of it, maybe the recollection of our arboreal ancestors deterred you. Perdita did not miss this opportunity for a joke at my expense when she discovered my project.

"You monkey!" she laughed; "are you never going to grow up? Are you always going to stay a baby?"

"If I possibly can," I answered.

About that time Perdita and I were somewhat anxiously awaiting the event in regard to a certain business matter; and we had said to each other that if all came about as we hoped, we might each buy our heart's desire—however useless and absurd it might seem to others—to the extent of ten pounds apiece.

Now I well knew what Perdita's desire was, though I would not tell it, at present, for the world; and I was equally certain that she could never guess mine. At all events, we were pledged to each other not to ask or tell—till the money came true.

Meanwhile, however, we both secretly plotted so to prepare our plans that, whether the luck came our way or not, the plans must be carried out. The idea which gave me so much secret happiness was only indirectly my own. I trace its inception to a little adventurous daughter of ours, aged two and a half, who had been strictly forbidden to stray outside the children's corner of the garden, and on no account to tap on the prison window of work from which I daily look out on the lawn, and the great trees, and the whole dewy, shining, lazy world.

There are exceptions, however, to all rules. Freya is old enough to understand that. And when you have found a strange and somewhat terrifying bunch of young birds fallen from the big tree and making sad little noises on the ground, surely there is no harm in clutching one firmly round its long yellow neck, as though it were a turkey, and tumbling across the grass to that forbidden window to tell the studious supreme being of your little life what has happened. You may have an idea in your small head, born of previous escapades, that that mysterious being who scratches inside there all day with a pen rather likes to be interrupted; so you go bravely on. Within a few yards of the goal nurse spies you and calls reprovingly, but you know it is only stage-thunder and take no notice. You know in your baby heart that if you fall down a yard or two from the window, it will be all the better. But this time you don't; instead, you arrive

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proud and safe with a choked fledgling in your firm fat little hand.

Now when Freya brought me to the foot of the two giant oaks which make a temple of green shade in one corner of our garden, and showed me, with plaintive baby explanation, a fallen broken nest, I forgot for the moment that I was the decorous supreme being of her blue-eyed life, and became a birdnesting boy again. "Why, how long it is since I climbed a tree!" I said to myself. "How much has happened since then!"

"I wonder if I can," I said presently, looking up the latticed bark longingly. "Anyhow, here goes." After some tough scrambling, which would have been nimbler a few years ago, I found myself firmly seated in the first fork, some twenty feet above Freya's wondering eyes, looking up at me like daisies from the grass.

And then, I confess, I momentarily forgot my little friend, for a great desire to climb up and up, to explore this green heaven of fresh leaves, had come upon me. I was only a few feet from the ground, yet how hidden it seemed! How secret and alone I felt! I was alone in a palace of leaves, chamber and chamber of which opened out before me as I climbed higher, and the sky came nearer. I firmly believe I should have reached the stars but for a voice that presently came up to me from the foot of the tree, fathoms deep in leaves—

"Hush-a-bye, baby,
In a tree-top—"

It was Perdita singing derisively, and while I hastily descended, Emma caught sight of me as she was carrying the tea-tray across the lawn.

But I could see that Freya respected me all the more.

II

I didn't mind Perdita's banter. I had got my idea—thanks to Freya, who was presently carried in tears to a less exciting world. I had found a fascinating way of spending my ten pounds.

"Your eyes are very bright this afternoon," said Perdita, as we sat over our tea amid the mellow light and sound of a country sunset.

"They are bright with birdnesting."

"I believe you are up to some mischief," she added.

I was.

For when dinner was over I pleaded the necessity of midnight oil over an unfinished page, and so soon as all seemed safe I left my study by the postern-gate, and stealing over the extremely wet meadows, went softly under the rising moon to my friend and fellow-conspirator, the village carpenter.

We call him "carpenter," but such a description implies a limitation which, if he were a more conceited man, he would resent as insulting, for I have never found anything that "Mr. Lee" could not do in an emergency. He should be called "the man of general genius"—and he lives in our village.

I can scarcely hope to make clear to the town reader how absolutely worth his weight in gold is such a man as Mr. Lee in a country village. There is hardly any form of household trouble in which Mr. Lee cannot help you. He knows the veins and arteries of an old house like a physician.

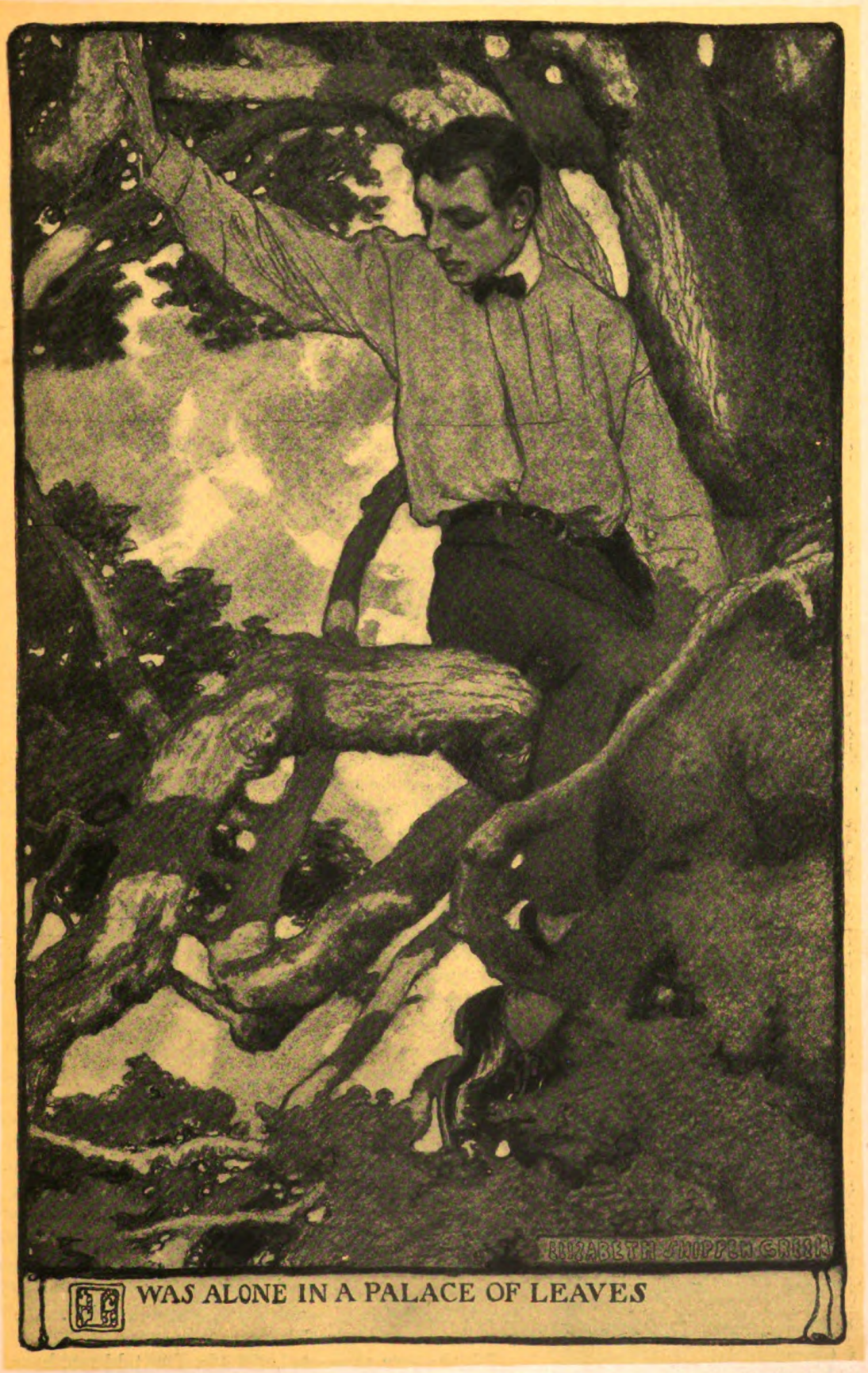
So over the moonlit meadows I went with my project to Mr. Lee. The little workshop adjoining his cottage was unwontedly lit up. Looking inside, I found Mr. Lee hard at work—on a coffin.

"Why, who's dead now?" I said.

"Widow Remnant," he answered. "Dead this afternoon, poor old soul!"

And Mr. Lee ceased his work a moment and touched his hat. He was a boyish-looking little man, with an impish tilt to his nose, and small clever eyes; and you would hardly have taken him for the father of twelve children. But such is village productiveness. Widow Remnant was well known to me, a bent, witch-like old woman, whom I had often come upon in my walks, gathering sticks, in a scarlet cloak. She lived entirely alone in a remote cottage on the edge of a solitary bit of woodland, and a certain halo of romance had always invested her in my imagination from a village story which connected her with a lawless adventurous past, in which our corner of the world was known to have had somewhat more than its share. Widow Remnant, it was said, had been a highwayman's love—in the days, sixty or seventy years ago,

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I WAS ALONE IN A PALACE OF LEAVES

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when your coach was still liable to be stopped at the cross-roads and your pockets rifled by the light of the moon. The highwayman had evidently loved and ridden away many years ago, but it was confidently stated that she lived still on money that he had given her; and I had never passed her cottage without picturing in fancy some secret corner inside where, perhaps in an old teapot, or an old tea-caddy, she kept her store of antique gold pieces —gold pieces with such various histories: gold pieces maybe of some paunched justice of the peace on his way to hang knaves at the next market-town; gold pieces of bronzed sailors walking from Portsmouth to London with their prize-money jingling in their pockets; gold pieces of homespun merchants clucking with terror like overfed turkeys at the sight of the cocked horse-pistols. I had often been tempted to try to learn Mrs. Remnant's story from her own lips, but she had a proud, uncommunicative old face that didn't encourage conversation. Now it was too late to learn her secret, and Mr. Lee told me that there were already several rival claimants for the highwayman's gold.

"When do you expect to finish the coffin?" I asked Mr. Lee.

"In a couple of hours or so."

"Could you meet me at six o'clock to-morrow morning under the big oaks in the garden? I have a new plan to discuss."

Mr. Lee was not unaccustomed to humoring my fancies, so he replied with a ready "Certainly, sir"; and next morning when I arrived twenty minutes late at the rendezvous I found him awaiting me. It didn't occur to me till afterwards that for him it was already late in the day.

Mr. Lee also, it seemed, was still a birdnester —in spite of his large family. It made me blush to see how nimbly he climbed the tree, I lumbering and crashing after him. When we had climbed to within a few feet of the top, we sat, he in one fork, and I in another, to take measurements. There were three strong forks capable of carrying a stout triangular foundation, each side of which would measure about twelve feet. On this, Mr. Lee assured me, it would be easy to build quite a comfortable little room. That was all I wanted to hear. Thus Mr. Lee aided and abetted me in what, in country speech, will no doubt come to be described as my "folly."

Then we walked the stream-side together, I accompanying Mr. Lee to some distant day's work, discussing estimates, and incidentally talking trout, for I found—whisper it not—that Mr. Lee was an expert night fisherman.

I had never suspected, till Mr. Lee told me, how that little thread of brook, proceeding pasturally

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under its gnarled willows, so idle on summer days as to be hardly able to crawl its way through the daisied landscape—how it could possibly lead so different a life after sunset. When I had gathered purple loosestrife on its banks, or stood on stones in midstream to pluck the exquisite wax and wool of the arrow-head, I had no suspicion that hidden lines were lying all about me, cunningly moored below the water's edge, fastened to roots of old trees, or anchored by heavy stones, or attached to cunningly unobtrusive floats. But Mr. Lee assured me that such was the case, and that if I could manage to rise some morning as early as three o'clock and brave the dews of the meadow, I should find the river-banks haunted by misty forms—forms that in the daytime were, say, the village plumber, or the bar-man at the Red Cow, or Tim the Thatcher, or Jack the Broom-squire—anxiously groping for their sunk lines.

So strong is the poaching instinct in man that he will risk an appearance before a justice of the peace for the sake of a paltry trout or two—which it would cost him far less trouble to buy from the fishmonger. Ah, it is not the trout, but that blessed wild instinct in all of us, that makes it worth while to lose rest and run risks for a few ounces of stolen fish. It is not the fish, but the delight of catching them, we seek.

It is to be out under the stars, out in the dew, with the keen smell of the dawn turning our heads, out under the free untaxed heaven, hand in hand with the wild things that hate a roof and die in a cage, playing truant from civilization with the warm-hearted wanton earth—it is for this we poach trout, and it is for this we are absurd enough to build a library in a tree-top.

As I left Mr. Lee and walked back home through the meadows, I heard afar off the breakfast gong making mellow curves of sound through the house and garden, and I half resented the harmony of that civilized existence, all the wheels of which, thanks to my dear Perdita, run so smoothly and with such a sweet chiming. But as I bade Perdita good-morning in the sunny breakfast-room, and turned to my letters neatly awaiting me on the breakfast table, I became a civilized being again—though my head was still a little tipsy with the dew.

III

Of course Perdita knows all about it by this time—you cannot build a library in a tree-top on the sly—and my arboreal library is now one of my many acknowledged follies. It has become licensed by discovery, and passes unnoticed from very familiarity. When I press the secret spring that lets down the ladder by which I climb to the first fork of the oak-tree, and then draw the lad-



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der up carefully after me, nobody cares enough to watch. The need of secrecy is long since passed. This is, of course, all the better, for thus my stronghold of quietness is so much the more my own.

As to quietness, most people, I am sure, would think there was enough quietness in my in-door study to satisfy any reasonable being; but then in-door quietness and out-door quietness are two different things—each charming in its way. Anything more exquisite than the in-door quietness of our old house I cannot imagine. We rented it no little on that account. Indeed, several of the rooms are furnished entirely with silence. Many people would call them empty, and in a sense, of course, they are; for we keep nothing in them but light and darkness. For us one of the charms of living in an old house consists in having more space about one than one actually needs—from the utilitarian point of view. A house every part of which is actively occupied is spiritually, if not physically, over-crowded. The soul takes up so much more room than the body. It needs long corridors of silence, rooms in which are stored nothing but lonely sunlight—and perhaps apples.

In every wisely arrayed house there are always two or three empty rooms—the larger the better—and, of course, in the case of an old house these are not only cisterns of silence, but by the fact of our leaving them unfurnished with our modern belongings they may fairly be held to preserve the more completely the delicate aroma of antiquity. I won't say that we keep our stables empty for this reason, though it is quite true that they give us as much pleasure—of a different kind!—empty (or all but empty), as if they were filled with the champing of the whole ——shire Hunt, for which our house was once the centre. Fourteen horses once whinnied and rattled their chains in our old stables—where now a very humble pony dwells, like a peasant in the corner of some forsaken palace.

But I don't think real horses would give us half so much pleasure as the thought of those old hunters, some of which, no doubt, survive in colored sporting prints in inn parlors to this day—equine immortals.

But, heavens! What a digression! And yet not so irrelevant, after all, for I would have done an injustice to our old house had I not gone out of my way to give some hint of the catacombs of old vatted silence which it contains.

But in-door silence, as I said before, is one thing; out-door silence is another. However silent your in-door study may be—even at six of the morning sun or of a lamplit winter evening, with the firelight flickering cozily on your dozing folios—it is quietness in a cage. Silence out-of-doors is the free, uncaptured silence. It is a running brook of silence, as compared with silence caught in a pitcher. It talks all the time—and still is silence. It is silence awake; a silence of gossiping leaves, of visiting lights and shadows, of soft brooding sounds, of butterflies tilted on a sudden impulse of breeze; a silence which includes the brooding dove, and the lowing, impatient cattle, sweet with milk in the far pasture, the sudden neigh of some old horse, resting a week or two in the meadow, the village clock, the clink of the blacksmith's forge, the crying of village children, and the barking of village dogs.

Were it only for the enjoyment of such silence, it would be quite worth any one's while to build a library in a tree-top.

Apparently, too, since men began to read at all, they have found a peculiar charm in reading out-of-doors—witness the old song, "A book in a shady nook." However rare the page, it has seemed the more attractive from the illuminated traceries of sunny shadows softly swaying across it; tendrilled leaf shadows, and little darting shadows of birds. Our tree-top library systematizes and extends this pleasure. In place of one book we have a whole library practically out-of-doors. For as much as possible of the little room is glass. It is windowed all round like a light-house, and every window is caressed by soft leaves and little tapping boughs. And all around you are birds' nests, and the dreaming chrysalis hidden in the wrinkled bark. You can never know till you build your own nest high up in the boughs how much goes on within a seemingly idle tree during a summer day: all the hard work and the pretty play, the tragedies and comedies, the war that is waged and the love that is made, from morning till moonlight; so

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mirthful at morning with bands of singing birds, so haunted at moonlight with bat and owl and ghostly moth; and maybe, if you blow out your lamp and keep very still, somewhere about midnight, the dryad who lives in a dainty cupboard down below will open her hidden door and steal up to peer in through the windows at the moonlit shelves.

IV

I have always wished to sleep a night out-of-doors, but till I built this library I never found an easy opportunity.

Of course I didn't tell Perdita—that would have ruined all—and I chose a still summer night made of soft warm stars, and I waited till Perdita was fast locked up in the fairyland of sleep. Like all children, she sleeps, without knowing it, from moonrise to cock-crow, and even later; and I knew she would not miss me. Nor did she. Had I been leaving her forever, she could not have slept a deeper sleep. So, without the slightest hinderance, and with no single alarm, I presently found myself out in the strange fresh night, with a cushion in one arm and a travelling-rug on the other, and soon I was away up among the leaves, quite near to the moon.

But before any one mocks me, let him make the experiment himself. If he is at all jaded, if the salt of life has lost its savor, if nothing new seems left, let him lie on his back out-of-doors a summer night and watch the mighty march-past of the stars. It will be a new sensation.

For my part, after that summer night in a tree-top I never want to sleep indoors again. What nonsense it all proved about the night air! I never rested so well, and never woke up so refreshed in my life. I admit it took me some little time to fall asleep. But that, of course, was due to the novelty of the experience, as well as to the many gentle presences breathing about me, moaning and sighing in their sleep—not to mention a troublesome nightingale — all in their green beds in the same blue bed-room as I.

And wonderful as the night, no less wonderful was the morning. Oh, the dew and the lustral light, and the awakening sound and color of things, and all the aroused luxurious perfumes of the world!

Everything preening and washing itself in the dewy glitter, and the morning star kissing its hand to the new day.

Every night a new heaven; every morning a new earth—to be seen in the very act of creation—yet we see them not. We shut them away behind heavy curtains, and the miracle goes on with none to see it, save the shepherd rubbing his eyes in his little hut on the down, or the workman wearily walking towards six o'clock, or the sailor on the sea.

When I was dressed next morning, I peeped in at Perdita. She was still fast asleep, with her head upon her arm, dreaming still—but never dreaming how I had spent the night. I didn't waken her, and I have never told her till now.



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The Question

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

"THE nurse says that you wish to see me, Dr. MacLeod. My husband is not worse, is he?"

The doctor, a spare but strongly built man, with the tireless, alert face of the persistent searcher into causes, was examining a water-color in the beautiful little sitting-room with the gratified eye of a connoisseur. He turned with a courteous salutation as the speaker entered.

Mrs. Fayre was dressed for the street. She glanced at the dainty jewelled clock upon the mantel; then bent her head to button her glove around her slender wrist while awaiting the doctor's answer. Her attitude gave the exquisite Madonna-like face under the flaring brim of her hat a look as if she were saying her prayers.

"No," the doctor replied, presently, "Mr. Fayre is not worse. This is the third week of the fever, as you know. It has been running a nearly normal course. I see no reason why all should not go well, if only—"

He paused, and Mrs. Fayre again lifted her beautiful eyes to the clock. The doctor intercepted the glance.

"You are going out? You cannot give me a few moments?"

"Oh, a few moments, yes," she answered, unwillingly, loosening the gray furs about her throat. "But service begins at ten o'clock."

The doctor drew out his watch. "St. Paul's is half a block away. It lacks ten minutes of the hour. You can spare me five minutes."

Mrs. Fayre silently seated herself and waited his pleasure.

"What is the trouble on your husband's mind?" the doctor asked.

She looked up, meeting his direct, keen gaze in unfeigned surprise. "Trouble? On Donald's mind? What should be troubling him?"

"That is precisely what I expected you to know. Whatever it is, it must be removed. It is the only obstacle I see to his recovery."

The young wife drew her delicate brows together in distinct displeasure. "Of course I should know if anything were troubling him. But there is nothing—nothing whatever. What could there possibly be?"

"He is not in any financial distress that you know of?"

Mrs. Fayre's eyes passed slowly around the luxuriously appointed room, her classically chiselled lips taking on a slight curve, whether in disdain of the question or in scorn of the luxury was difficult to determine. "That is altogether impossible," she replied. "Donald is not in any business. He inherited his wealth. He has never known a moment's anxiety on that score."

"Are there any family difficulties, perhaps?"

She was visibly annoyed now. "Of course not. I represent Donald's family. He has nobody but me."

"How long have you been married?"

"Over four years."

She rose as she answered, impatient of the catechism. The doctor maintained his attitude unchanged.

"Then you do not see that your husband has any cause for worry apart from his illness?"

"There is nothing else," she answered. Her tone was almost resentful.

"I thank you for sparing me the time. Permit me to open the door."

He still stood beside it after he had closed it upon her. With all her reticence, this beautiful frigid woman had told him more than she divined.

A few moments later he re-entered his patient's room. An atmosphere of strength and vitality seemed to go in with him. The sick man was lying in a state of apathetic relaxation, his eyes closed, his long thin hands thrown out nervelessly on either side of the bed.

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But he roused as the door opened, and his face brightened, his glance passing beyond the doctor as if in expectation of another figure. Seeing no one following, his eyes came back to Dr. MacLeod.

"Where is Katharine? Where is my wife?"

"Doubtless on her knees at St. Paul's by now," the doctor answered, cheerily, his cool skilled touch falling lightly on the emaciated wrist. "If her prayers hasten your recovery, she could be in no better place."

Donald Fayre cast a disappointed glance at a bunch of violets lying on the counterpane beside him. "She has gone without her flowers. I have them for her every morning."

"The violets must have a powerful rival for her to forget them," the doctor said, lightly.

A shadow crossed the refined, supersensitive face on the pillow—a face that through all the ravages and distortion of illness still had an extraordinarily magnetic charm.

"Yes," Donald assented, quietly. "Katharine never misses a service. She loves her church—*loves* it."

He pushed away the violets with a restless motion, dismissing the topic, but the shadow on his brow deepened.

The doctor drew up a chair and sat down.

Donald's thin fingers suddenly closed over the strong hand that rested near his. "Doctor, will you do me a favor?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, my dear fellow."

"Thanks. I knew you would." The charming smile flickered gratefully over Donald's face, and was again eclipsed by the brooding trouble that caused the physician such anxiety. "You say I must not worry. Well, let me write a letter—a mere note—just a line! Doctor, I must!"

The doctor thoughtfully weighed the pros and cons. The pros won. "A necessary letter, I take it for granted," he said, drawing a fountain-pen from his pocket. "Very well. I will write it for you immediately."

The sick man stretched out an eager hand. "No! I must write it myself. I can do it, lying as I am. It is the merest line—a single question. Only—this is the point—no one must know—*no one*. Not even my wife. Oh, Katharine least of all! You will post it for me, won't you? And I will have the answer sent to you. You can hand it to me when we are alone. Will you?"

Dr. MacLeod gave one more searching look into his patient's flushed and trembling face. He dared not combat its deadly earnest. Crossing the room to an open desk, he took from it a writing-pad and envelope, and returned to the bedside. "A word first," he said, looking down at Donald with rare kindliness and concern. "See here, Fayre. I see you are in some tight place—I don't know what. Will the letter set matters right?"

"Not the letter, but the answer. It—it will tell me what to do."

"And you will quit worrying?"

The tremulous smile returned. "It will be a relief—a relief. Yes, in any case. Quick, Doctor, quick! Those morning services are short. Katharine will be back."

For answer the doctor placed the pad and pen in his patient's hands, stamped the envelope and laid it beside him, and turning to the table, ran his eye over a book-rack, selected a volume, and sitting down with it, became instantly as engrossed in it as if he were alone in the room.

He had read but a page or two, however, when a faint voice called him to the bed. Donald was holding out his letter in a shaking hand. The doctor took it, turning it face downward as he did so, sealed it, and slid it into his pocket. Donald watched him breathlessly, made a half gesture as if to take it back, checked himself, and turned his face to the wall. The doctor quietly restored the pad to its place, recalled the nurse, and went out.

From that time Donald's anxiety, instead of lessening, visibly increased, and at each succeeding visit, at the doctor's scarcely perceptible shake of the head in reply to his eyes' mute question, he clenched his hands in unconcealed impatience. The fifth day came, and still there was no answer.

"Dr. MacLeod, are you keeping it from me?"

"Scarcely," the doctor answered, smiling. "I fancy I am about as eager for

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it to come as you, since your peace of mind appears to depend so greatly upon it."

"Because," Donald continued, pursuing his train of thought as if the doctor had not spoken, "if you are—if you keep it from me—or if by any luck it does not come before the week is out—I give you fair warning—I shall kill myself. I mean it, Doctor."

"Nonsense!" the doctor ejaculated, still smiling.

"I mean it," Donald reiterated, solemnly. "I have thought it all out. If there is no answer by to-morrow night, I shall kill myself. I have only to disobey orders—to fling myself around as I lie here—and all is done. My life is in my own hands, as you know."

"No man's life is his own, and you would do no such thing though the letter should not come till doomsday," returned the doctor, decisively. "By to-morrow, without a doubt, I shall bring you your answer, and all will be right."

But Donald had not so long to wait. That afternoon's mail brought the letter to its destination. As Dr. MacLeod was starting on his rounds his man handed it to him, saying that it was addressed to Mr. Fayre. The doctor reached out for it, thrust it inside his breast pocket, and ordered himself driven at once to the Fayres'.

Going up stairs unannounced as usual, he found the wife sitting with her husband in the nurse's absence. He had opened the door noiselessly for fear of rousing his patient from a possible slumber, and so entered the room unperceived by either of its occupants.

Katharine Fayre, a devotional book lying face downward upon the pale blue folds of her gown, was seated in an æsthetically straight high-backed chair—the only uncomfortable one in the room—beside a table on which a slim little desk-clock stood facing her like a sentinel. She had lifted both arms to the top of the chair, and was leaning her head back between them, her lips parted, and her upraised eyes fixed dreamily on some far-off unseen point. It is a rest to mental as to physical vision occasionally to lift one's gaze from immediate surroundings to an intangible distance. Katharine's features showed some such sense of relief now. Anything more beautiful and more remote than her face with that ghost of a smile upon it the doctor had never seen. In her cold purity and aloofness she might have been a disembodied spirit.

Donald was lying motionless, his head turned to one side, gazing at his wife with an expression that not often in a lifetime does any one surprise upon another's face. In the unguardedness of the moment the man's entire soul lay bare. It was a revelation of such intensity of love, such capacity for renunciation, and such depths of loneliness as few natures are capable of experiencing. Dr. MacLeod was startled as he saw it.

As he made his presence known, Katharine returned to her environment. She rose instantly to her feet, slightly coloring at the indignity of being taken thus unawares, and went forward to meet him; but a servant appearing at that juncture with a card, she was obliged to withdraw, and the doctor passed on to his patient.

Donald's haunting question immediately came back to his eyes. The doctor made a gesture toward his pocket.

"It has just come. You shall have it as soon as I have given you a little whiskey."

Donald's color went and came in floods. His pupils dilated till his eyes looked black. A nervous tremor seized and shook him. As he took the letter an odd sound broke in his throat. He tried to turn it into a laugh—a still more pitiful sound—and tore open the envelope with desperate courage. Dr. MacLeod, wishing not to appear to be watching him, ostentatiously turned to look at something passing in the street, while still keeping a light touch upon his patient's wrist. A flicker in the rapid pulse called to him like a cry. Donald looked up at him over the open sheet, smiling singularly. His face was deathly white, and the moisture stood in great beads upon his forehead under the tumbling brown locks.

"Well?" the doctor asked, with that medical optimism which is never off its guard. "It is all right now, is it not?"

"All right," Donald replied, framing the words with difficulty through strained lips. "I know—now. It will be all right—now."

The pulse under the watching fingers

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gave a sudden bound. The doctor looked round for the cause. The door had opened, and Mrs. Fayre stood just within the threshold.

Donald made a futile attempt to hide the letter and envelope under the sheets, realized that it was too late, and snatching them out, thrust them into the doctor's hand. "Burn! burn!" he commanded, in a hoarse whisper, feebly motioning toward the open fire.

Without an instant's hesitation Dr. MacLeod crossed the room, passing in front of Mrs. Fayre with an apologetic bow, stooped over the grate, and held the fluttering papers down with the tongs till the last tiniest fragment was destroyed.

Katharine stood perfectly still near the door, watching the holocaust without a word. Then her eyes, cold, stern, and passionless as an avenging angel's, sought her husband's face. Donald lay spent, his hot breath coming in short gasps. He looked steadily back at his wife, the singular smile still upon his face, but with such an overpowering rush of love behind it that the doctor marvelled how she could refrain from springing to clasp her arms about him. A long breathless instant went by. The air seemed charged with some subtle electric current, along which accusation, refutation, passion, and entreaty flashed wordlessly back and forth between the two.

Then Katharine withdrew her gaze and walked quietly forward. "Miss Fielding will be in directly," she said, addressing the doctor. "But have you any orders to leave with me before you go?"

Early the next morning, as the doctor was admitted into the spacious hallway, the footman informed him that Mrs. Fayre wished to speak to him, and ushering him into the drawing-room, a stately, rarely used apartment, softly closed the folding-doors upon him. Mrs. Fayre was standing at the farther end of the room, an alien figure in the severe fashion of her dress amid the sumptuousness around her. She made no motion toward him, but with a slight grave bow signed to him to approach.

He had never imagined anything so set and hard as her face. It was as if cut in veined marble. As he approached her he saw that, despite the extreme quiet of her pose and manner, she was quivering from head to foot with restrained excitement. He waited for her to speak.

"My husband tells me," she began, in a low, carefully controlled voice, "that you mailed a letter to which the one that you burned yesterday was a reply. He refuses absolutely to say more than this. But he owes me an explanation. Why should he wish to keep any letter a secret from me? I have the right to know more. That is why I appeal to you. Will you be so good as to tell me to whom Donald's letter was addressed?"

"I have no idea whatever, madam."

Dr. MacLeod's manner was as politely but defensively cold as her own.

"And the reply—the letter that you brought him?"

"I know nothing whatever about that letter either."

Her eyes scanned his face closely to determine if he were telling the truth.

"Did you notice the post-mark?"

"I did not."

"Nor the handwriting? Was it a man's or a woman's hand?"

"My dear Mrs. Fayre, you cannot suppose that I examined Mr. Fayre's letter? My office in the matter was purely that of postman."

She looked at him, baffled, yet defiant. Then unexpectedly her reserve broke down.

"I could bear anything—anything but that—that it should be another woman!" she cried, the hot color flooding her face and throat. "I cannot—I will not—endure the suspicion of it!"

The doctor's cool, collected voice broke in upon her agitation. "Why should you presuppose such a thing? Your husband's devotion to yourself must be at least as patent to you as it is to all others."

Katharine struck her hands together impatiently. "I never doubted Donald before. Little as his devotion is to me, at least I have trusted it hitherto."

She looked suddenly up at the doctor. The fixed concentration of his gaze seemed to compel her confidence.

"There is no secret about it. Donald knew that I cared nothing for him—nothing at all for all his wealth—that heart and soul I loved—always should love—another man."

The doctor made no answer, but the fixity of his look was like a command.

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She hurried on: "They had forbidden me to marry him, because he was poor—very poor—with a precarious future; that was all they had against him. And there was nothing against Donald, except that I loved some one else. They thought that no reason. They were cruel to me—cruel! And in spite of all I said, Donald was sure that I would grow to love him in time."

Dr. MacLeod recalled the sensitive, magnetic face upstairs, with its tenderness, lovableness, and charm. "Surely Mr. Fayre was right," he said. "No one could help loving him."

"No, no, no!" Katharine cried, with tragic intensity. "Love is not to women what it is to men. It does not go and come at will. Not loving him, my marriage was a sin, though I recognized it only after it was too late. But I married him. I have a wife's rights before the world. And I will not tolerate this suspicion."

"But assuredly," the doctor interposed, "you must be basing your fear on better grounds than the mere burning of a letter? There could be twenty admirable reasons for your husband's choosing to destroy it."

"What reason but the one could he have for refusing to tell me?" Katharine asked, with conviction. "There is nothing else that he could wish to conceal from me. Speculations—money entanglements—loss of property—he knows well enough that I would never care for any material losses. I should always have my church left. He would have told me instantly were it anything else. But he refuses any explanation whatever. I asked only for an explanation. I made no accusation. But I must—I will—know the truth. If he is deceiving me—"

Dr. MacLeod interrupted her. "I beg your pardon, but was it yesterday that you had this discussion with your husband?"

"No. I waited till this morning. I had to think over it, to—to pray over it first," she added, throwing back her head as she made the half-defiant admission.

"This morning?" The doctor turned to the door.

She called after him, but he kept on his way.

"Wait here," he said, authoritatively, over his shoulder. "I must see what mischief the excitement of your disagreement may have done him. I will return later."

He was not gone long. Katharine had not stirred by a hair-breadth. He strode up to her.

"It is as I feared. Mr. Fayre is in a state of nervous restlessness which in his present condition is exceedingly critical. He must be quieted at all costs. You must come to him at once."

The color fled from Katharine's face. "You mean that he is—dying?"

The doctor stood over her, relentless, uncompromising, like the embodiment of fate. "I mean that the balancing of the scales is in your hands. Whatever you said to put him in this state must be unsaid. However you feel, you must contrive an immediate reconciliation. If you are still harboring that preposterous suspicion—if you cannot forgive him for any and every wrong that you fancy he may have done you—then forgive him in appearance at least."

Katharine dropped her hands to her sides with a gesture of passionate protest. "I cannot pretend! I have never pretended! It must be truth or nothing!"

"Then for God's sake make it truth!" the doctor said, harshly.

He laid an imperative hand on her arm, and, dazed and unresisting, she yielded to its pressure and went with him to her husband's room.

Donald's restless tossing ceased as he saw his wife. The tense muscles relaxed, and he lay scarcely breathing, watching her with eyes shining with a preternatural brilliance.

"Mr. Fayre," the doctor said, very gently, "you see you were mistaken. Your wife came directly when she knew that you wanted her. It was all only a misunderstanding."

"Katharine!" Donald whispered, putting out his hands gropingly. "Katharine!"

The inflection of his voice made the name a prayer.

All the hardness melted suddenly from his wife's face. She fell on her knees and reached out both hands to his. "Forgive me, forgive me, Donald! I was wrong. I was cruel. I do not want any explanation. I trust you. I do trust you. You could never do anything that

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was not for my happiness before your own."

An exquisite smile illumined Donald's face. "Dear!" he breathed.

Then suddenly the smile vanished under a longing that was like a devouring flame.

"Oh!" he cried. "If but you could tell me once—just once—before—" He caught himself up. "If only you could say that you love me—that you really love me at last—as you loved—*him!* Could you—could you—Katharine—in truth?"

It was a cry wrung out of his heart of hearts, and it moved her to the depths. She shrank as if the words were a blow. Her features worked pitifully. She was like a creature in pain. An intense desire to give him what he wanted, to comfort him at any sacrifice, was written over all her yearning face. Twice she tried to speak—twice tried to frame the lie aloud. But each time the truth that was so inexorable a part of her confronted and silenced her. She could not look at him. Her lips moved soundlessly in a dumb denial. Two scalding tears splashed down upon her cheeks.

As the doctor passed out of the room, that the couple might be alone, he pondered over the look on Donald's face. Overshining all its heartbrokenness was an unaccountable exaltation—the exaltation of a martyr giving up his life at the stake for the sake of the faith that is in him.

At midnight the doctor received a peremptory call to the Fayres'. Their house was at some distance from his, but he reached it almost before the panting messenger who had summoned him. The nurse, pale and red-eyed, met him in the hall. He stood still at sight of her face.

"It is not possible— You do not mean—"

She bowed her head with a sob. "He is dead."

"But I do not understand," Dr. MacLeod said, sharply, after she had reported the details. "All was going well when I saw him this evening. What could account for it? Did his restlessness return?"

The nurse choked down her tears. "Never while I was with him. But I had to go out of the room once or twice on errands. I was never away more than a moment, but the last time—don't tell Mrs. Fayre this! it was all he could do to persuade her to go to bed at all—as I came back I caught sight of him tossing around on the bed. I hadn't thought he had so much strength in him. When I cried out at him he lay still, and smiled at me as a child might. I shall never forget that smile. I wish to Heaven I had never left him!"

Dr. MacLeod stood a moment with his head bent over on his breast, his brows knotted, and his clenched hands thrust deep in his pockets. He too had loved the man.

Finally, rousing himself with a short fierce sigh, he passed on to the familiar chamber. There Donald lay, marble-white and still, with closed eyes and folded hands, all the trouble gone forever out of his face, and his smile irradiating it like a living glory. Never in all his life had he looked so happy. And prone by the couch, her arms flung across his feet and her head buried upon them, his wife was sobbing convulsively in an overwhelming agony of grief.

Five years later Dr. MacLeod was called to a patient at a noted summer-resort. It was evening when the consultation came to an end, and during the hour elapsing before he could take his return train he sat on the piazza of one of the monster hotels chatting with a chance acquaintance, a man of extremely prepossessing appearance and manner, from whom he had begged the favor of a light for his cigar. The gay crowd was surging up and down at the farther end of the great veranda, but in their quiet corner they were comparatively alone, and the desultory talk wandered pleasantly from one theme to another. It turned at last upon the singular incidents in real life which furnish the professors of fiction with themes for their narrations. The doctor suddenly looked up.

"I had a curious case once," he said, knocking off the ash of his cigar against the balustrade. "I lost my patient, and I could never determine whether his death was due to natural causes or to his own action. There seemed no sufficient motive, and yet— No one else had any such idea, and of course I never hinted it to the family—that is, to his wife; there

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was no one besides. I was extraordinarily drawn to the man. He was a most lovable fellow."

"What were the facts?" the stranger asked, with an interested glance. "I should like to hear them."

"Well, let me see how you settle the question," Dr. MacLeod said; and throwing away his cigar, he resettled himself in his seat and began the story of Donald Fayre.

He had barely related the episode of the letter when the man beside him suddenly turned upon him.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible that you are Myron MacLeod?"

The doctor looked at him in surprise. "Certainly. That is my name."

The other rose to his feet in uncontrollable excitement. "Why, then—why, then—you must be telling me about—your patient must have been Donald Fayre!"

"What? You knew Fayre?"

"Yes! Yes! That is, I knew his wife—before he married her. I am Julius Dalrymple."

The doctor bent toward him in pleased recognition. "Dalrymple? The writer?"

"You would not have known the name then," the other returned, more quietly. "I was a poor journalist in those days, living from hand to mouth. But I knew her—well. She was a beautiful woman."

"She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw in all my life," the doctor corroborated, deliberately. "I have often wondered what became of her."

"You do not know?"

"No. She disappeared after his death—sold the house and left the city. I have heard nothing of her since."

Dalrymple lifted his hat and drew his handkerchief several times across his forehead. "I can tell you," he said, after a slight pause. "I saw her husband's death in the papers, and I went to see her—not at once, of course—a decent time after. She had disappeared, as you say. But I traced her. It was some time before I found her. I did not see her, however. She refused to see me."

"And where was she? In a sisterhood?"

"You are good at guessing. Yes. In a sisterhood. She had entered it for life."

There was silence for a few moments.

"And the end of your story?" Dalrymple resumed. "I must hear it out."

Dr. MacLeod narrated the remaining circumstances. He felt rather than saw the absorbed attention with which the other followed his account.

"At the time I confess I thought Mrs. Fayre's suspicion groundless—not to say unpardonable," he wound up. "But in thinking it over since, I can come but to the one conclusion. He certainly seemed to adore his wife. Yet what else could he have desired to keep from her? Yes. It *must* have been another woman."

Dalrymple flashed round on him indignantly. "It was *not* another woman!" he cried, angrily. "How could there ever be another woman where she was concerned? That letter was to me."

"To *you!*"

"Yes, to me. I was to address my answer to your care. Whatever you thought, he thought himself dying. He asked me to tell him the truth as to a dying man."

"Humph! Did he?" ejaculated Dr. MacLeod, dryly. "He was not dying, all the same—was in no danger of dying if he had obeyed orders and kept quiet. He knew perfectly well the condition attendant upon his recovery."

"Dr. McLeod, what Donald Fayre asked me was if I still—still cared for his wife. Of course I had no notion what it meant," he continued, hurriedly. "But could it have been—you must tell me—was my answer the cause—of his death, I mean?"

"Ah!" the doctor said, with a quick sidelong glance of intelligence. "To leave her free."

"It is a miserable fluke all round," Dalrymple said, hopelessly. "I feel like a murderer. Doctor, did he or did he not kill himself?"

"I cannot guess. I wish to Heaven I could!" he replied.

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The Changeless

By Mary Applewhite Bacon

THE King had called together his counsellors into the chamber where only cases of life and death were considered. From the tall window opposite the dais the heavy silk curtains were drawn back. Between their yellow folds shone the paler glow of the wide sunset sky. But the King's eyes saw nothing except the woman before him. Her back was to the light; the curves of her drooping head and tall, slender form were in lovely outline; the dark shadows below her eyes and around her lips seemed darker still.

"All the good things of life were yours," the King said to her, "but you gave nothing to him—no place at your feasts, no flower from your gardens, no song to make him glad. And there was not a desire of your heart that was not precious in his sight."

The woman made no answer. Her long lashes drooped against the heavy circles below her eyes. Her white hands lay passive in her lap.

"You loved him not, and he died because there was no place for him in your heart."

The woman raised her heavy eyelids and looked for a moment into the King's face.

"Have you any defence to make?"

She shook her head. Her eyes had fallen again.

"My lord," one of the counsellors said, a sudden pity breaking over his countenance, "the man had no comeliness of form nor grace of speech. The woman is not wholly to blame."

The woman lifted her head. "The sweet coming of the summer dawn was less sweet than the light of his eyes," she said. "His thoughts were those of an angel and not of a man."

"And yet you loved him not."

In the uncertain light her face seemed to quiver, but her lips framed no reply.

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"She has caused the death of the innocent," one said; "let her also die."

"Rather compel her, clothed in sackcloth, to tell the story of her guilt from door to door, that she may receive the just abhorrence of men."

"In the Isle of Lepers," another counselled, "let her nurse the sick and bury the dead until a death as vile as theirs fastens its slow misery upon her."

The rest were silent, and in all faces save one there was approval. That was the face of a man past middle life, and there were deep and bitter lines upon it. "Shut her up for a year," he said, "from the sight and hearing of men. Let there be no ear to listen when she would confess her sin, nor voice of sorrow to crave her help. So shall Memory alone have speech with her."

A strange triumph settled about his mouth, but the other counsellors shuddered even while they gave assent. It was as if each had seen unveiled before him the secrets of his own heart.

Once more the woman sat in the presence of the King and his counsellors. Again between the parted folds of the yellow silken curtains shone the pale light of the wide autumn sky. The woman's beautiful face was in shadow as before, but the look that streamed from her level eyes was like the long beams of the lingering day. She might have borne within her some divine secret, so calm she sat; yet around her lips were the signs of an endless sorrow.

An awe came into the faces of the men that looked upon her—awe, compassion, penitence. Tears lay on their cheeks, but glistened not for the gathering darkness. Only the light from the woman's eyes shone in the dim chamber.

"I adjure you, my daughter," the King said from the long silence, "that you declare unto us this miracle, that, having fulfilled your punishment, you still live and are unafraid."

"It is even thus with me, my lord," she said: "Love dies not with the body, but through the illimitable spaces returns to say: 'I forgive, because I still am Love.'"

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UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION BUILDINGS AND MARINE LABORATORY AT WOODS HOLL

A Sea-shore Laboratory

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, LL.D.,

Da Costa Professor of Zoology, Columbia University, ex-President of the Marine Biological Laboratory Trustees

WHAT may be called the marine biological station movement began early in the last century through the efforts of Carl Vogt, of Geneva, of Louis Agassiz, of Huxley, and of other great naturalists, who foresaw the important results which would flow from the study of marine life under the living and fresh conditions afforded only by a close proximity to the sea-shore. This movement culminated in the beautiful and resourceful station at Naples, and was extended to Africa, Asia (including Japan), Australia, and both coasts of North America; so that the world is now encircled by more or less permanent biological stations.

Agassiz brought with him to America, along with his other enthusiasms, that for marine stations. In 1873 an eloquent address of his caught the eye of a New York merchant, Mr. John Anderson; our first sea-side laboratory was established on the little island of Penikese, off the coast of Massachusetts; and for one memorable season a group of men who have since exerted a profound influence upon natural history worked under this inspiring master. All have become leaders, but notably A. Agassiz, Brooks, Jordan, Lyman, Mayer, Morse, Putnam, Whitman, and Wilder. "Study Nature, not Books," and other mottoes embodying Agassiz's Socratic theory of teaching zoology, adorned the walls of this plain pine building, and have fortunately been preserved to perpetuate their influence at Woods Holl. After a second season, following the death of Agassiz, in December, 1873, this island laboratory, somewhat too isolated, as it proved, was abandoned. All the credit for reviving the work belongs to Boston, especially to a number of ladies, who, in financial cooperation with Professor Alphaeus Hyatt and the Boston Society of Natural History, founded a new laboratory at Annisquam, which in 1888 was finally transplanted to Woods Holl. Professor Charles L. Minot, of Harvard, and Mr. Edward G. Gardiner, of Boston, have been active in its support.

With Professor C. O. Whitman, one of the distinguished pupils of Agassiz, as its director, and with the Penikese mottoes upon its walls, we may consider Woods Holl as the offspring of the Anderson school. After three decades, however, while the older zoological methods have survived in the collection and dissection of every form of life, in the study of migration, distribution, and feeding

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habits, these still-fascinating "natural history" facts are now seen through the new glasses of the Darwinian theory of fitness, the struggle for existence, and descent, to which Louis Agassiz was never reconciled, although they formed the subjects of animated discussion at Penikese. But more than this, a new impulse almost undreamt-of at Penikese has transcended the old. This is *biology, the study of the nature of life itself, as found in protoplasm.*

Even the genius of Huxley could not foresee the biology of the close of the nineteenth and dawn of the twentieth century, when in his famous address "On the Physical Basis of Life" he said: "Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. . . . Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. . . . Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal or what plant I lay under contribution for protoplasm, and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings."

The unity of protoplasm is the ultimate *raison d'être* for the Woods Holl laboratory. As we shall see, in our brief accounts of recent discoveries there, in the protoplasm of a star-fish egg may be wrapped up a secret of vast importance to the welfare of the human race. By the surpassing aid of modern microscopic lenses and technical methods, a new world of infinite minuteness and order is revealed in this substance which Huxley considered as comparatively simple in constitution. The rare opportunity which Woods Holl affords of advancing our knowledge of life by different methods of attack, and the equally rare companionship with those savants who, along different routes, are working towards the same end,—this is the intellectual attraction of Woods Holl.

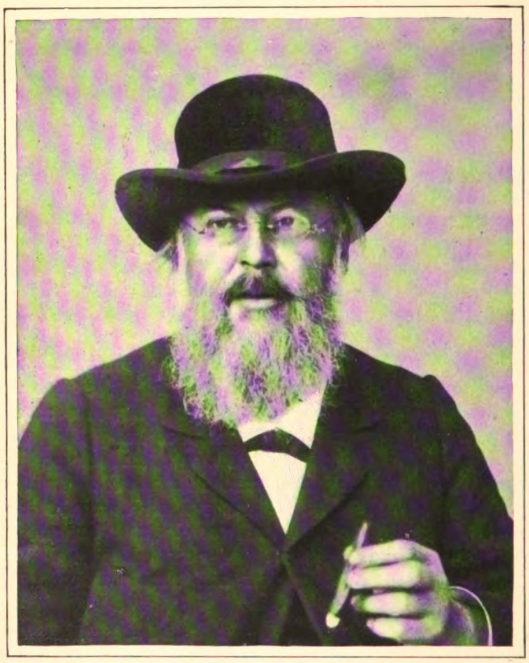
Of all points along the coast this is the best adapted physically for a sea-shore laboratory. About ten years after the abandonment of Penikese, Spencer F. Baird selected this spot, and succeeded in establishing here the splendid station of the United States Fish Commission, with its fleet of vessels and extensive laboratory facilities, chiefly designed for the investigation and artificial culture



THE PRODUCT OF THE SEINE

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of all edible forms of sea life, but also as a sympathetic and active factor in the prosecution of pure scientific research. This national station, under the administration of Goode, Bumpus, and others, has been a resourceful and willing ally of the biological laboratory.



PROFESSOR ANTON DOHRN, FOUNDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL STATION AT NAPLES

On the route between the famous old towns of New Bedford and Nantucket we pass from Buzzards Bay through the rushing tidal waters and dangerous channel of Woods Holl eastward into Vineyard Sound. Directly in front of the laboratory lie the beautiful islands of Nonamesset and Naushon; stretching off to the south is the long chain of the Elizabeth Islands, terminating in Penikese, and familiar chiefly through the following rhyme:

> Naushon, Nashuena,
> Nonamesset, Uncatena,
> Weepecket, Pasquenese,
> Cuttyhunk, and Penikese.

This very coast-line, the mingling of northern and southern currents and the meeting of the tides, supplying pure water of different temperatures, the bays and inlets, mud flats and sand bars, intensely salt, brackish, and fresh water pools, favor observations and experiments on all kinds of sea life. The ardor of biological research has driven individuals and even small parties to the dangerous and too often fatal waters of tropical America and Africa, but no missionary spirit drives us to Woods Holl. Cool and invigorating breezes stimulate the work of the day and evening, the long collecting excursions, and the application of mind in the general and private laboratories.

The life and the social congress are as varied as the coast-line: school-teachers from all over the Union; students from the smallest fresh-water colleges and the largest universities; young aspirants for the doctor's degree eager to win their spurs; older men of established reputation in botany, zoology, physiology, psychology — all come under the magnetism of the "M. B. L.," as it is familiarly known. Work is not too strenuous; it is tempered by the undercurrent of the feeling that, after all, this is summer-vacation time, and one must not be too serious. In fact, at Woods Holl, as with our English and Continental scientific brethren, life is well balanced and altogether reasonable, while no less productive. The lectures and courses, too, which now embrace the widest range from the anatomy of a crustacean to the experimental psychology of the chick, vary in intensity from the purely didactic instruction of large classes of beginners, formal discussions of the most profound subjects before a select few specialists, and philosophical evening discourses given partly by the staff, partly by invited lecturers, before the whole gathering. Unconventional

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but never amateur, these evening talks are often the choicest distillation of years of observation and experiment; the speaker selects a field in which he is an acknowledged master, and is on his mettle to present the very latest and most striking advances.

A year ago sixty-nine universities, colleges, and schools sent teachers and students, and during the first twelve sessions three hundred different institutions were represented, while among the lecturers and visitors were numbered most of the leading biologists of this country, and many from abroad. In contrast with the beautiful Renaissance building at Naples, our three gray-shingled laboratory buildings are almost barnlike in appearance. In fact, there is an inverse ratio between the real intellectual capital and the actual financial and material resources.

Experiment and observation are now the watchwords at Woods Holl. When we speak of the secrets of life as wrapt up in protoplasm, and of experimental morphology (as in the cases now to be cited), and of experimental physiology, the layman does not look any the wiser, but perhaps the nature of the investigations we shall here describe may be elucidated after the manner of a biological primer, as follows:

If a worm normally produces a head, a series of segments, and a tail, what will happen if you cut the worm in pieces and reverse the ends? Or a hermit-crab, fitted into its conch-shell, and well known to rapidly regenerate its large exposed claws, what will happen if you cut off one of the apparently useless hidden claws which have been lying for thousands of generations within the conch? This is a problem of experimental morphology, with important bearings on the evolution theory, as well as on the phenomena of regeneration in general.

The purposive quality in living things, the apparent determination to overcome all obstacles and attain an end, is best illustrated in the remarkable experiments of the above kind, in which Professor T. H. Morgan has become a leader in this country. These have culmi-



COLLECTING SPECIMENS ALONG SHORE

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nated in his recently published work, *Regeneration*, a hopeful and optimistic counterpart of Nordau's pessimistic volume upon human society. The moral of these experiments is briefly expressed in Hamlet's aphorism, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"—a moral so strong that quite a school of young natural philosophers in Germany are reviving the older teleological and vitalistic theory of living things as opposed to the chemical and mechanical theory. The similar coalescence experiments of Professor Henry E. Crampton are illustrated in one of our photographs. It is shown that two moth or butterfly pupæ cut on one side and held in contact will unite, and that grafting of the most varied kinds is possible in pupæ not only of one species of moth, but of different species as well. For example, the anterior end of one pupa united with the posterior end of another gives a moth of apparently normal form. Two-headed and twin unions are thus produced. Unfortunately the fact that fusion is restricted to the external parts of the animal renders it impossible to breed from the graft-hybrid moths, and to obtain data bearing upon the much-questioned action of the body parts upon the reproductive cells.

To make clear what is the need of this line of research, in which America, thanks chiefly to Wilson, Conklin, and Mead, is an acknowledged leader, we must revert to our biological "primer" again and put the question:

If an egg (not a hen's egg, but the minute and delicate little surface-floating egg of some sea-urchin) normally divides into two, four, eight, and *ad infinitum* cells to form the adult, what will happen if you shake these cells apart?

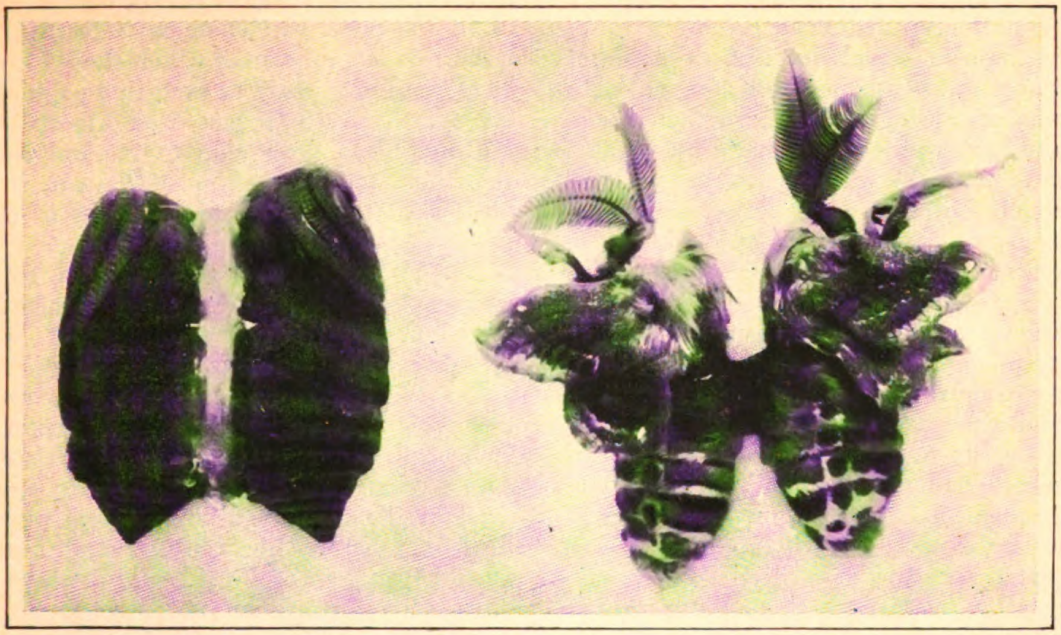
The general answer to all these questions is that the unexpected will happen. Life rarely acts according to the reasoning of the closet philosopher. Out of the careful observation of the unexpected, however, is coming the rationale of the life processes. But the initial step is to study the undisturbed process of division through "cell lineage."

The transformation of the simple fertilized egg cell is always accomplished by splitting up into many cells, which ultimately constitute the various tissues. It is obviously a matter of great interest and importance to trace the lineage of the tissues backward towards the undivided egg. This has been done to such an extent that we can designate the particular cells that give rise to the outer covering of the body, to the nerves, to the



INTERIOR OF THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

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"TWIN" UNION OF TWO INDIVIDUALS OF SAMIA CECROPIA

alimentary canal, and to the reproductive and germ cells. Very early in the history of the embryo the future functional and structural regions are marked off, and there is a beginning of what Spencer termed the physiological division of labor. Some biologists are inclined to carry this back still further, into the components of the egg itself.

One would suppose that any rude disturbance of this beautiful process would abruptly terminate life. Quite the contrary, for again the unexpected happens. A number of amusing and at the same time highly instructive experiments have been made by shaking apart the cells after the egg has broken up into four or even into eight. The remarkable general result has been obtained that these isolated cells do not die, but again subdivide and form a lot of twin or quadruplet individuals, as the case may be. In the early experiments of this kind by Wilson and others, each separated cell produced a minute but entire individual. But when Crampton happened to repeat the experiment on certain snails' eggs, the main result was that only one-half or one-quarter of an embryo snail was produced. In sea-urchins, in which shaking also produced fractional animals, the missing fractions were supplied by regeneration,—another very striking example of Hamlet's aphorism.

In 1900 Professor Jacques Loeb announced the remarkable discovery, in star-fishes and some other forms, that by suitable treatment with solutions not only of various salts, but also of such substances as sugar and urea, unfertilized eggs may give rise to swimming larvæ. This discovery, like most others of similar character, was the natural sequence of experiments which had started lines of thought in this direction. Richard Hertwig, in 1896, in Germany, had shown that strychnine starts the eggs of sea-urchins on the course of development; and Morgan, between 1896 and 1900, at Woods Holl, had shown that the unfertilized eggs of *Arbacia*, a sea-urchin, when treated with solutions of sodium and magnesium chlorides, would segment and advance into much later stages than those observed by Hertwig,—though no swimming embryos were produced. Thus to Morgan and Loeb of Woods Holl belongs a large share of the credit of one of the most epoch-making discoveries of modern times, that of artificial fertilization.

Parthenogenesis, or the development of a female egg without the access of a male element or spermatozoon, had long been known among various lower types

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of animals; instances are to be found in the bees, social wasps, *Bombyx psyche,* Daphnia, plant-lice, and others. Here was a case of artificial parthenogenesis, and Loeb was led to compare these natural and artificial phenomena, reaching the conclusion that fertilization carries into the egg a catalytic substance which accelerates a process that would otherwise proceed too slowly. Thus fertilization, from having a purely vital aspect, assumes a chemico-physical aspect, and the hitherto mysterious phenomena of parthenogenesis find a partial explanation.

Let us take an illustration, where nature conducts a similar experiment: *Branchipus stagnalis* is a fresh-water crustacean, which if raised in concentrated salt solutions (salt lakes) becomes smaller, undergoes some other changes, and transforms into a species which has been known as *Artemia salina;* this is a classic case of transformation under the action of external conditions, as observed by Schmankewitsch. This observer kept *Artemia* in salt water which he constantly diluted by adding fresh water, until at last it was perfectly fresh; the crustaceans had meanwhile gone through several generations, and had gradually so completely changed their characters that finally they acquired those of the genus *Branchipus.*

In his discussion of this development without the male element, Loeb says it has an important bearing upon the theory of life phenomena: "If we succeed in finding a substance which accelerates the process of cell division at the normal temperature, this will at the same time lead to a suppression or reduction of the antagonistic process that shortens life. It is not impossible that 'natural death' is comparable to the situation in the mature egg after it leaves the ovary. Nature has shown us the way by which at this critical point death can be avoided in the case of the egg." It is safe to prophesy that the bearing of these and similar discoveries on medicine and pathology will be no less important than the experiments of Pasteur on bacteria.

The artificial process has been spoken of in the press as "chemical" fertilization; this is a misnomer which should not be allowed to mislead us even in a popular article. The single fact that Albert P. Matthews has been able to initiate development by the shaking of the egg indicates that artificial fertilization is as much physical as chemical.

Mead, Conklin, and many others, following the Belgian, French, and German schools, had long been studying the internal changes in natural fertilization, and as a sequel to these discoveries are the very recent researches and experiments of Professor Edmund B. Wilson on the changes which go on in the egg after artificial fertilization. These were presented before the International Zoological Congress of Berlin, and attracted much attention. They show that the unfertilized egg, by the addition of magnesium salts, is able to create a complete mechanism of cell division, but under this unaccustomed stimulus, in the words of Wilson, "they manifest a multitude of aberrations which constitute a veritable carnival of development, which one can hardly witness without a sense of amazement." These aberrations are of high interest on account of the side light they throw on many debated problems of normal cell function and structure.

The value of all these observations hinges, as we have said, upon the essential unity of protoplasm throughout the animal kingdom; as in Huxley's prophecy, whatever applies to the protoplasm of sea-urchins we may be sure applies in some degree to the protoplasm which constitutes the basis of human life.

Experimental biology is building up the very foundations of a knowledge of life-processes. The older school of anatomy and pathology, which dealt with fully developed results and with the external appearances of disease, must give way, and is fast giving way in intelligent communities, to the new school of medicine imbued with the true biological spirit, and intent upon the study of man not only by the examination of his elaborate and complicate structure, but by the study of vital forces in their simplest expression.

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HE SAID, "WHAT YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?"

The Story of King Julius

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

OF THE VOYAGE OF THE "ANNALEE."

"POETRY," said Captain Buckingham, thoughtfully—"as to poetry, there's the 'Biglow Papers,' by J. R. Lowell, and J— As to— Now the 'Biglow—

"Well, I knew a man that called himself J. R. Phipp once, and he was no hand at poetry, though a queer one.

"It was in San Francisco. I was master of the ship *Annalee,* but not feeling agreeable, because the agent kept me sitting round collecting barnacles, and he didn't seem to know what he wanted me to do with her. And this J. R. Phipp came down the wharf one day, with a hand in his pocket and the other pulling his chin, and I thought to myself, looking at him: 'You're a lean one. Why don't you fat up?' He looked at the *Annalee,* and he looked at me. One of his eyes was blind and the other was absent-minded and calm, and he wore a long coat and a black plush vest with a gold watch-chain. He said, 'What you going to do with it?' And I said, not feeling agreeable: 'Stranger, it's my programme. You'll go up to 22 Water

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Street and ask the agent. Then he'll say he doesn't know. Then you'll tell him he's a three-cornered idiot, because you'll admire the truth, and come back and we'll have a drink.'

"'All right,' he said, absent-minded and calm, and went off up Water Street; and by-and-by the agent came down, with Phipp floating behind.

"'This is Mr. J. R. Phipp,' said the agent, 'who has chartered the *Annalee*. Get her ready. Mr. Phipp will superintend cargo himself and sail with you.'

"That was the way it happened. And Phipp spent days going round the stores in the city and buying everything that took his eye. He bought house-furnishings and pictures, toys, horns, drums, cases of tobacco and spirits, glass ornaments and plaster statues, crockery and cutlery, guns, clothes, neck-ties, and silk handkerchiefs, and cheap jewelry. He'd go in and ask for a dry-goods box. Then he'd potter around the shop till the box was full. He'd buy out a show-case, and maybe he'd buy the show-case. He bought barrels full of old magazines and books on theology and law, and a cord or two of ten-cent novels, and some poetry that was handy, and three encyclopædias, and two or three kinds of dogs, and a basket phaeton with green wheels, and a printing-press, and a stereopticon. The agent said to me:

"'He has a scheme for trading in the South Pacific. He's a lunatic, and he's paid for six months. Send me news when you get a chance, and come by Honolulu for directions. He's a lunatic,' he said, 'and you'd better lose him somewhere and get a commission on the time saved.'

"Then he hurried off the way you'd think he was a man with energy, instead of one that would sit still and let the weeds grow in his hair. But J. R. Phipp went on buying chandeliers and chessboards and clocks and women's things, such as dresses and ostrich-feather hats, and baby-carriages and parasols, and an allotment of assorted dinner-bells, and one side of a drug-store. I don't know all there was in his cases, only I judged there wasn't any monotony. I said,

"'Maybe now you might be done.'

"He came aboard and looked thoughtful; then he felt in his pocket and pulled out a bunch of knitting-needles, and looked thoughtful.

"'Well,' he said, 'I rather wanted to look up some front porches, ready-made, with door-knockers, but I didn't get to it. It's just as well.'

"We dropped out of the bay with the tide on a Saturday night, and stood away to the southwest.

"Phipp, when you came to be pleasant with him, was a talkative man; and I thought he was a lunatic, and then again, when he showed his point of view, I wasn't so sure. Many nights we sat on deck in the moonlight, with a light breeze pushing and whispering in the sails. The weather in the main was steady. And there he'd sit smoking a fat cigar, and looking at the little silver clouds, and far ahead along the night, and the sea rolling and sparkling to the sky-line; and he would talk and speculate, sometimes shrewdly and experienced; and then again it was like a matter of adding a ship-load of pirates to the signs of the zodiac, and getting the New Jerusalem for a result, till I felt that way myself, as if anything you might fancy was as real as anything else, or if you kept on sailing long enough, sort of shiftless and lawless, you might likely run down an island full of mixed myths and happy angels—that way, or, as you might say, romantic. It was his point of view.

"'I'm a romantic man,' he said; 'that's my secret. Yes, sir, Romance, that's me. That's the centre of my circumference; that's the gravity of my orbit; that's the number of my combination. Visions, ideals. I'm a man to get up and look for the beyond.

"'They caught me young, sir, and put me in an office, and put a brick wall between me and the beyond; and there I sat thirty years, sir, and inked my soul and wrote figures all over my feelings.

"'"Ain't you putting money in the bank?" they says. "What more do you want?"

"'"What more do I want?" I says. "I want to expand! I want to permeate! I want the beyond!"

"'Then they says, "Shucks!" and my wife says I ought to be ashamed. There speaks convention. That's the way society talks to a man of romance.

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"'Now, sir, I'm fifty years old. I get up and look out on the world. My wife is dead. I get up and look out on the world. And I says:

"'"J. R., this won't do. Is it for nothing that you're a man of romance? Is it for nothing that you long to permeate, to expand? The soul of man," I says, "is airy; it's full of draughts. Your soul, J. R., flaps like a tent," I says, "in the breezes of dawn. The world is round. Time is fleeting. Is man an ox? No. Is he a patent ink-stand? No. Was he created to occupy a house and fit his head to a hat? No. Then why delay? Why smother your longings?" I says: "J. R., this won't do. This ain't your destiny. Rise! Be winged. Chase the ideal. Get on to vastness. Seek and find. But what?" I says. "Fame, fortune, a vocation that's worthy of you." "Where?" I says. "In the beyond."



"I FEEL THE KINKS AND CREASES OF ME SMOOTHING OUT"

"'Then I took a map and I looked over the world. I examined the globe; I took stock of the earth, and compared lands, seas, climates. The likeliest-looking place appeared to be the South Pacific Ocean. Why? It appeared to be, in general, beyond. It was the biggest thing on the map. It was stated to be tropical. I always hankered for the tropics. Palm-trees, spicy odors, corals, pearls. I says: "J. R., it wouldn't take much to be a millionaire in those unpolluted regions. You'd be a potentate. You'd wear picturesque clothes, and lie on poppies and lotuses. You'd be a Solomon to those guileless nations. You'd instruct their ignorance and preserve their morals. You'd lead their armies to victory on account of your natural gifts. You'd have your birthdays celebrated with torch-light processions. You'd be a luxurious patriot."

"'Now that's a pleasant way of looking at it, but it seemed to me the likeliest thing was to go out, say, as a trader. There's no harm in that. Sitting on a stool and figuring discounts is business, and trading cheese-cloth for parrots is business too. A horse is an animal, and so's a potato-bug. But I take it, where society is loose and business isn't a system, there's your chance for a man with natural gifts.

"'But you're going to ask me, What for is all this mixture I've got aboard? If some of it's tradable, you'd say, there must be a deal of it isn't. And I ask you back: Take it in general, haven't I got a mixture that represents civilization? Did you ever see a ship that had more commodious, miscellaneous, and sufficient civilization in her than this? I'm taking out civilization. Maybe I'm calculating on a boom. Now the secret of a boom is to spread out as far as you can reach, and flap. That's business.

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HE COLLECTED ME AND KAMELILLO IN A CORNER AND SPREAD HIS CHARTS ON THE DECK

When you've got people's attention, you can settle down and make your bargains. Mind you,' said Phipp, turning on me an eye that was cold and calm—'mind you, I don't say that's what I'm going to do, nor I don't say what I'm calculating to trade for. Maybe I have an idea, and maybe I haven't.'

"I said, 'I've a notion you have.'

"'And that's a notion,' he said, 'which is no more than reasonable. But look at all this now'—with one thumb in the armhole of his vest and waving his cigar with the other hand toward the moon and the sea—'look at this hemisphere, so big and still. I feel the kinks and creases of me smoothing out. I'm expanding, permeating. I look out; I see those there shining waves; I say to myself, "J. R., as a romantic man you may be said to be getting there."'

"That was Phipp's point of view.

"He used to read some in the daytime, but mostly he'd smoke and meditate and pull his chin, sitting on deck in a red-plush-covered easy-chair, with his feet on the rail. One time he had a volume of poetry in his hand, turning over the leaves.

"'Some of it appears to be sawed down smooth one side,' he said, 'and left ragged on the other, and some of it's ragged both sides.'

"Then he read a lot of it aloud, but it didn't go rightly, for sometimes he'd trot, as you might say, when he ought to have galloped, and sometimes he'd gallop when he ought to have trotted, and sometimes he'd come along at a mixed gait, and, as a rule, he bumped.

"But I judged he was no hand at poetry. Nor you wouldn't have said he was a romantic man, to look at him, for he was long and lean and leathery, clean-shaven except for a wisp of grayish whisker on his chin, always neatly dressed; and when he'd laugh to himself with a kind of dry chuckle, the wrinkles would spread around his eyes, one of which was blind and the other calm and absent-minded. He said he came from Rhode Island. He used to sit with his cigar tilted up in one corner of his mouth, and his hat tilted forward, and

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whittle sticks. But he liked to talk, and was cheerful. He'd talk with anybody, but mostly with me and a Kanaka named Kamelillo, whom he appeared to be asking for information. Kamelillo was an elderly Kanaka who had sailed all over the Pacific, and knew island dialects about the same as he did English, and he wasn't much for conversation. He was sort of sulky, with the complexion of a copper cooking-pot, and similar expression, and it bored him for Phipp to come and talk to him. But Phipp came one day with a bundle of charts, and he collected me and Kamelillo in a corner and spread his charts on the deck. They were old charts.

"'Now,' he said, 'what I want is lines of trade. How do they run?'

"I pointed out the regular routes, and he marked them on his charts.

"'There appear to be some vacant spaces,' said Phipp. And there did. 'And here's about the biggest.' And it was. 'There don't seem to be any islands there, but here's a name, "Lua," only you can't tell what it belongs to.' No more you could. The name appeared to be dropped down there so that section of the Pacific wouldn't look so lonely. I brought out the ship's chart, but it didn't give any name, only two or three islands sorted around where Phipp's chart said 'Lua.' It looked as if you might find one of them, and then again you might not.

"'Ever been on any of 'em?' asked Phipp. I hadn't, and Kamelillo didn't know, but looked as if he might have swallowed one without remembering it.

"'Likely to be any natives?'

"I told him there generally were when the islands were sizable, but these were more apt to be only coral circles.

"'Well, I guess we'll go and look at Lua, anyway. A man don't put "Lua" on a map without he's got some idea.'"

II

OF THE ISLAND OF LUA

"It was nearly two months from the day we left the coast of the States when we came to the edge of the letter 'L,' as according to Phipp's chart, and we sailed along the bottom of it and around the curve of 'U,' and up the inside on the right, where the ship's chart had an island—but we missed it, if it was there—to the top of the right leg of 'U,' where there might be one on Phipp's, except that it looked more like part of the letter. Phipp said, 'Try "A."' We cut across into 'A.' It was in the curve of the twist at the end of 'A' that we sighted land at last. The ship's chart had an island in the neighborhood, but somewhat to the north. Likely Phipp's notion of coasting the edge of the letters was as good as any; I never claimed the ship's chart was a good one, for it wasn't; I only told Phipp I'd rather sail by the advertisements in a newspaper than by his.

"There was a reef at the north end, and we ran south down the coast some miles to where it fell away to the southwest, and dropped anchor at night in a bay with a white beach and a long row of huts back from it under the trees. A bunch of natives ran down and stood looking at us. Some of them swam out a little or paddled on a log, and then went back. There was a splashing and calling all night, and fires shining on the beach. Kamelillo thought he'd been there before, but he didn't remember when; but if he had, it stuck in his mind there was some trouble connected with it, and with one he called a 'bad-lot chief'; but I told Phipp Kamelillo had seen too many islands and too much strong drink in his career, and he might be thinking of something that happened in New Zealand.

"In the morning Phipp took Kamelillo and went ashore. I saw the natives gathered around him. They all went up the beach and disappeared, and the boat came back with word from Phipp that he and Kamelillo were going inland and would be back before night. I didn't think he ought to go off carelessly like that; but they came back safely about seven o'clock, only Phipp seemed to be thoughtful and not talkative. He said there was a business opening there, and he guessed he'd speculate; and he sat on deck in his red-plush chair till past twelve, smoking fat cigars and staring at the dark shore.

"The next day he had up three or four cases from the hold. There was a crowd waiting for him on the beach, and I saw

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him tying the boxes on poles, and some of the barbarians shouldered the poles, and they all went off in procession. I didn't ask him when he'd come back, and he didn't come for nearly a week; only every day there would be a native come down and dance around in the shallow to attract attention, or maybe swim out to the ship with a bit of paper in his mouth. And the paper would read: 'O. K. Business progressing. Yours, J. R. P.' Or: 'I'm permeating. Yours, Phipp.' So I judged it was a peaceful island, and likely Phipp had found something worth trading for.

"We went ashore every day. Most of the men were satisfied to stay on the beach, and watch the naked little children dive in the surf, and play tag with the population. I followed a path a mile inland, and climbed a hill and saw an open valley to the south with several hundred palm-leaf huts, and farther up was more open country and some hills beyond thickly wooded. I judged the island was twenty miles north and south, but couldn't see how far it went westward, and coming back, found a note for me: 'O. K. I never see folks so open to conviction. Yours, J. R. Phipp.' It was Phipp's business, and not mine. And I thought to myself, sometimes these men you'd think lunatic aren't that way, only they have their point of view. Next day there was another note: 'Two of 'em are dead. I guess it's a good thing. I bought it, anyway. Julius R.' And while I was thinking it over, and thinking sometimes these men that claim they've got a point of view are really lunatic, Phipp came back. He must have had three hundred natives following him, and they camped on the beach and seemed to rejoice; for they danced and sang most of the night, while Phipp and I sat on deck and talked it over.

"'This island,' said Phipp, 'is full of politics. I'll tell you. They had a king lately, and, according to accounts, he was old and fat, and his morals were bad. But he died, and up came five candidates for the place, and their claims to it I didn't make out; but if it was a question of votes, I gathered the ballot was tolerably corrupt; and if it was inheritance, I took it the late royalty had so many heirs they were common like anybody else. But everybody was busy, and it looked as if business would be dull, and they told me it was no use trying to be neutral. I'd have to back one of 'em. Course I didn't know. Each of the candidates occupied a corner of the island, and now and then they'd meet in the middle for slaughter. What could I do? Well, I tell you what I did. I hired five messengers and invited the candidates to a congress. I says,

"'"Not more'n ten to each party."

"'And they came.

"'Kamelillo's a good enough interpreter, only he's sort of condensed. If a man makes a speech of half an hour, Kamelillo gives a grunt to cover most of it, and then he states what he guesses is the point of the rest. But he did well enough.

"'Then I got in the middle of 'em and I argued. I says:

"'"Gentlemen, this is a peaceful interview. Pile your weapons."

"'I got 'em piled in a heap and I sat on 'em, and argued, and the candidates argued. They did pretty well, considering only one of 'em had a shirt. He was old, too, and had chicken bones in his hair, and, curious, but he knew considerable English, and could cuss skilful in it. The other four were younger, and they appeared a good deal surprised with the way I argued it. I says:

"'"Gentlemen, there ain't room in this island for a civil war. You see it for yourself. Now I'll show you. Each of you five take one spear and one shield, and get into the middle here and fight it out. The rest of us 'll watch."

"'I appealed to the fifty followers, and they all agreed that was a good thing. The five candidates were doubtful. The old man said he wasn't any good at that. I says: "'Venerable, what you want is comfort, not to say luxury, for your declining years. I'll guarantee you that. You stay quiet." Then I knocked open a box and showed him assorted dry-goods, and says, "What do you say?"

"'He thought it looked luxurious, and said he'd think it over. By this time the others were willing to fight, their followers all agreeing it was a good thing.

"'Sir, I never saw the equal of it in Rhode Island. I never saw a dog-fight come up to it for prompt execution. I

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won't harrow your feelings as mine were harrowed. I won't puncture you with thrills as I was punctured. We buried two of 'em decently. The other two were cut up and played out quite a little. I collected weapons, and I says:

"'"Now there are two ways. Either you two can have it out, and when you're through, anything that's left can have it out with me; or I'll buy you as you stand."

"'They looked surprised to see it put that way. They were low in their spirits. They said they didn't want to fight any more that week. I knocked open the boxes and spread the goods. Then they acted avaricious, particularly the old man with the chicken bones. Burying two of 'em was economic. I says:

"'"Gentlemen, what's the value you put on your claims? State 'em, and state 'em reasonable."

"'I dribbled out gingham dresses, and hair-brushes, and pocket mirrors, and colored prints, and bottles of bay-rum. It's pleasant to make fellow-creatures happy. I never saw folks act happier. I bought up the claims; I scattered what was left of the goods among the crowd; I got up on the empty boxes, and I says:

"'"Here's your monarch. That's me, Julius the First and only. If anybody else from now on claims he's a monarch in these regions, he shall be skinned and melted." And they all cried: "Hoi! Hoi!" or words to that effect. They were unanimous. Kamelillo said they "liked it good.'"

"Phipp was silent awhile, and I didn't say much. I didn't know how to get along with monarchs, anyway, and then I didn't see what I ought to do, or whether I ought to think Phipp was lunatic or only had a point of view. The men forward were working by lantern and moonlight, hauling up stuff from the hold, and piling it on deck to start unloading in the morning.



AND THE PAPER WOULD READ: "O. K. BUSINESS PROGRESSING. YOURS, J. R. P."

"'I'm going out of trade,' he went on. 'I'm going into royalty. That's my retinue on the beach. More, it's most of the male population, including nobility and masses. I'll show 'em. The old king was a bad lot. I'll be a benevolent monarch. I'll give 'em free schools and a constitution. My friend, it ain't good for a man to be thinking of himself all his days. I took a long chance. I tell you now, I hold the cards to win. When you get to San Francisco maybe you'll come back. Yes, sir; then you'll lay low and watch me play 'em.'

"The last I saw of Phipp for that time was bidding him good-by on the beach. He appeared to have most of the public to carry up his cargo; and he appeared to be popular. So I left him."

III

HOW THERE APPEARED EMISSARIES WHO WOULD NOT NEGOTIATE

"At Honolulu there came two men aboard with a letter from the agent in San Francisco. That agent was irritating on account of slowness, and had weedy-looking hair too. But the letter said:

"'Put the *Annalee* at service of bearers. They have a warrant for Phipp.'

"I said: 'Warrant for Phipp! What for?'

"One of them was a sheriff named

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Breen, a slow, temperate man; and the other a detective named Jessamine, a yellow-bearded one with light open eyes, who seemed a pleasant talker, but to the best of my recollection was one you might call obstinate. They showed me their papers, and these appeared to be correct. Jessamine's papers stated that he represented parties in Providence, whose names don't count.

"'Warrant!' I said. 'What for?'

"'Why,' said Jessamine, 'you see, he came West with a lot of cash. Now about three-fourths of that didn't belong to him. Singular thing, too, a man with thirty years of steady character. A little odd, maybe; liked to fancy things. Why, I knew him well. Steady as a clock, and here he goes and breaks a cog and acts as if he didn't care if twenty-four hours made a month. Phipp isn't his name, as you'll see by the warrant.'

"No more it was. It was 'J. R.,' but for the matter of the rest, he was always Phipp to me, and for other reasons we'll let it stand. It sort of stood me up with a shock to think of Phipp that way. I didn't like the job of going back after him. I didn't seem to take much interest in parties in Providence, and it set me arguing again whether he was lunatic or had a point of view. And so, though I thought it might be they were going to be surprised when they came to Lua, I said nothing about that, but fitted up a bit in Honolulu, and set sail once more for Lua, and came there in a high wind on a rainy morning.

No one was in sight on the beach at first, but the sky clearing, I went ashore with Breen and Jessamine, and several natives ran out of the huts and across the beach to meet us. I said, 'Man, Ship,' and pointed inland, at which they seemed to be pleased, and set off; and we followed them by a long trail that came at last in the cleared valley, where were long-strung-out villages, leading inland to the open country this side of the wooded hills. By this time we were a procession. And we knew when we had arrived, for there appeared a long range of roofs through the stems of a palm grove, and a broad path led to it through bushes covered with red thick-scented flowers. It was King Julius's palace. The front of it was all one piazza, maybe two hundred feet long and forty deep, with slim bamboo pillars; and men seemed to be still shingling one end of it with layers of plantain leaves. But the king was out in a sort of square to one side, and had about fifty warriors with feathers in their hair, practising spears at a mark. Then he saw us, and he said something sharp, and the fifty fell into line behind, with spears and shields in disciplined order. They marched very pretty, and came down on us in a way to make a man feel shy. I said, 'Which of you is going to arrest him, and how's he going to do it?' Breen said, 'You have me.' And Jessamine, 'We've been foolish, but let's see.' Then the king halted his company and came on alone, looking calm, with the thumb of one hand in the armhole of his vest, and the other pulling his whisker. And Jessamine stepped forward and said, 'J. R., I arrest you for embezzlement.' And the king looked him over very calm and benevolent. 'Well,' he said, 'a—Better be careful. Trouble is, the army ain't really disciplined yet. They'd jab you full of holes when I wasn't looking if they caught your idea. Well—better come and have tea. I didn't expect you'd be along for two months yet.'

"It appeared he calculated on four to five months, and my meeting Jessamine at Honolulu had cut him short. But I didn't see but he held the cards; Jessamine might arrest till he was blown, but the crew of the *Annalee* were only twelve, and they hadn't shipped to be speared by a king's body-guard.

"Soon we were eating comfortably, sitting on the big piazza around one of Phipp's black-walnut tables. The palace seemed to be fitted and furnished so far mainly from the cargo. Each of us had two or three waiters back of his chair, some men, some women. The warriors squatted in line out in front among the flowers. Whenever we were through with a dish, Phipp would send the rest of it down to the warriors, and they'd gobble it, and watch for more, with their eyes shining, but very quiet. I recollect there was something that was like a duck, and some canned tomatoes, and a kind of fruit with a yellow rind.

"'There's two hundred in my army,' said Phipp, sociably, 'in four divisions. This is a special one. Mighty fond of

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drilling they are. Fact, 'most everybody's in the army. They're softening under discipline, but some of 'em are bloodthirsty yet.'

"'J. R.,' said Jessamine, 'I've known you a long time, and I never thought I'd have this to do. It's a painful duty.'

"'Just so. If you've done your duty, say no more. Let it drop. Maybe you couldn't be expected to know the law of this state touching the person of the king. Fact is, foreigners aren't allowed to arrest royalty here. Fact, it's a new law. I just passed it the other day. You didn't mean any harm. We'll say no more.'

"Jessamine looked hurt. 'Come, now, J. R., it's no use. You're not going to resist the law.'

"'I'm going to maintain it, Jessamine, maintain it.'

"'I say, I got the authority of the States of Rhode Island and California.'

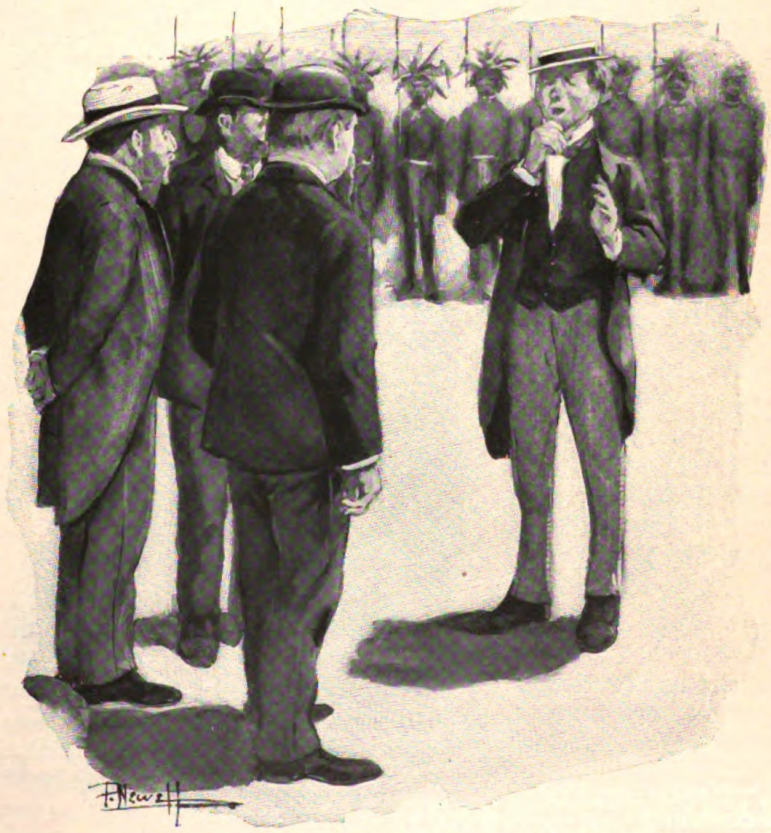
"'I asks you what authority they've got here? First place, you want extradition papers. You can't have 'em. I won't give 'em to you. Trouble with you, Jessamine, is you're narrow.'

"'J. R.,' said Jessamine, remonstrating, 'this isn't right, and you know it.'

"'You need to expand, Jessamine; you ought to permeate; you haven't got on to large ideas.'

"Phipp here distributed cigars, lit a fat one himself, pushed back from the table, crossed his legs, stuck a thumb in the armhole of his plush vest, and continued, sort of unfolding his mind leisurely:

"'It ain't the king's pleasure to leave this island, nor it ain't the ways of monarchs, as I take it, to apologize. But putting aside all that, and supposing you was expanded enough to take that in, I'm going on to state the way it appears. You says, "J. R., how'd you come to steal the cash of parties that trusted you?" I answers, "It comes from being romantic." You aren't romantic. That's too bad. No! You don't see it. You don't expand to my circumference. You don't permeate my orbit. You don't get on to me. It was this way: I got up and looked out on the world. I says: "J. R., it's clear you haven't enough cash for your ambitions. But you've got a reputation. Throw it in. Be bold. If your conscience squirms, let it squirm; if it wriggles, let it wriggle. Take the risk. Expand to large ideas." I took it. Say, I made parties unwilling investors in me. Now, then, here they are, as delegated in you. Here's me, Julius R., monarch by purchase and election of the sovereign state of Lua. You asks, "What next?" I says: "This. I pay. I settle the claims



THEN THE KING HALTED HIS COMPANY AND CAME ON ALONE

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with interest and dividend on investment." With what? Now there's the point. I been investigating the produce of this island, the pearl-fishing, the coral, the hard-woods. The pearl-fishing is good. As a business man I tell you it can be done.'

"Jessamine shook his head. 'I haven't any authority to settle the case. I'm told to go and bring you. I've got to do it. It's a painful duty.'

"The king smoked awhile silently, then said something to his warriors, who got up and marched away around the corner. 'Mighty, Jessamine!' he said. 'You're slow. Most mulish man I ever saw. Well—let it go. You can't do it. Recollect, attempting the person of the king is a capital crime. That's the law of this land. For the rest, if Captain Buckingham will take a cargo, I'm going to settle those claims, whether you like it or not. It's decided, and it don't change. We'll drop it.'

"So nothing more was said of the matter, and we talked agreeably.

"But whether Phipp's account of himself and his motives was accurate I couldn't say. It didn't seem likely he expected ever to settle, when he started, or he took all the chances that he never would. Maybe he cooked up the theory to suit things as they stood. Maybe not. I don't defend him, and I'm not clear where he lied or where he fancied. But it seemed to me, if he'd made a long calculation, his luck was standing by him at that point."

IV

OF THE END OF THE REIGN OF KING JULIUS

"When the king left us we went for a walk through the village, talking it over. Breen said they'd better take the offer, and I thought they'd have to, but Jessamine wasn't satisfied. He said:

"'No, we haven't the authority. How do you know we wouldn't get into trouble at home? We've got to take him back. But, you see, that isn't the point. The point is, here's where we make a hit. It's professional with me. It's reputation; it's the chance of a lifetime.'

"'But where's the chance?'

"'We'll see. But J. R.'s been the one white man so far. Now we're three to one. If he can usurp a crown, I don't see but we can get up an insurrection.'

"The village was a long row of huts built of bamboo and big brown leaves, and stretching up and down the valley. There was a large hut with two doors opposite us, and sitting on mats in front was a fat man with little bones stuck at angles in his grizzled hair. He wore a pink shirt with studs and a pair of carpet slippers, and around his neck a lot of glass pendants from a chandelier, and he looked surly and sleepy. I said:

"'You can leave me out; I think you ought to take the offer. If you slip up, of course the king 'll hang you for treason. If he's the government here, he's got a right to say what the law is. I'm going back to the ship.'



A FAT MAN WITH LITTLE BONES STUCK IN HIS HAIR

"We stopped beside the fat man, and I asked him if he hadn't been one of the rival candidates, thinking it might be the old one with the chicken bones that spoke English; and he set to work swearing, so I knew it was; and I judged from the style he swore in he'd been intimate one time

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THE GUARD BROKE OUT SUDDENLY WAILING AND CHANTING, AND ROCKED TO AND FRO

with seamen; and I judged, too, he felt dissatisfied, for he said he was rightly chief of the island, and that man, all of whose grandfathers were low and disgusting, meaning Julius R., was living in his house, and, moreover, had given him only three pink shirts. Jessamine sat down by him, and said nothing, but listened, and I went and found some of the beach natives, and came back with them to the *Annalee*.

"That night passed, and it came the morning of the next day, and I heard nothing from them. But though it was warm and pleasant, the sea rippling in curves on the beach, we found no one about the huts there but children and a few old women. And the old women jabbered at us excitedly.

"I took six of the men and started inland through that warm sort of dusky forest, thick with creepers, and the green and red parrots screaming overhead. But when we came out to look up the valley to the open country, we saw no signs of fighting nor any one moving about. And all up the valley as we went it was silent and empty; no smoke from the huts, no women bruising nuts and ground roots into meal; no fat man before the hut with two doors sitting on his mats; not a soul in the village, but all deathly still.

"But coming near the palace we could see all the red-flower shrubs were trampled and smashed. Then we came on a dead body by the path; then more, bloody and spitted with spears; and one who was wounded lifted himself and glared and dropped again among the red flowers. Through the palm stems we saw the roofs of the palace, the piazza with the bamboo pillars, and, squatted on the piazza, the line of the body-guard, with their spears upright before them. Everything was motionless and silent.

"Then we heard a cry behind us, and looked and saw Jessamine and Breen, but no others with them, running through the village towards us. They came up to us and said they had been in the forest hunting for the villagers who had run

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away, but found none; and we sat down not far from the wounded man. Jessamine had his arm in a sling, and he told what had happened, so far as he made it out.

"'It was the way I fancied,' he said, 'that J. R. wasn't so solid with his army, except the body-guard, but I'd no idea they'd go off like a bunch of fireworks. The old fat one sent messengers around in the afternoon, and at night we went with him over back of that hill and met a crowd who had a few torches, but it was pretty dark, and I couldn't see how many there were along the hill-side. I made them a speech, how J. R. had run away from his land, and was ruling them here when he had no right, and they oughtn't to stand it; but I don't know that the fat one interpreted it. I guess he made a speech of his own. All I know is they went off like gunpowder. Whether all of them yelled for battle and rebellion I don't know; some of them might have been yelling against it. They all yelled, and pretty soon they started hot-foot across the country for the palace, fighting some with each other, so I gathered they disagreed. There are corpses all along between here and the hill, and it was there I caught a cut in the arm. Breen and I agreed to slide out of it. We went and sat on the hill-side and watched. Maybe J. R. had word of what was coming. He seemed to be ready for them. I judge the body-guard met them just above here, and there was a mix-up, but we couldn't see well at the distance. It was an awful noise. And suddenly it died out. Not a sound for a while. By-and-by a gang of forty or more ran by us a hundred yards away and into the woods before we'd decided what to do; and later, after a long time, there was a sort of chanting like a ceremony over here at J. R.'s palace, and this came at intervals all night. This morning we came and found the village empty, and came up a little beyond here, till some one threw a spear past Breen's head, and we went away to look for the villagers. I don't know what J. R.'s up to. He appears to be laying low with his wild-cats around him.'

"While we were speaking there came some one past the body-guard, and down to meet us, and it was Kamelillo.

"Kamelillo didn't have much to say, except that the king would see us. But he answered some questions. He thought that in the attack on the palace the other two candidates and the fat one fell to quarrelling, and their followers joined, and it might be the two had been inclined to stand by the king, only they thought it was time to have some fighting. But they weren't going to put up with the fat one. And instead of having it out then, they had all gone off to different corners of the island, the same as they used to do, and that suddenly; but Kamelillo didn't know how it came about, and doubted if the candidates knew either. He said they were a 'fool lot,' and the king could settle them, give him time to hang the fat one; but it was no use now—'Gone too dam quick,' he said. The women and children had all run to the woods in the beginning. Being asked about King Julius, Kamelillo only grunted, and not having any expression of face, you couldn't gather much from that. But when we came to the piazza, where the body-guard squatted, what was left of it, with reddened spears, ghastly to make you sick, he grunted again and said, 'He gone die,' and passed in. The guard broke out suddenly wailing and chanting, and rocked to and fro, but only a moment, after which they held their spears stiff, as the king had taught them, and sat grimly and still.

"Now following Kamelillo, we came to a great room, where it seemed the king held audiences and gave out laws and justice, for the red-plush chair was on a raised platform at the far end, and over and on three sides were heavy red curtains; and glass chandeliers hung from the rafters of the roof, and a row of mattresses covered with carpet was laid in front, maybe so that subjects could prostrate themselves comfortably. But the great room was dusky and still.

"It seemed to be empty. We passed up it and stopped, for on the carpeted mattresses before the throne lay the king.

"His coat and vest were put back, his shirt torn open, his breastbone split by a spear or hatchet, and it was clear he hadn't long to live.

"A narrow, ribby chest he had, and a dry, leathery skin. The blood soaked out from under the cloth he held there

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and ran down the little gullies between the ribs. Jessamine sat down and acted nervous. He said,

"'I'm downright sorry for this, J. R.'

"But the king didn't seem to hear, and motioned to Kamelillo, who pulled a box out from under the plush chair and took a canvas bag from it.

"'They're pearls,' said the king, hoarsely. 'I advertised for 'em. There ain't any more on the island, unless found lately. They fish 'em on the other side. I've got no more; take 'em,' he whispered, 'and clear out.'

"Jessamine remonstrated. 'Now we can't leave you this way.'

"But the king didn't seem to hear, and said, 'Call in the guard.' The spearmen came filing in, barefooted, stepping softly like cats, and took position on each side, so that you could see it was according to discipline, and maybe they'd done it every day when he held a court or something. We slid back, feeling shy of the spears, and J. R. looked pleased, and said, softly:

"'You're narrow, Jessamine. You don't permeate. You don't expand. You don't rise to large— Oh, clear out, Jessamine! I'm dead, and I'm sick of your face. Buckingham'—speaking hoarsely and lower and lower—'I'm pleased to have known you, but you'd better—better go.' His eyes wandered, absent-minded and sort of sadly, to the plush chair with the curtains and the chandeliers and the spearmen standing around it, and down the long high-roofed room, as he was taking his leave maybe of things he'd thought of, and things he'd been fond of, and things he'd hoped for or meant to do. He muttered and talked to himself: 'I sat there, and I did the right thing by the people. I come half-way round the world and made myself a king. D'you know, gentlemen, these black idjiots are friends of mine. If you don't mind—then—I'd rather die—just with them.' And hearing that, we left; and when we came to the end of the path in the red flowers, we heard the spearmen chanting.

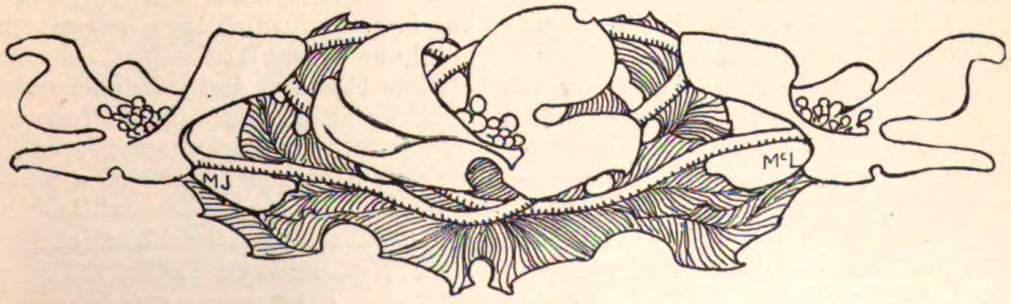
"So died Julius, King of Lua. I don't praise him nor put blame on him, but I state him as he seemed to me—that is, a singular man. Kamelillo said he was 'old boy, all right,' and I never knew Kamelillo to appreciate anybody else; but again Kamelillo's notions of what was virtuous weren't civilized notions."

Captain Buckingham took a pack of cards from the table before him and shuffled them thoughtfully.

"Yes—some of those pearls were seed, and some were pea-sized, and some were big and milky. Phipp never knew what they were worth; no more do I. He gave up what he had and let it go. I heard Jessamine made a good thing of it, and I never heard parties in Providence weren't satisfied."

He sorted out the royal face cards, looked at them, and shuffled them back.

"A man ought to be honest. Yes—I've known thieves that were singular and human. Yes—J. R. Phipp was innocent of some kinds of knowingness, for he didn't know much of charts or sailing matters, and he was no good at poetry. He had his fancies, too; sometimes I thought he was lunatic, and sometimes I thought it was his point of view. He was mighty happy when he was a king, was Julius R."



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Invisible Beauty

BY MARCUS REED

SYMMETRY seems to be demanded by the artistic sense in its most elementary and inarticulate form; and this sense is by no means a prerogative of the human race. Long before man appeared on the scene, Nature herself was symmetrical. Everybody is familiar with the beautiful shapes of crystals,—a profound mystery this, connected with laws of nature of which we have not yet the remotest glimmering,—but not every one has seen the exquisite forms of the minutest vegetable cells as revealed by the microscope. Some of the desmids and diatoms, invisible to the naked eye, have a symmetrical beauty which is not, however, without a clear cause and necessity. As they propagate themselves by fissure or division, the two halves of the whole must be perfectly equal in shape and in size.

Some of these lowest forms of microscopic vegetable life are very pretty to look at. In Plates A and B, No. 1 is a thin film of gelatinous matter carrying spores arranged in mathematical position. Nos. 2, 5, and 6 are divided cells, still on a foundation of film, which loosen themselves to begin a separate existence. In No. 5 one half of the centre is already gone. No. 4 is a beautiful crescent-shaped cell or desmid of a bright green color, *Closterium lunula,* which is seen dividing in No. 7. The blunt ends will in a few hours be as long as the others; all these well illustrate the wonderful gemlike beauties which, all unseen, fill our ponds and ditches.

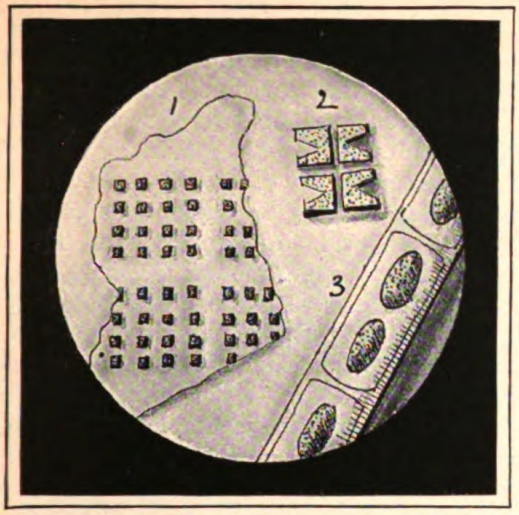
Plate C shows what the pollen of the passion-flower, the yellow dust which looks like flour of sulphur, is really like; every particle of the dust is a little marvel by itself, like a tiny ball cunningly carved by a Chinese artist, and not thus symmetrically created to satisfy *our* feeling for beauty, for only in recent times has the microscope enabled us to see them. Every flower has a different pattern, seemingly of not the slightest use or meaning, for every speck is but a husk filled with thousands of fertilizing particles bearing no pattern; the husk is wasted, and its geometrical beauty, unseen and meaningless, is one of the puzzles of creation.

More extraordinary still, when we try to discover some meaning in created things, are the silicious shells called Polycistina. Their beauty (see Plate D) is something surpassing all imagination when we consider that each invisible speck is a tiny ornament of pierced glass in ever so many pretty shapes. We may imagine how small the holes in the glass must be when the whole thing itself is too small to be seen! And yet the forms are always uniform and typical for every kind, and untold millions of trillions of these little ornaments have been created since the beginning of all things on this earth, unknown to us.

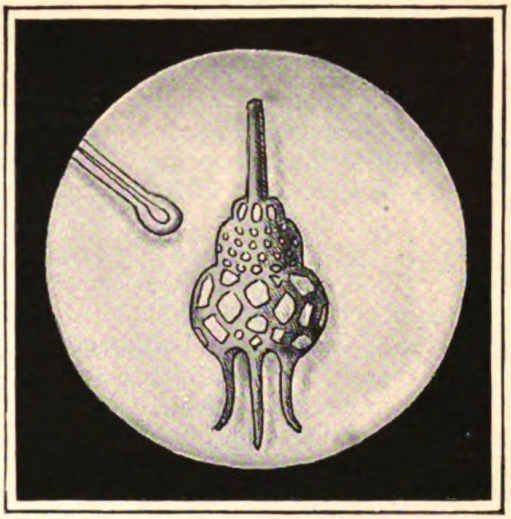
Diatoms are unicellular plants, found in abundance in running streams and ponds. In them the silica which coats the stalks of straw with a thin and brittle glassy veneer takes the shape of beautiful valves of every imaginable form, covered with the finest tracings and marks. A few of them are shown in Plate E. They have existed, and their valves or frustules have been deposited, from time immemorial; and strange though it may seem, their duty in life has been to furnish stone wherewith to build our houses.

Plate F is a curiosity in its way. No. 9 shows a diatom called *Pleurosigma formosum,* very much magnified, and No. 8 shows a broken portion of a valve or frustule, magnified a few million times. The beads on it are the subject of a lively controversy amongst the learned in such matters. Appearances are so deceptive in high magnification that it has not been made out as yet, although for many

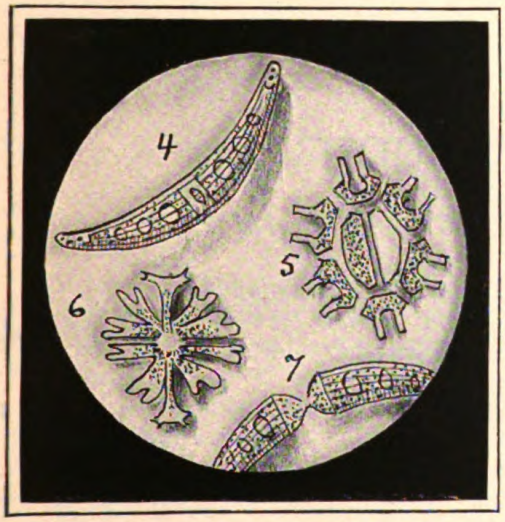
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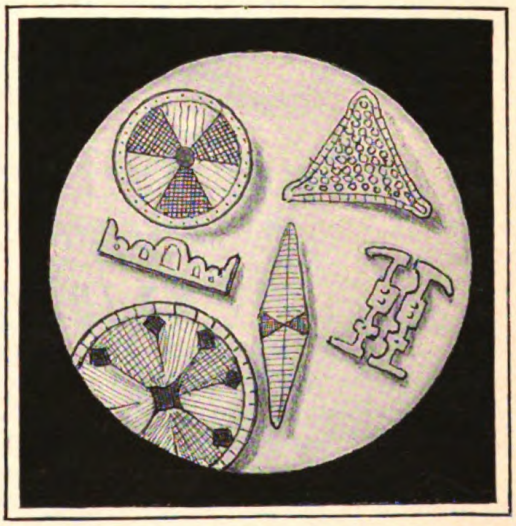
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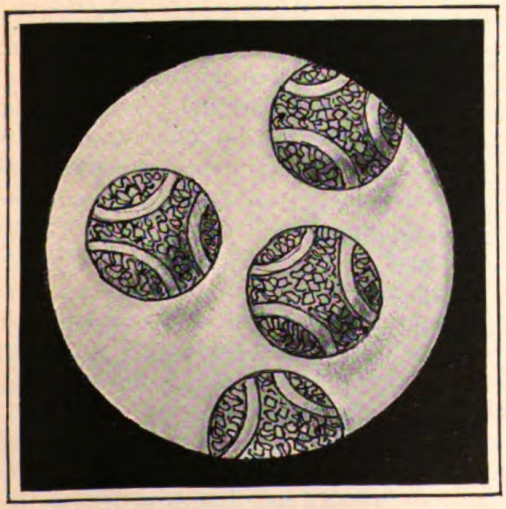
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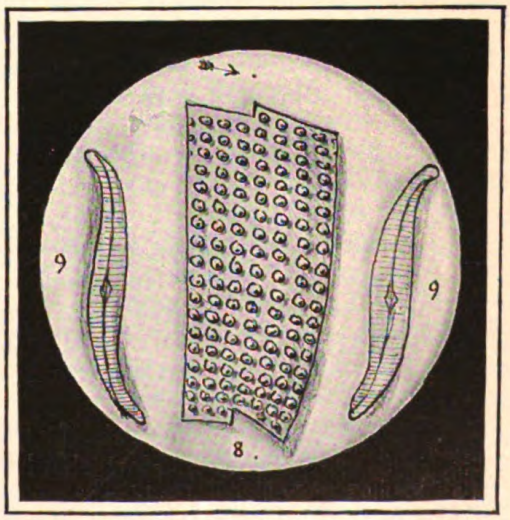
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E



C



F

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years past all the scientists of the world have been peering at them, whether they are beads, hollows, or holes. At least this is the case with *Pleurosigma angulatum*. With the *formosum* it is quite possible to assert, the marks being much coarser, that they *are* beads. The writer has never seen any other appearance of them. Well, they are very small; one thousand six hundred millions of them go to the square inch, and although learned men positively get very angry with each other on the subject, it does seem a matter of some indifference whether they are beads or hollows; except under an exceedingly powerful lens, these marks really can be said to have no existence worth mentioning. This is not a question which need rob any one of his sleep. *Why* the marks are there at all is another matter; that, indeed, is part of the mystery that surrounds us.

Evolution has not done very much for these minute vegetable cells. As we find them deposited in the fossil state, so we find them moving in our ponds to-day, not a bead or hole more or less. Their movement is another mystery, not, however, connected with the present subject. But these tiny things actually move or swim, dodge an obstacle under the cover-glass, go back and try again, although they are the merest vegetables! For the matter of that, all the objects represented in these six diagrams, with the exception of the flower pollen, have the surprising power of moving freely about in the water.

The Old Country

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

WHERE'S *the land o' Dreamland?*
How should I know?
On the moon's further side,
Where the drift clouds ride,
And the stars hang low.

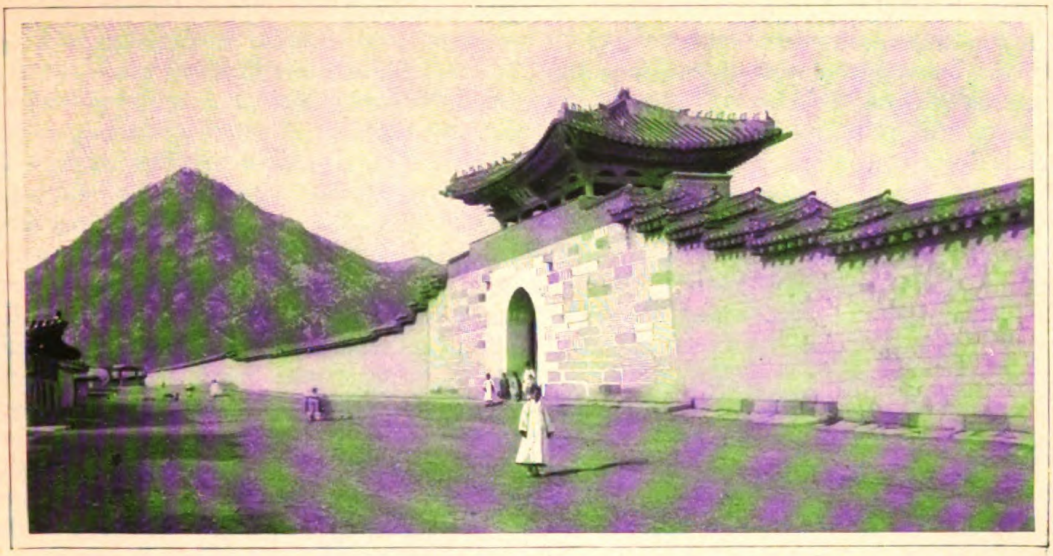
What's the look o' Dreamland?
How should I see?
All the air's silver-gray,
Glinted with star spray,
Here and there a tree.

What's the sound o' Dreamland?
How should I hear?
Bell tones from far below,
Night's haunting cockcrow,
Olden songs and dear.

What's the speech o' Dreamland?
How should I say?
Great eyes that fill the heart,
Soft hands that clasp and part,
Calls from far away.

Where's the gate o' Dreamland?
How should I tell?
Sudden you stand before,
Slip through the quiet door—
Ah, but all's well!

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ENTRANCE TO THE OLD PALACE, SEOUL

Korea and her Emperor

BY ALFRED STEAD

KOREA, the cockpit of the Far East, and the nation which has given to Japan many of her finer arts, has a capital as fascinating and dirty and as incomprehensible as one would expect the cradle of such a past history to be. Seoul, the theatre of all political action, is a drab-colored even sea of thatched roofs, held within bounds by tall gray walls. Dirty, uneven lanes and alleyways divide the clusters of one-storied houses, and only the green-clad enclosures of the imperial palaces, and the legations with their foreign architecture, break the monotonous stretch of the city. The American and the British legations are almost within the Palace enclosure; the house of Mr. McLeary Brown is quite so. The Russian legation occupies a small hill overlooking and commanding the Palace. It is much more prominent than any other building, except perhaps the Catholic cathedral. The Japanese legation with its barracks is far from the present residence of the Emperor, being near the Old Palace,—which accounts perhaps for the Emperor's abandonment of it some years ago, when during the trouble with the Japanese the Empress was killed by their hand, and a year after the Emperor escaped to the Russian legation, living there twelve months under Russian protection. When the disturbances were over, he took up his residence in the present, or, as it is called, the New Palace, which was formerly the residence of the Regent, his father. Every now and then the Emperor sends notes to the American and British ministers politely inquiring when they are going to move out into other quarters, because he does not wish their presence so near the Palace. They answer, equally politely, that they were there when he came to this Palace, so it is for him to move if he is not comfortable, and the legations remain.

At four o'clock every morning the Emperor retires to rest and the town wakes up. This latter because at that hour detachments of troops march round and round the Palace to the sound of drums and bugle—always the same notes over and over again. This goes on for about an hour, the men playing vigorously and marching well, and then the work of the army is over for the day. I was unable to discover what was the reason

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of this display, unless it was to show the foreign ministers that Korea has an army. During the rest of the morning there is nothing stirring in or near the Palace. About mid-day, however, the officials begin to arrive, and many change into their court dress before the Great Gate. Attended by a servant who carries a bundle in a cloth, they there leisurely and in full view of the public eye don their green gauze garments of state over their every-day ones, and change their hats for court head-gear. Then they enter the gate; on coming out the same procedure is gone through, only *vice versa*. The military officers pass in or come out of a side gate near the barracks. It is very amusing to see these officers, whose rank renders riding necessary, being hoisted upon the diminutive horses, and then jolted away, held in the saddle by two or more privates. Later in the afternoon come those persons having audience, in their green imperial chairs, and pass straight into the Palace enclosure. At night the sounds of feasting and Korean music escape from the Palace, and continue until well into the morning. The audience-room and most prized portion of the Palace is contained in a modern stone and brick building, standing in one corner of the enclosure and intensely out of place.

Li Hsi, the Emperor of Korea, is the twenty-eighth sovereign of his dynasty—a dynasty that usurped the throne of Korea some 300 years ago. The Emperor is regarded by his people as God, and his slightest word carries great weight with the lower classes. Although possessing enormous potential power, he has little actual opportunity, and has to play a careful part amongst the international wrangles that forever disturb his court.

Owing to the late habits of the Emperor, and the audiences being held in the afternoon, ours was fixed for five o'clock. Shortly before that hour we left the legation in the imperial chairs sent for us. These chairs are like the old palanquins in shape, with seats, and are colored green inside and out; the ordinary Korean chairs have no seats, and necessitate sitting on the floor. Our chairs were carried by four men, two before and two behind. Accompanied by the minister and interpreter, we were borne along, past the walls with their soldiers, past sentries and machine-guns, to one of the gates of the Palace, where we left our chairs, and entered, after passing the gate, a small anteroom, close to the audience-chamber. The interpreter was a Europeanized Korean, clad in black frock-coat, and with his smug and greasy face surmounted by a venerable silk hat. The antechamber is contained in an old Korean house; it is very small, and Europeanized into extreme ugliness. Electric light was installed, and there was a gaudy French carpet on the floor. A beautiful Korean chair was crowded into obscurity by hideous European substitutes. The table was covered with a flaring table-cloth. The only appropriate thing which civilization had brought into that ugly room, and one which was also most apposite, was a large American stove, with the word "Invader" writ large upon its front. There were no windows, but over the openings hung Korean bamboo curtains, very fine and light.

In this room were many Korean officials, including the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Ceremonies. After universal hand-shaking we sat down and were offered refreshments. These took the shape of Egyptian cigarettes and Japanese mineral water in large glasses. The robes of the court officials were of dark green gauze, flowing as do all Korean garments. Their head-dress was made of curious black gauze, with gauze wings projecting to right and left behind. Nearly all the officials wore great belts, very beautiful in the case of the higher dignitaries. This belt is quite stiff, and composed of metal and stones; it does not fit tightly, but being fastened close to the body at the back, it projects considerably over the wearer's chest. Most of the ministers spoke only Korean, but we were surprised to find one who spoke excellent French, and another who was master of a little English. We conversed with the former during the few minutes' delay in the anteroom, and found him remarkably well informed and intelligent. He told us that he had never been outside Korea, but had learned French by himself. We discussed the coronation of the King of England, and then drifted on to the electric cars of Seoul, recently installed

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by an American firm. The official was quite distressed about the latter, because they did so much harm to the Korean children. These, having always been accustomed to play in the streets, could not understand these things which came so quickly and so quietly, and many had been maimed and killed. It was quite touching to hear him talk of the children, and he spoke with great fluency and intelligence.

The few minutes' delay which we experienced was due to the fact that the Emperor was taking a bath. The weather was stiflingly hot, and it is the imperial custom to spend most of the intervals between audiences in his bath-tub, under such conditions keeping cool.

Soon, word having come that the Emperor was in his audience-chamber, we followed the ministers for Foreign Affairs and Ceremonies through a glass-covered way into the main Palace building: this is quite new and in modern style. As we were passing through the passage we caught a glimpse of some women and children. These, being of the imperial household, are never allowed to go beyond the outer wall. The women did not appear striking, and shared to the full the general Korean feminine complaint of ugliness.

Having entered the main building, we passed through two small modern rooms, unfurnished except for flaring carpets of European manufacture. At the threshold of the second room the officials all prostrated themselves, and again as we passed into the audience-chamber. From the second room we turned at right angles to the left, and passing through an ordinary doorway, entered the audience-chamber, and found ourselves in the imperial presence! It was a shock, yet hardly in the expected sense; everything was so small, so unmajestic, and, above all, so un-Oriental. Imagine a small, wooden, square room, the walls papered with bad French paper, the ceiling whitewashed, a glaring red and green carpet on the floor, and cheap-looking lace curtains draping an ordinary glass window. To add to the general depressing effect, there



THE EMPEROR OF KOREA

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were two cheaply framed chromos hanging on the wall behind the Emperor.

The Emperor himself was at the farther end of the room from the doorway, standing behind a plain modern table, unornamented except for a monstrosity of a table-cover. On his left hand stood the Crown-Prince. We advanced to the table after the momentary pause of astonishment, and the interpreter took up his position at our left hand. The Emperor gave the only suggestions of Oriental splendor, and it seemed pitifully out of place in such surroundings. Li Hsi is of medium height and inclined to stoutness. His face is very pleasant and full of smiles, quite in contrast to that of the Crown-Prince, whose face is impassive, not to say imbecilic. The Emperor shook hands with Mrs. Stead and then with me, quite in Occidental style. A curious incident arose, however, as we were withdrawing our hands across the table. A look of distress crossed the Crown-Prince's face, and he grabbed back the departing hands and shook them vigorously. The Crown-Prince always wishes to do whatever the Emperor does, and thus the moment his father's hand leaves yours he grasps it and shakes it too.



THE CROWN-PRINCE OF KOREA

The Emperor was wearing a loose robe of yellow silk, beautifully embroidered with golden dragons in a circle on his chest. The imperial belt is of gold with yellow opaque stones, and projects several inches from the Emperor's breast. On his arms and on his chest and back the Emperor wears the thin Korean woven bamboo guards or shields, to hold the clothes from touching the skin in hot weather. These help to give him an appearance of stoutness greater than the reality. The imperial head-dress is a two-tiered purple gauze one, very similar to those worn in olden times in Japan. After the Korean army was first organized, the Emperor abandoned his customary robes and donned a gorgeous

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military uniform when he held audiences. He, however, insisted upon wearing his helmet when receiving the foreign ministers, and they, naturally not tolerating such a thing, retaliated, by threatening to retain their own hats if he would not doff his when wearing European clothes. This was obviously impossible, as it is quite out of the possibility of forgiveness for a Korean gentleman to be without a head-covering in public, and so the Emperor had to abandon his uniform and go back to the ancient robes and head-gear. His Majesty was wearing the large Korean decoration called the Golden Measure on his left breast. This decoration received the name from Mr. Gubbins, the British minister in Seoul. The more accurate rendering of the Korean title would be the "Golden Rule," but Mr. Gubbins held that that name was already appropriated. The Emperor wore, beneath the Korean decoration, the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun.

The Emperor laughed very often and was most pleasant, conversing quite animatedly with us through the interpreter. After the introduction he inquires after our health, and says that he is glad that we have come to his country. We reply that we trust his Majesty is enjoying good health. He asks then if we came from Japan, and how many states we have visited before Korea. Our reply, out of deference for the Emperor's lack of geographical knowledge, that we have visited a great many is not definite enough for his Majesty, and the interpreter promptly renders it as eight states! Our intention of travelling through Manchuria and Siberia surprises the Emperor, and he says that it is a very great undertaking, and the change from the charming life of Seoul will be great. We converse about the coronation of King Edward next year, and hope that he will send an embassy on that occasion. The Emperor assures us that he is only waiting for the official announcement of the date to reach Seoul, in order to appoint a special representative. He also informs us that he has just despatched ministers to America, Great Britain, Germany, and France. This seems to afford him the keenest satisfaction. These were the principal topics of our conversation, in which the Crown-Prince takes no part. The robes of the Crown-Prince are red, with dark green around his neck, where the undergarments appear; his belt is also red, and his head-dress is of purple gauze, similar to the Emperor's. He sways from side to side as he stands, and it is evident that his legs cannot support him, unless he also has the table to lean upon.

The audience at an end, the Emperor again shakes hands, as does the Crown-Prince, and smilingly bids us a good journey. The officials prostrate themselves, and we bow as we leave the audience-chamber. The feeling uppermost in our minds as we leave the imperial presence is one of pity for the smiling old man, the God of his people, and the puppet of ambitious nations. One cannot help being sorry for him, there in his little room, as ugly as civilization can make it. Following this feeling of pity comes a certainty that the Emperor must be able to gain a great deal of amusement out of his position in the centre of affairs. It must be good to see the intrigues and counter-intrigues of the different ministers, and there is plenty of evidence that he is not without shrewdness and humor.

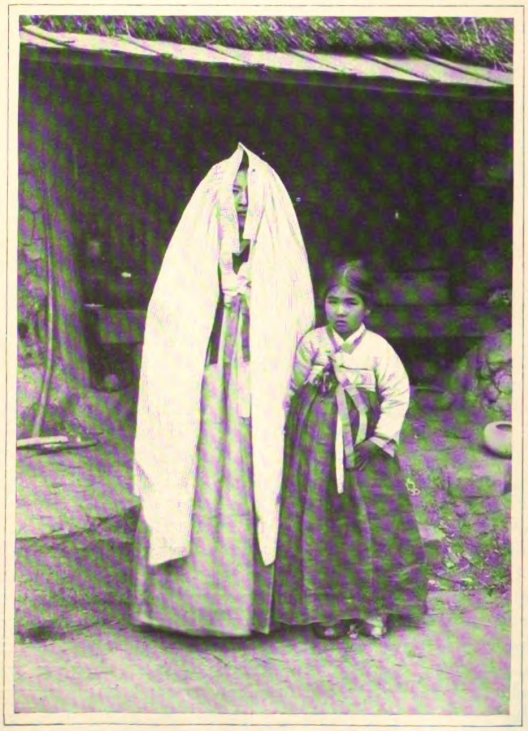
Our audience over, we returned to the anteroom and sat down again, while the minister had some more conversation with the Emperor. Warm champagne was served out to every one, and the conversation was resumed where it had been interrupted by the audience. While our attention was divided between the different ministers and dignitaries brought forward to meet us, one or other of the Korean lower officials drank our champagne! We did not notice this until later on, when the health of the Emperor was proposed, and everybody else had champagne to drink it in except the foreigners. The minister was much amused, because, as he explained later, even the sip that etiquette demands one shall drink with the toast is a *bête noire* to those having frequent audiences, because the court orders up specially bad Chinese champagne for occasions like this. After a farewell universal hand-shaking we left the Palace, and were borne away in our green chairs to the legation. The next day we received a bundle of imperial fans. These were plain wood and

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plain paper, but beautifully and artistically made, and formed a pleasant memento of our meeting with the Emperor.

In the evening there was the dinner in the Palace. This was served in European style. The Emperor and the Crown-Prince are never present at these dinners, but nevertheless they take a keen interest in them, sharing to the full the general Korean curiosity. On more than one occasion the Crown-Prince was to be seen peering through the crack of the door. The instant he saw that some of the guests perceived him there was heard the rustling of his silken robes as he rapidly withdrew. After the long banquet was over, the dancing-girls of the imperial household came in ready for their work. These are intensely ugly and not graceful—many of them are marked with small-pox. The music is very discordant and loud, and the dancing has none of the grace to be found in that of the geishas of Japan. The dancing is continued for a long time, and much drink is consumed. At last the dancers are wearied, and the time of departure has come. The Emperor and his court, however, do not retire for several hours yet, and continue to employ themselves. Although the music for the dances is so discordant, there are trained Korean bands, trained by a German instructor, formerly in the Japanese service.

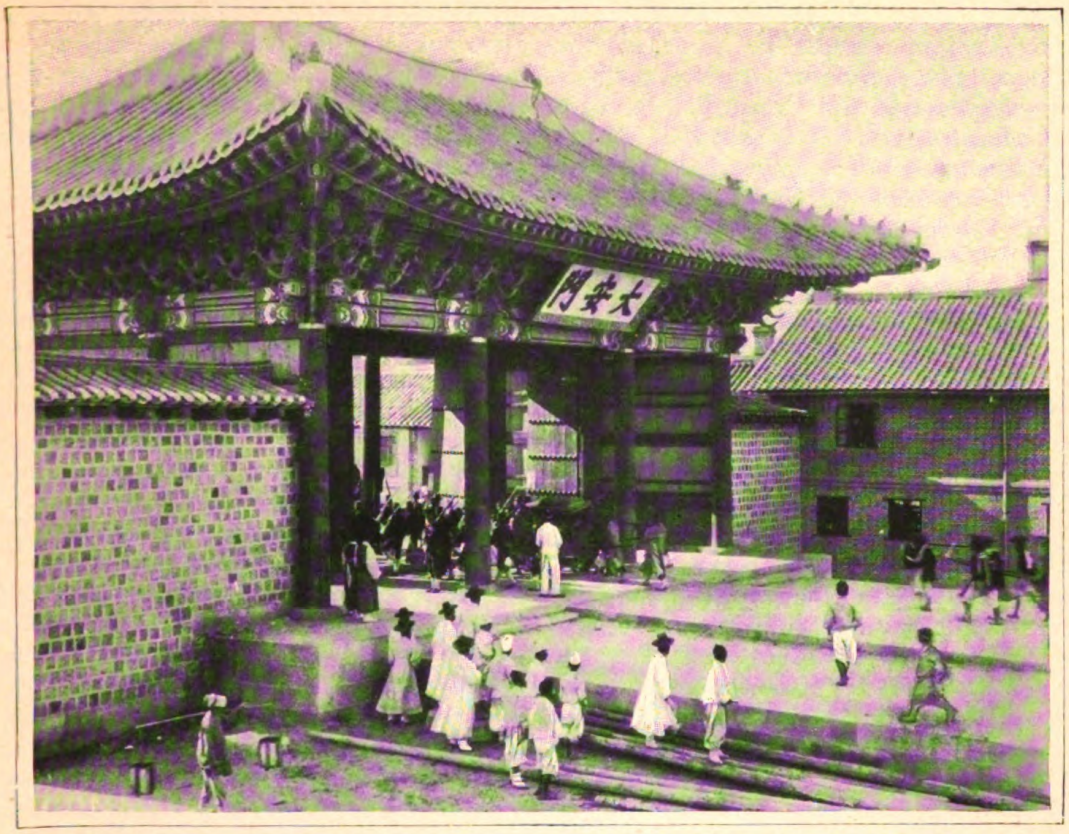
As we have indicated before, the Emperor is always anxious that the legations shall move away from near his Palace; and recently, when there was much friction with Great Britain, and many British war-ships were at Chemulpo, the Emperor met the British minister one day at an audience. He told him, smiling sweetly, what a pity it was that he had not a larger house, so that the British officers could come and stay in Seoul—then the Koreans might be able to see them. Would he not like to have a nice large house built outside the Palace, where he would have more room?



KOREAN WOMAN IN STREET DRESS, WITH GIRL

At another time, when heated audiences were being held, the British minister was surprised to receive the visit of a Korean of high rank, who announced that he had been appointed as minister to the Court of St. James! He further said that the Emperor had sent him to ask a small favor. London being so far away, it was difficult and risky to send money all that way. Would it not be easy to arrange matters so that he could receive Mr. Gubbins's salary from the British Foreign Office, while Mr. Gubbins was paid in Seoul by the Korean Minister of Foreign Affairs? Then there would be no necessity for the sending of money. Such actions on the part of the Emperor seem to indicate that he takes a keen interest in the

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VISITORS ENTERING THE PALACE GATE

game of state, and can take advantage of an opening whenever it presents itself.

The Emperor scarcely ever stirs out of his Palace. He is supposed to make a royal progress through Seoul once each year, but does not always do so. This progress is gorgeous with all the tawdry display of Orientalism tinged with Occidental ideas wrongly understood. The most magnificent thing about this display is the bill which is presented to the Treasury to defray expenses. Sometimes this amounts to as much as 700,000 yen ($350,000) for the one day's entertainment — a vast amount when the purchasing power of a yen is considered. Few or no details are given, and when they are they often partake of the nature of a farce. Such is the item of champagne for the foreign representatives, which figured once at 70,000 yen ($35,000)! Of course most of these vast sums are misappropriated, and the Emperor has his share. He also has another source of revenue which is very profitable. This is the sale of patents for coining money to private individuals. The right to coin five-sen (2½ cents) nickel pieces is the usual one granted. The purchaser pays down 8000 yen ($4000), and he receives the privilege of coining nickels, for which privilege he pays additionally 4000 yen ($2000) monthly. This in itself is good business for the Emperor, but he has improved upon it, and, by a system of stopping all patents periodically, he obtains frequent repayments of the initial premium! It is said also that the Emperor has recently ordered two million five-sen pieces in the United States. Of these the actual cost will be one cent (two sen) each, leaving him with a profit of some $30,000. Mention must also be made of the sale of concessions to foreigners. These frequently cost the concessionnaires more than they are worth, but this is not always so, as may be seen by the following instance, which was told us in Seoul:

A British official having died in Korea, the court was given to understand,

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Heaven alone knows why, that some compensation should be awarded the widow. She therefore was given the post of governess to the Crown-Prince, with an official salary. It is said that during the three years of her governess-ship she never once saw the Crown-Prince, as a pupil; nevertheless her engagement for another term of three years has been arranged for.

The Old Palace of the Emperor of Korea lies at some distance from the smaller New Palace, and close to the hill of Pouk Han, of which hill tradition says that when the last tree is gone from its surface the end of Korea is at hand. It is because of this tradition that it is death for any one to cut wood on Pouk Han. There are still many trees left standing, but on the summit there remains only one tree, solitary and rugged, and this gives the impression that the prophecy is not far from fulfilment. The deserted Palace at the foot of the hill seems to emphasize this feeling. The royal enclosure covers many acres of ground, and its walls run far into the hills, including at least one wooded valley. Numberless buildings, lakes, inner walls, and court-yards are scattered over the enclosed area, giving the whole the aspect rather of a scattered city than of a single palace. It must be remembered that formerly there inhabited this enclosure some 400 guards, 2000 retainers, as well as all the royal household. These would require many buildings to house them all.

The main entrance lies at the end of one of the largest streets of Seoul, and presents a most imposing spectacle, viewed down the vista of widely separated low houses. This gateway is, however, never opened now; it used to be the gate through which the King and his family alone passed. The road leading up to the gate is decorated with two quaint figures of lions in stone. Admittance is now obtained by permission of the Minister of Ceremonies, and the gate open for every-day use lies on another side of the enclosure from that of the main entrance. At the gate, which rises gradually from the wall until it has quite an imposing height, there are several Korean policemen, in pseudo-Japanese uniform, which they wear with the grace of the unexpected. There are no soldiers guarding the Old Palace, only these police, who act also as guides. In the latter capacity their principal use is to unlock the various doors, since they can only speak Korean and a little Japanese. The ceiling of the gateway is decorated with gayly printed dragons, which seem to have stood the weather wonderfully well without fading.

Inside the wall all is uncared-for and desolate. The brilliant Chinese coloring of the various buildings seems only to accentuate the desertion and pathos of the overgrown court-yards and the bird-defiled monuments of former greatness. An intricate winding walk of several minutes through corridors and along side walls leads to the great court-yard, in the midst of which stands the great Throne Room. This building is reached by several flights of steps, and is raised above the court-yard on two terraces. The gates having been unlocked by the Korean policeman-guide, entrance is gained immediately into the vast building, and the visitor stands amazed at the grandiose simplicity and vastness of the hall. The hall seems empty, save for the great red wooden pillars resting upon their white dressed stone supports. The ceiling and lofty roof are brilliantly decorated. The floor is covered with rotting matting and rubbish and the dust of years.

Immediately opposite the main entrance is the royal dais, seemingly removed from the rest of the hall by its supporting pillars, and reached by six steps. On this dais stands the royal throne, before a beautifully carved and decorated screen. This, as the throne itself, is in red lacquer. Behind the screen again is a painted picture, retaining all its pristine vigor of coloring. Above the throne is a gorgeously decorated ceiling, upon which the Korean dragons variously disport themselves. Seated on this throne the King could look out over the terraces and the court-yard, and see all his gathered nobles and officials, close to the presence or farther removed, as befitted their rank.

The Throne Room is so splendidly massive in its simple grandeur that it is easy to imagine it as it used to be in its days of really royal audiences.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

PICTURES BY

EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread.
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron—forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,

The sober herd that low'd to meet their young

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The sad historian of the pensive plain!
  Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unpractic'd he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour.
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred here, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,

The sad historian of the pensive plain

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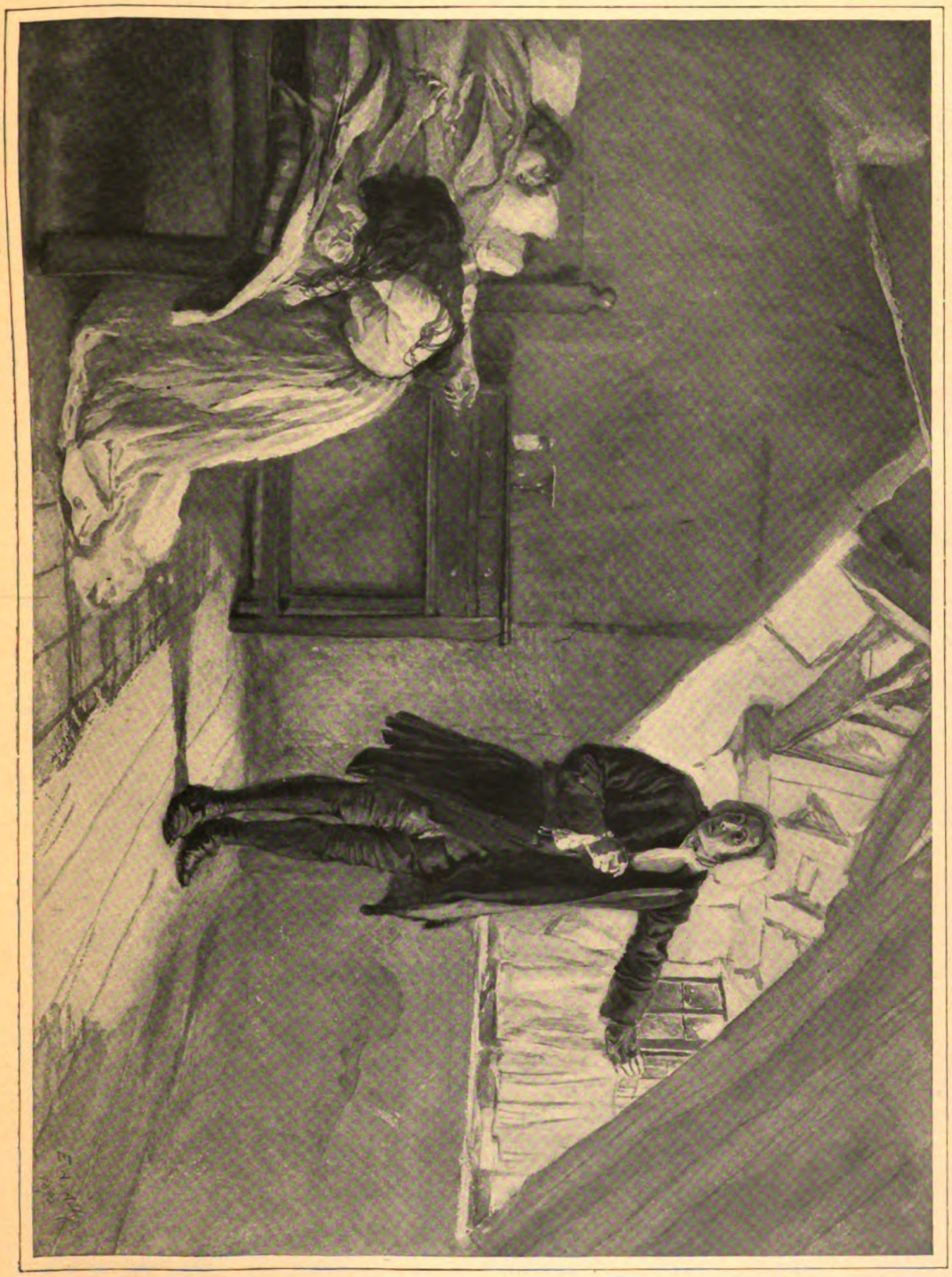
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side—
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood: at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid

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Love-Letters of Falstaff

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

I

IT was, indeed, Sir John Falstaff; very old now, and very shaky after a night of hard drinking. He came into the room singing, as was often his custom when alone, and found Bardolph bending over the chest, while Mistress Quickly demurely stirred the fire, which winked at the old knight very knowingly.

"*Then came the bold Sir Caradoc,*" carolled Sir John. "Ah, mistress, what news?—*And eke Sir Pellinore.*—Did I rage last night, Bardolph? Was I a very Bedlamite?"

"As mine own bruises can testify," asserted Bardolph. "Had each one of them a tongue, they might raise a clamor whereby Babel were as an heir weeping for his rich uncle's death; their testimony would qualify you for any madhouse in England. And if their evidence go against the doctor's stomach, the watchman at the corner hath three teeth —or, rather, had until you knocked them out last night—that will, right willingly, aid him to digest it."

"Three, say you?" asked the knight, sinking into his great chair set ready for him beside the fire. "I would have my valor in all men's mouths, but not in this fashion; 'tis too biting a jest. I am glad it was no worse; I have a tender conscience, and that mad fellow of the north, Hotspur, sits heavily upon it; thus, Percy being slain, is *per se* avenged; a plague on him! We fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock, but I gave no quarter, I promise you; though, i' faith, the jest is ill-timed. Three, say you? I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is; I would I had 'bated my natural inclination somewhat, and slain less tall fellows by some threescore. I doubt Agamemnon slept not well o' nights. Three, say you? Give the fellow a crown apiece for his mouldy teeth, an thou hast them; an thou hast not, bid him eschew drunkenness, whereby his misfortune hath befallen him."

"Indeed, sir," began Bardolph, "I doubt—"

"Doubt not, sirrah!" cried Sir John, testily. "Was not the apostle reproved for that same sin? Thou art a very Didymus, Bardolph;—a very incredulous paynim, a most unspeculative rogue! Have I carracks trading i' the Indies? Have I robbed the exchequer of late? Have I the Golden Fleece for a cloak? Sooth, 'tis very paltry gimlet; and that augurs not well for his suit. Does he take me for a raven to feed him in the wilderness? Tell him there are no such ravens hereabouts; else had I long since limed the house-tops and set springes in the gutters. Inform him, knave, that my purse is no better lined than his own broken costard; 'tis void as a beggar's protestations, or a butcher's stall in Lent; light as a famished gnat, or the sighing of a new-made widower; more empty than a last year's bird-nest, than a madman's eye, or, in fine, than the friendship of a king."

"But you have wealthy friends, Sir John," suggested the hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, who had been waiting with considerable impatience for an opportunity to join in the conversation.

"Friends, dame?" asked the knight, and cowered closer to the fire, as though he were a little cold. "I have no friends since Hal is King. I had, I grant you, a few score of acquaintances whom I taught to play at dice; paltry young blades of the City, very unfledged juvenals! Setting my knighthood and my valor aside, if I did swear friendship with these, I did swear to a lie. 'Tis a censorious world: these sprouting aldermen, these bacon-fed rogues, have eschewed my friendship; my reputation hath grown somewhat more murky than Erebus; no matter! I walk alone, as one that hath the pestilence. No matter! but I grow

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old; I am not in the vaward of my youth, mistress."

He nodded his head very gravely; then reached for a cup of sack that Bardolph held at his elbow.

"Indeed, I know not what your worship will do," said Mistress Quickly, rather sadly.

"Faith!" answered Sir John, finishing the sack and grinning in a somewhat ghastly fashion, "unless the Providence that watches over the fall of a sparrow hath an eye to the career of Sir John Falstaff, Knight, and so comes to my aid shortly, I must needs convert my last doublet into a mask, and turn highwayman in my shirt. I will take purses yet, i' faith, as I did at Gadshill, where that scurvy Poins, and him that is now King, and some twoscore other knaves, did rob me; yet I peppered some of them, I warrant you!"

"You must be rid of me, then, master," interpolated Bardolph. "I have no need of a hempen collar wherein to dance on nothing."

"Ah, well!" said the knight, stretching himself in his chair as the warmth of the liquor coursed through his old blood, "I, too, would be loath to break the gallows' back! For fear of halters, we must alter our way of living; we must live close, Bardolph, till the wars make us either Croesuses or food for crows. Ah, go thy ways, old Jack; there live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. We must live close, Bardolph; we must forswear drinking and wenching! There's lime in this sack, you rogue; give me another cup."

"I pray you, hostess," he continued, "remember that Doll Tearsheet sups with me to-night; have a capon of the best, and be not sparing of the wine. I'll repay you, i' faith, when we young fellows return from France, all laden with rings and brooches and such trumperies like your Lincolnshire peddlers at Christmas-tide. We will sack a town for you, and bring you back the Lord Mayor's beard to stuff you a cushion; the Dauphin shall be a tapster yet; we will walk on lilies, I warrant you."

"Indeed, sir," said Mistress Quickly, evidently in perfect earnest, "your worship is as welcome to my pantry as the mice—a pox on 'em!—think themselves; you are heartily welcome. Ah, well, old Puss is dead; I had her of Goodman Quickly these ten years since;—but I had thought you looked for the lady who was here but now;—she was a roaring lion among the mice."

"What lady?" cried Sir John, with great animation. "Was it Flint the mercer's wife, think you? Ah, she hath a liberal disposition, and will, without the aid of Prince Houssain's carpet or the horse of Cambuscan, transfer the golden shining pieces from her husband's coffers to mine."

"No mercer's wife, I think," answered Mistress Quickly, after consideration. "She came in her coach and smacked of gentility; — Master Dombledon's father was a mercer; but he had red hair;—she is old;—I could never abide red hair."

"No matter!" cried the knight. "I can love her, be she a very Witch of Endor. What a thing it is to be a proper man, Bardolph! She hath marked me; — in public, perhaps; on the street, it may be;—and then, I warrant you, made such eyes! and sighed such sighs! and lain awake o' nights, thinking of a pleasing portly man, whom, were my besetting sin not modesty, I might name;—and I, all this while, not knowing. Fetch me my Book of Riddles and my Sonnets, that I may speak smoothly. Why was my beard not combed this morning? Have I no better cloak than this?"

"By'r lady!" said Mistress Quickly, who had been looking out of the window, "your worship must begin with unwashed hands, for the coach is at the door."

"Avaunt, minions!" cried the knight. "Avaunt! Conduct the lady hither at once, hostess; Bardolph, another cup of sack. We will ruffle it, lad, and go to France all gold, like Midas! Are mine eyes too red? I must look sad, you know, and sigh very pitifully. Ah, we will ruffle it! Another cup of sack, Bardolph;—I am a rogue if I have drunk to-day. And avaunt! vanish! for the lady comes."

He threw himself into a graceful attitude, suggestive of one suddenly stricken with the palsy, and strutted like a turkey-cock towards the door to greet his unknown visitor.

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II

She was by no means what he had expected in her personal appearance; for she was considerably over sixty. But time had treated her kindly: her form was still unbent, and her countenance, though very pale, bore the traces of great beauty; and, whatever the nature of her errand, the woman who stood in the doorway was unquestionably a person of breeding.

Sir John advanced towards her with such grace as he might muster; to speak plainly, his gout, coupled with his great bulk, did not permit an overpowering amount.

"*See, from the glowing East Aurora comes,*" he chirped. "Madam, permit me to welcome you to my poor apartments; they are not worthy of your—"

"I would see Sir John Falstaff, sir," said the lady, courteously, but with great reserve of manner, looking him full in the face as she said this.

"Indeed, madam," suggested Sir John, "an those bright eyes—whose glances have already cut my poor heart into as many pieces as the man i' the front of the almanac—will but do their proper duty, you will have little trouble in finding the man you seek."

"Are you Sir John?" asked the lady, as though suspecting a jest, or perhaps, in sheer astonishment. "The son of old Sir John Falstaff, of Norfolk?"

"His wife hath frequently assured me so," said Sir John, very gravely; "and to confirm her evidence I have a certain villanous thirst about me that did plague the old Sir John sorely in his lifetime, and came to me with his other chattels. The property I have expended long since; but no Jew will advance me a maravedi on the Falstaff thirst."

"I should not have known you," said the lady, wonderingly; "but," she added, "I have not seen you these forty years."

"Faith, madam," grinned the knight, "the great pilferer Time hath since then taken away a little from my hair, and added somewhat (saving your presence) to my paunch; and my face hath not been improved by being the grindstone for some hundred swords. But I do not know you."

"I am Sylvia Vernon," said the lady.

"I remember," said the knight, and his voice was strangely altered. Bardolph would not have known it; nor, perhaps, would he have recognized his master's manner as he handed the lady to a seat.

"Ah," continued the lady, sadly, after a pause during which the crackling of the fire was very audible, "time hath dealt harshly with us both, John;—the name hath a sweet savor. I am an old, old woman now."

"I should not have known you," said Sir John; then asked, almost resentfully, "What do you here?"

"My son goes to the wars," she answered, "and I am come to bid him farewell; yet I may not tarry in London, for my lord is very feeble now and hath need of me. And I, an old woman, am yet vain enough to steal these few moments from him who needs me to see for the last time, mayhap, him who was once my very dear friend."

"I was never your friend, Sylvia," said Sir John, softly.

"Ah, the old word!" said the lady, and smiled a little wistfully. "My dear and very honored lover, then; and I am come to see him here."

"Ay!" interrupted Sir John, rather hastily; then proceeded, glowing with benevolence: "A quiet, orderly place, where I bestow my patronage; the woman of the house had once a husband in my company. God rest his soul! he bore a good pike. He retired in his old age and 'stablished this tavern, where he passed his declining years, till death called him gently away from this naughty world. God rest his soul, say I!"

This was a somewhat poetical version of the taking-off of Goodman Quickly, who had been knocked over the head with a joint-stool while rifling the pockets of a drunken guest; but perhaps Sir John wished to speak well of the dead.

"And you for old memories' sake yet aid his widow?" murmured the lady; and continued, "'Tis like you, John."

There was another silence, and the fire crackled more loudly than ever.

"You are not sorry that I came?" asked the lady at last.

"Sorry?" echoed Sir John; and, ungallant as it was, hesitated a moment before replying: "No, i' faith! But there are some ghosts that will not easily bear raising, and you have raised one."

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"We have raised no very fearful ghost, I think," said the lady; "at most, no worse than a pallid, gentle spirit that speaks—to me, at least—of a boy and a girl that loved one another and were very happy a great while ago."

"Are you come hither to seek that boy?" asked the knight, and chuckled, though not very merrily. "The boy that went mad and rhymed of you in those far-off years? He is quite dead, my lady; he was drowned, mayhap, in a cup of wine. Or he was slain, perchance, by a few light women. I know not how he died. But he is quite dead, my lady; and I was not haunted by his ghost until to-day."

He stared down at the floor as he ended; then choked, and broke into a fit of coughing that he would have given ten pounds, had he had them, to prevent.

"He was a dear boy," said the lady; "a boy who loved a woman very truly; a boy that, finding her heart given to another, yielded his right in her, and went forth into the world without protest."

"Faith!" admitted Sir John, "the rogue had his good points."

"Ah, John, you have not forgotten, I know," the lady said, looking up into his face; "and you will believe me that I am very, very heartily sorry for the pain I brought into your life?"

"My wounds heal easily," said Sir John.

"For though I might not accept your love," went on the lady, "I know its value; 'tis an honor that any woman might be proud of."

"Dear lady," suggested the knight, with a slight grimace, "the world is not altogether of your opinion."

"I know not of the world," she said; "for we live very quietly. But we have heard of you ever and anon; I have your life quite letter-perfect for these forty years or more."

"You have heard of me?" asked Sir John; and he looked rather uncomfortable.

"As a gallant and brave soldier," she answered; "of how you fought at sea with Mowbray that was afterward Duke of Norfolk; of your knighthood by King Richard; and how you slew the Percy at Shrewsbury; and captured Coleville o' late in Yorkshire; and how the Prince, that now is King, did love you above all men; and, in fine, I know not what."

Sir John heaved a sigh of relief; then said, with commendable modesty: "I have fought somewhat. But we are not Bevis of Southampton; we have slain no giants. Heard you naught else?"

"Little else of note," replied the lady; and went on, very quietly: "But we are very proud of you at home. And such tales as I have heard I have woven together in one story; and I have told it many times to my children as we sat on the old Chapel steps at evening, and the shadows lengthened across the lawn; and bid them emulate this, the most perfect knight and gallant gentleman that I have known. And they love you, I think, though but by repute."

Once more silence fell between them; and the fire grinned wickedly at its reflection in the old chest, as though it knew a most entertaining secret.

"Do you yet live at Winstead?" asked Sir John, half idly.

"Yes," she answered; "in the old house. It is little changed, but there are many changes about."

"Is Moll yet with you that did once carry our letters?" queried the knight.

"Married to Hodge, the tanner," the lady said; "and dead long since."

"And all our merry company?" Sir John went on. "Marian? And Hal? And Phyllis? And Kate? 'Tis like a breath of country air to speak the old names once more."

"All dead," she answered, in a hushed voice, "save Kate, and she is very old; for Robert was slain in the French wars, and she hath never married."

"All dead," Sir John informed the fire, very confidentially; then laughed, though his bloodshot eyes were not merry. "This same Death hath a wide maw. But you, at least, have had a happy life."

"I have been happy," she said, "but I am a little weary now. My dear lord is very feeble, and hath grown querulous of late, and I too am old."

"Faith!" agreed Sir John, "we are both very old; and I had not known it, my lady, until to-day."

Again there was silence, and again the fire leapt with delight at the jest.

The lady rose suddenly and cried, "I would I had not come!"

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"'Tis but a feeble sorrow you have brought," Sir John reassured her; and continued, slowly, "Our blood runs thinner than of yore; and we may no longer, I think, either sorrow or rejoice very deeply."

"It is true," she said; "but I must go; and, indeed, I would to God I had not come!"

Sir John was silent; he bowed his head, in acquiescence perhaps, in meditation it may have been; but he said nothing.

"Yet," she said, "there is something here that I must keep no longer; 'tis all the letters you ever writ me."

So saying, she handed Sir John a little packet of very old and very faded papers. He turned them over awkwardly in his hand for a moment; then stared at them; then at the lady.

"You have kept them—always?" he cried.

"Yes," she said, very wistfully; "but I must not any longer. 'Tis a villanous example to my grandchildren," she added, and smiled. "Farewell."

Sir John drew close to her and caught her by both wrists. He held himself very erect as he looked into her eyes for a moment—a habit to which he was not prone—and said, wonderingly, "How I loved you!"

"I know," she answered, gently; then looked into his bloated face, proudly and very tenderly. "And I thank you for your gift, my lover—O brave true lover, whose love I was ne'er ashamed to own! Farewell, my dear; yet a little while, and I go to seek the boy and girl we wot of."

"I shall not be long, madam," said Sir John. "Speak a kind word for me in heaven; for," he added, slowly, "I shall have sore need of it."

She had reached the door by now. "You are not sorry that I came?" asked she.

Sir John answered, very sadly: "There are many wrinkles now in your dear face, my lady; the great eyes are a little dimmed, and the sweet laughter is a little cracked; but I am not sorry to have seen you thus. For I have loved no woman truly save you alone; and I am not sorry. Farewell." And he bowed his old gray head for a moment over her lifted shrivelled fingers.

III

"Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to the vice of lying!" chuckled Sir John, and threw himself back in his chair and mumbled over the jest.

"Yet 'twas not all a lie," he confided, in some perplexity, to the fire; "but what a coil over a youthful green-sickness 'twixt a lad and a wench some forty years syne!

"I might have had money of her for the asking," he went on; "yet I am glad I did not; which is a parlous sign and smacks of dotage."

He nodded very gravely over this new and alarming phase of his character.

"Were't not a quaint conceit, a merry tickle-brain of Fate," he asked, after a pause, of the leaping flames, "that this mountain of malmsey were once a delicate stripling with apple cheeks and a clean breath, smelling o' civet, and mad for love, I warrant you, as any Amadis of them all? For, if a man were to speak truly, I did love her.

"I had the special marks of the pestilence," he assured a particularly incredulous and obstinate-looking coal—a grim black fellow that, lurking in a corner, scowled forbiddingly and seemed to defy both the flames and Sir John: "not all the flagons and apples in the universe might have comforted me; I was wont to sigh like a leaky bellows; to weep like a wench that hath lost her grandam; to lard my speech with the fag-ends of ballads like a man milliner; and did, indeed, indite sonnets, canzonets, and what not of mine own.

"And Moll did carry them," he continued; "Moll that hath married Hodge, the tanner, and is dead long since." But the coal remained incredulous, and the flames crackled merrily.

"Lord, Lord, what did I not write?" said Sir John, drawing out a paper from the packet, and deciphering the faded writing by the fire-light.

"Have pity, Sylvia! For without thy door
Now stands with dolorous cry and clamoring
Faint-hearted Love, that there hath stood of yore.
Though winter draweth on, and no birds sing
Within the woods, yet as in wanton spring

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He follows thee; and never will have done,
Though nakedly he die, from following
Whither thou leadest. Canst thou look upon
His woes, and laugh to see a goddess' son
Of wide dominion and great empery,
More strong than Jove, more wise than Solomon,
Too weak to combat thy severity?
Have pity, Sylvia! And let Love be one
Among those wights that bear thee company.

"Is't not the very puling speech of your true lover?" he chuckled; and the flames spluttered assent. "*Among those wights that bear thee company,*" he repeated, and looked about him. "Faith, Adam Cupid hath forsworn my fellowship long since; he hath no score chalked up against him at the Boar's Head Tavern; or, if he hath, I doubt not a beggar might discharge it.

"And she hath commended me to her children as a very gallant gentleman and a true knight," he went on, reflectively, then cast his eyes to the ceiling, and grinned at unseen deities. "Jove that sees all hath a goodly commodity of mirth; I doubt not his sides ache at times, as they had conceived another wine-god.

"Yet, by my honor," he insisted to the fire, then added, apologetically, "if I had any, which, to speak plain, I have not, I am glad; 'tis a good jest; and I did love her once."

He picked out another paper and read:

"'My dear lady,—That I am not with thee to-night is, indeed, no fault of mine; for Sir Thomas Mowbray hath need of me, he saith. Yet the service that I have rendered him thus far is but to cool my heels in his antechamber and dream of two great eyes and the gold hair that curls so wondrously about thy temples. For it heartens me—' And so on, and so on, the pen trailing most juvenal sugar, like a fly newly crept out of the honey-pot. And ending with a posy, filched, I warrant you, from some ring.

"I remember when I did write her this," he explained to the fire, lest it might be disposed to question the authorship; "and 'twas sent with a sonnet, all of hell, and heaven, and your pagan gods, and other tricks o' speech. It should be somewhere."

He fumbled with uncertain fingers among the papers. "Ah, here 'tis," he said at last, and read:

"Cupid invaded Hell, and boldly drove
Before him all the hosts of Erebus.
Now he hath conquered; and grim Cerberus
Chaunts madrigals, the Furies rhyme of love,
Old Charon sighs, and sonnets sound above
The gloomy Styx. Yea, even as Tantalus,
Is Proserpine discrowned in Tartarus,
And Cupid reigneth in the place thereof.

"Thus Love is monarch throughout Hell to-day;
In Heaven we know his power was always great;
And Earth was ever his (as all men say)
Since Sylvia's beauty overthrew us straight:
Thus Earth and Heaven and Hell his rule obey,
And Sylvia's heart alone is obdurate.

"Well, well," sighed Sir John, "'twas a goodly rogue that writ it, though the verse runs but lamely! A goodly rogue!

"He might," he suggested, tentatively, "have lived cleanly, and forsworn sack; he might have been a gallant gentleman, and begotten grandchildren, and had a quiet nook at the ingle-side to rest his old bones; but he is dead long since. He might have writ himself *armigero* in many a bill, or obligation, or quittance, or what not; he might have left something behind him save unpaid tavern bills; he might have heard cases, harried poachers, and quoted old saws; and slept through sermons yet unwrit, beneath his presentment, done in stone, and a comforting bit of Latin; but," he reassured the fire, "he is dead long since."

Sir John sat meditating for a while; it had grown quite dark in the room as he muttered to himself. Suddenly he rose with a start.

"By'r lady!" he cried, "I prate like a death's-head! I'll read no more of the rubbish."

He cast the packet into the heart of the fire; the yellow papers curled at the edges, rustled a little, and blazed up; he watched them burn slowly to the last spark.

"A cup of sack to purge the brain!" cried Sir John, and filled one to the brim. "And I'll go sup with Doll Tearsheet."

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Anarchism in Language

BY JOSEPH FITZGERALD

WHEN Horace ascribes to usage supreme authority in language —*arbitrium et jus et norma loquendi*—unless he recognizes a higher law, above usage itself, he simply proclaims anarchy in the republic of letters. Horace does not define his term *usus,* but surely it must have meant for him what it did for Quintilian—the consensus of the learned, *eruditorum consensus.* No evolutionist will, even in theory, to say nothing of practice, maintain that since language, like universal nature, is the theatre of a struggle for life in which the fittest survives, therefore usage should be permitted to do what it will. Suppose a farmer treated his wheat-field in a like way: there too the fittest would survive, but the fittest might be prairie-grass, and in the end the survivor would certainly not be the wheat.

Remarking upon the plea made for purer English by an eminent British politician, one of the New York newspapers said that the plea was in effect a demand for "limitations and conservatisms which are perhaps ideal, but are certainly impossible." People who cherish "ideals" never yet were cowed by that word "impossible." And the journalist goes on to say: "There is no fixed standard of purity for a living language except that which makes it the strongest, clearest, and cleanest vehicle for the expression of a living people's immediate thoughts." Be this granted, and the question arises, Who shall decide when two or more words claim, each for itself, to be strongest, clearest, cleanest? That must be determined by comparison with some standard; but the critic says there is no standard—true, he qualifies the expression and writes "fixed standard," but a standard that is not fixed is no *standard* at all; and hence his "strongest, clearest, cleanest" are words without meaning: our language is an anarchy.

It will surely be allowed that even though it be impossible to bring under effective public reprobation the entire host of etymological monstrosities now clamoring for the right of Anglic citizenship, every one has it in his power to treat them as aliens, and to agitate for an exclusion act against them. Our English language is our most precious inheritance; more precious than our inherited political institutions and constitutions. Were our English language to go to wreck, in that ruin would be involved the whole fabric of our Anglic society and civilization. "A nation," says Friedrich Schlegel, "which allows her language to go to ruin is parting with the best half of her intellectual independence, and testifies her willingness to cease to exist." Yet when one zealous for the integrity of our Anglic speech makes a plea for its purity, the general indifference of the public and the sneers of ready writers chill his zeal, and put upon him the hard necessity of offering an apologia for his studies and his labors, as though he were one scrupulous only about the tithe of mint and anise and cumin, a trifler, an etymological Beau Brummel.

But to come to the subject matter of our thesis without further preface, I will take from daily newspapers, mostly of New York, and from current works of fiction and books of travel, examples of a faulty use of words, which might be amended without any vain striving after conformity to an "impossible" standard of purity.

Originally the word Churchman meant clergyman; later, after the rise of Calvinistic sects — Presbyterians, Independents, Puritans—it was used to signify a member of the church established in England; later still, in this country it was employed to designate Episcopalians, first by themselves, and afterward by outsiders, but ignorantly by both; for wherever, as in this country, no logical,

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no grammatical distinction of church and conventicle, of member of an established church and dissenter, exists, the term churchman must by equal right attach to the adherent of any church whatever, and the Adventist or the Hook-and-Eye Baptist is as truly a churchman as the straitest follower of Laud.

The opposite of Churchman, in the primitive sense of the word, is layman; but Lord Milner uses the adjective "lay" as the opposite of "religious." He writes, "I could never bring my lay mind quite into step with Toynbee's religious idealism." Unless "lay" means non-religious, nothing should hinder a layman's mind from sympathy with religious idealism any more than a clergyman's mind; religion, whether practical or ideal, is no specialty of the clergy. Lord Milner should have said "secular" instead of "lay."

Compunction in the literal sense means a pricking, as with a goad, and figuratively it denotes the stings of conscience; other meanings it has none. But an English traveller writes, "I would"—meaning I should—"have no compunction in travelling in savage Africa." Perhaps he had in mind the use of the African explorer's *vade mecum,* the magazine rifle, or Stanley's elephant-gun.

What is the meaning of novice; and can one be at once novice and expert in the same art? A New York newspaper, in telling of the exercises of a school of figure-skating, speaks of the beginners in the art as "novice experts," which is a flat *contradictio in adjecto,* as the student of logic is taught to call it. In the same journal, on the same day, we read of a dog "worrying" a man's clothes.

What can be the meaning of the phrase "matrimonial affiliation" — "W. J. C—r's matrimonial affiliation"? Affiliation means sonship or daughtership, and nothing else. A matrimonial affiliation cannot mean anything but "becoming a son or daughter through marriage"—becoming *gener* or *nurus,* son-in-law or daughter-in-law. But the phrase was used in a very respectable newspaper to express with some pomp of verbiage a matrimonial union, the marriage of a very rich man with his sick-nurse; in fact, the scribe had no thought of filiation at all, but only of marriage.

The drought of last summer portended dire distress in some of the Western States, and in many districts public prayers were addressed to Heaven for rain. The desired rain having come, that fact was recorded in a New York newspaper under this heading: "People Revered in a $100,000,000 Shower." It may or may not be significant that the newspaper which takes this original view of the relation of the Creator to His creatures is the same which in its editorial page scouts as folly the effort at language purity. From the same journal also we get the phrase, "this scion of millions"—said of the son of a very wealthy man. To it also is due a pregnant use of the word "record": an account is given of a successful essay in co-operative housekeeping, wherein 40,000 meals were served at the cost of only five thousand dollars; then we read, "Perhaps this is a record."

In a contribution to one of the monthly reviews a very distinguished man of letters uses the phrase, "to blame with profusion," meaning to accuse or charge with prodigality; and a notable advocate of municipal and social reform, writing in another magazine, speaks of "garbage festering in the sun"; but "fester," whether verb or noun, signifies only suppuration or inflammation in the tissues of a living organism.

A current may be swift or slow, strong or weak, gentle or violent; but keenness belongs not to currents in any of their moods or tenses; yet we read of "a keen undercurrent of grief": that, of course, implies the possibility of the opposite of keen, and hence we may speak of a blunt current.

One of the foremost of our political leaders, in advocating the enactment of laws by Congress for the punishment of conspirators against the life of the President of the United States, defines the aim of such legislation as being "to make the executive life secure." If this phrase is lawful language currency, then such also must be the phrase "the judicial life," meaning a judge's life; "the corporal life," life of a corporal; "the general life," life of a general; "the criminal life," life of a criminal; and so on.

In a report of the proceedings of the Hebrew Messianic Conference, held in

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Boston, is found this passage: "The Hebrew in becoming a Christian is obliged to abrogate the observance of the rules and ceremonies of Judaism." Now the convert may be required to renounce or to abandon the Jewish usages, but abrogation of the Jewish ceremonial law is for him a thing plainly *ultra vires:* to abrogate a law, whether civil, religious, or ritual, requires the action of the lawmaker; the subject, as such, has no power in the premises.

Supercilious is from *supercilium,* eyebrow; "supercilious eyebrow" is therefore equivalent to "eyebrowish eyebrow," a rank tautology, and inexcusable. But a leading newspaper has, "The reviewer proceeds to say with supercilious eyebrows"; as well might we say, "with ocular eyes," or "auricular ears," or "pedal feet," or "mental minds."

Commit, when said of a moral act, is always associated in the mind with blameworthiness, never with acts commendable. But in a notice of the Schley investigation we read of the Secretary of the Navy "committing his first impartial act."

Pessimist and pessimistic designate always a mental attitude, a point of view, but never the quality of an objective thing or situation. Though the prospect of a coming harvest be never so gloomy, it is not nor can be pessimistic; and though never so cheering, it is not nor can be optimistic: pessimism and optimism are strictly moods of mind, and are predicable only of the mind of man. But the Secretary of Agriculture is reported as saying, "The outlook for the crops is by no means pessimistic." The right word is "discouraging," or the like.

Tribulation is one of the most notable words in our language. It is distinctly a Christian and religious word, as Archbishop Trench shows in tracing its origin. The sorrows and trials the religious man has are the threshings without which there would be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Tribulation "is derived from the Latin *tribulum,* which was the threshing instrument or harrow whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and *tribulatio* in its primary significance was the act of this separation" (*Study of Words,* Lect. II.). In correct usage the word has preserved all its sacred and solemn meaning; but the newspaper which sees no merit in the effort to maintain the etymological purity of the mother-tongue debases its signification when, in telling of the search made for a stray submarine mine, it says "the search was made in fear and tribulation."

Brunt is a word from the same source as burn, burnt, and denotes heat, fire: it is not in use in this etymological sense, but only in the figurative meanings "a hot fight," "a violent attack." Brunt does not mean burden to be borne, or task to be done; yet in a journal of the very highest class we read, "Maine bears the brunt of the supply of clams": as well might we say, "Maine bears the brunt" (*i. e.,* the heat) "of the supply of ice."

In the phrase "lapse of time," lapse means the passage of time; and "in the lapse of years," lapse means course. But lapse does not mean "period," "season"; yet in a report on the condition of the Brooklyn Bridge we read, "There are lapses of light traffic," meaning times or hours of light traffic, "followed by great strain," *i. e.,* times of heavy traffic involving great strain.

Purview expresses the scope of a statute or the sphere and limits of an authority: a law has a purview; a sheriff's authority has a purview; but the sheriff has no purview, neither has a mayor; hence it is a misuse of the word to say "within the official purview of the mayor." The same journal which has that phrase has also this: "Sarah Bernhardt's remissness from the stand-point of avoirdupois was more than passingly noticeable." The word remissness is not the only word in this curious sentence which calls for remark; but remissness cries aloud, bawls for explication; and the context, duly studied, gives some ground for inferring that "remissness from the stand-point of avoirdupois" means slenderness. In the same journal also occurs mention of a superstitious usage—a usage that had a prominent place in the state religion of ancient Rome—that of "driving nails in the walls of a cottage as an antidote against the plague." Now inasmuch as antidote means literally and properly a medicine

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given to counteract a poison or a disease, and figuratively only something which has an analogous action and an analogous mode of administration, this driving of nails is no more an "antidote" against plague than is a metallic rod an "antidote" against lightning stroke, or an umbrella an "antidote" against rain.

Effort may be relaxed, muscles may be relaxed, cordage may be relaxed; but not so speed, as in this phrase, "the great ship did not relax her speed": say lessen, or abate, or lower, etc.

Frail is another form of "fragile," breakable. Incidentally also frail has the signification of weak, but it is not in all its uses equivalent to weak: the wind, however light or weak, is never frail; yet we find in an account of the yacht-races for the *America's* cup the phrase, "if the wind is too frail."

"The chances of his challenging again are remote," says another journal; but remoteness is not predicable of chances. "That beautiful community, Ballston Spa," says a writer, who thus without intention credits the inhabitants of that place with possession of personal beauty.

The paper that frowns on the effort to purge the language of solecisms and barbarisms records a miraculous instance of what might be called instantaneous inveteracy, when it says of a man who practised angling for trout during a season or two that he became "an inveterate angler." In its narrative of the tests of the Gathmann gun it speaks of the gun's failure to *obliterate* the target—as though obliteration had ever entered the mind of the inventor even in his most sanguine moments. Finally, the same journal rivals Mrs. Partington or Mrs. Malaprop when it says, anent the coming marriage of Senator Depew, "Many felicitous resolutions will be passed by organized bodies."

In conclusion I will quote from one of the novels which in the last two or three years have had the greatest success—from the publisher's point of view—a few specimens of English as she is wrote; but will add no word of comment: "An innate student;" "entitled to be peculiar;" "take his solemn, tender way across the country;" "crude days" (to wit, when one is a new-comer in a college); "their moral conduct was aggravated;" "a staunch, trenchant sectary;" "at early candle-light that morning;" "an unfaithful, undutiful mother;" "fragile sounds;" "mirrored woods" (ice-clad); "a pair of recalcitrant feet."

The Morning was so Bright

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

THE morning was so bright to see,
I thought that he would come,
Though he is far away from me,
While I bide on at home.

The morning was so wide, so blue;
The tide ran in to greet;
It could not be, I knew, I knew,
But, oh, the wind was sweet!

There was a ripple on the pond;
The road had one refrain;
And something called me, just beyond
The turn of every lane.

The trees were trying not to sing;
They beckoned on and on;
The hours went by with promising,
And now the day is gone.

The after-glow, it fades away,
With my own Star above.
And all the day, and all the day,
I looked for my true love.

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The Californian's Tale

BY MARK TWAIN

THIRTY-FIVE years ago I was out prospecting on the Stanislaus, tramping all day long with pick and pan and horn, and washing a hatful of dirt here and there, always expecting to make a rich strike, and never doing it. It was a lovely region, woodsy, balmy, delicious, and had once been populous, long years before, but now the people had vanished and the charming paradise was a solitude. They went away when the surface diggings gave out. In one place, where a busy little city with banks and newspapers and fire companies and a mayor and aldermen had been, was nothing but a wide expanse of emerald turf, with not even the faintest sign that human life had ever been present there. This was down toward Tuttletown. In the country neighborhood thereabouts, along the dusty roads, one found at intervals the prettiest little cottage homes, snug and cozy, and so cobwebbed with vines snowed thick with roses that the doors and windows were wholly hidden from sight—sign that these were deserted homes, forsaken years ago by defeated and disappointed families who could neither sell them nor give them away. Now and then, half an hour apart, one came across solitary log cabins of the earliest mining days, built by the first gold-miners, the predecessors of the cottage-builders. In some few cases these cabins were still occupied; and when this was so, you could depend upon it that the occupant was the very pioneer who had built the cabin; and you could depend on another thing, too—that he was there because he had once had his opportunity to go home to the States rich, and had not done it; had later lost his wealth, and had then in his humiliation resolved to sever all communication with his home relatives and friends, and be to them thenceforth as one dead. Round about California in that day were scattered a host of these living dead men—pride-smitten poor fellows, grizzled and old at forty, whose secret thoughts were made all of regrets and longings—regrets for their wasted lives, and longings to be out of the struggle and done with it all.

It was a lonesome land! Not a sound in all those peaceful expanses of grass and woods but the drowsy hum of insects; no glimpse of man or beast; nothing to keep up your spirits and make you glad to be alive. And so, at last, in the early part of the afternoon, when I caught sight of a human creature, I felt a most grateful uplift. This person was a man about forty-five years old, and he was standing at the gate of one of those cozy little rose-clad cottages of the sort already referred to. However, this one hadn't a deserted look; it had the look of being lived in and petted and cared for and looked after; and so had its front yard, which was a garden of flowers, abundant, gay, and flourishing. I was invited in, of course, and required to make myself at home—it was the custom of the country.

It was delightful to be in such a place, after long weeks of daily and nightly familiarity with miners' cabins—with all which this implies of dirt floor, never-made beds, tin plates and cups, bacon and beans and black coffee, and nothing of ornament but war pictures from the Eastern illustrated papers tacked to the log walls. That was all hard, cheerless, materialistic desolation, but here was a nest which had aspects to rest the tired eye and refresh that something in one's nature which, after long fasting, recognizes, when confronted by the belongings of art, howsoever cheap and modest they may be, that it has unconsciously been famishing and now has found nourishment. I could not have believed that a rag carpet could feast me so, and so content me; or that there could be such solace to the soul in wall-paper and framed lithographs, and bright-colored

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tidies and lamp-mats, and Windsor chairs, and varnished whatnots, with sea-shells and books and china vases on them, and the score of little unclassifiable tricks and touches that a woman's hand distributes about a home, which one sees without knowing he sees them, yet would miss in a moment if they were taken away. The delight that was in my heart showed in my face, and the man saw it and was pleased; saw it so plainly that he answered it as if it had been spoken.

"All her work," he said, caressingly; "she did it all herself—every bit," and he took the room in with a glance which was full of affectionate worship. One of those soft Japanese fabrics with which women drape with careful negligence the upper part of a picture-frame was out of adjustment. He noticed it, and rearranged it with cautious pains, stepping back several times to gauge the effect before he got it to suit him. Then he gave it a light finishing pat or two with his hand, and said: "She always does that. You can't tell just what it lacks, but it does lack something until you've done that—you can see it yourself after it's done, but that is all you know; you can't find out the law of it. It's like the finishing pats a mother gives the child's hair after she's got it combed and brushed, I reckon. I've seen her fix all these things so much that I can do them all just her way, though I don't know the law of any of them. But she knows the law. She knows the why and the how both; but I don't know the why; I only know the how."

He took me into a bed-room so that I might wash my hands; such a bed-room as I had not seen for years: white counterpane, white pillows, carpeted floor, papered walls, pictures, dressing-table, with mirror and pin-cushion and dainty toilet things; and in the corner a wash-stand, with real china-ware bowl and pitcher, and with soap in a china dish, and on a rack more than a dozen towels — towels too clean and white for one out of practice to use without some vague sense of profanation. So my face spoke again, and he answered with gratified words:

"All her work; she did it all herself—every bit. Nothing here that hasn't felt the touch of her hand. Now you would think— But I mustn't talk so much."

By this time I was wiping my hands and glancing from detail to detail of the room's belongings, as one is apt to do when he is in a new place, where everything he sees is a comfort to his eye and his spirit; and I became conscious, in one of those unaccountable ways, you know, that there was something there somewhere that the man wanted me to discover for myself. I knew it perfectly, and I knew he was trying to help me by furtive indications with his eye, so I tried hard to get on the right track, being eager to gratify him. I failed several times, as I could see out of the corner of my eye without being told; but at last I knew I must be looking straight at the thing—knew it from the pleasure issuing in invisible waves from him. He broke into a happy laugh, and rubbed his hands together, and cried out:

"That's it! You've found it. I knew you would. It's her picture."

I went to the little black-walnut bracket on the further wall, and did find there what I had not yet noticed—a daguerreotype-case. It contained the sweetest girlish face, and the most beautiful, as it seemed to me, that I had ever seen. The man drank the admiration from my face, and was fully satisfied.

"Nineteen her last birthday," he said, as he put the picture back; "and that was the day we were married. When you see her—ah, just wait till you see her!"

"Where is she? When will she be in?"

"Oh, she's away now. She's gone to see her people. They live forty or fifty miles from here. She's been gone two weeks to-day."

"When do you expect her back?"

"This is Wednesday. She'll be back Saturday, in the evening—about nine o'clock, likely."

I felt a sharp sense of disappointment.

"I'm sorry, because I'll be gone then," I said, regretfully.

"Gone? No — why should you go? Don't go. She'll be so disappointed."

She would be disappointed—that beautiful creature! If she had said the words herself they could hardly have blessed me more. I was feeling a deep, strong longing to see her—a longing so supplicating, so insistent, that it made me afraid. I said to myself, "I will go straight away

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from this place, for my peace of mind's sake."

"You see, she likes to have people come and stop with us—people who know things, and can talk—people like you. She delights in it; for she knows—oh, she knows nearly everything herself, and can talk, oh, like a bird—and the books she reads, why, you would be astonished. Don't go; it's only a little while, you know, and she'll be so disappointed."

I heard the words, but hardly noticed them, I was so deep in my thinkings and strugglings. He left me, but I didn't know it. Presently he was back, with the picture-case in his hand, and he held it open before me and said:

"There, now, tell her to her face you could have stayed to see her, and you wouldn't."

That second glimpse broke down my good resolution. I would stay and take the risk. That night we smoked the tranquil pipe, and talked till late about various things, but mainly about her; and certainly I had had no such pleasant and restful time for many a day. The Thursday followed and slipped comfortably away. Toward twilight a big miner from three miles away came—one of the grizzled, stranded pioneers—and gave us warm salutation, clothed in grave and sober speech. Then he said:

"I only just dropped over to ask about the little madam, and when is she coming home. Any news from her?"

"Oh yes, a letter. Would you like to hear it, Tom?"

"Well, I should think I would, if you don't mind, Henry!"

Henry got the letter out of his wallet, and said he would skip some of the private phrases, if we were willing; then he went on and read the bulk of it—a loving, sedate, and altogether charming and gracious piece of handiwork, with a postscript full of affectionate regards and messages to Tom, and Joe, and Charley, and other close friends and neighbors.

As the reader finished, he glanced at Tom, and cried out:

"Oho, you're at it again! Take your hands away, and let me see your eyes. You always do that when I read a letter from her. I will write and tell her."

"Oh no, you mustn't, Henry. I'm getting old, you know, and any little disappointment makes me want to cry. I thought she'd be here herself, and now you've got only a letter."

"Well, now, what put that in your head? I thought everybody knew she wasn't coming till Saturday."

"Saturday! Why, come to think, I did know it. I wonder what's the matter with me lately? Certainly I knew it. Ain't we all getting ready for her? Well, I must be going now. But I'll be on hand when she comes, old man!"

Late Friday afternoon another gray veteran tramped over from his cabin a mile or so away, and said the boys wanted to have a little gayety and a good time Saturday night, if Henry thought she wouldn't be too tired after her journey to be kept up.

"Tired? She tired! Oh, hear the man! Joe, *you* know she'd sit up six weeks to please any one of you!"

When Joe heard that there was a letter, he asked to have it read, and the loving messages in it for him broke the old fellow all up; but he said he was such an old wreck that *that* would happen to him if she only just mentioned his name. "Lord, we miss her so!" he said.

Saturday afternoon I found I was taking out my watch pretty often. Henry noticed it, and said, with a startled look,

"You don't think she ought to be here so soon, do you?"

I felt caught, and a little embarrassed; but I laughed, and said it was a habit of mine when I was in a state of expectancy. But he didn't seem quite satisfied; and from that time on he began to show uneasiness. Four times he walked me up the road to a point whence we could see a long distance; and there he would stand, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking. Several times he said:

"I'm getting worried, I'm getting right down worried. I know she's not due till about nine o'clock, and yet something seems to be trying to warn me that something's happened. You don't think anything has happened, do you?"

I began to get pretty thoroughly ashamed of him for his childishness; and at last, when he repeated that imploring question still another time, I lost my patience for the moment, and spoke pret-

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ty brutally to him. It seemed to shrivel him up and cow him; and he looked so wounded and so humble after that, that I detested myself for having done the cruel and unnecessary thing. And so I was glad when Charley, another veteran, arrived toward the edge of the evening, and nestled up to Henry to hear the letter read, and talk over the preparations for the welcome. Charley fetched out one hearty speech after another, and did his best to drive away his friend's bodings and apprehensions.

"Anything *happened* to her? Henry, that's pure nonsense. There isn't anything going to happen to her; just make your mind easy as to that. What did the letter say? Said she was well, didn't it? And said she'd be here by nine o'clock, didn't it? Did you ever know her to fail of her word? Why, you know you never did. Well, then, don't you fret; she'll *be* here, and that's absolutely certain, and as sure as you are born. Come, now, let's get to decorating—not much time left."

Pretty soon Tom and Joe arrived, and then all hands set about adorning the house with flowers. Toward nine the three miners said that as they had brought their instruments they might as well tune up, for the boys and girls would soon be arriving now, and hungry for a good old-fashioned breakdown. A fiddle, a banjo, and a clarinet—these were the instruments. The trio took their places side by side, and began to play some rattling dance-music, and beat time with their big boots.

It was getting very close to nine. Henry was standing in the door with his eyes directed up the road, his body swaying to the torture of his mental distress. He had been made to drink his wife's health and safety several times, and now Tom shouted:

"All hands stand by! One more drink, and she's here!"

Joe brought the glasses on a waiter, and served the party. I reached for one of the two remaining glasses, but Joe growled, under his breath:

"Drop that! Take the other."

Which I did. Henry was served last. He had hardly swallowed his drink when the clock began to strike. He listened till it finished, his face growing pale and paler; then he said:

"Boys, I'm sick with fear. Help me —I want to lie down!"

They helped him to the sofa. He began to nestle and drowse, but presently spoke like one talking in his sleep, and said: "Did I hear horses' feet? Have they come?"

One of the veterans answered, close to his ear: "It was Jimmy Parrish come to say the party got delayed, but they're right up the road a piece, and coming along. Her horse is lame, but she'll be here in half an hour."

"Oh, I'm *so* thankful nothing has happened!"

He was asleep almost before the words were out of his mouth. In a moment those handy men had his clothes off, and had tucked him into his bed in the chamber where I had washed my hands. They closed the door and came back. Then they seemed preparing to leave; but I said: "Please don't go, gentlemen. She won't know me; I am a stranger."

They glanced at each other. Then Joe said:

"She? Poor thing, she's been dead nineteen years!"

"Dead?"

"That or worse. She went to see her folks half a year after she was married, and on her way back, on a Saturday evening, the Indians captured her within five miles of this place, and she's never been heard of since."

"And he lost his mind in consequence?"

"Never has been sane an hour since. But he only gets bad when that time of the year comes round. Then we begin to drop in here, three days before she's due, to encourage him up, and ask if he's heard from her, and Saturday we all come and fix up the house with flowers, and get everything ready for a dance. We've done it every year for nineteen years. The first Saturday there was twenty-seven of us, without counting the girls; there's only three of us now, and the girls are all gone. We drug him to sleep, or he would go wild; then he's all right for another year—thinks she's with him till the last three or four days come round; then he begins to look for her, and gets out his poor old letter, and we come and ask him to read it to us. Lord, she was a darling!"

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Ballad of the Chimes

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

NOW in where the sunshine met the fog
Was a land of mid-year green,
For the corn sloped down by the clean white town;
And the cliffs stood up between.

And the country folk were abroad for church
Where the lanes lay white in the sun;
But out in the bay, where the fog was gray,
There was never a sound save one.

And this was the roar of the windy sea
As it leapt at the rock-built light,
The headlong sweep of the rollers' leap
Half-way of the granite height.

For the eddies set for the splintered shore,
And the sea folk knew the sign,—
Yet never a knell from the light-house bell,
Nor a note but the heaving brine.

And the landsmen crowd the seaward cliff,
With brow-fixed hands in the sun;
And the women wait at the church-yard gate,
And rumors gather and run.

And, oh, what hap to the keeper hoar
That his bell clangs never a note?
And what shall be for the kin at sea,
And what for the stranger boat?

For landward sped a stranger bark,
And never a guide had she,
And her skipper cursed the cliff that erst
Stood sullen on his lee.

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"And or ever I leave the coast of France,"
Quoth the skipper, grim and gray,
"There shall be no truce but a shot let loose,
And a sunken ship to pay.

"For they keep no Christian signals set,
As they keep in the land of home.
Ere they sound a bell you may sink to hell
In the grip of a rocky doom."

. . . . . .

As a lie that's hushed on a braggart's lip
Came the pleasant sweep of a bell,
Like a tender sound from the underground
When the Spring hath spread her spell.

For the little white spire in the village trees
Hath chimed a Sabbath tune;
And, Skipper, if ever ye prayed a prayer,
Now thank ye Christ for the boon!

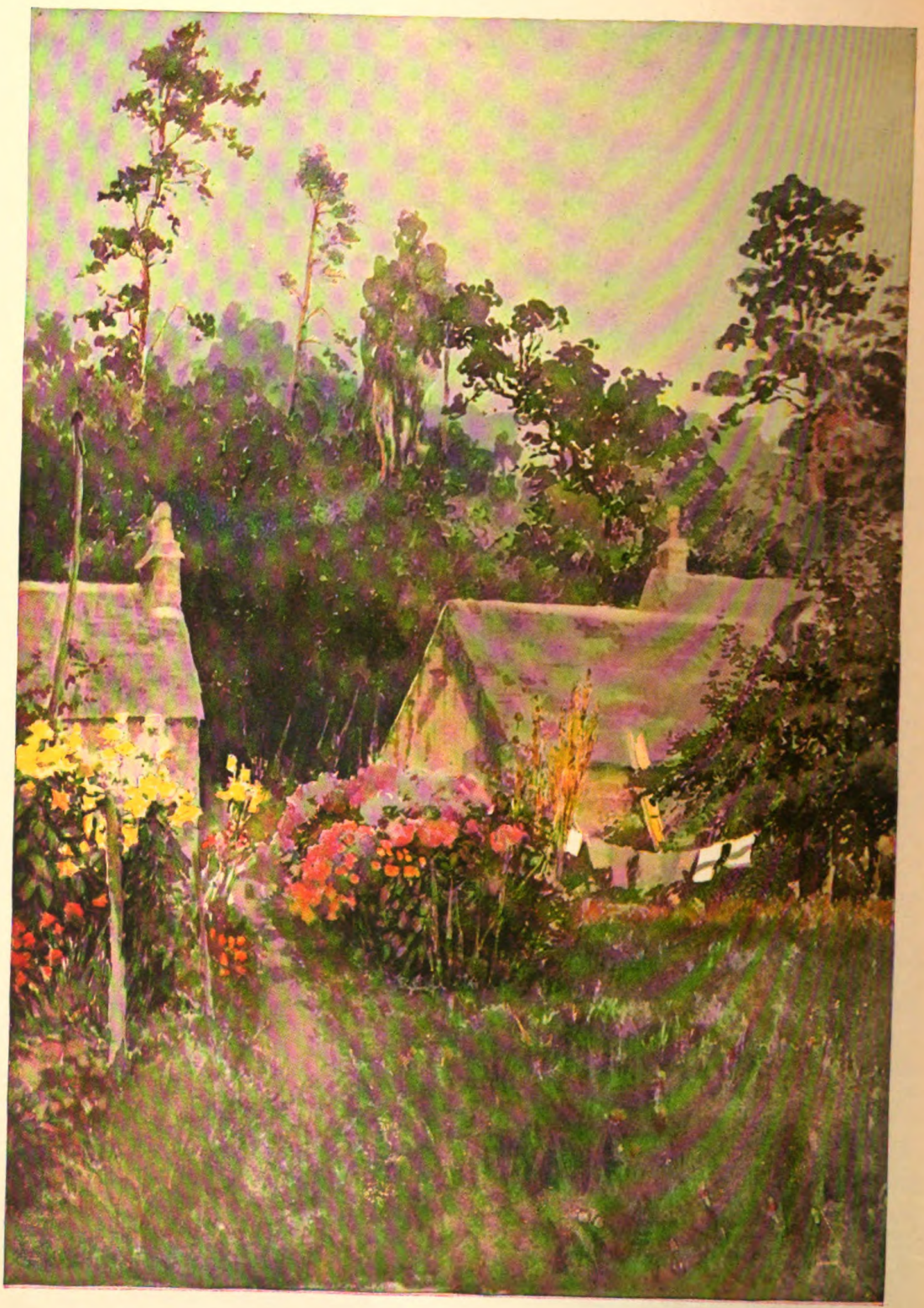
Ye have sailed the seas this forty year,
Ye have dallied still with death,—
But a ship's-length more and the dull gray roar
Had stilled thy impious breath.

There is grace and enough for the soul redeemed,
And ease for the lucky knave,
But what of the wight who has served aright,—
Shall his guerdon be the grave?

Oh the gripless hand of the bellman heaved
In the surf of the beating bay;
And the little white belfry clanged his knell,—
But the skipper sailed away.

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"THE JOY WHICH AN OLD GARDEN CAN GIVE"

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The Joy of Gardens

BY JULIUS NORREGARD

PERHAPS no word of six letters concentrates so much human satisfaction as the word "garden." Not accidentally, indeed, did the inspired writer make Paradise a garden; and still to-day, when a man has found all the rest of the world vanity, he retires into his garden. When man needs just one word to express in rich and poignant symbol his sense of accumulated beauty and blessedness, his first thought is of a garden. The saint speaks of "The Garden of God." "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse," cries the lover; or, "There is a garden in her face," he sings; and the soldier's stern dream is of a "garden of swords." The word "heaven" itself is hardly more universally expressive of human happiness than the word "garden."

And you have only to possess even quite a small garden to know why. A small old garden. So long as it be old, it hardly matters how small it is, but old it must be, for a new garden is obviously not a garden at all. And most keenly to relish the joy which an old garden can give, you should perhaps have been born in a city and dreamed all your life of some day owning a garden. No form of good fortune can, I am sure, give one a deeper thrill of happy ownership than that with which one thus city-bred at last enters into possession of an old country garden. Oh, that first dewy morning, when, before the rest of the house is up, you steal out into the exquisite purity and peace of the young day, mysteriously virgin in its clear-eyed freshness! Some of the strangeness of starlight still lingers in the air, and the sunlight slants over the shimmering grass with an indescribable suggestion of loneliness, a look of blended romance and pathos which seems to hint at some lost immortal meaning. Everything your eye falls upon seems to wear something of the same look, and as your eye ranges with a sumptuous sense of proprietorship from end to end of your little domain—the great oaks still sleeping in mist, the quiet shrubberies, the gossamered flower-beds, the sheets of shining lawn, the walls of mossy brick trellised with long-armed pear-trees, the russet-roofed out-houses—and at last rests lovingly on the warm chimneyed gables where your loved ones still lie asleep, your heart is filled with a sense of home more profound, more unshakable, and more pathetic than you have ever felt before—before you owned a garden.

Perhaps, when we analyze it, it is this deep sense of home which is the most real, the most vital, part of our joy in gardens. A house without a garden is only a temporary home. It is not immediately connected with the great life-supplying currents of the universe. To live in town, in a row of houses where all the necessities of life are delivered daily by parasitical, piratical tradesmen, is to live by proxy. It is a life where all the real work of living is done for you, and therefore not life.

That this is no mere sentiment you can soon prove by the easy test of growing your own flowers. So soon as you cut your own roses you will wonder how you could ever have been satisfied with "bought" roses from the florist. Nothing we buy is really ours—particularly flowers. It is only the flowers we grow, or at least gather for ourselves, that are really ours. Suppose you are giving a little dinner. Of course it would save time—and perhaps even money—to send an order to the florist for some flowers for the table; but bought flowers are really artificial flowers, and if instead you have early in the day put on a pair of gardening-gloves and gone out and culled a few off your own home-reared roses, you will be surprised, over dinner, what a difference it will make. The guests may not notice the difference, but

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you will know; and you will have the same satisfaction as you look at your own home-made roses as you have when at breakfast you beg your friends to try some of the honey from your own honeycombs. Your guests may taste no particular reason for your being so proud of your own honey. There is even better to be bought in the shops. But let them start a garden of their own, with a row of tiny thatched bee-cottages, and they will soon understand. Naturally you love this honey more than any other honey in the world,—for aren't the bees that made it your own personal tenants and friends, and don't you say "good-morning" to them every day as you go for your walk over the hill through your neighbor's clover? You know so well where the honey came from, and the rose-bushes from which you gathered these roses are as individual to you as the face of a friend.

A garden! To grow one's own vegetables, to nurse one's own flowers, to rear one's own chickens, to milk one's own cow—and to keep one's own carriage! This is to be personally acquainted with the universe.

A garden is a thing of leisurely aristocratic old roots and carefully escorted flowers. It brooks no forgetfulness, and will not flourish on perfunctory attentions. It has no blossoms for an absentee lover. Nothing in the world needs so much love, but nothing gives you so much pure love in return. A man really in love with a garden is perhaps safer from the usual human temptations than any other. What, indeed, is there outside his garden to compare for him with the joy and fascination he finds within? What mortal honors can weigh with him against his pride in his distinguished chrysanthemums? and woman has no seductions for the man who cannot take his eyes from his magnolias. And as for riches, no mere money in the bank can bring one-half such a sense of aggrandizement as that with which you walk a friend round your garden to show him your rhododendrons in particularly prosperous flower.

Then the mere names of certain flowers and fruits give their happy owner a sense of romantic wealth and distinction in their very mention. "I must show you our old tulip-tree," you say, just as the possessor of a gallery leads you off to see the portrait of one of his ancestors painted by Van Dyck or Gainsborough.

Mulberry-trees carry with them, too, a certain distinction; and think what a romantic suggestiveness there is in the words "quince" and "medlar." Will you ever forget your thrill of happy pride when, soon after you had come into your garden, and were as yet only half aware of all its hidden wealth of sleeping seed and dreaming bulb, a friend better read in the green book of nature cried out, "Why, this is a medlar!" A medlar-tree—think of it! It is like having the Order of the Garter in one's family.

And such surprises as this are among the earliest joys of possessing an old garden. You need to have lived with your garden at least a whole year before you know half it contains; for so many loving hands have been busy burying hidden treasures there long before you came. This demure out-of-the-way bed may be the coffer containing one knows not what precious spices. Some morning you will accidentally visit that neglected corner and find the lid wide open in the morning sun. Snowdrops have a wonderful way of thus taking one by surprise. They come up through an ambush of dead leaves with the suddenness of fairies in a Christmas pantomime. And perhaps there is no wile of one's garden that so captivates one as this coquetry of surprise. To find a bed of violets you knew nothing of all in full bloom and scent is as though your sweetheart should be waiting for you in the shrubbery without your knowing it, and suddenly throw her arms around your neck. To think that she was there all the time, and you had no idea of it. And all these days the violets have been working away at ascending stem and unfolding leaf and sweetening flower. Oh, the patience and the punctuality of natural things! Maybe you have been idle these past days. Day has been added to day, and you have nothing to show for them; but meanwhile the violets have been hard at work, and in all your garden there has been no such thing as an idle root or leaf. But excuse this lapse into moralizing. Perhaps the only fault you can find with

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keeping a garden is that it induces to moralizing, and if not watched, is apt to develop a sententious wisdom, such as you may have observed in gardeners. But gardeners are no part of my present subject, which, you will observe, is—the joy of gardens.

As far as possible, the lover of a garden is his own gardener. A man who leaves all the care of his garden to a paid servant is like a mother who leaves the entire care of her children to a nurse. Need I say that the pleasures of a garden are by no means only in its product, but far more in its processes. If you really love your garden, you know everything that is going on in every bed and in every corner. There is no need to read the little labels on the little pieces of split stick. When once you really know your garden, you know exactly what to expect from every inch of it, and you expect it with all your heart. How lovingly you set your ear to the ground to know if this or that green child of yours is awake and stirring beneath; and when the sap rises again in the old trees, you know it almost as soon as the trees themselves. It is only at first, as I said, that the snowdrops can steal a march upon you. Next year they cannot hope to take you by surprise.

Then a garden is full of little secrets and confidences which you lose if you leave it entirely to the gardener, and it brings also little cares that, if you really love it, you would not miss for the world. There are sick plants and ailing trees to think of that no one can look after like yourself, and morning by morning you visit them anxiously and carefully attend to their needs. I knew a strong man who passed for big and brutal with the rest of the world, but I once saw him with his rose-trees. A delicate grafting operation had recently been performed upon one of his favorite roses. You should have seen his face as he examined the tiny bandaged limb. He could hardly have been more tender had he stood by his wife's bed-side during some dangerous illness. He was not always like that, I have heard; and it is true that all a man's goodness and gentleness will sometimes thus exhaust itself through an apparently trivial outlet.

A garden, it must always be remembered, is an out-door extension of the home. It is, so to speak, the green withdrawing-room. It is meant to suggest human occupation no less than the house, and not the untamed wilderness. It is no more that than your blue Persian cat is a panther. Its necessary formalism begins with the smooth-shaven lawn. Could anything be more "unnatural"? Yet even the landscape - gardener does not insist upon grass in its wild state. Of course we know how beautiful it is with its silken sworded stems and its seeded spires; but the place for it in that state of nature is the meadow, not the garden—for in the garden its purpose is that of a rich carpet, on which delicately shod ladies may walk to and fro, and dainty children may dance. It must be smooth as a sheet of paper to take accurately the white lines of the tennis-court, with its trimly strung nets and its swift-glancing players.

And so with the rest of your garden. It must be just as much natural and just as much artificial as a beautiful woman, and the precise compromise between art and nature is as difficult to hit in one case as in the other. Indeed, there can be no precise rule. Individual temperament and preference must always decide, and thus gardens should necessarily be as different in style and character as their owners. In some the trim and the architectural, the courtly side of a garden, will be accentuated. There will not be seen a grass blade in the walks, nor a daisy on the lawn—oh, slovenliness unpardonable!—nor a rose leaf out of place, nor a tree that is not as well groomed as my lady's poodle.

In other gardens that exuberance of green vitality against which the gardener is ever sternly on the watch with hoe and pruning-knife and clashing shears is permitted a license of intrusion which sometimes threatens to engulf the garden altogether. The rose-trees revel in a riotous allowance of unpruned shoots, and wind-blown seeds are allowed to form promising young republics on the lawn. The ivy does as pleases it, getting into the eye of the windows; and if you suggest that so much of their own way is really not good for the fruit trees, you are looked upon as a vivisectionist. You need your winter boots to walk the lawn,

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and if you are a wearer of skirts, must needs lift them high to guard them from the damp and the various small inhabitants of the grass that seldom hears the whirring music of the lawn-mower.

Both gardens are good in their way. For myself I like best a garden where the balance between formalism and anarchy is somewhat better struck. It seems fit, I think, that the most formal part of a garden should be that near the house, and that it should wander away into wildness in its distant corners. It is happily devised, I think, if, as with many English gardens, it should be walled in on three sides—the house itself counting as one of the three walls—and open to the wild country on the fourth. Your garden is thus, so to say, like an arm of the sea. It is sheltered from the undue violence of the elements, but it is also open to the great life-bringing tides. Many a fascinating waif of the old wilderness will come blown up on autumn gales through that open door, and perhaps stay awhile, with their wandering eyes, in your garden—small, storm-tossed sailors from the great deeps far out yonder—and there are always more stars to be seen at the wild end of your garden. There, too, the dew is freshest, and the morning sun nearer to the heart.

It is strange, if yours is a garden like that, to steal out sometimes after sunset and walk up and down between the home end of the garden and the wild end, and listen to the sounds at each end. At the home end what warm human domestic sounds float out through the windows, confidentially opened to the coming night. The day is through in the kitchen, and the servants talk and laugh together with an off-duty ease and expansiveness good to hear; from the nursery come the merry sounds of the bed-time bath, and the nursery rhymes; a restful square of lamp-lit window speaks of some one within slowly sipping her coffee and a quiet book—the housewife, her cares ended, also enjoying the end of the day. The village near by also contributes its warm sounds of relaxation, which will soon be sleep.

Man went forth to his labor until the evening, and now it is evening; and the prayer of his thanksgiving sends a happy murmur up to the evening sky. Such are the sounds at the home end of the garden.

Then you wander towards the wild end of the garden, and the light seems to grow spectral, and the air haunted. Here are no warm windows or friendly human murmur, only whispering gleams and beckonings and half-frightened sounds calling you out, calling you away, calling you beyond. The casements of the moon are being opened. The night meaning of the world is being written all over the day meadows; and the woods are filling with witches. As the daylight fades and the stars take courage, the wild voices raise themselves out of the silence. A sudden unearthly laughter comes on the night from some far-away covert, and the night is still again. Then wicked chucklings begin here and there in the darkness, and something sighs at your elbow, and a hidden bird drops a hint of the secret, and a starbeam offers to show you the way. The night wind, perfumed with all the spices of the day's wandering, throws her arms about you, and you hear the little stream that slept all day softly serenading the evening star. Oh, you gypsies of the night!—with your wind-swept, heather-scented hair; with your waving arms, and your eyes like pools hidden in a wood; with your breath sweet as the new-mown field which the farmer leaves because the day is done; with your voices deep as the voice of the wind in the pines, and sweet as the voice of a nymph in a well—oh, you gypsies of the night!

Such is the wild end of the garden.

But it is the home end of the garden that is the real garden—the end where the roses climb the warm wall and look in through the nursery window; the end where you take tea in a shady corner of the lawn, and even dine out on warm summer nights under the great mulberry-tree; the end where the children make daisy chains and play at horses and ring-a-ring-o'-roses; the end near the deep-set door in the old wall that opens into the kitchen-garden—with the asparagus and the artichokes and the strawberry-beds and the netted fruit trees; the end near the dove-cote and the beehives and the chickens: the home end of the garden.

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"THE HOME END OF THE GARDEN IS THE REAL GARDEN"

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The Point of View in Fiction

BY AGNES REPPLIER

FICTION is the only field in which women started abreast with men, and have not lagged far behind. Their success, though in no wise brilliant, has been sufficiently assured to call forth a vast deal of explanation from male critics, who deem it necessary to offer reasons for what is not out of reason, to elucidate what can never be a mystery. Not very many years ago a contributor to the *Westminster Review* asserted seriously that "the greater affectionateness" of women enabled them to write stories, and that "the domestic experiences, which form the bulk of their knowledge, find an appropriate place in novels. The very nature of fiction calls for that predominance of sentiment which befits the feminine mind."

It is not easy, however, to account for Miss Austen and Miss Brontë, for George Eliot and George Sand, on the score of "affectionateness" and domesticity. The quality of their work has won for them and for their successors the privilege of being judged by men's standards, and of being forever exempt from that fatal word "considering." All that is left of the half-gallant, half-condescending tone with which critics indulgently praised *Evelina* is a well-defined and clearly expressed sentiment in favor of women's heroines, and a corresponding reluctance —on the part of men at least—to tolerate their heroes. Mr. Henley voiced the convictions of his sex when he declared his readiness to accept, "with the humility of ignorance, and something of the learner's gratitude," all of George Eliot's women, "from Romola down to Mrs. Pullet" (up to Mrs. Pullet, one would rather say), and his lively mistrust of the "governesses in revolt," whom it has pleased her to call men. Heroes of the divided skirt, every one of them, was his verdict. Deronda, an incarnation of woman's rights. Tito, an improper female in breeches. Silas Marner, a good, perplexed old maid. Lydgate alone has "aught of the true male principle about him."

This is a matter worthy of regard, because the charm of a novel is based largely upon the attraction its hero has for women, and its heroine for men. Incident, dialogue, the development of minor characters,—these things have power to please; but the enduring triumph of a story depends upon the depth of our infatuation for somebody that figures in it, and here, as elsewhere, the instinct of sex reigns supreme. Why is it impossible for a man who is not an artist or an art-critic to acknowledge that the great portraits of the world are men's portraits? Because he has given his heart to Mona Lisa, or to Rembrandt's Saskia, or to some other beauty, dead and gone. Why do we find in the Roman Catholic Church that it is invariably a man who expounds the glory of Saint Theresa, and a woman who piously supplicates Saint Anthony? The same rule holds good in fiction. Clarissa Harlowe has been loved as ardently as Helen of Troy. Mr. Saintsbury gives charming expression to this truth in his preface to *Pride and Prejudice*.

"In the novels of the last hundred years," he says, "there are vast numbers of young ladies with whom it might be a pleasure to fall in love; there are at least five with whom, as it seems to me, no man of taste and spirit can help doing so. Their names are, in chronological order, Elizabeth Bennet, Diana Vernon, Argemone Lavington, Beatrix Esmond, and Barbara Grant. I should have been most in love with Beatrix and Argemone; I should, I think, for mere occasional companionship, have preferred Diana and Barbara Grant. But to live with and to marry, I do not know that any one of the four can come into competition with Elizabeth."

This choice little literary seraglio is

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by no means the only one selected with infinite care by critics too large-minded for monogamy, while passions more exclusive burn with intenser flame. Of Beatrix Esmond it might be said that Thackeray was the only man who never succumbed to her charms. Women have been less wont to confess their infatuations—perhaps for lack of opportunity—but they have cherished in their hearts a long succession of fictitious heroes, most of them eminently unworthy of regard. We know how they puzzled and distressed poor Richardson by their preference for that unpardonable villain Lovelace, whom honest men loathe. Even in these chill and seemly days they seek some semblance of brutality. The noble, self-abnegating hero has no chance with them. The perplexed hero has even less. It is a significant circumstance that, of all the characters upon whom Mrs. Humphry Ward has lavished her careful art, Helbeck of Bannisdale, who doesn't know the meaning of perplexity, and who has no weak tolerance for other people's views, makes the sharpest appeal to feminine taste. But masculine taste rejects him.

Rejects him, not more sharply perhaps than it is wont to reject any type of manhood put forward urgently by a woman. There was a time when Rochester was much in vogue, and girls young enough to cherish illusions wove them radiantly around that masterful lover who wooed in the rough fashion of the Conqueror. But men looked ever askance upon his volcanic energies and emotions. They failed to see the charm in his rudeness, and they resented his lack of *retenue*. Robust candor is a quality which civilization—working in the interests of both sexes—has wisely thought fit to discard. Even Mr. Birrell, who is disposed to leniency where Charlotte Brontë's art is concerned, admits that while Rochester is undeniably masculine, and not a governess in revolt, he is yet "man described by woman," studied from the outside by one who could only surmise. And of the fierce and adorable little professor, the "sallow tiger" who is the crowning achievement of *Villette*, he has still more serious doubts. "Some good critics there are who stick to it that in his heart of hearts Paul Emanuel was a woman."

Does this mean that femininity, backed by genius, cannot grasp the impalpable something which is the soul and essence of masculinity? Because then it follows that masculinity, backed by genius, cannot grasp the impalpable something which is the soul and essence of femininity. Such a limitation has never yet been recognized and deplored. On the contrary, there are novelists, like Mr. Hardy and Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Henry James, who are considered to know a great deal more about women than women know about themselves, and to be able to give the sex some valuable points for its own enlightenment. Just as Luini and Leonardo da Vinci are believed to have grasped the subtleties hidden deep in the female heart, and to have betrayed them in a lurking smile or a gleam from half-shut eyes upon their imperishable canvases, so Mr. Meredith and Mr. James are believed to have betrayed these feminine secrets in the ruthless pages of their novels. Mr. Boyesen, for example, did not hesitate to say that no woman could have drawn a character like Diana of the Crossways, and endowed her with "that nameless charm," because "the sentiment that feels and perceives it is wholly masculine." Why should not this rule work both ways, and a nameless charm be given to some complex and veracious hero, because the sentiment that feels and perceives it is wholly feminine? Mrs. Humphry Ward strove for just such a triumph in her portrait of Edward Manisty, but did she succeed? Yet if the attraction of one sex for the other be mutual, why should it enlighten the man and confuse the woman? Or is this enlightenment less penetrating than it appears? Perhaps a rare perfection in recognizing and reproducing detail may be mistaken for a firm grasp upon the whole.

Certain it is that if men have looked with scepticism at the types of manhood presented with so much ardor by female novelists, if they have voted Rochester a brute, and Mr. Knightley a prig, and Robert Elsmere a bore, and Deronda "an intolerable kind of Grandison," women in their turn have evinced resentment, or at least impatience, at the attitude of heroines so sweetly glorified by men. Lady Castlewood is a notable example. How kindly Thackeray—who is not al-

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ways kind—treats this "tender matron," this "fair mistress" of the admirable Esmond. What pleasant adjectives, "gentlest," "truest," "loveliest," he has ever ready at her service. How frankly he forgives faults more endearing than virtues to the masculine mind. "It takes a man," we are told, "to forgive Lady Castlewood." She is the finest and most reverent incarnation of what men conceive to be purely feminine traits. In a world that belongs to its masters, she is an exquisite appurtenance, a possession justly prized. In a world shared—though somewhat unevenly—by men and women, she seems less good and gracious. "I always said I was alone," cries Beatrix, sternly. "You were jealous of me from the time I sat on my father's knee." And the child's eyes saw the truth.

It has been claimed, and perhaps with justice, that the irritation provoked by Thackeray's virtuous heroines is born of wounded vanity. Mr. Lang observes that women easily pardon Becky Sharp and Blanche Amory, but never Amelia Sedley or Laura Pendennis. For the matter of that, men easily pardon Mr. Collins and Mr. Elton. They do more than pardon, they delight in these incomparable clerics, and they adore Miss Austen for having created them. Mr. Saintsbury vows that Mr. Collins is worthy of Fielding or Swift. But their sentiments towards the excellent Edmund Bertram, who is all that a parson should be, are not wholly unlike the sentiments of women towards Amelia Sedley, who is all that a wife and mother should be; nor are they ready to admit that Mr. Darcy and Mr. Knightley are worthy of Elizabeth and Emma. Lord Brabourne has recorded a distinct prejudice against Mr. Knightley, on the ground that he interferes too much; yet it is plain that Miss Austen considered this interference as a masculine prerogative, exercised with judgment and discretion. He is what women call "a thorough man," just as Amelia is what men call "a thorough woman." Mr. Lang bravely confesses his affection for her on this very score. "She is such a thorough woman." It evidently does not occur to him to doubt Thackeray's knowledge or his own knowledge of the sex.

Around Fielding's heroines the battle has raged for years. These kind-hearted, sweet-tempered creatures have been very charming in men's eyes. Scott loved Sophia Western as if she had been his own daughter,—he would have treated her differently,—and took especial pleasure in her music, in the way she soothed her father to sleep after dinner with "Saint George, he is for England." Sir Walter and Squire Western had a stirring taste in songs. Dr. Johnson gave his allegiance without reserve to Fielding's Amelia. He read the inordinately long novel which bears her name at a single sitting, and he always honored her as the best and loveliest of her sex—this, too, at a time when Clarissa held the hearts of Christendom in her keeping. Amelia Booth, like Amelia Sedley, is a "thorough woman"; that is, she embodies all the characteristics which the straightforward vice of the eighteenth century conceived to be virtues in her sex, and which provoke the envious admiration of our own less candid age. "Fair, and kind, and good," so runs the verdict. "What more can be desired?" And the impatient retort of the feminine reader, "No more, but possibly a little less," offends the critic's ear. "Where can you find among the genteel writers of this age," asks Mr. Lang hotly, "a figure more beautiful, tender, devoted, and, in all good ways, womanly, than Sophia Western?" "The adorable Sophia," Mr. Austin Dobson calls her—"pure and womanly, in spite of her unfavorable surroundings." Womanliness is the one trait about which they are all cocksure. It is the question at issue, and cannot be lightly begged. But Sophia's strongest plea is the love Sir Walter gave her.

For Scott, though most of his young heroines are drawn in a perfunctory and indifferent fashion—mere incentives to enterprise or rewards of valor — knew something of the quicksands beyond. He made little boast of this knowledge, frankly preferring the ways of men, about whom there was plenty to be told, and whose motives never needed a too assiduous analysis. Mr. Ruskin, it is true, pronounced all the women of the Waverley Novels to be finer than the men; but he was arguing on purely ethical grounds. He liked the women better because they

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were better, not because their goodness was truer to life than the faultiness of the men. He was incapable of judging any work, literary or artistic, by purely critical standards. He valued it for the sake of what it represented, rather than for the way in which it was done. He had praise for Rose Bradwardine and Catherine Seyton and Alice Lee because they are such well-behaved young ladies; he excluded from his list of heroines Lucy Ashton, who stands forever as a proof of her author's power to probe a woman's soul. Scott did not care to do this thing. The experiment was too painful for his hands. But critics who talk about the subtleties of modern novelists, as compared with Sir Walter's "frank simplicity"—patronizing phrase!—have forgotten *The Bride of Lammermoor*. There is nothing more artistic within the whole range of fiction than our introduction to Lucy Ashton, when the doomed girl—as yet unseen—is heard singing those curious and haunting lines which reveal to us at once the struggle that awaits her, and her helplessness to meet and conquer fate.

There are fashions in novel-writing, as in all things else, and a determined effort to be analytic is imposing enough to mislead. We usually detect this effort when men are writing of women, or women are writing of men. The former seek to be subtle; the latter seek to be strong. Both are determined to reveal something which is not always a recognizable revelation. In the earlier "novels of character" there is none of this delicate surgery. Fielding took his material as he found it, and so did Miss Austen. She painted her portraits with absolute truthfulness, but she never struggled for insight; above all, never struggled for insight into masculinity. She knew her men as well as any author needs to know them; but her moments of illumination, of absolute intimacy, were for women. It is in such a moment that Emma Woodhouse realizes, "with the speed of an arrow," that Mr. Knightley must marry no one but herself.

There is nothing "subtle" in this; nothing that at all resembles Mr. Hardy's careful explorations into the intricacies of a character like Eustacia Vye, in *The Return of the Native*. There is nothing of Mr. James's artfulness, nothing of Mr. Meredith's daring. These two eminent novelists are past masters of their craft. They present their heroines as interesting puzzles to which they alone hold the key. They keep us in a state of suspense from chapter to chapter, and they too often baffle our curiosity in the end. The treatment of Miriam Rooth, in *The Tragic Muse*, is a triumph of ingenuity. "What do you think of her?" "What can you make out of her?" "What is she now, and what is she going to be?" are the unasked, and certainly unanswerable, questions suggested by every phase of this young woman's development. The bewildered reader, unable to formulate a theory, unable to make even a feeble guess, is much impressed by the problem laid before him, and by the acuteness of the author who deciphers it. If to evolve a sphinx, and to answer her riddle, is to interpret femininity, then there are modern novelists who have entered upon their kingdom. But one remembers Rochefoucauld's wise words, "The greatest mistake of penetration is, not to have fallen short, but to have gone too far."



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A DEAD PONY LAY STRETCHED ON THE GRASS

Elizabeth

A STORY OF THE OKLAHOMA RUN

BY ELEANOR HOYT

THE cold mist of the September night was still shrouding the streets of Chandler. A solitary figure rode out of the stable-yard of the little hotel on the silent street, paused for a moment to look up at one of the hotel windows, where a light filtered wanly through the gloom, and galloped southward.

Two miles beyond the town the rider came within sight of a low black line, stretching across the prairie from east to west; and at nearer view the line resolved itself into a dense crowd of wagons, horses, and human beings. The Oklahoma Strip was to be opened at noon, and Chandler had been a gathering-place for the runners who intended going into the Territory from the north.

All sorts and conditions of men were there,—lean, sinewy cowboys, hard-featured sports, sturdy farmers, shrewd-faced tradesmen, hulking darkies, city-bleached men from North and East. A few women were scattered through the crowd; and before them all paced United States soldiers, marking off the boundary-line beyond which no one must go before the firing of the signal at twelve o'clock. The waiting crowd was already astir. Horses were being fed, men and women were eating cold breakfasts in their wagons, or, further back, were making coffee over camp fires. As the new-comer reached the line the men near by looked at the slender boyish figure in corduroys and a soft slouch-hat, with a faint interest that quickened with the look.

"Girl, by gad!" chuckled a cowboy, who was rubbing down his horse before attending to his own comfort.

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The girl rode up beside a wagon in which a man and a motherly-looking woman sat drinking coffee from tin cups.

"Going to make the run, sis?" asked the man, genially.

"Yes. My father was going. He had set his heart on it. Last night he had a hemorrhage. I'm going to get his claim for him."

Something in the quiet voice appealed to the woman. She leaned toward the girl encouragingly.

"Don't you mind, honey. You stay here by us till we start. There's lots of girls going just for fun. I reckon your pa'll be better when you get back. Have some of this hot coffee with us. It's a kind of coolish morning. Law! Pa and I made the run at Guthrie, and it was just a picnic."

She gave a fat, comfortable chuckle, and Elizabeth Gardener pulled her pony close to the wagon while she drank the coffee.

Twenty-four hours earlier she had arrived in Chandler with her father—the handsome, visionary father who was the one absorbing passion of her life. His career had been a succession of failures; and of late years the family ghost had risen and haunted him, showing itself in his flushed cheeks and hollow cough. But with the announcement of the opening of the strip John Gardener's enthusiasm and self-confidence, which were burning low, had flamed again.

"Forty miles from Chandler; thirty miles more to Enid, the filing-station. Then back to the claim. I'll run up a shack, and you'll join me there with the things." He said it over and over, and Elizabeth acquiesced cheerily, but with a sickening fear at her heart.

Then came the day in Chandler, and the night, when, looking from her window in the hotel, she saw a crowd gather around the door below, and wondered idly what had happened. The hotel proprietor came for her. Her father was lying unconscious in the office.

The sick man passed from unconsciousness to raging delirium, in which he raved of the run—always of the run.

"I'm afraid the disappointment will be too much for him. If we could only set his mind at rest!" said the doctor.

"I'll make his run," she said, quietly. "Tell him there's no danger. Other women are going. I know all about the claim he wants, and he shall have it."

She stooped a moment and laid her cheek against her father's thin restless hands. Then she went out of the room, dry-eyed and steady-lipped, and the doctor swore softly, admiringly.

The sun came out through the mist and warmed the chill air. Men were calling jovially to each other; new-comers were joining the crowd every moment. The young blood leaped in the girl's veins, and pain and death seemed but a part of the night shadow.

All along the line girths were being tightened, reins were drawn, whips were out, men were on the alert. The noise had died to a tense hush of expectancy, and an occasional laugh jarred on the nerves like the twang of a broken violin string. Elizabeth found herself, like the men around her, leaning forward in her saddle, waiting impatiently. Her breath came quickly, her nerves thrilled with eagerness. There was a ripple in the front ranks that spread back through the crowd. A shot rang out on the listening air. The mass of horses and wagons reared for a second, and hurled itself forward like a breaking wave.

Elizabeth felt herself caught up by the torrent and thrown violently forward into the maelstrom, where it seemed to her she must be crushed to death. Her sturdy pony was lifted fairly off his legs and borne outward with a rush. The girl gripped the saddle with her knees, dropped the reins on the pony's neck, and tried to see nothing beyond his quivering ears. The blood beat at her temples and blinded her. In a dim way she was conscious that her pony was performing miracles—wheeling, backing, darting forward, steadily cutting his way through the plunging mob as he would have cut his way through a herd of maddened steers. In a few moments he was clear of the wagons and jostled only by the other horses. All down the line, as far as eye could see, horsemen poured out from the dark struggling chaos of vehicles, and narrowed down toward the divide. Elizabeth, who happened to be about opposite the opening, was swept along with the

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foremost riders. A few men on racing-horses outrode her and disappeared through the pass, but her pony was running steadily, easily, with evident enjoyment, and with as evident a reserve of strength. His rider looked back at the turmoil from which he had carried her safely. The wind blew strong in her face, the blood tingled through her veins. For the time she forgot the stake for which she rode, the sorrow that threatened her. She knew only the wild joy of the race.

Few of the crowd were following her course. Five miles took her almost out of sight of the horsemen. Ten miles left her alone on the prairie, but she rode steadily on, watching the sun and studying her compass and the map her father had made, and that she had heard explained a hundred times. Turning in her saddle to look back across the prairie, she saw only one horseman following her, at the distance of a mile or two. There were probably more behind, staking claims as they ran, but this rider seemed, like herself, bent for some definite place, and rode steadily in her tracks.

Suddenly a ribbon of blue shot across the prairie in front of them. It was the stream whose source was on her father's coveted claim. She crossed it and followed it in its winding. Where the stream cut through the grove and ran among the willows she tethered her horse and staked her claim. Then she began to hunt for her corner-stone. She found it almost at once, entered the record in her note-book, and turned back towards the grove. As she stooped to untie her pony she glanced up the stream. A raw-boned horse stood under a willow-tree, and his rider, unprepossessing as the nag, was turning away, evidently in search of the section corner. Elizabeth's heart sank. She knew by report the mazes of contested claims. Putting her hands to her mouth, she called. The man looked back.

"It's my claim!" she shouted.

"Not by a damned sight!" came the answer. "You haven't filed yet!"

With a load on her heart the girl climbed into her saddle and swung off over the prairie once more, travelling south and east. She had cause for confidence in her pony, but suddenly there was a lunge, the frightened squeal of a horse in pain, a shock, then darkness.

When Elizabeth opened her eyes it was to look up into a sky flushed with sunset light. She sat up in a dazed way, conscious of a racking pain in her head and of a sickening weakness. With a woman's impulse she put up her hand to smooth her hair. The hair was wet and matted, and the hand, when she drew it away, was red. Then looking behind her she saw her pony lying half on his side, a look of agony in his intelligent eyes, his fore legs strangely doubled under him. Just beside him was a round hole, ragged and trampled as though by a struggle. For once, the pony's instinct had failed him. Breaking out from the long grass carelessly, he had put his right fore foot into a prairie-dog's hole, and his rapid pace had thrown him violently, breaking the poor brute's legs, and sending his rider headlong.

Dizzily Elizabeth crept over toward him. The appeal in the creature's eyes sickened her, for she knew enough about horses to see that nothing could be done for him save to put him out of his pain. Turning to her pony, she laid her hand on his neck and stroked it lovingly. Then she put the muzzle of her revolver to his head and fired. There was a convulsive plunge—and quiet. Elizabeth dropped the revolver and lay, face downward, in the grass.

The thud of hoofs made her rise to her knees. Across the prairie, at a stone's-throw, rode a man. She recognized the rawboned horse and the unshaven, ugly face of the rider, and the hopelessness of her plight loomed up before her. The man turned his head, saw the dead horse and the kneeling girl, and for an instant checked his pace. Then he laughed brutally, waved his hand, and rode on. Elizabeth's hands clinched in impotent rage.

After the man had vanished she still stared straight before her, without moving. The shadows gathered around her. The air grew chill, but she was unconscious of everything except her failure and its cost. She could walk to Enid. A ten-mile walk was nothing alarming, though, faint as she was from shock and loss of blood, she might find it a weary undertaking. But at Enid, what could

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she do? Nothing save take the train back to Chandler. And there!—she closed her eyes.

Jim Bellows, desperado, dead-shot, and general-utility man—as utility goes in the Southwest—riding leisurely over the prairie towards Enid, came upon a sight that shook his professional calm. A dead pony lay stretched on the grass. Beside it sat a pretty girl in corduroy jacket and knickerbockers. Her felt hat had fallen off. Her thick hair was clotted with blood, which had stained, too, her jacket and collar. Her eyes were shut, and near her lay a pocket-pistol.

Jim drew up his bronco and stared. The girl was as still as the pony. The man dismounted and walked toward the group. As he neared her the girl heard his steps. She opened her eyes, struggled to her feet, and faced him. Evidently she was not afraid, but as evidently she was desperately miserable.

Jim pulled off his slouch-hat.

"Reckon you're in trouble, miss. What's the matter?"

She explained wearily. He listened with kindly sympathy, and as she told of the man who had staked her claim and ridden past her, the man's face darkened angrily, and his hand lovingly fingered his hip pocket. His lips worked with expletives, whose repression brought the blood to his cheeks.

"You'd better sit down, miss. That's a nasty cut on your head. If you'll just let me look at it, I reckon I can fix it a bit. You've lost too much blood already."

Elizabeth sat down as he ordered, and kneeling beside her, he separated her matted hair. From one of his capacious pockets he pulled a small leather case, and taking from it a little bottle of fluid, bathed the wound.

"Mind if I cut some hair?"

She shook her head again. Nothing seemed of any especial importance to her at that moment.

From the case came a pair of surgeon's scissors, and there was a crisp sound, and a thick lock of hair fell to the grass. A plaster came out of the case next, and was fastened deftly over the cut.

"Are you a doctor?" asked the girl, with faint curiosity.

Jim grinned.

"Well, no, I'm not exactly a doctor, but accidents happen often when I'm round, so I just load up for them."

She did not understand, and was too tired to puzzle over it.

"Now I'll tell you what you'll do," the man went on, his jesting tone becoming serious. "My horse is too dead-beat to carry double. Think you can ride alone?"

"Yes, but I'll walk."

"Like thunder you will! My business can wait. You'll get on that and ride to Enid."

The girl held out her hand to him. Her lips were trembling, but her eyes were eloquent. Jim answered the eyes.

"Don't you bother about that. I'd have done as much for a horse-thief. That's not saying I'd have been as glad to do it for him."

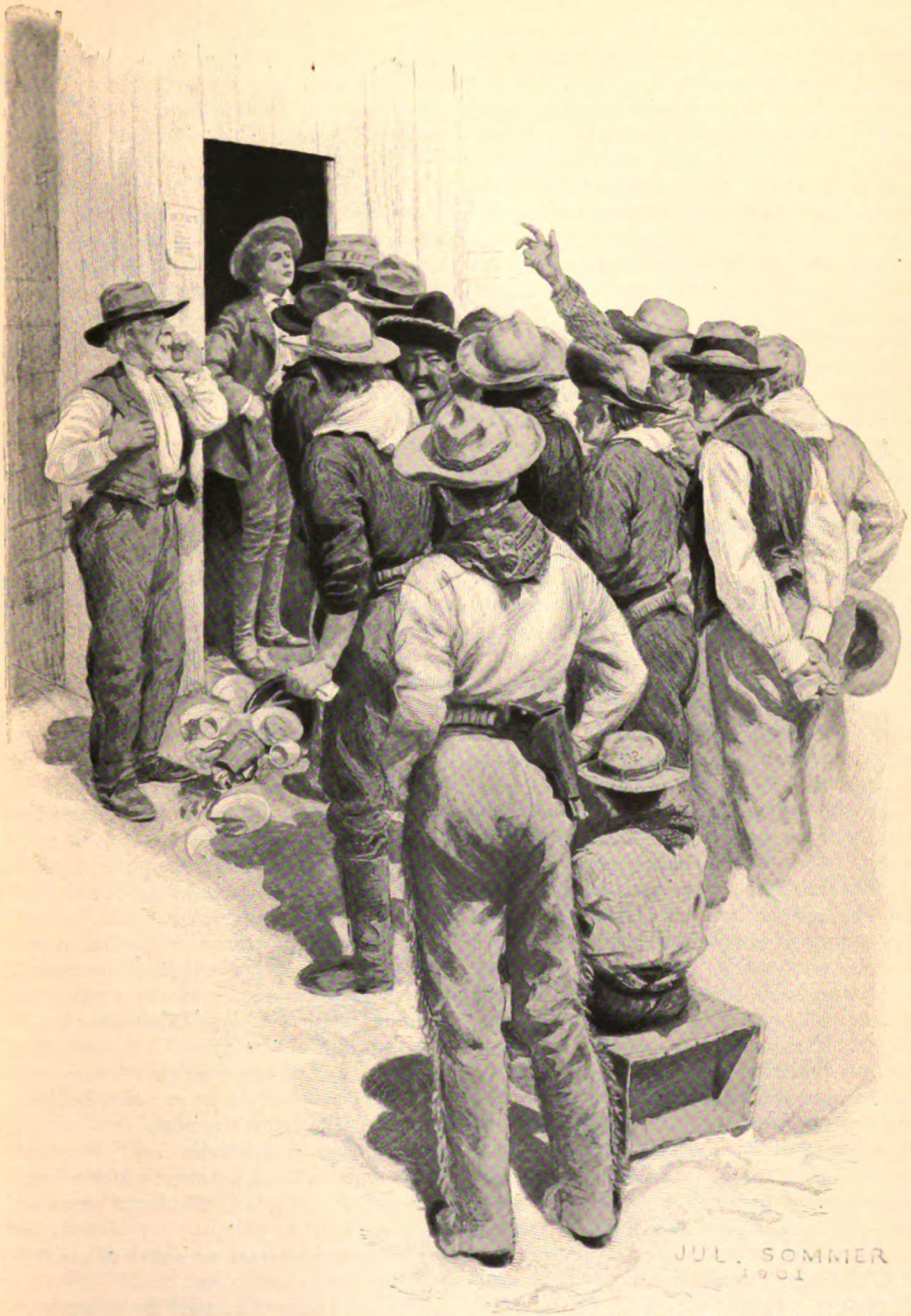
She rode away into the twilight, and the man stood looking after her until she faded into the dusk. A lock of soft brown hair was lying on the grass at his feet. He looked down at it quizzically. Then suddenly he stooped, picked it up deliberately, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket.

"Good Lord! what a fool a man can be when he really gives his mind to it!" he said, cynically.

It was dark when Elizabeth reached Enid; but for miles she had been travelling a road crowded with stragglers from the run. Thousands had arrived before her. In the centre of the town was a small frame building, the registry office, which did not open until nine the next morning, but men and women rolled themselves in their blankets and slept in line, and it was three days later that the last man filed his claim. Elizabeth left her borrowed horse at a stable and fell in line, though there seemed little reason for it, for the man who had staked her claim was undoubtedly far ahead of her. She sat for a long time clasping her knees with her hands and staring at the odd scene. Then her tired body asserted its right to consideration, and lying on the ground under the stars, she slept dreamlessly.

The stir of the crowd wakened her at dawn. She was stiff and lame, and her head was aching furiously. A darky from a lunch-stand on the edge of the crowd passed along the line with coffee

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

THEN SHE FLUNG THE TRAY UPON THE GROUND

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and doughnuts, and she bought her breakfast from him. She must go back to Chandler by the first train. That was clear; and yet she waited, hoping, in a vague way, that some miracle might be worked for her salvation.

The darky had returned with more coffee, and a group of men near Elizabeth were chaffing him while he waited for their cups. The girl listened idly. Suddenly a sentence caught her attention:

"I's got tuh take dinnah foh de folks in de registah office at twelb o'clock. Says dey's got tuh eat, no mattah how long de folks waits."

Elizabeth raised her head sharply. The color rushed into her cheeks. Would she dare? Ninety-five per cent. of the crowd were men. She was a woman—and a pretty woman. At least there was a chance.

Four hours later, Jim Bellows, standing with some fellow-sports at the upper window of a saloon overlooking the noisy crowd, saw a trim figure step out of the Ryan lunch-booth, carrying a tray. He gave a low whistle of surprise.

"Hell! what a pretty girl!" exclaimed one of his companions, following the direction of the gambler's eyes.

"I wonder—" began Jim, with a movement as though to hurry from the room. Then he settled back, but his mustache was between his teeth, and his eyes intently followed the slight girlish figure.

Elizabeth's chin was up, her eyes were flashing. Her lips were smiling gayly Thousands of people lay between her and the office.

"Stand back, please, gentlemen," rang out her clear, soft voice. "Make way, please. The men in the office are waiting for luncheon."

The men fell back, and, little by little, she forced her way through the crowd. Comments on her beauty ran freely along the ranks. She blushed, but smiled upon the speakers without a touch of resentment. She would need friends soon.

Near the office were gathered the roughest and most reckless of the crowd—most of them "sooners" or pals of "sooners," who having, in defiance of the law, hidden themselves in the Territory and staked their claims before the signal, had been the first to reach the filing-place. Through them Elizabeth pushed her way audaciously, laughing at their rough banter, until she reached the office door, within a foot of the window where the claimants must file. She paused, and for an instant stood with her back to the crowd. There was the old quivering tightening of the body's tension. Then she turned, flung the tray upon the ground, and faced the eyes fixed upon her. Her face was white to the lips. Her great eyes were unnaturally dark, but there was not a quiver in the steady lips. With her head thrown back, her face defiantly set, she waited. For a moment there was a breathless hush.

Jim Bellows, leaning from his window, with a revolver in his hand, drew his breath sharply. "My God! what a bluff!" he whispered. Suddenly the oppressive silence was shattered by a shout of laughter from the men nearest the offender. The absolute insolence and pluck of the woman appealed to a class whose one fetich is reckless courage. Farther back in the crowd sounded a growl. There were oaths and threatening curses, and a surging movement towards the front. The girl's face did not move a muscle. Jim Bellows slipped from his window to the porch roof and stood, an alert watching figure, but he was not needed.

A big, hard-featured man in cowboy clothes sprang in front of Elizabeth and drew his six-shooter.

"If a pretty woman with that much pluck wants to file, she'll file!" he yelled, with a rattling accompaniment of oaths. "If any of you fellers think she won't, come up and argue it!"

Other men of his type closed in beside him with revolvers drawn. Jim Bellows sat down limply on the roof.

"Big Bob can handle 'em," he said. "And he's got the toughest gang of bad men and dead-shots in the Territory with him. She wins out!"

The crowd showed no signs of accepting Big Bob's invitation.

"You'd better file, sis," he said, with a kindly grin.

And Elizabeth filed her claim.

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His Apparition

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

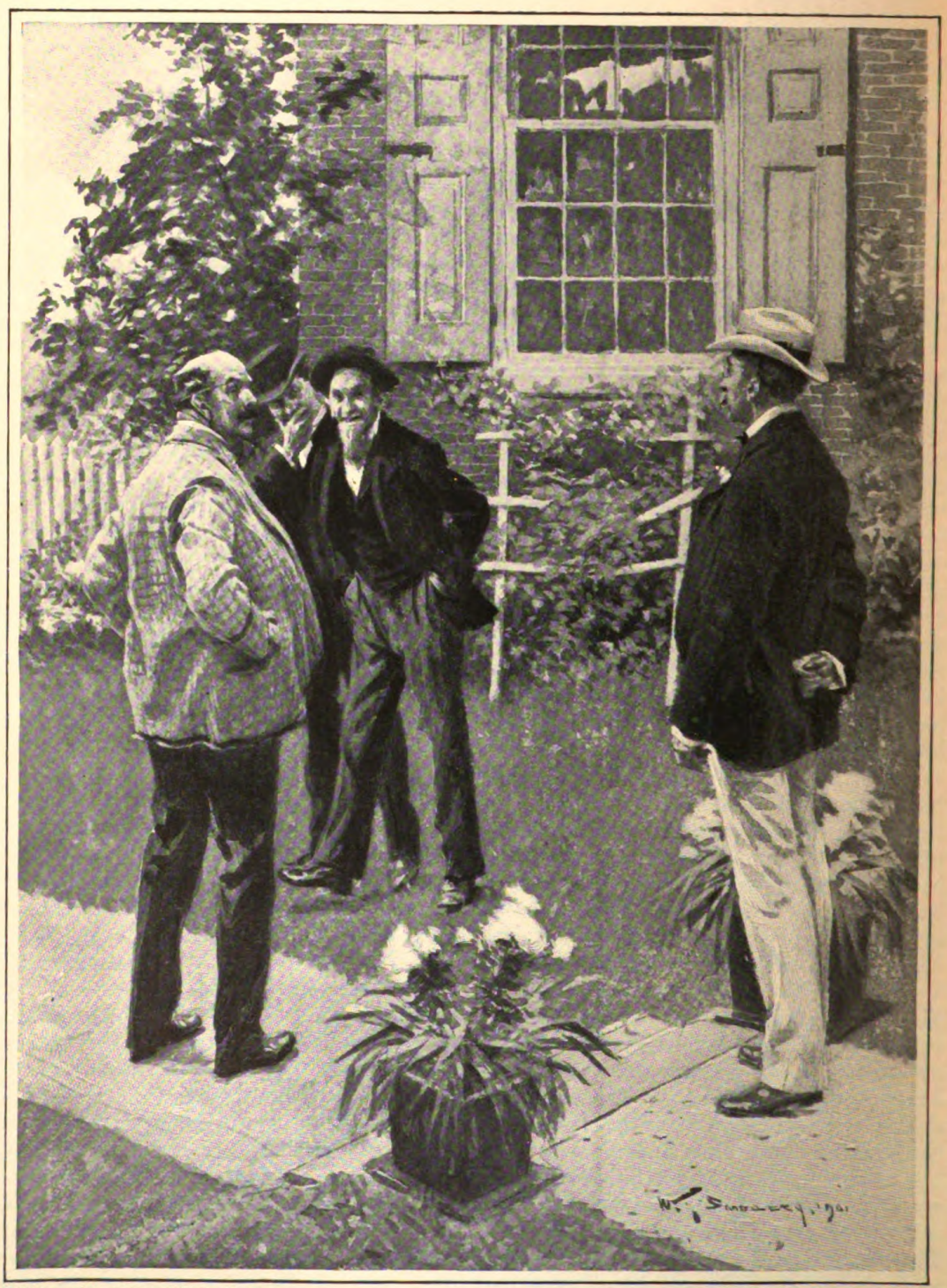
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THE incident was of a dignity which the supernatural has by no means always had, and which has been more than ever lacking in it since the manifestations of professional spiritualism began to vulgarize it. Hewson appreciated this as soon as he realized that he had been confronted with an apparition. He had been very little agitated at the moment, and it was not till later, when the conflict between sense and reason concerning the fact itself arose, that he was aware of any perturbation. Even then, amidst the tumult of his whirling emotions he had a sort of central calm, in which he noted the particulars of the occurrence with distinctness and precision. He had always supposed that if anything of the sort happened to him he would be greatly frightened; but he had not been at all frightened, so far as he could make out. His hair had not risen, or his cheek felt a chill; his heart had not lost or gained a beat in its pulsation; and his prime conclusion was that if the Mysteries had chosen him an agent in approaching the material world, they had not made a mistake. This becomes grotesque in being put into words, but the words do not misrepresent, except by their inevitable excess, the mind in which Hewson rose, and flung open his shutters to let in the dawn upon the scene of the apparition, which he now perceived must have been, as it were, self-lighted. The robins were yelling from the trees and the sparrows bickering under them; catbirds were calling from the thickets of syringas, and in the nearest woods a hermit-thrush was ringing its crystal bells. The clear day was penetrating the east with the subtle light which precedes the sun, and a summer sweetness rose cool from the garden below, gray with dew.

In the solitude of the hour there was an intimation of privity to the event which had taken place, an implication of the unity of the natural and the supernatural, strangely different from that robust gayety of the plain day which later seemed to disown the affair, and leave the burden of proof altogether to the human witness. By this time Hewson had already set about putting it in such phrases as should carry conviction to the hearer, and yet should convey to him no suspicion of the pride which Hewson felt in the incident as a sort of tribute to himself. He dramatized the scene at breakfast when he should describe it in plain, matter-of-fact terms, and hold every one spellbound as he or she leaned forward over the table to listen while he related the fact with studied unconcern for his own part in it, but with a serious regard for the integrity of the fact itself, which he had no wish to exaggerate as to its immediate meaning or remoter implications. It did not yet occur to him that it had none; they were simply to be matters of future observation in a second ordeal; for the first emotion which the incident imparted was the feeling that it would happen again, and in this return would interpret itself. Hewson was so strongly persuaded of something of the kind that, after standing for an indefinite period at the window in his pajamas, he got hardily back into bed, and waited for the repetition. He was agreeably aware of waiting without a tremor, and rather eagerly than otherwise; then he began to feel drowsy, and this at first flattered him, as a proof of his strange courage, in circumstances which would have rendered sleep impossible to most men; but in another moment he started from it. If he slept, every one would say he had dreamt the whole thing; and he could never himself be quite sure that he had not.

He got up, and began to dress, thinking all the time, in a dim way, how very long it would be till breakfast, and wondering what he should do till then with his ap-

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

[See page 623]

"I'M AFRAID I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT"

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petite and his apparition. It was now only a little after four o'clock of the June morning, and nobody would be down till after eight; most people at that very movable feast, which St. Johnswort had in the English fashion, did not show themselves before nine. It was impossible to get a book and read for five hours; he would be dropping with hunger if he walked so long. Yet he must not sleep; and he must do something to keep from sleeping. He remembered a little interloping hotel, which had lately forced its way into precincts sacred to cottage life, and had impudently called itself the St. Johnswort Inn, after St. John's place, by a name which he prided himself on having poetically invented from his own and that of a prevalent wild flower. Upon the chance of getting an early cup of coffee at this hotel, Hewson finished dressing, and crept down stairs to let himself out of the house.

He not only found the door locked, as he had expected, but the key taken out; and after some misgiving he decided to lift one of the long library windows, from which he could get into the garden, closing the window after him, and so make his escape. No one was stirring outside the house any more than within; he knocked down a trellis by which a clematis was trying to climb over the window he emerged from, and found his way out of the grounds without alarming any one. At the hotel, a lank boy sweeping the long piazzas vanished through the office door, upon Hewson's question whether they could give him some coffee at that hour, and reappeared after a blank interval to pick up his broom and say, "I guess so," as he began sweeping again. After another interval of unknown length a rude, sad girl came to tell him his coffee was waiting for him. He followed her back into the still dishevelled dining-room, and sat down at a long table to a cup of lukewarm drink that in color and quality recalled terrible mornings of Atlantic travel when he haplessly rose and descended to the dining-saloon of the steamer, and had a marine version of British coffee brought him by an alien table-steward. His fancy played with the question whether that uncouth, melancholy waitress had found a moment to wash her face before hurrying to fetch his coffee. He amused himself by contrasting her sloven dejection with the brisk neatness of the service at St. Johnswort; but through all he never lost the awe, the sense of responsibility, which he bore to the vision vouchsafed him, doubtless for some reason and to some end that it behooved him to divine.

He found a yesterday's paper in the office of the hotel, and read it till he began to drowse over it, when he pulled himself up with a sharp jerk. He discovered that it was now six o'clock, and he thought if he could walk about for an hour he might return to St. Johnswort, and worry through the remaining hour till breakfast somehow. He was still framing in his thoughts some sort of statement concerning the apparition which he should make when the largest number of guests had got together at the table, with a fine question whether he should take them between the cantaloupe and the broiled chicken, or wait till they had come to the corn griddle-cakes, which St. John's cook served of a filigree perfection in homage to the good old American breakfast ideal. There would be more women, if he waited, and he should need the sympathy and countenance of women; his story would fail of its supreme effect without the electrical response of their keener nerves.

II

When Hewson came up to the cottage he was sensible of a certain agitation in the air, which was intensified to him by the sight of St. John, in his bare bald head and the négligé of a flannel house-coat, inspecting, with the gardener and one of the grooms, the fallen trellis under the library window, which from time to time they looked up at as they talked. Hewson made haste to join them, through the garden gate, and to say, shamefacedly enough, "Oh, I'm afraid I'm responsible for that," and he told how he must have thrown down the trellis in getting out of the window.

"Oh!" said St. John, while the two men walked away with dissatisfied grins at being foiled of their sensation. "We thought it was burglars. I'm so glad it was only you." But in spite of his profession, St. John did not give Hewson any very lively proof of his enjoyment.

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"Deucedly uncomfortable to have had one's guests murdered in their beds. Don't say anything about it, please, Hewson. The women would all fly the premises, if there'd been even a suspicion of burglars."

"Oh, no; I won't," Hewson willingly assented; but he perceived a disappointment in St. John's tone and manner, and he suspected him, however unjustly, of having meant to give himself importance with his guests by the rumor of a burglary in the house. He was a man quite capable of that, Hewson believed, and failing it, capable of pretending that he wanted the matter hushed up in the interest of others. In any case he saw that it was not to St. John primarily, or secondarily to St. John's guests, that he could celebrate the fact of his apparition. In the presence of St. John's potential vulgarity he keenly felt his own, and he recoiled from what he had imagined doing. He even realized that he would have been working St. John an injury by betraying his house to his guests as the scene of a supernatural incident.

Nobody believes in ghosts, but there is not one in a thousand of us who would not be uncomfortable in a haunted house, or a house so reputed. If Hewson told what he had seen, he would not only scatter St. John's house party to the four winds, but he would cast such a blight upon St. Johnswort that it would never sell for a tenth of its cost.

From that instant Hewson renounced his purpose, and he remained true to this renunciation in spite of the behavior of St. John, which might well have tempted him to a revenge in kind. No one seemed to have slept late that morning; several of the ladies complained that they had not slept a wink the whole night, and two or three of the men owned to having waked early and not been able to hit it off again in a morning nap, though it appeared that they were adepts in that sort of thing. The hour of their vigils corresponded so nearly with that of Hewson's apparition that he wondered if a mystical influence from it had not penetrated the whole house. The adventitious facts were of such a nature that he controlled with the greater difficulty the wish to explode upon an audience so aptly prepared for it the prodigious incident which he was keeping in reserve; but he did not yield even when St. John carefully led up to the point through the sensation of his guests, by recounting the evidences of the supposed visit of a burglar, and then made his effect by suddenly turning upon Hewson, and saying, with his broad guffaw: "And here you have the burglar in person. He has owned his crime to me, and I've let him off the penalty on condition that he tells you all about it." The humor was not too rank for the horsy people whom St. John had mainly about him; but some of the women said, "Poor Mr. Hewson!" when the host, failing Hewson's confession, went on to betray that he had risen at that unearthly hour to go down to the St. Johnswort Inn for a cup of its famous coffee. The coffee turned out to be the greatest kind of joke; one of the men asked Hewson if he could say on his honor that it was really any better than St. John's coffee, there before them, and another professed to be in a secret more recondite than had yet been divined: it was that long, grim girl who served it; she had lured Hewson from his rest at five o'clock in the morning; and this humorist proposed a Welsh rarebit some night at the inn, where they could all see for themselves why Hewson broke out of the house and smashed a trellis before sunrise.

Hewson sat silent, not even attempting a defensive sally. In fact it was only his surface mind which was employed with what was going on; as before, his deeper thought was again absorbed with his great experience. He could not, if his conscience had otherwise suffered him, have spoken of it in that company, and the laughter died away from his silence as if it had been his offence.

He was not offended, but he was ashamed, and not ashamed so much for St. John as for himself, that he could have ever imagined acquiring merit in such company by exploiting an experience which should have been sacred to him. How could he have been so shabby? He was justly punished in the humiliating contrast between being the butt of these poor wits, and the hero of an incident which, whatever its real quality was, had an august character of mystery. He had recognized this from the first in-

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stant; he had perceived that the occurrence was for him, and for him alone, until he had reasoned some probable meaning into it or from it; and yet he had been willing—he saw it, he owned it! —to win the applause of that crowd as a man who had just seen a ghost.

He thought of them as that crowd, but after all they were good-natured people, and when they fancied that he was somehow vexed with the turn the talk had taken, they began to speak of other things; St. John himself led the way; and when he got Hewson alone after breakfast, he made him a sort of amend. "I didn't mean to annoy you, old fellow," he said, "with my story about the burglary."

"Oh, that's all right," Hewson brisked up in response, as he took the cigar St. John offered him. "I'm afraid I must have seemed rather stupid. I had got to thinking about something else, and I couldn't pull myself away from it. I wasn't annoyed at all."

Whether St. John thought this sufficient gratitude for his reparation did not appear. As Hewson did not offer to break the silence in which they went on smoking, his host made a pretext, toward the end of their cigars, after bearing the burden of the conversation apparently as long as he could, of being reminded of something by the group of women descending into the garden from the terraced walk beyond it, and then slowly, with little pauses, trailing their summer draperies among the flower-beds and bushes toward the house.

"Oh, by-the-way," he said, "I should like to introduce you to Miss Hernshaw; she came last night with Mrs. Rock: that tall girl, there, lagging behind a little. She's an original."

"I noticed her at breakfast," Hewson answered, now first aware of having been struck with the strange beauty and strange behavior of the slim girl, who drooped in her chair, with her little head fallen forward, and played with her bread, ignoring her food otherwise, while she listened with a bored air to the talk which made Hewson its prey. She had an effect of being both shy and indifferent, in this retrospect; and when St. John put up the window, and led the way out to the women in the garden, and presented Hewson, she had still this effect. She did not smile or speak in acknowledgment of Hewson's bow; merely looked at him with a sort of swift intensity; and then, when one of the women said, "We were coming to view the scene of your burglarious exploit, Mr. Hewson. Was that the very window?" the girl looked impatiently away.

"The very window," Hewson owned. "You wouldn't know it. St. John has had the trellis put up and the spot fresh turfed," and he detached the interlocutory widow in the direction of their bachelor host, as she perhaps intended he should, and dropped back to the side of Miss Hernshaw.

She was almost spiritually slender. He had heard that shape of girl called willowy, but he made up his mind that sweetbriery would be the word for Miss Hernshaw, in whose face a virginal youth suggested the tender innocence and surprise of the flower, while the droop of her figure, at once delicate and self-reliant, arrested the fancy with a sense of the pendulous thorny spray. She looked not above sixteen in age, but as she was obviously out, in the society sense of the word, this must have been a moral effect; and Hewson was casting about in his mind for some appropriate form of thought and language to make talk in when she abruptly addressed him.

"I don't see," she said, with her face still away, "why people make fun of those poor girls who have to work in that sort of public way."

Hewson silently picked his steps back through the intercoming events to the drolling at breakfast, and with some misgiving took his stand in the declaration, "You mean the waitress at the inn."

"Yes!" cried the girl, with a gentle indignation, which was so dear to the young man that he would have given anything to believe that it veiled a measure of sympathy for himself as well as for the waitress. "We went in there last night when we arrived, for some pins—Mrs. Rock had had her dress stepped on, getting out of the car—and that girl brought them. I never saw such a sad face. And she was very nice; she had no more manners than a cow."

Miss Hernshaw added the last sentence

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as if it followed, and in his poor masculine pride of sequence Hewson wanted to ask if that was why she was so nice; but he obeyed a better instinct in saying: "Yes, there's a whole tragedy in it. I wonder if it's potential or actual." He somehow felt safe in being so metaphysical.

"Does it make any difference?" Miss Hernshaw demanded, whirling her face round, and fixing him with eyes of beautiful fierceness. "Tragedy is tragedy, whether you have lived it or not, isn't it? And sometimes it's all the more tragical if you have it still to live: you've got it before you! I don't see how any one can look at that girl's face and laugh at her. I should never forgive any one who did."

"Then I'm glad I didn't do any of the laughing," said Hewson, willing to relieve himself from the strain of this high mood, and yet anxious not to fall too far below it. "Perhaps I should, though, if I hadn't been the victim of it in some degree."

"It was the vulgarest thing I ever heard!" said the girl.

Hewson looked at her, but she had averted her face again. He had a longing to tell her of his apparition, which quelled every other interest in him, and, as it were, blurred his whole consciousness. She would understand, with her childlike truth, and with her unconventionality she would not find it strange that he should speak to her of such a thing for no apparent reason or no immediate cause.

He walked silent at her side, revolving his longing in his thought, and hating the circumstance which forbade him to speak at once. He did not know how long he was lost in this, when he was suddenly recalled to fearful question of the fact by her saying, with another flash of her face toward him, "You *have* lost sleep, Mr. Hewson!" and she whipped forward, and joined the other women, who were following the lead of St. John and the widow.

Mrs. Rock, to whom Hewson had been presented at the same time as to Miss Hernshaw, looked vaguely back at him over her shoulder, but made no attempt to include him in her group, and he thought, for no reason, that she was kept from doing so on account of Miss Hernshaw. He thought he could be no more mistaken in this than in the resentment of Miss Hernshaw, which he was aware of meriting, however unintentionally. Later, after lunch, he made sure of this fact when Mrs. Rock got him into a corner, and cozily began, "I always feel like explaining Rosalie a little," and then her vague, friendly eye wandered toward Miss Hernshaw across the room, and she stopped, as if waiting for the girl to look away. But Miss Hernshaw did not look away; and that afternoon, Hewson's week being up, he left St. Johnswort before dinner.

III

The time came before the following winter when Hewson was tempted beyond his strength, and told the story of his apparition. He told it more than once, and kept himself with increasing difficulty from lying about it. He always wished to add something, to amplify the fact, to heighten the mystery of the circumstances, to divine the occult significance of the incident. In itself the incident when stated was rather bare and insufficient; but he held himself rigidly to the actual details, and he felt that in this at least he was offering the powers which had vouchsafed him the experience a species of atonement for breaking faith with them. It seemed like breaking faith with Miss Hernshaw too, though this impression would have been harder to reason than the other. Both impressions began to wear off after the first tellings of the story; the wound that Hewson gave his sensibility in the very first, cicatrized before the second, and at the fourth or fifth it had quite calloused over; so that he did not mind anything so much as what always seemed to him the inadequate effect of his experience with his hearers. Some listened carelessly; some nervously; some incredulously, as if he were trying to put up a job on them; some compassionately, as if he were not quite right, and ought to be looked after. There was a consensus of opinion, among those who offered any sort of comment, that he ought to give it to the Psychical Research, and at the bottom of Hewson's heart there was a dread that the spiritualists would somehow get hold of him. This remained to stay him when the

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shame of breaking faith with Miss Hernshaw and with Mystery no longer restrained him from exploiting the fact. He was aware of lying in wait for opportunities of telling it, and he swore himself to tell it only upon direct provocation, or when the occasion seemed imperatively to demand it. He commonly brought it out to match some experience of another; but he could never deny a friendly appeal when he sat with some good fellows over their five-o'clock cocktails at the club, and one of them would say, in behalf of a new-comer, "Hewson, tell Wilkins that odd thing that happened to you up country in the summer." In complying he tried to save his self-respect by affecting a contemptuous indifference in the matter, and beginning reluctantly and pooh-poohingly. He had pangs afterwards as he walked home to dress for dinner, but his self-reproach was less afflicting as time passed. His suffering from it was never so great as from the slight passed upon his apparition, when Wilkins, or what other it might be, would meet the suggestion that he should tell him about it with the hurried interposition, "Yes, I have heard that; good story." This would make Hewson think that he was beginning to tell his story too often, and that perhaps the friend who suggested his doing so was playing upon his forgetfulness. He wondered if he were really something of a bore with it, and whether men were shying off from him at the club on account of it. He fancied that might be the reason why the circle at the five-o'clock cocktails gradually diminished as the winter passed. He continued to join it till the chance offered of squarely refusing to tell Wilkins, or whoever, about the odd thing that had happened to him up country in the summer. Then he felt that he had in a manner retrieved himself, and could retire from the five-o'clock cocktails with honor.

That it was a veridical phantom which had appeared to him he did not in his inmost at all doubt, though in his superficial consciousness he questioned it, not indeed so disrespectfully as he pooh-poohed it to others, but still questioned it. This he thought somehow his due as a man of intelligence who ought not to suffer himself to fall into superstition even upon evidence granted to few. Superficially, however, as well as interiorly, he was aware of always expecting its repetition; and now, six months after the occurrence, this expectation was as vivid with him as it was the first moment after the vision had vanished, while his tongue was yet in act to stay it with speech. He would not have been surprised at any time in walking into his room to find it there; or waking at night to confront it in the electric flash which he kindled by a touch of the button at his bed-side. Rather he was surprised that nothing of the sort happened, to confirm him in his belief that he had been all but in touch with the other life, or to give him some hint, the slightest, the dimmest, why this vision had been shown him, and then instantly broken and withdrawn. In that inmost of his where he recognized its validity, he could not deny that it had a meaning, and that it had been sent him for some good reason special to himself, though at the times when he had prefaced his story of it with terms of slighting scepticism, he had professed neither to know nor to care why the thing had happened. He always said that he had never been particularly interested in the supernatural, and then was ashamed of a lie that was false to universal human experience; but he could truthfully add that he had never in his life felt less like seeing a ghost than that morning. It was not full day, but it was perfectly light, and there the thing was, as palpable to vision as any of the men that moment confronting him with cocktails in their hands. Asked if he did not think he had dreamed it, he answered scornfully that he did not think, he *knew*, he had not dreamed it; he did not value the experience, it was and had always been perfectly meaningless, but he would stake his life upon its reality. Asked if it had not perhaps been the final office of a nightcap, he disdained to answer at all, though he did not openly object to the laugh which the suggestion raised.

Secretly, within his inmost, Hewson felt justly punished by the laughter. He had been unworthy of his apparition in lightly exposing it to such a chance; he had fallen below the dignity of his experience. He might never hope to fathom its meaning while he lived, but he grieved for the wrong he had done it, as if at the

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instant of the apparition he had offered that majestic, silent figure some grotesque indignity—thrown a pillow at it, or hailed it in tones of mocking offence. He was profoundly and exquisitely ashamed even before he ceased to tell the story for his listeners' idle amusement. When he stopped doing so, and snubbed solicitation with the curt answer that everybody had heard that story, he was retrospectively ashamed; and mixed with the expectation of seeing the vision again was the formless wish to offer it some sort of reparation, of apology.

IV

The implication of any such study as this is that the subject of it is continuously if not exclusively occupied with the matter which is supposed to make him interesting. But of course it was not so with Hewson, who perhaps did not think of his apparition once in a fortnight, or oftener, say, than he thought of the odd girl whom, for no reason except contemporaneity in his acquaintance, he associated with it. If he never thought of the apparition without subconsciously expecting its return, he equally expected when he thought of Miss Hernshaw that the chances of society would bring them together again, and it was with no more surprise than if the vision had intimated its second approach that he one night found her name in the minute envelope which the footman presented him at a house where he was going to dine, and realized that he was appointed to take her out. It was a house where he rather liked to go, for in that New York of his where so few houses had any distinctive character, this one had a temperament of its own in so far that you might expect to meet people of temperament there, if anywhere. They were indeed held in a social solution where many other people of no temperament at all floated largely and loosely about, but they were there, all the same, and it was worth coming on the chance of meeting them, though the indiscriminate hospitality of the hostess might let the evening pass without promoting the chance. Now, however, she had unwittingly put into Hewson's keeping for two hours at least the very temperament that had kept his fancy for the last half-year and more. He fairly laughed at sight of the name on the little card, and hurried into the drawing-room, where, the first thing after greeting his hostess, he caught the wandering look and vague smile of Mrs. Rock. The look and the smile became personal to him, and she welcomed him with a curious resumption of the confidential terms in which they had seemed to part that afternoon at St. Johnswort. He thought that she was going to begin talking to him where she had left off, about Rosalie, as she had called her, and he was disappointed in the commonplaces that actually ensued. At the end of these, however, she did say: "Miss Hernshaw is here with me. Have you seen her?"

"Oh yes," Hewson returned, for he had caught sight of the girl in a distant group, on his way up to Mrs. Rock, but in view of the affluent opportunity before him had richly forborne trying even to make her bow to him, though he believed she had seen him. "I am to have the happiness of going out with her."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Rock; "that is nice," and then the people began assorting themselves, and the man who was appointed to take Mrs. Rock out came and bowed Hewson away.

He hastened to that corner of the room where Miss Hernshaw was waiting, and if he had been suddenly confronted with his apparition he could not have experienced a deeper and stranger satisfaction than he felt as the girl lifted up her innocent fierce face upon him.

It brought back that whole day at St. Johnswort, of which she, with his vision, formed the supreme interest and equally the mystery; and it went warmly to his heart to have her peremptorily abolish all banalities by saying, "I was wondering if they were going to give me you, as soon as you came in."

She put her slim hand on his arm as she spoke, and he thought she must have felt him quiver with delight at her touch.

"Then you were not afraid they were going to give you me?" he bantered.

"No," she said; "I wanted to talk with you. I wanted you to tell me what Mrs. Rock said about me."

"Just now? She said you were here."

"No; I mean that day at St. Johnswort."

Hewson laughed out for pleasure in

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her frankness, and then he felt a gathering up of his coat sleeve under her nervous fingers, as if (such a thing being imaginable) she were going unwittingly to pinch him for his teasing. "She said she wanted to explain you a little."

"And then what?"

"And then nothing. She seemed to catch your eye, and she stopped."

The fingers relaxed their hold upon that gathering up of his coat-sleeve. "I won't *be* explained, and I have told her so. If I choose to act myself, and show out my real thoughts and feelings, how is it any worse than if I acted somebody else?"

"I should think it was very much better," said Hewson, inwardly warned to keep his face straight.

They had time for no more talk between the drawing-room and the dinner table, and when Miss Hernshaw's chair had been pushed in behind her, and she sat down, she turned instantly to the man on her right and began speaking to him, and left Hewson to make conversation with any one he liked or could.

He did not get on very well, not because there were not enough amusing people beside him and over against him, but because he was all the time trying to eavesdrop what was saying between Miss Hernshaw and the man on her right. It seemed to be absolute trivialities they were talking; so far as Hewson made out they got no deeper than the new play which was then commanding the public favor, apparently for the reason that it was altogether surface, with no measure upwards or downwards. Upon this surface the comment of the man on Miss Hernshaw's right wandered indefatigably.

Hewson could not imagine of her sincerity a deliberate purpose of letting the poor fellow show all the shallowness that was in him, and of amusing itself with his satisfaction in turning his empty mind inside out for her inspection. She seemed, if not genuinely interested, to be paying him an unaffected attention; but when the lady across the table addressed a word to him, Miss Hernshaw, as if she had been watching for some such chance, instantly turned to Hewson.

"What do you think of *Ghosts?*" she asked, with imperative suddenness.

"Ghosts?" he echoed.

"Or perhaps you didn't go?" she suggested, and he perceived that she meant Ibsen's tragedy. But he did not answer at once. He had had a shock, and for a timeless space he had been back in his room at St. Johnswort, with that weird figure seated at his table. It seemed to vanish again when he gave a second glance, as it had vanished before, and he drew a long sigh, and looked a little haggardly at Miss Hernshaw. "Ah, I see you did! Wasn't it tremendous? I think the girl who did Regina was simply awful, don't you?"

"I don't know," said Hewson, still so trammelled in his own involuntary associations with the word as not fully to recognize the strangeness of discussing *Ghosts* with a young lady. But he pulled himself together, and nimbly making his reflection that the latitude of the stage gave room for the meeting of cultivated intelligences in regions otherwise taboo if they were of opposite sexes, he responded in kind. "I think that the greatest miracle of the play—and to me it was altogether miraculous—"

"Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that!" cried the girl. "It was the greatest experience of my life. I can't bear to have people undervalue it. I want to hit them. But go on."

Hewson went on as gravely as he could in view of her potential violence: he pictured Miss Hernshaw beating down the inadequate witnesses of *Ghosts* with her fan, which lay in her lap, with her cobwebby handkerchief, drawn through its ring, and her long limp gloves looking curiously like her pretty young arms in their slenderness. "I was merely going to say that the most prodigious effect of the play was among the actors—I won't venture on the spectators—"

"No, don't! It isn't speakable."

"It's astonishing the effect a play of Ibsen's has with the actors. They can't play false. It turns the merest theatrical sticks into men and women, and it does it through the perfect honesty of the dramatist. He deals so squarely with himself that they have to deal squarely with themselves. They have to be, and not just seem."

Miss Hernshaw sighed deeply. "I'm glad you think that," she said.

Hewson felt very glad too that he thought that. "Why?" he asked.

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"Why? Because that is what I always want to do; and it's what I always shall do, I don't care what they say."

"But I don't know whether I understand, exactly."

"Deal squarely with everybody. Say what I really feel. Then they say what they really feel."

He tried to get her back to talk about *Ghosts* again, but she answered with indifference, and just then he was arrested by something a man was saying near the head of the table.

V

It was rather a large dinner, but not so large that a striking phrase, launched in a momentary lull, could not fuse all the wandering attentions in a sole regard. The man who spoke was the psychologist Wanhope, and he was saying, with a melancholy that mocked itself a little in his smile: "I shouldn't be particular about seeing a ghost myself. I have seen plenty of men who had seen men who had seen ghosts. But I never yet saw a man who had seen a ghost. If I had, it would go a long way to persuade me of ghosts."

Hewson felt his heart thump in his throat. There was a pause, and it was as if all eyes but the eyes of the psychologist turned upon him; these rested upon the ice which the servant had just then silently slipped under them. Hewson had no reason to think that any of the people present were acquainted with his experience, but he thought it safest to take them upon the supposition that they were, and after he had said to the psychologist, "Will you allow me to present him to you?" he added, "I'm afraid every one else knows him too well already."

"You!" said his *vis-à-vis*, arching her eyebrows; and others up and down the table looked round or over at Hewson where he sat midway of it with Miss Hernshaw drooping beside him. She alone seemed indifferent to his pretension; she seemed even insensible of it, as she broke off little corners of her ice with her fork.

The psychologist fixed his eyes on him with scientific challenge as well as scientific interest. "Do you mean that *you* have seen a ghost?"

"Yes—ghost. Generically—provisionally. We always consider them ghosts, don't we, till they prove themselves something else? I once saw an apparition."

Several people who were near-sighted or far-placed put on their eye-glasses, to make out whether Hewson were serious; a lady who had a handsome forearm put up a lorgnette and inspected him through it; she had the air of questioning his taste, and the subtle aura of her censure penetrated to him, though she preserved a face of rigid impassivity. He returned her stare defiantly, though he was aware of not reaching her through the lenses as effectively as she reached him. Most of those who prepared themselves to listen seemed to be putting him on trial, and they apparently justified themselves in this from the cross-questioning method the psychologist necessarily took in his wish to clarify the situation.

"How long ago was it?" he asked, coldly.

"Last summer."

"Was it after dark?"

"Very much after. It was at daybreak."

"Oh! You were alone?"

"Quite."

"You made sure you were not dreaming?"

"I made sure of that instantly. I was not awakened by the apparition. I was already fully awake."

"Had your mind been running on anything of the kind?"

"Nothing could have been farther from it. I was thinking what a very long while it would be till breakfast." This was not true as to the order of the fact, but Hewson could not keep himself from saying it, and it made a laugh and created a diversion in his favor.

"How long did it seem to last?"

"The vision? That was very curious. The whole affair was quite achronic, as I may say. The figure was there and it was not there."

"It vanished suddenly?"

"I can't say it vanished at all. It ought still to be there. Have you ever returned to a place where you had always been wrong as to the points of the compass, and found yourself right up to a certain moment as you approached, and then, without any apparent change, found yourself perfectly wrong again? The fig-

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ure was not there, and it was there, and then it was not there."

"I think I see what you mean," said the psychologist, warily. "The evanescence was subjective."

"Altogether. But so was the apparescence."

"Ah," said Wanhope. "You hadn't any headache?"

"Not the least."

"Ah."

The psychologist desisted with the effect of letting the defence take the witness.

A general dissatisfaction diffused itself, and Hewson felt it; but he disdained to do anything to appease it. He remained silent for that appreciable time which elapsed before his host said, almost compassionately, "Won't you tell us all about it, Mr. Hewson?"

The guests, all but Miss Hernshaw, seemed to return to their impartial frame, with a leaning in Hewson's favor, such as the court-room feels when the accused is about to testify in his own behalf; the listeners cannot help wishing him well, though they may have their own opinions of his guilt.

"Why, there *isn't* any 'all-about-it,'" said Hewson. "The whole thing has been stated as to the circumstances and conditions." He could see the baffled greed in the eyes of those who were hungering for a morsel of the marvellous, and he made it as meagre as he could. He had now no temptation to exaggerate the simple fact, and he hurried it out in the fewest possible words.

The general disappointment was evident in the moment of waiting which followed upon his almost contemptuous ending. His audience, some of them, took their cue from his own ironical manner, and joked; others looked as if they had been trifled with. The psychologist said, "Curious." He did not go back to his position that belief in ghosts should follow from seeing a man who had seen one; he seemed rather annoyed by the encounter. The talk took another turn, and distributed itself again between contiguous persons for the brief time that elapsed before the women were to leave the men to their coffee and cigars.

When their hostess rose, Hewson offered his arm to Miss Hernshaw. She had not spoken to him since he had told the story of his apparition. Now she said, in an undertone so impassioned that every vibration from her voice shook his heart, "If I were you, I would never tell that story again!" and she pressed his arm with unconscious intensity, while she looked away from him.

"You don't believe it happened?" he returned. "It did."

"Of course it happened! Why shouldn't I believe that? But that's the very reason why I shouldn't have told it. If it happened, it was something sacred—awful! Oh, I don't see how you could bear to speak of it at a dinner, when people were all torpid with—"

She stopped breathlessly, with a break in her voice that sounded just short of a sob.

"Well, I'm sufficiently ashamed of doing it, and not for the first time," he said, in sullen discontent with himself. "And I've been properly punished. You can't think how sick it makes me to realize what a detestable sensation I was seeking."

She did not heed what he was saying. "Was it that morning at St. Johnswort when you got up so early, and went for a cup of coffee at the inn?"

"Yes."

"I thought so! I could follow every instant of it; I could see just how it was. If such a thing had happened to me, I should have died before I spoke of it at such a time as this. Oh, *why* do you suppose it happened to you?" grieved the girl.

"Me, of all men?" said Hewson, with a self-contemptuous smile.

"I thought you were different," she said absently; then abruptly: "What are you standing here talking to me so long for? You must go back! All the men have gone back," and Hewson perceived that they had arrived in the drawing-room, and were conspicuously parleying in the face of a dozen interested women witnesses.

In the dining-room he took his way toward a vacant place at the table near his host, who was saying behind his cigar to another old fellow: "I used to know her mother; she was rather original too; but nothing to this girl. I don't envy Mrs. Rock her job."

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"I don't know what the pay of a chaperon is, but I suppose Hernshaw can make it worth her while, if he's like the rest out there," said the other old fellow. "I imagine he's somewhere in his millions." The host held up one of his fingers. "Is that all? I thought more. Mines?"

"Cattle. Ah, Mr. Hewson," said the host, turning to welcome him to the chair on his other side. "Have a cigar. That was a strong story you gave us. It had a good fault, though. It was too short."

VI

From the night of that dinner, Hewson did not again tell the story of his apparition, though the opportunities to do so now sought him as constantly as he had formerly sought them. They offered him a fresh temptation through the different perversions of the fact that had got commonly abroad, but he resisted this temptation, and let the perversions, sometimes annoyingly, sometimes amusingly, but always more and more wildly, wide of the reality, take their course. In his reticence he had the sense of atoning not only to the apparition, but to Miss Hernshaw too.

Before he met her again, Miss Hernshaw had been carried off to Europe by Mrs. Rock, perhaps with the purpose of trying the veteran duplicities of that continent in breaking down the insurgent sincerity of her ward. Hewson heard that she was not to be gone a great while; it was well into the winter when they started, and he understood that they were merely going to Rome for the end of the season, and were then going to work northward, and after June in London were coming home. He did not fail to see her again before she left for any want of wishing, but he did not happen to meet her at other houses, and at the house of Mrs. Rock, if she had one, he had not been asked to call, or invited to any function. In thinking the point over it occurred to Hewson that this was so because he was not wanted there, and not wanted by Miss Hernshaw herself; for it had been in his brief experience of her that she let people know what she wanted, and that with Mrs. Rock, whose character seemed to answer to her name but poorly, she had ways of getting what she wanted.

Towards the end of the term which rumor had fixed to her stay abroad Hewson's folly was embittered to him in a way that he had never expected in his deepest shame and darkest foreboding. But evil, like good, does not cease till it has fulfilled itself in every possible consequence. It seems even more active and persistent. Good seems to satisfy itself sometimes in the direct effect, but evil winds sinuously in and out, and reaches round and over and under its wretched author, and strikes him in every tender and fatal place, with an ingenuity in finding the places out that seems truly of hell.

Hewson's penalty took the form that was most of all distasteful to him: the form of publicity in the Sunday edition of a newspaper. A young lady attached to the staff of this journal had got hold of his story, and had made her reporter's story of it, which she imaginatively cast in the shape of an interview with Hewson. But worse than this, and really beyond the vagary of the wildest nightmare, she gave St. Johnswort as the scene of the apparition, with all the circumstances of the supposed burglary, while tastefully disguising Hewson's identity in the figure of A Well-Known Society Man.

When Hewson read this Story (and it seemed to him that no means of bringing it to his notice at the club, and on the street, and by mail, was left unemployed), he had two thoughts: one was of St. John, and one was of Miss Hernshaw. In all his exploitations of his experience he had carefully, he thought religiously, concealed the scene, except that one only time when Miss Hernshaw suddenly got it out of him by that demand of hers, "Was it that morning at St. Johnswort when you got up so early, and went for a cup of coffee at the inn?" He had confided so absolutely in her that his admission had not troubled him at the time, and it had not troubled him since, till now when he found the fact given this hideous publicity, and knew that it could have become known only through her: through her who had seemed to make herself the protectress of his apparition, and to guard it with indignation even against his own slight!

He could not tell himself what to think

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of her, and in this disability he had at least the sad comfort of literally thinking nothing of her; but he could not keep his thoughts away from St. John. It appeared to him that he thought and lived nothing else till his dread concreted itself in the letter which came from St. John as soon as that fatal newspaper could reach him, and his demand for an explanation could come back to Hewson. He wrote from St. Johnswort, where he had already gone for the season, and he assumed, as no doubt he had a right to do, that the whole thing was a fake, and that if Hewson was hesitating about denying it for fear of giving it further prominence, or out of contempt for it, he wished that he would not hesitate. There were reasons, which would suggest themselves to Hewson, why the thing, if merely and entirely a fake, should be very annoying, and he thought that it would be best to make the denial immediate and imperative. To this end he advised Hewson's sending the newspaper people a lawyer's letter; with the ulterior trouble which this would intimate they would move in the matter with a quickened conscience.

Apparently St. John was very much in earnest, and Hewson would eagerly have lied out of it, he felt in sudden depravity, from a just regard for St. John's right to privacy in his own premises; but no lying, not the boldest, not the most ingenious, could now avail. Scores of people could witness that they had heard Hewson tell the story at first hand; at second hand hundreds could still more confidently affirm its truth.

He did the only thing he could. He wrote to St. John declaring that the newspaper story, though utterly false in its pretensions to be an interview with him, was true in its essentials. The thing *had* really happened, he *had* seen an apparition, and he had seen it at St. Johnswort that morning when St. John supposed his house to have been invaded by burglars. He vainly turned over a thousand deprecatory expressions in his mind, with which to soften the blow, but he let his letter go without including one.

VII

A week of silence passed, and then one night St. John himself appeared at Hewson's apartment. Hewson almost knew that it was his ring at the door, and in the tremulous note of his voice asking the man if he were at home, he recognized the great blubbery fellow's most plaintive mood.

"Well, Hewson," he whimpered, without staying for any form of greeting when they stood face to face, "this has been a terrible business for me. You can't imagine how it's broken me up in every direction."

"I—I'm afraid I can, St. John—" Hewson began, but St. John cut him off.

"Oh, no, you can't. Look here!" He showed a handful of letters. "All from people who had promised to stay with me, taking it back, since that infernal interview of yours, or from people who hadn't answered before, saying they can't come. Of course they make all sorts of civil excuses. I shouldn't know what to do with these people if any of them came. There isn't a servant left on the place, except the gardener who lives in his own house, and the groom who sleeps in the stable. For the last three days I've had to take my meals at that infernal inn where you got your coffee."

"Is it so bad as that?" Hewson gasped.

"Yes, it is. It's so bad that sometimes I can't realize it. Do you actually mean to tell me, Hewson, that you saw a ghost in my house?"

"I never said a ghost. I said an apparition. I don't know what it was. It may have been an optical delusion. I call it an apparition, because that's the shortest way out. You know I'm not a spiritualist."

"Yes, that's the devil of it," said St. John. "That's the very thing that makes people believe it *is* a ghost. There isn't one of them that don't say to himself and the other fellows that if a cool, clear-headed chap like you saw something queer, it *must* have been a ghost; and so they go on knocking my house down in price till I don't believe it would fetch fifteen hundred under the hammer tomorrow. It's simply ruin to me."

"Ruin?" Hewson echoed.

"Yes, ruin," St. John repeated. "Before this thing came out I refused twenty-five thousand for the place, because I knew I could get twenty-eight thousand. Now, I couldn't get twenty-eight hun-

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dred. Couldn't you understand that the reputation of being haunted simply plays the devil with a piece of property?"

"Yes; yes, I did understand that, and for that very reason I was always careful—"

"Careful! To tell people that you had seen a ghost in my house?"

"No! *Not* to tell them where I had seen a ghost. I never—"

"How did it get out, then?"

"I"—Hewson began, and then he stood with his mouth open, unable to close it for the articulation of the next word, which he at last huskily whispered forth —"can't tell you."

"Can't tell me?" wailed St. John. "Well, I call that pretty rough!"

"It *is* rough," Hewson admitted; "and Heaven knows that I would make it smooth if I could. I never — except once only—mentioned your place in connection with the matter. I was scrupulously careful not to do so, for I did imagine something like what has happened. I would do anything—anything—in reparation. But I can't even tell you how the name of your place got out in the connection, though certainly you have a right to ask and to know. The circumstances were—peculiar. The person—was one that I wouldn't have dreamt was capable of repeating it. It was as if I had said the words over to myself."

"Well, I can't understand all that," said St. John, with rueful sulkiness, from which he brisked up to ask, as if by a sudden inspiration, "If it was only to one person, why couldn't you deny it, and throw the onus on the other fellow?" He looked up at Hewson, standing nerveless before him, from where he lay mournfully wallowing in an easy-chair, as if now for the first time there might be a gleam of hope for them both in some such notion.

Hewson slowly shook his head. "It wouldn't work. The person—isn't that kind of person."

"Why, but see here," St. John urged. "There must be something in the fellow that you can appeal to. If you went and told him how it was playing the very deuce with me pecuniarily, he would see the necessity of letting you deny it, and taking the consequences. He would do that if he was anything of a man at all."

"He isn't anything of a man at all," said Hewson, in mechanical and melancholy parody.

"Then in Heaven's name what is he?" demanded St. John, savagely.

"A woman."

"Oh!" St. John fell back in his chair. But he pulled himself up again with a sudden renewal of hope. "Why, see here! If she's the right kind of woman, she'll enjoy denying the story, and putting the people in the wrong that have circulated it!"

Hewson shook his head in rejection of the general principle, while as to the particular instance he could only say: "She isn't that kind. She's the kind that would rather die herself, and let everybody else die, than be party to any sort of deception."

"She must be a queer woman," St. John bewailed himself, looking at the point of his cigar, and discovering to his surprise that it was out. He did not attempt to light it. "Of course I can't ask you *who* she is, but why shouldn't I see her, and try what *I* can do with her? I'm the one that's the principal sufferer in this matter," he added, perhaps seeing refusal in Hewson's troubled eye.

"Because—for one reason—she's in London."

"Oh Lord!" St. John lamented.

"But if she were here in New York, I couldn't allow it," Hewson continued. "It was in confidence between us."

"She doesn't seem to have thought so," said St. John, with sarcasm which Hewson could not resent.

"There's only one thing for me to do," said Hewson, who had been thinking the point over, and saw no other way out for him as a gentleman, or even merely as a just man. He was not rich, and in the face of the mounting accumulations of other men he had grown comparatively poor, without actually losing money, since he had begun to lead the life which had long been his ideal. After carefully ascertaining at the time in question that he had sufficient income from inherited means to live without his profession, he had closed his law-office without shutting many clients out, and had contributed himself to the formation of a leisure class, which he conceived was regrettably lacking in our conditions. He had taste, he had reading, he had a pretty knowledge

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of the world from travel, he had observed manners, and it seemed to him that he might not immodestly pretend to supply, as far as one man went, a well-recognized want.

Hitherto he had been able to live up to his ideal with sufficient satisfaction, and in proposing to himself never to marry, but to grow old gradually and gracefully as a bachelor of adequate income, he saw no difficulties in his way for the future, until this affair of the apparition. If now he incurred the chances of an open change in his way of living, the end was simply a question of very little time. He must not only declass, he must depatriate himself, for he would not have the means of living even much more economically than he now lived in New York, if he did what a sense of honor, of just responsibility, urged him to do with regard to St. John.

He would have been glad of any interposition of Providence that would avail him against his obvious duty. He would have liked to recall the words saying that there was only one thing for him to do; but he could not recall them, and he was forced to go on. "Will you sell me your place?" he said to St. John, colorlessly.

"Sell you my place? What do you mean?"

"Simply that if you will, I shall be glad to buy it at your own valuation."

"Oh, look here, now, Hewson! I can't let you do this," St. John began, trying to feel a magnanimity which proved impossible to him. "What do you want with my place? You couldn't get anybody to live there with you."

"I couldn't afford to live there in any case," said Hewson, "but I am entirely willing to risk the purchase."

Was it possible that Hewson knew something of the neighborhood or its future, which encouraged him to take the chances of the property appreciating in value? This thought passed through St. John's mind, and he was not the man to let himself be overreached in a deal. "The place ought to be worth thirty thousand," he said, for a bluff.

It was a relief for Hewson to feel ashamed of St. John instead of himself, for a moment. "Very well, I'll give you thirty thousand."

St. John examined himself for a responsive generosity. The most he could say was, "You're doing this because of what I'd said?"

"What does it matter? I make you a bona fide offer. I will give you thirty thousand dollars for St. Johnswort," said Hewson, haughtily. "I ask you to sell me your place. I cannot see that it will ever be any good to me, but I can assure you that it would be a far worse burden for me to carry round the sense of having injured you, however unwillingly—God knows I never meant you harm!—than to shoulder the chance of your place remaining worthless on my hands."

St. John caught at the hope which the form of words suggested. "If anything can bring it up, it will be the fact that you have bought it. Such a thing would give the lie to that ridiculous story, as nothing else could. Every one will see that a house can't be very badly haunted, if the man that the ghost appeared to is willing to buy it."

"Perhaps," said Hewson, sadly.

"No perhaps about it," St. John retorted, all the more cheerfully because he would have been glad before this incident to take twenty thousand for his place. "It's just on the borders of Lenox, and it's bound to come up when this blows over." He talked on for a time in an encouraging strain, while Hewson, standing with his back against the mantel, looked absently down upon him. St. John was inwardly struggling through all to say that Hewson might have the property for twenty-eight thousand, but he could not. Possibly he made himself believe that he was letting it go a great bargain at thirty; at any rate he ended by saying, "Well, it's yours—if you really mean it."

"I mean it," said Hewson.

St. John floundered up out of his chair with seal-like struggles. "Do you want the furniture?" he panted.

"The furniture? Yes, why not?" said Hewson. He did not seem to know what he was saying, or to care.

"I will put that in for a mere nominal consideration—the rugs alone are worth the money—say a thousand more."

Hewson's man came in with a note. "The messenger is waiting, sir," he said.

Hewson was aware of wondering that he had not heard any ring. "Will you excuse me?" he said towards St. John.

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"By all means," said St. John.

Hewson opened the note, and read it with an expression which can only be described as a radiant frown. He sat down at his desk and wrote an answer to the note, and gave it to his man, who was still waiting. Then he said to St. John, "What did you say the rugs were worth?"

"A thousand."

"I'll take them. And what do you want for the rest of the furniture?"

Clearly he had not understood that the furniture, rugs and all, had been offered to him for a thousand dollars. But what was a man in St. John's place to do? As it was he was turning himself out of house and home for Hewson, and that was sacrifice enough. He hesitated, sighed deeply, and then said, "Well, I will throw all that in for a couple of thousand more."

"All right," said Hewson, "I will give it. Have the papers made out, and I will have the money ready at once."

"Oh, there's no hurry about that, my dear fellow," said St. John, handsomely.

VIII

Hewson's note was from Mrs. Rock, asking him to breakfast with her at the Walholland the next morning. She said that they were just off the steamer, which had got in late, and they had started so suddenly from London that she had not had time to write and have her apartment opened. She came to business in the last sentence, where she said that Miss Hernshaw joined her in kind remembrances, and wished her to say that he must not fail them, or, if he could not come to breakfast, to let them know at what hour during the day he would be kind enough to call; it was very important they should see him at the earliest possible moment.

Hewson instantly decided that this summons was related to the affair of his apparition, without imagining how or why, and when Miss Hernshaw met him, and almost before she could say that Mrs. Rock would be down in a moment, began with it, he made no feint of having come for anything else.

As he entered the door of Mrs. Rock's parlor, where the breakfast table was laid, the girl came swiftly to meet him, with the air of having turned from watching for him at the window. "Well, what do you think of me?" she demanded as soon as she had got over Mrs. Rock's excuses for having her receive him.

He had of course to repeat, "What do I think of you?" but he knew perfectly what she meant.

She disdained to help him pretend that he did not know. "It was I who told that horrible woman about your experience at St. Johnswort. I didn't dream that she was an interviewer, but that doesn't excuse me, and I am willing to take any punishment for my—I don't know what to call it—mischief."

She was so intensely ready, so magnificently prepared for the stake, if that should be her sentence, that Hewson could not help laughing. "Why, there isn't any punishment severe enough for a crime like that," he began, but she would not allow him to trifle with the matter.

"Oh, I didn't think you would be so uncandid! The instant I read that interview I made Mrs. Rock get ready to come. And we started the first steamer. It seemed to me that I could not eat or sleep till I had seen you and told you what I have done, and—taken the consequences. And now, do you think it is right to turn it off as a joke?"

"I don't wish to make a joke of it," said Hewson, gravely, in compliance with her mood. "But I don't understand, quite, how you could have got the story over there in time for you—"

"It was cabled to their London edition—that's what it said in the paper; and by this time they must have it in Australia," said Miss Hernshaw, with unrelieved severity.

"Oh!" said Hewson, giving himself time to realize that he was the psychical hero of two hemispheres. "Well," he resumed, "what do you expect me to say?"

"I don't know what I expect. I expected you to say something without my prompting you. You know that it was outrageous for me to talk about your apparition without your leave, and to be the means of its getting into the newspapers."

"I'm not sure you were the means. I have told the story a hundred times, myself."

"That doesn't excuse me. You knew the kind of people to tell it to, and I didn't."

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"Oh, I'm afraid I was willing to tell it to all kinds of people—to any kind that would listen."

"You are trying to evade me, Mr. Hewson. I didn't expect that of you."

The appeal was not lost upon Hewson. "What do you want me to say?"

"I want you," said Miss Hernshaw, with an effect of giving him another trial, "to say—to acknowledge that you were terribly annoyed by that interview."

"If you will excuse me from attaching the slightest blame to you for it, I will acknowledge that I was annoyed."

Miss Hernshaw drew a deep breath as of relief. "I will arrange about the blame," she said, loftily. "And now I wish to tell you that I never supposed that girl was an interviewer. We were all together at an artist's house in Rome, and after dinner we got to telling ghost-stories, the way people do, around the fire, and I told mine—yours, I mean. And before we broke up, this girl came to me—it was while we were putting on our wraps—and introduced herself, and said how much she had been impressed by my story—of course I mean your story—and she said she supposed it was made up. I said I should not dream of making up a thing of that kind, and that it was every word true, and I had heard the person it happened to tell it himself. I don't know! I was vain of having heard it, so, at first hand."

"I can understand," said Hewson, sadly.

"And then I told her who the person was, and where it happened—and about the burglary. You can't imagine how silly people get when they begin going in that direction."

"I am afraid I can," said Hewson.

"She seemed very grateful somehow; I couldn't see why, but I didn't ask; and then I didn't think about it again till I saw it in that awful newspaper. She sent it to me herself; she was such a simpleton; she thought I should actually like to see it. She must have written it down, and sent it to the paper, and they printed it when they got ready to: she needed the money, I suppose. Then I began to wonder what you would say, when you remembered how I blamed you for telling the same story—only not half so bad—at that dinner."

"I always felt you were quite right," said Hewson. "I have always thanked you in my own mind for being so frank with me."

"Well, and what do you think now, when you know that I was ten times as bad as you—ten times as foolish and vulgar."

"I haven't had time to formulate my ideas yet," Hewson urged.

"You know perfectly well that you despise me. Can you say that I had any right to give your name?"

"It must have got out sooner or later. I never asked any one not to mention my name when I told the story—"

"I see that you think I took a liberty, and I did. But that's nothing. That isn't the point. How I do keep beating about the bush! Mrs. Rock says it was a great deal worse to tell where it happened, for that would give the place the reputation of being haunted, and nobody could ever live there afterwards, for they couldn't keep servants, even if they didn't have the creeps themselves, and it would ruin the property."

Hewson had not been able, when she touched upon this point, to elude the keen eye with which she read his silent thought.

"Is that true?" she demanded.

"Oh no; oh no," he began, but he could not frame in plausible terms the lies he would have uttered. He only succeeded in saying, "Those things soon blow over."

"Then how," she said, sternly, "does it happen that in every town and little village, almost, there are houses that you can hardly hire anybody to live in, because people say they are haunted? No, Mr. Hewson, it's very kind of you, and I appreciate it, but you can't make me believe that it will ever blow over, about St. Johnswort. Have you heard from Mr. St. John since?"

"Yes," Hewson was obliged to own.

"And was he very much troubled about it? I should think he is a man that would be, from the way he behaved about the burglary. Was he?" she persisted, seeing that Hewson hesitated.

"Yes, I must say he was."

There was a sound of walking to and fro in the adjoining room, a quick shutting as of trunk lids, a noise as of a skirt shaken out, and steps advanced to the door. Miss Hernshaw ran to it and turn-

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ed the key in the lock. "Not yet, Mrs. Rock," she called to the unseen presence within, and she explained to Hewson, as she faced him again, "She promised that I should have it all out with you myself, and now I'm not going to have her in here, interrupting. Well, did he write to you?"

"Yes, he wrote to me. He wanted me to deny the story."

"And did you?"

"Of course not!" said Hewson, with a note of indignation. "It was true. Besides, it wouldn't have been of any use."

"No, it would have been wicked, and it would have been useless. And then what did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? And you have never heard another word from him?"

"Yes; he came to see me last night."

"Here in New York? Is he here yet?"

"I suppose so."

"Where?"

"I believe at the Overpark."

Miss Hernshaw caught her breath as if she were going to speak, but she did not say anything. "Why do you insist upon all this, Miss Hernshaw?" he entreated. "It can do you no good to follow the matter up!"

"Do you think I want to do myself *good?*" she returned. "I want to do myself *harm!* What did he say when he came to see you?"

"Well, you can imagine," said Hewson, not able to keep out of his tone the lingering disgust he felt for St. John.

"He complained?"

"He all but shed tears," said Hewson, recalled to a humorous sense of St. John's behavior. "I felt sorry for him; though," he added, darkly, "I can't say that I do now."

Miss Hernshaw didn't seek to fathom the mystery of his closing words. "Had he been actually inconvenienced by that thing in the paper?"

"Yes—somewhat."

"How much?"

"Oh!" Hewson groaned. "If you must know—"

"I must! The worst!"

"It had fairly turned him out of house and home. His servants had all left him, and he had been reduced to taking his meals at the inn. He showed me a handful of letters from people whom he had asked to visit him, withdrawing their acceptances, or making excuses for not accepting."

"Ah!" said Miss Hernshaw, with a deep, inward breath, as if this now were indeed something like the punishment she had expected. "And will it—did he think—did he say anything about the pecuniary effect—the—whether it would hurt the property?"

"He seemed to think it would," answered Hewson, reluctantly, and he added, unfortunately for his generous purpose, "I really can't enter upon that part of it, Miss Hernshaw."

She arched her eyebrows in grieved surprise. "But that is the very part that I want you to enter upon, Mr. Hewson. You *must* tell me, now! Did he say that it had injured the property very much?"

"He did, but—"

"But what?"

"I think St. John is a man to put the worst face on that matter."

"You are saying that to keep me from feeling badly. But I ought to feel badly—I *wish* to feel badly. I suppose he said that it wasn't worth anything now."

"Something of that sort," Hewson helplessly admitted.

"Very well, then, I will buy it for whatever he chooses to ask!" With the precipitation which characterized all her actions, Miss Hernshaw rose from the chair in which she had been provisionally sitting, pushed an electric button in the wall, swirled away to the other side of the room, unlocked the door behind which those sounds had subsided, and flinging it open, said, "You can come out, Mrs. Rock; I've rung for breakfast."

Mrs. Rock came smoothly forth, with her vague eyes wandering over every other object in the room, till they rested upon Hewson, directly before her. Then she gave him her hand, and asked, with a smile, as if taking him into the joke, "Well, has Rosalie had it out with you?"

"I have had it out with him, Mrs. Rock," Miss Hernshaw answered, "and I will tell you all about it later. Now I want my breakfast."

IX

Hewson ate the meal before him, and it was a very good one, as from time to

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"IT'S SIMPLY RUIN TO ME"

time he noted, in a daze which was as strange a confusion of the two consciousnesses as he had ever experienced. Whatever the convention was between Miss Hernshaw and Mrs. Rock with regard to the matter in hand, or lately in hand, it dropped, after a few uninterested inquiries from Mrs. Rock, who was satisfied, or seemed so, to know that Miss Hernshaw had got at the worst. She led the talk to other things, like the comparative comforts and discomforts of the line to Genoa and the line to Liverpool; and Hewson met her upon these polite topics with an apparent fulness of interest that would have deceived a much more attentive listener.

All the time he was arguing with Miss Hernshaw in his nether consciousness, pleading with her to keep her away from the fact that he had himself bought St. Johnswort, until he could frame some fitting form in which to tell her that he had bought it. With his outward eyes he saw her drooping on the opposite side of the table, and in spite of her declaration that she wanted her breakfast, making nothing of it, after the preliminary melon, while to his inward vision she was passionately refusing, by every charming perversity, to be tempted away from the subject.

As the Cunard boats always get in on Saturday, this morrow of their arrival was naturally Sunday; and after a while Hewson fancied symptoms of going to church in Mrs. Rock. She could not have become more vague than she ordinarily

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was, but her wanderings were of a kind of devotional character. She spoke of the American church in Rome, and asked Hewson if he knew the rector. Then, when he said he was afraid he was keeping her from going to church, she said she did not know whether Rosalie intended going. At the same time she rose from the table, and Hewson found that he would not be allowed to sit down again, unless by violence. He had to go away, and he went, as little at ease in his mind as he very well could be.

He was no sooner out of the house than he felt the necessity of returning. He did not know how or when Miss Hernshaw would offer to buy St. Johnswort, but that she would do so he did not doubt, and then, when the truth came out, what would she think of him? He did not think her a very wise person; she seemed to him rather a wild and whirling person in her ideals of conduct, an unbridled and undisciplined person; and yet he was aware of profoundly and tenderly respecting her as a creature of the most inexpugnable innocence and final goodness. He could not bear to have her feel that he had trifled with her. There had not been many meetings between them, but each meeting had been of such event that it had advanced their acquaintance far beyond the point that it could have reached through weeks of ordinary association. From the first there had been that sort of intimacy which exists between spirits which encounter in the region of absolute sincerity. She had never used the least of those arts which women use in concealing the candor of their natures from men unworthy of it; she had not only practised her rule of instant and constant veracity, but had avowed it, and, as it were, invited his judgment of it. Hitherto he had met her half-way at least, but now he was in the coil of a disingenuousness which must more and more trammel him from her, unless he found some way to declare the fact to her.

This ought to have been an easy matter, but it was not easy; upon reflection it grew rather more difficult. Hewson did not see how he could avow the fact which he wished to avow without intolerable awkwardness, without the effect of boasting, without putting upon her a burden which he had no right to put. To be sure, she had got herself in for it all, by her divine imprudence, but she had owned her error in that as promptly as if it had been the blame of some one else. Still Hewson doubted whether her magnanimity was large enough to go round in the case of a man who tried to let his magnanimity come upon her with any sort of dramatic surprise. This was what he must seem to be doing if he now left her to learn from another how he had kept St. John from loss by himself assuming the chance of depreciation in his property. But if he went and told her that he had done it, how much better for him would that be?

He took a long, unhappy walk up into the Park, and then he walked back to the Walholland. By this time he thought Mrs. Rock and Miss Hernshaw must have got home from church, but he had not the courage to send up his name to them. He waited about in the region of the dining-room, in the senseless hope that it would be better for him to surprise them on their way to luncheon, and trust to some chance for introducing his confession, than to seek a direct interview with Miss Hernshaw. But they did not come to luncheon, and then Hewson had the clerk send up his card.

Word came back that the ladies would see him, and he followed the messenger to Mrs. Rock's apartment, where, if he was surprised, he was not disappointed to be received by Miss Hernshaw alone.

"Mrs. Rock is lying down," she explained, "but I thought that it might be something important, and you would not mind seeing me."

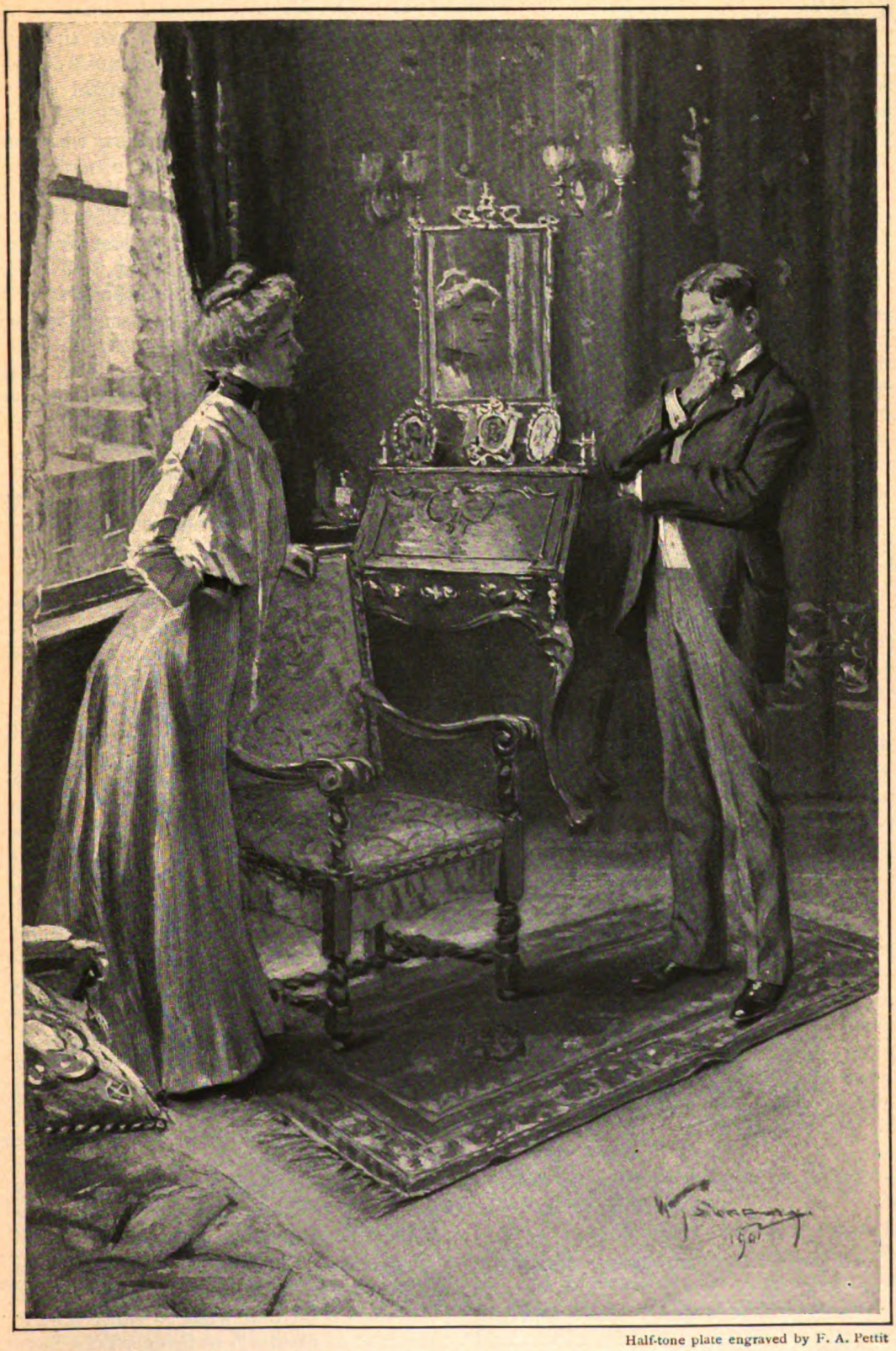
"Not at all," said Hewson, with what seemed to him afterwards superfluous politeness, and then they both waited until he could formulate his business, Miss Hernshaw drooping forward, and looking down in a way that he had found was most characteristic of her. "It *is* something important—at least it is important to me. Miss Hernshaw, may I ask you whether you have done anything—it seems a very unwarrantable question—about St. Johnswort?"

"About buying it?"

"Yes. It will be useless to make any offer for it."

"Why?"

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"WHY, THERE ISN'T ANY PUNISHMENT SEVERE ENOUGH FOR A CRIME LIKE THAT"

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"Because—because I have bought it myself."

"You have bought it?"

"Yes; when he came to me last night, and made those representations— Well, in short, I have bought the place."



"NOT YET, MRS. ROCK," SHE CALLED TO THE UNSEEN PRESENCE WITHIN

"To save him from losing money by that—story?"

"Well—yes. I ought to have told you the fact this morning, as soon as you said you would buy the place. I know that you like people to be perfectly truthful. But —I couldn't—without seeming to—brag."

"I understand," said Miss Hernshaw. "I took the risk of your writing to St. John; but when I realized that if he answered and told you what I ought to have told you myself, it would make it worse, I came back."

"I don't know whether it would have made it worse; but you have come too late," said Miss Hernshaw. "I've just written to Mr. St. John."

They were both silent for what Hewson thought a long time. At the end of it he asked, "Did you —you must excuse me— refer to me at all?"

"No, certainly not. Why should I?"

"I don't know. I don't know that it would have mattered." He was silent again, with bowed head; when he looked up, he saw tears in the girl's eyes.

"I suppose you know where this leaves me?" she said, gently.

"I can't pretend that I don't," answered Hewson. "What can I do?"

"You can sell me the place for what it cost you."

"Oh, no, I can't do that," said Hewson.

"Why do you say that? It isn't as if I were poor; but even then you wouldn't have the right to refuse me if I insisted. It was my fault that it ever came out about St. Johnswort. It might have come out about you, but the harm to Mr. St. John—I did that, and why should you take it upon yourself?"

"Because I was really to blame from the beginning to the end. If it had not been for my pitiful wish to shine as the confidant of mystery, nothing would have been known of the affair. Even when you asked me that night if it had not happened at St. Johnswort, I know now that

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I had a wretched triumph in saying that it had, and I was so full of this that I did not think to caution you against repeating what I had owned."

"Yes," said the girl, with her unsparing honesty, "if you had given me any hint, I would not have told for the world. Of course I did not think — a girl wouldn't—of the effect it would have on the property."

"No, you wouldn't think of that," said Hewson. Though he agreed with her, he would have preferred that she would continue to blame herself; but he took himself severely in hand again. "So, you see, the fault was altogether mine; and if there is to be any penalty, it ought to fall upon me."

"Yes," said Miss Hernshaw; "and if there has been a fault, there ought to be a penalty, don't you think? It would have been no penalty for me to buy St. Johnswort. My father wouldn't have minded it." She blushed suddenly, and added, "I don't mean that— You may be so rich that— I think I had better stop."

"No, no!" cried Hewson, amused, and glad of the relief. "Go on. I will tell you anything you wish to know."

"I don't wish to know anything," said Miss Hernshaw, haughtily.

Her words seemed to put an end to an interview for which there was no longer any excuse.

Hewson rose. "Good-by," he said, and he was rather surprised at her putting out her hand, but he took it gratefully. "Will you make my adieux to Mrs. Rock? And excuse my coming a second time to trouble you!"

"I don't see how you could have helped coming," said Miss Hernshaw, "when you thought I might write to Mr. St. John at once."

Whether this implied excuse or greater blame, Hewson had to go away with it as her final response, and he went away certainly in as great discomfort as he had come. He did not feel quite well used; it seemed to him that hard measure had been dealt him on all sides, but especially by Miss Hernshaw. After her futile effort at reparation to St. John, she had apparently withdrawn from all responsibility in the matter. He did not know when he was to see her again, if ever, and he did not know what he was to wait for, if anything.

Still he had the sense of waiting for something, or for some one, and he went home to wait. There he perceived that it was for St. John, who did not keep him waiting long. His nervous ring roused Hewson half an hour after his return, and St. John came in with a look in his greedy eyes which Hewson rightly interpreted at the first glance.

"See here, Hewson," St. John said, with his habitual lack of manners, "I don't want to get you in for this thing at St. Johnswort. I know why you offered to buy the place, and though of course you are the original cause of the trouble, I don't feel that it's quite fair to let you shoulder the consequences altogether."

"Have I been complaining?" asked Hewson, dryly.

"No, and that's just it. You've behaved like a little man through it all, and I don't like to take advantage of you. If you want to rue your bargain, I'll call it off. I've had some fresh light on the matter, and I believe I can let you off without loss to myself. So that if it's me you're considering—"

"What's your fresh light?" asked Hewson.

"Well," said St. John, and he swallowed rather hard, as if it were a pill, "the fact is, I've had another offer for the place."

"A better one?"

"Well, I don't know that I can say that it is," answered St. John, saving his conscience in the form of the words.

Hewson knew that he was lying, and he had no mercy on him. "Then I believe I'll stick to my bargain. You say that the other party hasn't bettered my offer, and so I needn't withdraw on your account. I'm not bound to withdraw for any other reason."

"No, of course not." St. John rubbed his chin, as if hesitating to eat his words, however unpalatable; but in the end he seemed not to find it possible. "Well," he said, disgustedly, as he floundered up to take his leave, "I thought I ought to come and give you the chance."

"It's very nice of you," said Hewson, with a smile that made itself a derisive grin in spite of him, and a laugh of tri-

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umph when the door had closed upon St. John.

After the first flush of Hewson's triumph had passed he began to enjoy it less, and by-and-by he did not enjoy it at all. He had done right not only in keeping St. John from plundering Miss Hernshaw, but in standing firm and taking the punishment which ought to fall upon him and not on her. But the sense of having done right sufficed him no more than the sense of having got the better of St. John. What was lacking to him? In the casuistry of the moment, which was perhaps rather emotional than rational, it appeared to Hewson that he had again a duty toward Miss Hernshaw, and that his feeling of dissatisfaction was the first effect of its non-fulfilment. But it was clearly impossible that he should go again to see her, and tell her what had passed between him and St. John, and it was clearly impossible that he should write and tell her what it was quite as clearly her right to know from him. If he went to her or wrote to her he felt himself in danger of wanting to shine in the affair, as her protector against the rapacity of St. John, and as the man of superior quality who had outwitted a greedy fellow. The fear that she might not admire his splendor in either sort caused him to fall somewhat nervelessly back upon Providence; but if the moral government of the universe finally favored him, it was not by traversing any of its own laws. By the time he had determined to achieve both the impossibilities which formed his dilemma—had decided to write to Miss Hernshaw and call upon her, and leave his letter in the event of failing to find her—his problem was as far solved as it might be by the arrival of a note from Miss Hernshaw herself, hoping that he would come to see her on business of pressing importance.

She received him without any pretence of Mrs. Rock's intermediary presence, and put before him a letter which she had received, before writing him, from St. John, and which she could not answer without first submitting it to him. It was a sufficiently straightforward expression of his regret that he could not accept her very generous offer for St. Johnswort because the place was already sold. He had the taste to forbear any allusion to the motives which (she told Hewson) she had said prompted her offer; but then he became very darkling and sinuous in a suggestion that if Miss Hernshaw wished to have her offer known as hers to the purchaser of St. Johnswort, he would be happy to notify him of it.

"You see," she eagerly commented to Hewson, "he does not give your name; but I know who it is, though I did not know when I made him my offer. I must answer his letter now, and what shall I say? Shall I tell him I know who it is? I should like to; I hate all concealments! Will it do any harm to tell him I know?"

Hewson reflected. "I don't see how it can. I was trying to come to you, when I got your note, to say that St. John had been to see me, and offered to release me from my offer, because, as I thought, you had made him a better one. He's amusingly rapacious, St. John is."

"And what did you— I beg your pardon!"

"Oh, not at all. I said I would stand to my offer."

She repressed apparently some form of protest, and presently asked, "And what shall I say?"

"Oh, if you like, that you have learned who the purchaser of St. Johnswort is, and that you know he will not give way."

"Well!" she said, with a quick sigh as of disappointment. After an indefinite pause, she asked, "Shall you be going to St. Johnswort?"

"Why, I don't know," Hewson answered. "I had thought of going to Europe. But, yes, I think I shall go to St. Johnswort, first, at any rate. One can't simply turn one's back on a piece of real estate in that way," he said, recognizing a fact that would doubtless have presented itself in due order for his consideration. "My one notion was to forget it as quickly as possible."

"I should not think you would want to do that," said the girl, seriously.

"No, one oughtn't to neglect an investment."

"I don't mean that. But if such a thing had happened to me, there, I should want to go again and again."

"You mean the apparition. Did I tell you how I had always had the expectation that I should see it again, and perhaps understand it? But when I had behaved

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so shabbily about it, I began to feel that it would not come again."

"If I were in your place," said the girl, "I should never give up; I should spend my whole life trying to find out what it meant."

"Ah!" he sighed. "I wish you could put yourself in my place."

"I wish I could," she returned, intensely.

They looked into each other's face.

"Miss Hernshaw," he demanded, solemnly, "do you really like people to say what they think?"

"Of course I do!"

"Then I wish you would come to St. Johnswort with me!"

"Would that do?" she asked. "If Mrs. Rock—"

He saw how far she was from taking his meaning, but he pushed on. "I don't want Mrs. Rock. I want you—you alone. Don't you understand me? I love you. I—of course it's ridiculous! We've only met three or four times in our lives, but I knew this as well the first moment as I do now. I knew it when you came walking across the garden that morning, and I haven't known it any better since, and I couldn't in a thousand years. But of course—"

"Sit down," she said, wafting herself into a chair, and he obeyed her. "I should have to tell my father," she began.

"Why, certainly," and he sprang to his feet again.

She commanded him to his chair with an imperative gesture. "I have got to find out what I think, first, myself. If I were sure that I loved you—but I don't know. I believe you are good. I believed that when they were all joking you there at breakfast, and you took it so nicely; I have *always* believed that you were good."

She seemed to be appealing to him for confirmation, but he could not very well say that she was right, and he kept silent. "I didn't like your telling that story at the dinner, and I said so; and then I went and did the same thing, or worse; so that I have nothing to say about that. And I think you have behaved very nobly to Mr. St. John." As if at some sign of protest in Hewson, she insisted, "Yes, I do! But all this doesn't prove that I love you." Again she seemed to appeal to him, and this time he thought he might answer her appeal.

"I couldn't prove that *I* love *you,* but I feel sure of it."

"And do you believe that we ought to take our feelings for a guide?"

"That's what people do," he ventured, with the glimmer of a smile in his eyes, which she was fixing so earnestly with her own.

"I am not satisfied that it is the right way," she answered. "If there is really such a thing as love, there ought to be some way of finding it out besides the feelings. Don't you think it's a thing we ought to talk sensibly about?"

"Of all things in the world; though it isn't the custom."

Miss Hernshaw was silent for a moment. Then she said, "I believe I should like a little time."

"Oh, I didn't expect you to answer me at once. I—"

"But if you are going to Europe?"

"I needn't go to Europe at all. I can go to St. Johnswort, and wait for your answer there."

"It might be a good while," she urged. "I should want to tell my father that I was thinking about it, and he would want to see you before he approved."

"Why, of course!"

"Not," she added, "that it would make any difference, if I was sure of it myself. He has always said that he would not try to control me in such a matter, and I think he would like you. I do like you very much myself, Mr. Hewson, but I don't think it would be right to say I loved you unless I could prove it."

Hewson was tempted to say that she could prove it by marrying him, but he had not the heart to mock a scruple which he felt to be sacred. What he did say was: "Then I will wait till you can prove it. Do you wish me not to see you again, before you have made up your mind?"

"I don't know. I can't see what harm there would be in our meeting."

"No, I can't, either," said Hewson, as she seemed to refer the point to him. "Would you mind my coming again, say, this evening?"

"To-night?" She reflected a moment. "Yes, come to-night."

When he came, after dinner, Hewson was sensible from the perfect uncon-

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"I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, ARTHUR"

sciousness of Mrs. Rock's manner that Miss Hernshaw had been telling her. Her habit of a wandering eye contributed to the effect she wished to produce, if this were the effect, and her success was such that it might easily have deceived herself. But when Mrs. Rock, in a supreme exercise of her unconsciousness, left him with the girl for a brief interval before it was time for him to go, Miss Hernshaw said, "Mrs. Rock knows about it, and she says that the best way for me to find out will be to try whether I can live without you."

"Was that Mrs. Rock's idea?" asked Hewson, as gravely as he could.

"No; it was mine; I suggested it to her; but she approves of it. Don't you like it?"

"Yes. I hope I sha'n't die while you are trying to live without me. Shall you be very long?" She frowned, and he hastened to say, "I do like your idea; it's the best way, and I thank you for giving me a chance."

"We are going out to my father's ranch in Colorado at once," she explained. "We start to-morrow morning."

"Oh! May I come to see you off?"

"No; I would rather begin at once."

"May I write to you?"

"I will write to you—when I've decided."

She gave him her hand, but she would not allow him to keep it for more than farewell, and then she made him stay till Mrs. Rock came back, and take leave of her too; he had frankly forgotten Mrs. Rock, who bade him adieu with averted eyes, and many civilities about seeing him again. She could hardly have been said to be seeing him then.

X

The difficulties of domestication at St. Johnswort had not been misrepresented by the late proprietor, Hewson found, when he went to take possession of his estate. He thought it right in engaging servants to say openly that the place had the reputation of being haunted, and if he had not thought it right he would have thought it expedient, for he knew that if he had concealed the fact it would have been discovered to them within twenty-four hours of their arrival. His declara-

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tion was sufficient at once with most, who recoiled from his service as if he had himself been a ghost; with one or two sceptics who seemed willing to take the risks (probably in a guilty consciousness of records that would have kept them out of other employ) his confession that he had himself seen the spectre which haunted St. Johnswort was equally effective. He prevailed at last against the fact and his own testimony with a Japanese, who could not be made to understand the objection to the place, and who willingly went with Hewson as his valet and general-house-work-man. With the wife of the gardener coming in to cook for them during the long daylight, he got on in as much comfort as he could have expected, and by night he suffered no sort of disturbance from the apparition. He had expected to be annoyed by believers in spiritualism, and other psychical inquirers, but it sufficed with them to learn from him that he had come to regard his experience, of which he had no more question now than ever, as purely subjective.

It seemed to Hewson, in the six weeks' time which he spent at St. Johnswort, waiting to hear from Rosalie (he had come already to think of her as Rosalie), that all his life was subjective, it passed so like a dream. He had some outward cares as to the place; he kept a horse in the stable, where St. John had kept half a dozen, and he had the gardener look after that as well as the shrubs and vegetables; but all went on in a suspensive and provisional sort. In the mean time Rosalie's charm grew upon him; everything that she had said or looked was hourly and daily sweeter and dearer; her truth was intoxicating, beyond the lures of other women, in which the quality of deceit had once fascinated him. Now, so late in his youthful life, he realized that there was no beauty but that of truth, and he pledged himself a thousand times that if she should say she could not live without him he would henceforward live for the truth alone, and not for the truth merely as it was in her, but as it was in everything. In those days he learned to know himself as he never had before, and to put off a certain shell of worldliness that had grown upon him. In his remoteness from it, New York became very distasteful to him; he thought with reluctance of going back to it; his club, which had been his home, now appeared a joyless exile; the life of a leisure class, which he had made his ideal, looked pitifully mean and little in the retrospect; he wondered how he could have valued the things that he had once thought worthy. He did not know what he should replace it all with, but Rosalie would know, in the event of not being able to live without him. In that event there was hardly any use of which he could not be capable. In any other event —he surprised himself by realizing that in any other event—still the universe had somehow more meaning than it once had. Somehow, he felt himself an emancipated man.

He began many letters to Rosalie, and some he finished and some not, but he sent none; and when her letter came at last, he was glad that he had waited for it in implicit trust of its coming, though he believed she would have forgiven him if he had not had the patience. The letter was quite what he could have imagined of her. She said that she had put herself thoroughly to the test, and she could not live without him. But if he had found out that he could live without her, then she would know that she had been to blame, and would take her punishment. Apparently in her philosophy, which now seemed to him so divine, without punishment there must be perdition; it was the penalty that redeemed; that was the token of forgiveness.

Hewson hurried out to Colorado, where he found Hernshaw a stout, silent, impersonal man, whose notion of the paternal office seemed to be a ready acquiescence in a daughter's choice of a husband, which he appeared to think could be best expressed to Hewson in a good cigar. He perceptibly enjoyed the business details of the affair, but he enjoyed despatching them in the least possible time and the fewest words, and then he settled down to the pleasure of a superficial passivity. Hewson could not make out that he regarded his daughter as at all an unusual girl, and from this he argued that her mother must have been a very unusual woman. His only reason for doubting that Rosalie must have got all her originality from her mother was something

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that fell from Hernshaw when they were near the end of their cigars. He said, irrelevantly to their talk at that point, "I suppose you know Rosalie believes in that ghost of yours?"

"Was it a ghost? I've never been sure, myself," said Hewson.

"How do you explain it?" asked his prospective father-in-law.

"I don't explain it. I have always left it just as it was. I know that it was a real experience."

"I think I should have left it so too," said Hernshaw. "That always gives it a chance to explain itself. If such a thing had happened to me, I should give it all the time it wanted."

"Well, I haven't hurried it," Hewson suggested.

"What I mean," and Hernshaw stepped to the edge of the porch and threw the butt of his cigar into the darkness, where it described a glimmering arc, "is that if anything came to me that would help shore up my professed faith in what most of us want to believe in, I would take the common-law view of it. I would believe it was innocent till it proved itself guilty. I wouldn't try to make it out a fraud myself."

"I'm afraid that's what I've really done," said Hewson. "But before people I've put up a bluff of despising it."

"Oh, yes, I understand that," said Hernshaw. "A man thinks that if he can have an experience like that he must be something out of the common; and if he can despise it—"

"You've hit my case exactly," said Hewson, and the two men laughed.

After his marriage, which took place without needless delay, Hewson returned with his wife to spend their honey-moon at St. Johnswort. The honey-moon prolonged itself during an entire year, and in this time they contrived so far to live down its reputation of being a haunted house that they were able to conduct their *ménage* on the ordinary terms. They themselves never wished to lose the sense of something supernatural in the place, and were never quite able to accept the actual conditions as final. That is to say, Rosalie was not, for she had taken Hewson's apparition under her peculiar care, and defended it against even his question. She had a feeling (it was scarcely a conviction) that if he believed more strenuously in the validity of his apparition as an authorized messenger from the unseen world, it would come again and declare its errand. She could not accept the theory that if such a thing actually happened it could happen for nothing at all, or that the reason of its occurrence could be indefinitely postponed. She was impatient of that, as often as he urged the possibility, and she wished him to use a seriousness of mind in speaking of his apparition which should form some sort of atonement to it for his past levity, though since she had taken his apparition into her keeping he had scarcely hazarded any suggestion concerning it; in fact, it had become so much her apparition that he had a fantastic reluctance to meddling with it.

"You are always requiring a great occasion for it," he said at last. "What greater event could it have foreshadowed or foreshown than that which actually came to pass?"

"I don't understand you, Arthur," she said, letting her hand creep into his, where it trembled provisionally as they sat together in the twilight.

"Why, that was the day I first saw you."

"Now you are laughing!" she said, pulling her hand away.

"Indeed I'm not! I couldn't imagine anything more important than the union of our lives. And if that was what the apparition meant to portend, it could not have intimated it by a more noble and impressive behavior. Simply to be there, and then to be gone, and leave the rest to us! It was majestic, it was—delicate!"

"Yes, it was. But it was too much, for it was out of proportion. A mere earthly love-affair—"

"Is it merely for earth?"

"Oh, husband, I hope you don't think so! I wanted you to say you didn't. And if you don't think so, yes, I'll believe it came for that!"

"You may be sure I don't."

"Then I know it will come again."

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Measurements of Science

BEYOND THE RANGE OF OUR SENSES

BY CARL SNYDER

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was not merely the most powerful genius of his time, but the range of his speculation was extraordinary. Many of his theories and surmises have been verified in a surprising way, some of them so late as last year. His stock of information must have wellnigh exhausted the possibilities of his day. Yet could he return now, when scarce a century and a half have gone by, he would own himself a most puzzled and ignorant man.

Newton laid the foundations of the science of light, yet of the nature of light, that it is simply a form of electricity, he had no idea. His knowledge of electricity and magnetism was, necessarily, of the most meagre sort. He had no idea of the action of light on certain metallic salts, so if he were shown a photograph, he would have no notion of how it was made. He seems to have been the first to study the effect of a glass prism upon a beam of light; he was practically the inventor of the spectroscope. Yet he would probably have regarded a man as clean daft who should tell him that this simple device would one day tell us what the sun is made of, and measure the speed of the most distant stars, would reveal to us new kinds of matter, new substances of whose existence no one had dreamed before, and perhaps give us a clew to the origin of worlds.

Newton did not know of any relation between an electrified body and a loadstone; he did not know of such a thing as an electrical current; and if he were shown a common Morse telegraph instrument, and told that a current sent round a piece of soft iron makes this a magnet, and pulls down a key, and that this can be done at a distance of thousands of miles, he would not understand what you were talking about. He did not know that two ends of a wire dipped in a salt or acid water generates a current, so he could not explain the working of a common voltaic battery.

Not knowing that a vibrating piece of hard rubber can, under proper conditions, vary the character of an electrical current in its vicinity, Newton would be as puzzled as a Hottentot if put in front of a telephone. Were he on board a Cunard liner, and two hundred miles at sea were shown the instruments of Marconi's wireless telegraphy communicating with the land, it would leave him as blankly gasping as it does a yokel now.

Such has been the advance of five or six generations. We have, literally, not merely new tools, but new senses. Every new instrument, every new discovery in experimental science, represents either a great widening of our original six senses or the creation of new ones. The last four or five years have offered a number of beautiful examples. We may select one of a special import:

Early in 1896, that is, a few months after Professor Roentgen's amazing announcement of the performances of the X rays, Professor Becquerel, of the Natural History Museum in Paris, followed with another of an even more puzzling nature. Studying the action of the salts of a rare and very heavy mineral, uranium, Professor Becquerel observed that these substances give off an invisible radiation, which, like the Roentgen rays, traverses metals and other bodies opaque to light, as well as glass and other transparent substances.

These new radiations affect none of our primal senses. Though, in following up Becquerel's discovery, M. and Madame Curie have latterly found radioactive minerals, from pitchblende, which give off a visible light, those discovered

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by Becquerel do not. They afford no appreciable heat; they arouse no sensations of touch, taste, sound, or smell. How, then, may we become aware that they exist? Solely by means of our new senses. They impress a photographic plate, one of the most useful of our acquired weapons; they will discharge an electroscope, which serves us for a lacking electrical sense; they are twisted and turned, pushed or pulled, by a magnet, which supplies our absent magnetic sense; they produce a variety of chemical effects, color glass, generate ozone, make the air and other gases good conductors of electricity, and even transport large quantities of the latter from point to point themselves; for these "radiations" are clearly matter, and not merely a new form of ether vibrations like light. Finally, a way has been found to weigh and count these particles, compute their speed, likewise their electrical capacity, and other of their physical properties are known.

In short, in four or five years we have learned to know almost as much of these substances which lie out of the reach of our natural senses as though we could taste and see and handle them.

Yet their existence even was not so much as suspected until we had come to devise and use instruments and processes unknown to Sir Isaac Newton's age. Until the development of the sciences of chemistry and electricity and magnetism and photography and the physics of molecules, Becquerel's discovery would have been impossible.

Here is no isolated instance. Hertz's discovery of electric waves, which revealed the identity of light and electricity, and made possible Marconi's telegraphy; Tesla's marvellous performances with high-frequency currents; Professor Roentgen's find of the X rays; Simon's observation that an ordinary electric arc can be made to talk like a telephone, sing like a bird, and be used for wireless telephoning—all these marvels of the last ten years were due to the steady advance of electrical science. They were inevitable, not accidents. So Schleiden and Schwann's discovery that all living bodies, animal or vegetable, are made up of minute cells, and Pasteur's proof of the unsuspected microbe, came with the perfecting of the microscope; it opened up to man whole new realms, of which we have realized as yet only the first fruits. Without the telescope, the camera, and the spectroscope, astronomy would have remained where it was left by Ptolemy.

One of the earliest steps toward a rational psychology lay in Weber's discovery of the curious limitations of our senses. There seems to be a threshold of sensation,—that we knew well of old; a body must have a certain weight ere we can appreciate its existence by lifting it. But what Weber found was that there is a kind of a "difference-threshold" as well. If, for example, the smallest difference in weight we may detect with the hand is, say, between twelve and thirteen ounces, we may appreciate the difference between double these weights, but not between twenty-four and twenty-five, or twenty-five and twenty-six ounces. With a machine — a pair of scales, for example — we find no such limitations.

Before a given sensation, whether of light or heat, touch or smell, taste or sound, can affect our organs of perception, it must gain a certain intensity, and between varying degrees of this intensity of sensation we can, by natural means, measure only proportionate quantities.

This limit of capabilities seems to be, at least with regard to primitive sensations, rigidly set. Thus, for example, if a sensation occurs rapidly, as when a note is struck more than ten or eleven times a second, it appears to us continuous. A series of dots less than a thousandth of an inch apart appears to us as a continuous line. These limits appear to be fixed in the nature of nervous action itself, because, for example, although we can by mechanical means produce a muscular contraction of much greater frequency, we cannot count out loud more than ten or eleven a second; and this is equally true if we try to count silently. It is the limit of speed of mental action.

The rate at which a sensation travels along a nerve up to the brain or back again is comparatively very slow. Light, and electricity under ordinary circumstances, travel a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second—eight times

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around the earth while you count one. A nerve wave travels only about a hundred feet per second, so that if you are five feet high, and can count ten in one second, the sensation of your foot being sharply pricked can only travel up to the brain and the response thereto travel back again in the time you are counting one, that is, a distance of ten feet. The familiar phrase "quick as a thought" does not mean very much. As things go nowadays, "slow as a thought" would go better.

Such are the general conditions of nervous or "mental" action. The same narrow limitations are true of especial organs.

The eye and the ear have long been regarded as marvels of mechanism, quite the most wonderful things in the world. But compared with the implements of a present-day laboratory, the sensitiveness of all human organs seems gross enough. A photographic plate, coupled with a telescope, will reveal the presence of millions of stars whose light does not affect the retina in the least. The microscope, too, with its revelations of the world of the infinitely small, tells us how crude, after all, is this most delicate of the senses. Indeed, we may liken it to a piano where only a single octave, towards the middle, sounds. From the ultra violet to the lowest reaches of the spectrum is a range of some nine octaves of light vibrations, of which, save for our new mechanical senses, we should never have been conscious of but one.

The ear hears little of what is going on around us. By means of a microphone the tread of a fly sounds like the tramp of cavalry. Our heat sense is very vague; we need a variation of at least one-fifth of a degree on a thermometer to realize any difference in temperature. Professor Langley's little bolometer will note the difference of a millionth of a degree. It is two hundred thousand times as sensitive as our skin. A galvanometer will flex its finger at the current generated simply by deforming a drop of mercury, of pressing it out from a sphere to the shape of an egg. The amount of work done by a wink of the eye would equal a hundred billion of the units marked on the scale of a very delicate instrument. It is at least ten thousand times as sensitive as the eye or the ear. But even this astonishing performance is far surpassed by the exquisitely sensitive coherers, discovered by Professor Branly of Paris, by which the Hertz waves of wireless telegraphy are caught in their pulsings through space.

The range of impressions which we get from lifting an object in the hand seems rather small. An ordinary chemist's balance is about twenty million times as sensitive. It will weigh down to the two-hundredth part of a milligram.

Wherever we turn we shall find instruments which surpass each and all of our senses in a most humiliating way. Without them we should know very little of the world about us. Lacking them, Sir Isaac Newton knew very little of the world about him. But with them—and this is a capital point—we have come to know a great deal. We have come, for one thing, to see that *our senses give us reports only of a comparatively small number of comparatively gross stimuli.* Here is a small set of propositions to which I fancy there can, in the light of present knowledge, be very little dissent:

1. Sensation, thought, or consciousness cannot be demonstrated except as it is associated with the physical substance of the brain and the nerves.

2. This nerve substance is the sole path of the mind—it is the mind, and an exterior stimulus can only reach us through the known organs of sense.

3. While, on the one hand, we now know a great number of stimuli which do not affect any of the organs of sense, but do affect various instruments, *there are no stimuli known which affect the sense organs which cannot be made to affect some instrument in a far greater degree.* It is only by means of these instruments that we arrive at any precision and certainty.

4. If spirits, thought-waves, silent healings, or any other of the so-called psychic manifestations can influence human beings, they can also influence delicate machines.

5. In the absence of such proofs, "mental" science and all its like are slightly incongruous terms. They are not sciences; they are but dreams.

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A Monstrous Mood

BY MARIE VAN VORST

ON the 1st of October, 189-, I stood in Piccadilly before the —— Club; an individual of no outward distinction from hundreds of other like young cosmopolitans, yet marked by a turn of Fate's wheel to be thrust from my set and circle—that of the luxurious man of the leisure class.

I looked at my position as one might gaze at a fascinating horror which must become a bosom guest. I shrank from sympathy and even friendly aid, as one who rises pock-marked from an illness. Shaking myself from the ugly dream, I turned and came face to face with a young man who extended both hands.

"Prendergast! by all that's good!"

"Sister Dolly—Boxborough!"

His eyes set wide apart, large smiling mouth, far from aristocratic nose, hands loosely flapping from his cuffs, his air of faith, kind humor, brought to me a past of gala-days; as I looked at him I laughed outright—not so much with the joy of seeing Herbert, as at memories.

He seized my hand. "Where *did* you drop from? Did you come with the yacht? Were you goin' in here?" He pointed to the club I had just left. "I am; come with me."

"Now," he said, as we sat over our drinks, "where have you been this long time, and what has happened to you?"

Boxborough was leaning toward me, his face bright with interest and affection.

"The Pater" (he dropped his voice) "got out of trade four years ago. And, perhaps you've heard, we've bought the Duke of Threadminster's property—Seaton House. Stunning old place! We don't know many people yet. I just pulled away from a house party, and ran up to-day for a breath and a lull." He paused; took a sip of brandy and soda. "What are you doing?"

"I am writing a novel."

"Oh, I say, Basil!" (The boy's eyes were wide.)

Relief swept over me, a delicious, relaxing stream. The nervous tension snapped. *Boxborough at least did not know!* To him I was still an Aladdin of fortune. "Yes, I am writing a novel."

"Oh, really? You always were awfully clever, but I did not know you cared for that sort of thing." His familiar manner chilled: he inherited the proper awe, from illiterate forebears, for intellectual effort.

My folly gained zest with the easy game that the boy made. I said, deliberately. "This is going to be a great novel, a powerful and trenchant story; I hope to make it the sensation, the literary event of the moment." Boxborough, holding his cigar between his awkward fingers, listened respectfully.

"I see, I see; you've had such a lot of experience, too, such an exciting life," he murmured. "I expect I will have to read your book, Basil, but it will be slow work."

I thanked him.

He laughed and flushed. "Oh, I say! you know me! A pedigree or a record, I spell *them* all right, but they are my finish. You're not hurt, old fellow? Is your book finished?"

"My dear boy, a decent novel is the work of years—elucidating of problems; painstaking development of character; manœuvring and unravelling of plot—it means months of labor."

"What shall you call it?"

"*A Monstrous Mood,*" I replied, without hesitation.

"That's a queer name enough—rather creepy. I don't see how you ever thought of it. Don't you have to be awfully quiet to do this sort of thing, Prendergast? Don't you find it difficult in London, with the rattle?"

I told him it *was* infernally noisy, and I couldn't get an idea at times.

He said, imploringly: "Come with me to Seaton House to-night, and dig away

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at your novel. I can fix you up a wing to yourself; nothing shall come near you; you can moon and gibber—oh, I say, I don't mean that, of course! but we can leave you to yourself, turn you loose, give you your head all you like."

His frank face flushed, he was unrolling his cigar between his fingers like a little boy. And then *A Monstrous Mood* settled itself down upon me with grewsome wings outspread.

"Why not write a novel?" The idea took fast hold of me. Here was an honorable — nay — distinguished profession throwing wide its doors.

Herbert took my meditation for hesitation. "I know it seems rather a bore—the country and all those people, but we can shake them as much as we like, you see, and the Mater will make a lion of you at once, Basil. It is my first chance to pay off a little of the hospitality debt I owe you."

"Nonsense! What time do you leave?"

"In an hour. Train goes at 4.30."

I had no further qualms of conscience, now that I had determined upon a literary career and to make my joke a reality. Still, to go to Seaton House a pauper, the guest of a man who had been halfway around the world on my yacht. I would have chosen another entrée! At this point I met Herbert's look bent upon me in such admiration and awe that I almost laughed aloud.

"Dolly, I'll go with pleasure for a few days, but I've got to get my traps and MSS. I'll meet you at Charing Cross."

Once seated in the railway carriage, the brown landscape flying past, Boxborough with touching frankness sketched for me the difficult rise of the social fortunes of his house.

"Just now Lord and Lady Wallace are down, the Chrichtons, the Enderlys, and an American, Mrs. Hawkins. Most of them go in a day or two, but I rather fancy they'll stay on *now*," he said, meditatively. (I was to be his card!)

The stimulus of my joke's first draught was passing away. "This is my maiden effort. As yet I am to fortune and to fame unknown."

"Not to fortune," laughed the boy.

I kicked myself for a cad and would have told him then, but we plunged up to the Threadminster platform.

"I wired the Mater, so you'll not go in like a stray lamb. Indeed," he chuckled, "you'll not go in like a lamb at all."

"What do you mean, Dolly?"

"Why, I telegraphed—'*Comin' up with a lion.*'"

"You didn't say that!"

"I did. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Come to your senses, Boxborough. I'm not an author; all the projects for novels wouldn't make me one. *Kindly don't mention that I write.*" I used the dictatorial tone which I had more than once been forced to employ with Boxborough.

"Don't be annoyed," he begged. "I know how people hate to be run about what they're at; only, you can't conceive what it will be to my father to entertain a writer. After years of trade he just swings to the other extreme; he's mad over books; he's had the library filled out, and spent God knows what on the missing sets."

I shuddered. "I'm not a literary man."

"Oh, hang it, Basil"—he shook himself with the irritation of a puppy teased beyond endurance—"you are; you know you are; you've *got* to be. Just think of the *Monstrous Mood!*"

I caught his arm. "If you dare!" But our brougham came to a sharp stop, and we were arrived at Threadminster.

The guests at Threadminster were hangers-on. The Boxboroughs were ascending the social ladder, but they were forced to gild the rounds. Within the week Mrs. Boxborough had subscribed to Lady Wallace's fads; Mr. Boxborough bought the racing stud of the much-complicated-in-affairs Enderly. The genuine member of the memorable house party was Mrs. Josiah Hawkins. If favor she sought, it could not have been of a financial nature, she being quite able "to buy out Seaton House and the whole county," according to Herbert. If social distinction were her goal, why seek it among the Boxboroughs?

Mrs. Boxborough smiled at me benignly during dinner, and several times tried to take advantage of pauses in the conversation to address me with, "My son Herbert tells me"—but I dodged her behind the jungle of ferns and flowers in

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the centre of the table as long as I could. The crisis, however, came. "My son tells me you are writing a new book, Mr. Prendergast. It's very stupid of me not to have read your works. Where can your stories be found?"

"American stories are delightful," broke in Lady Wallace. "They are so quick in action. In the States you are masters of the short story. It is characteristic of your country—a lot told in a few moments—flashing and—and—"

"Expensive," nodded Enderly. "A friend of mine who edits the —— *Magazine* tells me he can't buy American stories; the authors want so much for them."

I joined the conversation, congratulating myself that the current had safely turned. Indeed, I made hard for a new inlet, when Mrs. Boxborough drew my wretched skiff back into the stream.

"What do you call your new story?"

Feeling the most absolute of impostors, I raised my wineglass on a level with my eyes and looked into the clear amber of the wine, as though I might read there a solution to my ridiculous situation.

"I call it *A Monstrous Mood.*" Glancing over the glass-top, I looked straight into Mrs. Hawkins's eyes. Exquisite color rose from the line of her chin to her hair. She smiled as the last letter left my lips.

"Swinburne!" lifting her delicate brows a little.

I laughed. "You are right! I didn't realize it."

"Clever name, isn't it?" cried Herbert. "I told Basil I didn't see how he ever contrived it."

"He *didn't!*" said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Oh, I say! It's just as good to quote at times," returned the boy, loyally.

"It's often far better, depending on one's self and the author quoted," I said, meekly.

"We are quite willing to hear Mr. Prendergast as the author in this case," said Mrs. Hawkins, "if he will read us *A Monstrous Mood.*"

I grew cold. "It is not yet all written, unfortunately."

"You will write it at Seaton House," said Mrs. Chrichton. "Fancy the honor to the place, Mr. Boxborough, a great novel, composed under your roof!"

"I appreciate the honor;" the retired tradesman bowed solemnly.

I caught Boxborough junior's eye. "I told you the Pater was fond of literary people," he said.

"I like your name," mused Mrs. Hawkins. "*A Monstrous Mood*—it is suggestive, very; full of color. I am curious about it; it charms me. It might be anything, psychological or—"

"A study in crime," suggested Enderly.

"No," continued the American; "I don't believe Mr. Prendergast would find crime to his taste. I like the name; it's subtle," and she mused over it.

As she made an entity of this nothingness it was too much to bear.

"*Is* it crime, Prendergast?" pushed Enderly.

My hostess lifted up her stout bejewelled hands beseechingly. "Not *crime*, please! Really, do you know, I have grown so nervous since we have been at Seaton House—what with electric alarms at the windows and the traditional ghost on the terrace—that if I knew there was a story of crime and murder bein' actually plotted under my roof, goin' on, as it were, in the drawin'-room, I couldn't sleep a wink!"

I reassured Mrs. Boxborough. "It isn't crime—at least—that is—the plot isn't criminal."

"Really! that's mysterious," at once smiled Mrs. Wallace. "*At least the plot.* What else is there to be criminal, if not the plot?"

"The *name,*" said Mrs. Hawkins. "It is full of mystery, to begin with; it's plagiarism, a great crime in itself."

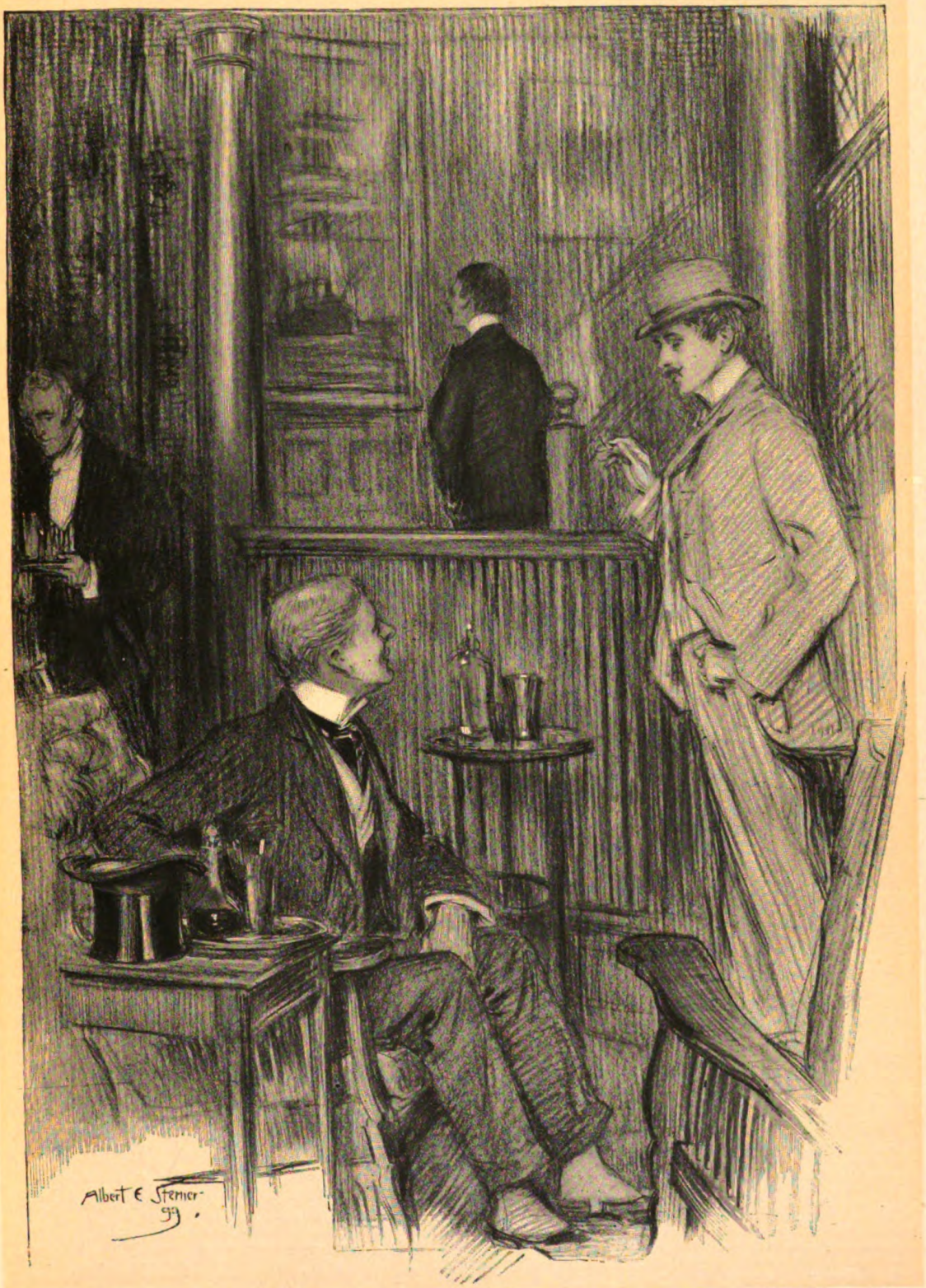
"It occurs to me that it would be perfectly delightful if you would read us something aloud," suggested Mrs. Chrichton.

"Something short," kindly interrupted Mrs. Enderly, "that could be finished in one séance."

"Or," said Mrs. Hawkins, "better still, tell us the plot of *A Monstrous Mood* when you join us in the drawing-room."

She held back the tapestries to pass from dining-room to drawing-room, and disappeared, white and dazzling. The heavy folds opened to let her through, then swung in place, a dark wall between us, and all of me, save ears that

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"I AM WRITING A NOVEL"

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heard from habit, and habit that smoked and sipped liqueur with the convives, went with her.

"*Who* is Mrs. Hawkins?" I asked, with indecent haste.

Enderly laughed. The wiry little Scot sitting on the extreme edge of his chair was less good form than the clothes he wore. He snapped, his lip curled with the snarl: "Thus by your question arguing yourself unknown, Prendergast! Why, my dear fellow, Mrs. Josiah Hawkins, of Clubfoot Ranch, Texas! Her income is as large as reported, and I don't expect there are as many negatives of any other professional beauty on sale as there are of this same stunning American."

I scarcely looked at him, and turned to the elder Boxborough. "Where is Mr. Hawkins?"

Again Enderly's horrid snarl: "We don't really *know,* Prendergast, but we hope for the best!"

"*What do you mean?*"

"Only charity! He's *dead!*"

I smiled sicklily back at the cur; his news was so curious a relief that I hated him less for a second.

Then the senior Boxborough and I fell into a conversation, and at once under the fatal and cursed spell of *A Monstrous Mood.*

In the drawing-room I drifted past all ports to one. Mrs. Hawkins sat rather near the fire, holding a screen between her cheek and the glow. She greeted me; I felt an outstretched hand and a welcome not expressed.

"Please tell me something of your work."

Then I cried mercy.

"You don't like to talk of your writing, *that's* clear!"

"Of anything rather!"

"In which case I hope you are a person of more than one book; for when a man refuses to ride his own hobby he is usually awkward at all mounts."

"Do me the justice, please, to believe that I have been forced, willy-nilly, to prance my hobby all around the hearth-rug."

She laughed. "Yes, we were rather exhausting, I confess, but we always suppose that the great like to be absorbing." And then we left *A Monstrous Mood.*

Boxborough had arranged the "wing all to myself" admirably. Here in this splendid old study, lined with books above the wainscoting—here, confronted by a centre table whereon had been placed every material for which an honest author could sigh—pads, reams of paper, blank books, pens, quills, stubs, stylographic pencils, knives, and rubbers — I was to find and woo my Muse. Once I could have thoroughly enjoyed it as a gentleman of leisure, but now everything reproached an aimless reverie. This was a workshop, and to the workman its sole possessor trade and tools were enigmas. I felt myself to be either an impostor or a fool; and then my thoughts, which I had been holding back with a stern hand, broke loose and swung as a branch suddenly set free into the sun, shook and vibrated gently in the light, finally resting again. And the atmosphere in which I permitted all of myself to repose was the sweetest I had ever known.

Thinking thus of Mrs. Hawkins, I felt strangely unwilling to be either an impostor or a fool!

I sprang up fiercely; took a pad and a sharpened pencil. These implements had been aids to fame and fortune before; they should be my aids now. On the page I wrote: "*A Monstrous Mood.* Seaton House, November 17. A novel, by Basil Prendergast. Chapter I."

A knock came ringing against my door, and Enderly's voice replied to my irritated response:

"Too early for labor. Play a little first. Just a hand or two."

"Sorry. Never break in on my evenings."

Thus the American millionaire, because of his literary fad, was delivered from the little game of Enderly.

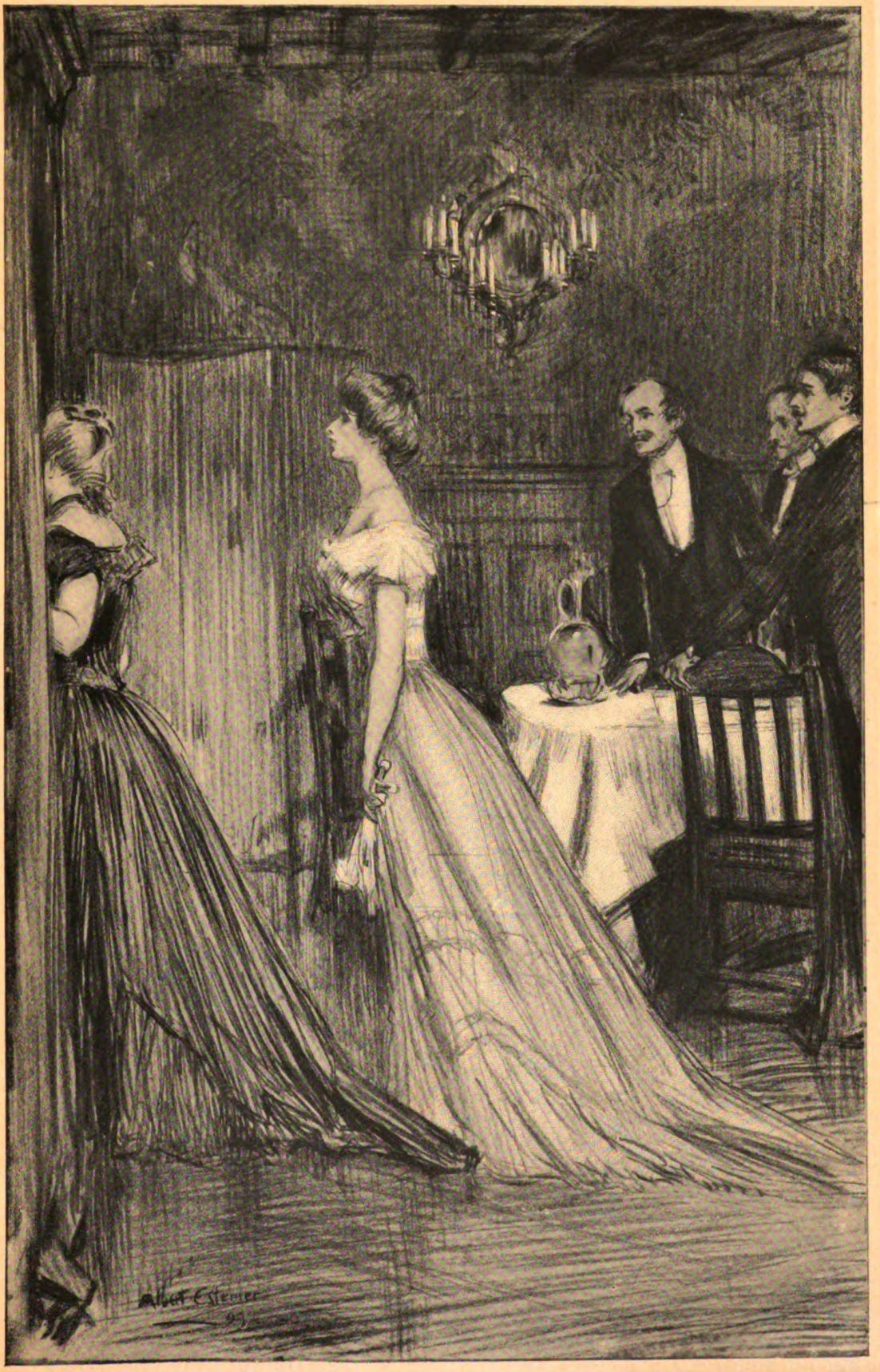
The following day I found myself the lion of the tea table. I innocently sought the drawing-room late in the afternoon. The buzzing chorus of feminine voices hushed as I entered.

Mrs. Boxborough was present to lead her lion by his chain.

"I must present you to Mrs. Melton, the wife of the Bishop. She has heard so much of you, Mr. Prendergast."

Mrs. Melton, tip-topest leaf of the county social tree, greeted me with a smile of fulsome adulation.

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SHE DISAPPEARED, WHITE AND DAZZLING

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"I owe you a debt of gratitude, as do many. Let me tell you *how much* your books have been to me. I always tell the Bishop (he will be so vexed to miss to-day)—I always tell him we *discovered* you in England. Why, only fancy, we had the first copy of *The White Snake* sold in England! We keep it," she said, "*under glass.*"

I protested faintly.

"True greatness is always modest. And as for *The Break of a Thousand Strong,* it is an epoch-making novel."

I gasped as she laid these laurels on my head. "I am full of regret, but I did not write *The White Snake* or *The Break of a Thousand Strong.*"

Mrs. Melton took a step back. Her jaw dropped; she quite lost her breath, and caught it again with a little gurgle. "*No?* You *did not?* Are you not Maurice Prendergast, then?"

"Unfortunately I am not."

She had quickly regained her self-possession, and froze me with an icy British stare. All that she had nursed of feminine sentimental admiration for the great South-American author she had poured before God knew whom!

"I thought," she said, with exquisite tact, "that it could not be possible you were at the Boxboroughs'. It must be awkward having the same name as a great person. What have you written?"

I was saved from a desperate reply by a batch of young girls, who, marshalled by Mrs. Boxborough, advanced. I was presented to Mary, Edith, Victoria, Maude, Cecily, Beatrice.

"Miss Ethel Maude Meggy, Mr. Prendergast," said Mrs. Boxborough; "she has a little favor to ask."

Miss Meggy produced a brown leather book from under her golf-cape. "Mrs. Boxborough tells me you are writing such a charming new book, Mr. Prendergast," she stammered, "and I dare say you would not mind to put a quotation from it in my book of distinguished authors."

Here Mrs. Melton, who had sheered off, lurched into the tea table, as I supposed from certain clinking sounds and fine little crashes. And the tea table was directly behind us, as was a low delicious laugh that severed the ugly web of nightmarish things like a charmed sword.

"Won't you bring Miss Meggy and the young ladies to me for some tea, Mr. Prendergast?"

We surrounded Mrs. Hawkins.

"Let me see the book. How delightful, Miss Meggy; what a *spirituel* collection (yes, that is for Mrs. Melton, please; two lumps and milk); and here is a quotation from *The White Snake,* and one from *The Break of a Thousand Strong.* Of *course* you must have one from *A Monstrous Mood.*"

Before her was an outset of dazzling silver. Behind the gleaming array she bent at her graceful hospitable task, and through a west window the red last light sifted and fell upon her hair and hands and dress. She was apart in her corner, a brilliant picture, to which the heavy draperies of Seaton House drawing-room and the gathered people in the shadow made a dark background. Over the hobnobbing dowagers a footman placed a lighted candelabrum.

Mrs. Hawkins laid the book in her lap, and lifting a silver dish of sweets in both hands, held it up to me. "Busy yourself with these, and let *me* rack my brains for a quotation from *A Monstrous Mood.*"

I did not remark her words' significance. The pure lines of her face as she raised it, her charming figure, charmed me to the uttermost.

"You will allow me to write the quotation, perhaps, Miss Meggy? Mr. Prendergast is very modest."

The English girls, with cups of tea and sandwiches, forgot the man of distinction in the beautiful American woman — all save Miss Meggy, who ventured, "But the author's choice—don't you know—is always so indicative!"

Mrs. Hawkins, taking a gold pencil from the charms at her belt, wrote rapidly for a few moments.

"I claim a right to approve." I put out an eager hand. Mrs. Hawkins shut the book.

"On the contrary, you are not to see at all!"

"In which case I will not sign my name."

"Oh," begged the mystified autograph-hunter, "then I shall not even have the autograph!"

Seaton House since the reign of Threadminster had never seen so brilliant

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MISS MEGGY PRODUCED A BROWN LEATHER BOOK FROM UNDER HER GOLF-CAPE

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a tea party as this. (Heaven knows I say it in all humility!) It was thanks to whom they thought I *was* that the Earl of Badminster's and the Wriothley-Wriothleys' carriages stopped the way. Maurice Prendergast's fame had been running like fire through dry grass for two years in Roxshire. After cringing disclaimers to his personality and works from Earl to Curate, I was slinking away, when I overheard Mrs. Melton's cold, even voice to Lady Badminster: "*I hardly believed my senses, you know, when I heard that Prendergast was at Seaton House, but I told the Bishop we must really risk going this once. I had nearly asked him for dinner—fancy!*"

Then Herbert, radiant and naïve, came in sight, nodded to me, and joined the defaming group, of which Lady Badminster and Mrs. Melton were the *esprit*.

This false position should end for me to-night. I would take Herbert aside and tell him the truth, and then go; or I might go without telling anything—a sudden summons to London—and—Mrs. Hawkins? I groaned in spirit. As I thought of her, nothing of flight, or even confession of my villany, was possible. Again I threw my determination in the teeth of my dilemma: *I would write A Monstrous Mood.*

Re-entering later by the library door, I found all the guests departed, and the tea-room occupied by the house party and our hosts.

Mrs. Boxborough grasped my arm with the air of a personal conductor of the lion. "We've been makin' a charmin' plan."

"All built around you, of course, Prendergast," said Enderly. "You are to read us the advance chapters of *A Monstrous Mood* on Friday next."

I said, firmly: "I have never read aloud a line in my life. I cannot do it."

Boxborough interrupted: "Perhaps Mrs. Hawkins will read it. She's got such a jolly voice."

She shook her head.

Said Enderly, from his seat near Mrs. Hawkins, "I will lay you an even one hundred that nobody reads a word of it."

I glared at him.

"Just that," his hideous nod ticking off his words. "I mean that nobody will read a line of *A Monstrous Mood* next Friday afternoon, *for it will not be written.*"

"I will not take your bet."

Mrs. Hawkins had risen from her chair. She shook out her dress, that seemed to hold the light in its folds, moved away from behind the table, and thus from Enderly. She flashed a look at him, and then at me.

"No," snarled the little man, "I didn't think you *would* take the bet!"

"Why, Basil," cried Herbert, "if you were the sort you used to be, you'd have doubled him! Why, you're quite a tenderfoot of late, old man! You see, it's this —— artistic side," he said, apologetically. "I'll give you two to one on Basil, Enderly."

I told Herbert kindly to leave the matter alone.

"Don't be afraid," said Enderly. "I'm betting against Prendergast. If he doesn't care to take me, very well."

"I wish you would accept the wager as Mr. Enderly has made it," said Mrs. Hawkins.

I turned on my heel and stared at her. "You *do?*"

"Yes. It amuses me." She went to the writing-table and wrote out a little form, Enderly and Boxborough leaning over her. "Is that right?"

"Yes. A hundred pounds that no one reads the opening chapter of *A Monstrous Mood* next Friday afternoon at half past four o'clock, for none will be written."

Why had Mrs. Hawkins wished me to bet with Enderly? To see me fall into his trap, or because she believed in me? The last possibility sent a glow through me. If she did, it should not be in vain! Enderly was at my heels, and followed me into my room.

"Now," I snarled (feeling in his presence of a like currish breed), "what does your threatlike wager mean?"

"I've no idea! Deviltry, I expect. Didn't mean anything."

"It had a —— real sound, however. Not that I care a farthing what your opinion may be of my capacity, or what your game may be, either, for that matter."

"I *don't* think you're incapable, my dear man! To write, one should have a

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'leisure mind,' the books tell us, and a novice *must* keep his head clear. Dig away early and late; tear your hair and walk the floor; mumble and shun society —that's my idea of an author. No doubt a layman conception, and stupid enough! So far you haven't come up to my conception of a literary gentleman. It seemed a chance to turn an honest penny," he went on, "and I've no pangs of conscience in looking forward to the spoils; your other game's worth all your shot. Oh, I say, you've got an awful habit with your eyes. It's your Western 'chip on the shoulder' attitude, I expect. I mean to say"—he gave me a disgusting ocular dig in the ribs—"I *mean* Mrs. Hawkins." Indifferent to my exclamation, he continued with his horrid ramble: "It's clear as light! You can't bag the richest game in the county and write a novel in ten days' time. Love or Fame, *and you're too commonplace not to sacrifice the last.* Come, come! Cool your blood!" He waved me back with his cigar. *"I'm inclined to think you'll keep to the lady,* and that's why I've risked a hundred. Do you understand?" He thrust his hands into the pockets of his sack-coat, and laughed at me under his scrubby mustache. "You haven't the American sense of humor, but in your way you're amusin'. With Boxborough, *père et fils,* you're at your best. You've dazzled the poor old duffer. 'A man of letters in our very midst!' (he goes about saying). Fancy!" Here Enderly, who preferred, on the whole, to *walk* out, left the room hurriedly.

Of the ten subsequent days at Seaton House there is much that might be said, no doubt, very prettily. Even in this practical age, when imagination is becoming obsolete, there are poets; and there are things, too, that a poet can say better than the historian. Seaton Park is full of possible poems. Red deer run there; lawns velvet with the culture of a thousand years sweep from oak to oak, from yew to yew. To ride and drive; to golf all through the county; to take this best of life in the beginning of the fresh early autumn mornings; to leave the out-doors lingeringly in the twilight; to find, within, open fires and lighted rooms, where every corner holds a treasure of age and art; to share all this delight with a friend, with a woman, a dear friend—this seems to me worth a song, and there is an old Norman Ballad whose refrain runs:

> Ce monsieur Sans le Sou,
> Il est triste (que voulez-vous?)

It could not be said that I was getting poorer. Alas! my condition had no superlative; but I was adding to my woes the pleasing burden of debt.

When alone in my splendid library for the night, shut in to woo the Muse, I was sad to despair. Grand passions have inspired men to masterpieces, but it was in vain for the cause of art that *I* was in love—in love as I had never believed it possible to be—and it was in vain that I employed all the aids to genius which Enderly thought indispensable. I might have paced my floor to grooves, I might have plucked my head bald, gazed at moon and stars until sight failed—*I could not write one line.* If *A Monstrous Mood* had claws, they gripped me; it controlled me; over it I had no power. I was bewitched, and devoted to my fate. I rode to the nearest station, and wired my cousin in New York as follows: "Tight hole; wire me five hundred dollars; have written." Then I rode back to Seaton House.

I found Boxborough sitting on the edge of the library table, his dogs clamoring around him.

"Well, old man," he said, "I've given you up to the rest more than enough; we must see a lot of one another and have some good hobnobs before you go—when," he said, with kind appreciation, "you get over this strain."

"I want to have a good talk with you, Boxborough," I said, seriously.

"Do you? To whom do you think *I've* been talking this half hour?" He was swinging his leggined leg, letting his puppies maul his gloves, loose hanging from his hands, as he slapped their muzzles gently. "Mrs. Hawkins. She's a stunner, a perfect stunner, Basil. Gad! will you believe it?—I talked to her for the first to-day; as a rule, I sit and look and listen like a dummy, but just now it was dead easy—I talked about you."

"You did?"

He nodded. "And the first thing I knew I found I'd been goin' on a blue

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streak quite by myself, and she was standin' there with the color wavin' in and out of her cheeks like flags."

"What in thunder were you saying, Boxborough?"

"Oh," the boy flushed, "I was runnin' on like mad, I expect, about our old times. Then I caught a look at her, and she was so deuced good-lookin' and jolly red that I flunked for a moment and stopped with my mouth open."

"You're a good boy, Boxborough," I said, "but rather a fool."

"I know, I know," he laughed; "that's too old a blow to hurt—and then she said, 'Go on, go on,' in that quick little way of hers, and I quite forgot where I was, don't you know; but she prompted up sharp and clear, and I sailed ahead with all sheets to the wind."

Mrs. Hawkins, during our interviews in those ten days, never once referred to the *Monstrous Mood*.

Friday Mrs. Hawkins failed me at the rendezvous for golf; at luncheon she was absent; and my only hope lay finally in the hours between two and four, when I might have the good chance to waylay her for a moment and pour forth the secret of my perfidy, my penury, and my love. Toward the rest of the household I maintained the morose moodiness of genius; I eluded them successfully. No cable sent its message across the desperate tenor of my way.

Toward the edge of the appointed time I set my face as toward a headsman's blade, and in an anteroom off the grand staircase awaited Fate.

Up and down, to and fro, I paced, until four shattered its silver from a hidden clock in the hall. I shivered, paced another hundred steps, and on the hour's heels followed the dreadful quarter. Then I stood quite still and listened to the relentless clock. Gowns rustled through the halls, footsteps hither and thither echoed from one sole direction — the place of torture—the library threshold. When it lacked a few minutes to the half hour Mrs. Hawkins came swiftly down the stairs. Whether she saw me or whether I called to her I forget; at all events she franchised the door-sill and stood before me. At her apparition my ideas all changed color. The words that sprang from my soul to my lips, the thoughts that beat the blood in my temples, were all for her, for her; no confusion, no shame; one thing alone stirred.

She put out her hand. "You made the wager for me, Mr. Prendergast, didn't you? You refused Mr. Enderly. I insisted. As you are my friend, give me my way a little longer." Her usual calm was strangely disturbed. "*Will you—will you* give me my way?"

"*Forever,*" I said. She deepened in color, brightened as a butterfly in the sun.

"They are calling to us—I hear Herbert; he is coming this way."

"I have tried to see you all day," I said, desperately, "to tell you—to tell you how very ill I have tourneyed for you; *I haven't* written *A Monstrous Mood;* Enderly has won his hundred pounds."

"No," she said; "oh no!"

Boxborough, followed by his everlasting puppies, pattered through the hall on to our hiding-place. Mrs. Hawkins, with a quick look over her shoulder, came nearer to me, holding a little roll of paper, which shook in her hand.

"*A Monstrous Mood!*" she laughed softly. "It has had a strange, fatal spell. You will read it for me without remark, without word of explanation. You have promised!"

Overmastered by her in this hurried instant she was bright with subtle fire, and more adorable than ever—I took the paper she held out. What she asked of me I did not know or care. Across the horrid moment's gulf she extended her lovely hand. I bent and kissed it, my heart on my lips.

"Prendergast!" cried Herbert, "I have found you out, shakin' in a corner like a little girl at private theatricals! Oh, I say, you're cheerin' him up, Mrs. Hawkins! Bring him in; they're clamorin' for the fray."

Mrs. Hawkins joined Boxborough; I followed her, to be waylaid in the hall by a footman, who led me on to a messenger. In return for my signature, hastily scrawled on half a dozen books and on a paper or two, the official delivered to me a draft on the Bank of England for one hundred pounds. In consequence of this delay I entered the drawing-room shockingly late. I had danced—if one could call my buffoon gyrations of the past

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week dancing—but I could now pay the fiddler. I was greeted with uplifted fingers imposing silence, and a gentle "'Sh!" I took the place by the table which my hostess indicated, and brushed the audience with one look, that passed to Mrs. Hawkins and there lingered. She stood at the end of the circle, in the embrasure of a French window; it framed her tall figure; the tapestries fell on either side, and close-clinging vines tapped their leaves against the panes without. Then I read the opening of the novel, a work of art and genius, acknowledged to be one of the subtlest romances of our time.

After the first few pages the power of the story held us absolutely. Reader, author, wager, lost or won, all were forgotten; and when in the last words my voice fell to silence, it was silence prolonged, in which no one moved or spoke.

I looked at the woman in the clinging white dress. Humanly lovely, desirable as she was, it was the soul before which I veiled my eyes. Behind her the casement opened on to the terrace and the paths leading to the park. In the clearness of the twilight atmosphere every tree branch, every vine and bush, stood out with distinctness; the whole country was suffused by the after-warmth of a brilliant sun. This I drank in, spellbound by the words of the woman, whose eyes were dark and profound with the thought and emotion she had felt and expressed. Against her soft dress her heart beat quick and fast. I saw her catch her breath and her lips part and tremble; it was as though the soul, set free, let loose for a brief space, had been suddenly caught again into captivity and was beating against the bars. She bent her head in her entrancing, characteristic way towards me. The tears were on her eyelids.

Then I was conscious of buzzing, excited voices. How long they had been crying praise I cannot say; it was coupled with my name, and the heart of feminine enthusiasm and manly appreciation was mine during the few moments that it took my soul to come back to my body.

Enderly actually smiled; no uplifting of the mustache: "You've won, by Jove, and I pay without a quiver. You're a genius, Prendergast!"

I found my voice. "For God's sake"—I waved them back, and struggled as in the sea for breath, and force to move arms and limbs and strike out—"for God's sake, not another word! It is not my story; I did not write one sentence; I never wrote a line in my life." They did fall away and back, staring.

"What?" said Enderly, and he giggled like a girl. "*You didn't?*"

I ignored him. "The whole thing started in a miserable joke that I played on Herbert when I met him in London. I told him I was writing a novel, and he took it in such earnest that I let the game carry me on until it was hard to retract. Write a novel! Why, I can scarcely write a letter; I can't write a word of original matter. The wager is yours, Enderly."

"No," said Herbert, and there was a pain in his voice that hurt me to hear; "I think it's Prendergast's." He drew a paper from his pocket and read the terms of the wager: "'*That no one reads the opening chapter of A Monstrous Mood.*' The author's name isn't stipulated, and the chapter has been read."

"That," said Enderly, in a voice shaking with passion, "is not my idea of fair play. Moreover"—he straightened himself and shot his ugly glance around. "Who is there who could have written what we have just listened to?"

Mrs. Hawkins turned from the window by which she stood. "I wrote it," she said, quietly, "such as it is, and I think the wager is fairly Mr. Prendergast's."

I took from my pocket the draft for one hundred pounds. "I thank you deeply," I said. "It is of course impossible for me to accept; the wager is Enderly's fairly. I did not write the story, and when I made my bet I intended to try, and wagered with that idea."

"The wager is insignificant," said Lady Wallace, who was frankly in tears. "We have assisted at a *première* unequalled. I envy you from my soul, Mrs. Hawkins; you *must* let me kiss you."

Mrs. Hawkins was lost to sight for a few moments, the ladies Boxborough and Chrichton following close in this suit of hearts.

Upon the American woman descended the mantle never fitted to my shoulders. The garb fell from me; public favor drifted away; I stood alone; but my part

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was not yet played out. I looked at my watch.

"I am taking the six-o'clock train to London; can I speak to you all a moment more?"

They turned to me, guests and hosts, and I told my story out. I hope I did not spare myself. I do not think I did. In a few moments' space I changed before their eyes from the talented creative genius, the envied possessor of twenty thousand a year, to a pauper without talent, a guest who had repaid hospitality with lies.

When I ceased I scarcely saw my listeners' faces. I thought of but one. To blacken myself in her presence was bitterer than death.

"Gad!" said Enderly. "By Jove, Prendergast, I was a fool to tell you you were not amusin'! Why, you're a farce, a melodrama, complete in all parts. Why *write A Monstrous Mood?*—you've *lived* it, my dear chap."

With a genuineness that was good to hear, Herbert Boxborough said, "Another word like that, Enderly, and I shall ask you to withdraw, even if you are my guest."

"I can do so almost without regret," said the little man. "The reign of the Boxboroughs is bad for my morals and my manners."

"It has not," said Lady Wallace, "hurt your *purse,* however, which will console you."

I turned my eyes desperately in the direction of Mrs. Hawkins, who still stood by the window, her hand on the latch of the door, and it was as though the angel barring the gates of Paradise had let fall his sword of flame and held out instead a pardoning wand. The closing doors of Aidenn swung. I felt a rushing joy as I looked at the woman who had heard my blighting story and who now bent upon me her beautiful eyes.

Mrs. Hawkins opened the French window, stepped out on to the terrace, and disappeared.

"Prendergast," said Herbert, "look at this!" He drew from his pocket a slip cut from a New York newspaper. I took it from him, and read a clipping from it—a spicy account of my failure, with amusing speculations as to how poverty and hard work would sit on my unaccustomed shoulders. I looked from Boxborough father to Boxborough mother. The kindly faces, though distinctly pained, were unchanged in welcome.

"The paper was sent to Mrs. Hawkins from New York a few days after you came, Basil, and she asked me if it could be true. As the time went on and you said nothing, we both decided to wait. 'He has some good reason,' she said, 'I expect.' *You see, we believed in you.*"

I put out my hand to take his, and grasped one of his mother's and one of his own.

"Do you think," the elder Boxborough said, warmly, "that we would judge you, Mr. Prendergast, by one *mood,* even if it were monstrous? You've been my boy's friend for years."

We were shaking hands desperately.

"You see" (Mrs. Boxborough was half in tears), "I've quite grown to love you since you've been stayin' with us, but I fancied you so very clever that I was a bit afraid of you. But now," said the dear old creature—"now that I know you're not clever, we'll be great friends."

Herbert's joy was unfeigned. He slapped me on the back and laughed nervously. "Why, I thought I'd lost you in that artistic set of long-haired chaps. What in Heaven's name made you think you could *write,* Prendergast? There isn't a drop of literary blood in your veins, old man." The wholesome awe with which I had inspired him of late disappeared; he was the verdant, fearless Herbert, and he claimed in a twinkling his Prendergast of old.

I got slowly and surely away from them all, turning ever in the direction of the French window, through which I passed at last and out of Seaton House.

At the extreme end of the yew alley was the white figure of a woman moving swiftly toward the paling glory of the red evening sun. She was fleeing us—and the shadow of *A Monstrous Mood,* and—lest she should at last elude me and disappear in the enveloping light, spirited to a mysterious country, part of whose charm and beauty she seemed to be—I bent toward her my eager way.

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The Romance of the Koh-i-noor

BY A. SARATH KUMAR GHOSH

IF the history of India be written in tears, the history of the Koh-i-noor is written in blood. Ancient dynasties have vanished and mighty empires have fallen in the long struggle to possess this gem of gems; sons have risen against their fathers, and fathers have exterminated their own progeny, in its capture or defence. For this treasure has ever been deemed in popular opinion to be the insignia of India's empire, and its possession the most indefeasible guarantee of her sovereignty. This fact alone renders the history of the Koh-i-noor a matter of paramount importance to Englishmen, and of unique interest, perhaps, to the whole civilized world, especially in view of the fact that, by command of King Edward VII., the famous jewel is to be set in the crown which Queen Alexandra will wear at the coming coronation.

The history of the Koh-i-noor lies buried deep in the past, when poets sang of gods and heroes, and bards and minstrels told the tale of warriors bold and ladies fair. It is written that about 1500 B.C. India was deluged in blood by the struggles of two rival dynasties who fought for her sovereignty. The gods themselves, it was alleged, fought on one side or the other—possibly as a pretext for settling their own personal jealousies—and the fortunes of war wavered from side to side for several generations. It was also alleged that one of the heroes in the strife, named Karna, possessed a stone of brilliant lustre which was given to him by one of the superior gods on his side as a pledge of his protection. Unfortunately, it is related, Karna lost the favor of the god by some misdeed, and was killed in battle by the chief warrior on the other side, who, according to the custom of the age, forthwith despoiled his victim of his armor and paraphernalia, and thus came into possession of the precious gem. The victor then slew all his opponents, and at last enthroned himself as the superior ruler of India.

The gem remained in India with the successors in that dynasty. From that time its history sinks into the deepest obscurity. This fact, however, seems admitted, that after passing through various vicissitudes it came into the possession of the powerful Rajput dynasty of Malwa. There it remained till 1304 A.D., when Alla-ud-din, the most powerful pre-Moghul Moslem Emperor of Delhi, subdued the Raja of Malwa in his conquest of India, and wrested the gem from his possession. But on the assassination of Alla-ud-din his empire fell into decay, and after a doubtful struggle the Hindu Rajas of Agra threw off the Moslem yoke and obtained possession of the gem.

Theirs was equally a short tenure. Early in the sixteenth century Baber, the sixth in descent from the great Tamerlane, invaded India and set up the Moghul Empire at Delhi. While he was vanquishing the impotent ruler of that city, his son, Humayan, defeated the Raja of Agra in 1526, and took possession of the gem in his father's name. Thus it came to pass that simultaneously with the setting up of their dynasty, the Moghul Emperors of Delhi, the most powerful rulers of India before the advent of the British, obtained possession of the gem that was to them at once insignia and credential.

The gem remained in the possession of the Moghul emperors for two centuries—just so long as their power was in the ascendency. So far *its descent had been traced in a line of blood.* So far the old Hindu curse, that whosoever diverted it from the possession of the ancient House of Vikramaditya, the greatest Hindu ruler of antiquity, should die a miserable death, had been fulfilled—as a mere coincidence or otherwise. The great Alla-ud-din, the first usurper, died poisoned by his favorite general, Kafur, whom he had raised

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to power from slavery. Humayan lost his kingdom and fled from India, and was thus, perchance, freed from the curse. His son, Akbar the Great, the real founder of the Moghul dynasty, and for a time a tolerant and enlightened ruler—who sat on his throne with a Moslem mullah at his right hand, a Hindu brahmin at his left, and a Christian Jesuit before him—fell by his own hand in a remarkable manner.

Akbar's eldest son and successor, Jehangir, was deposed by his own son, Shah Jahan, and died in the palace donjon. Shah Jahan, conscious of his guilt, lived in terror of his life, and as he had treated his father, so also was he deposed, blinded, and kept in long captivity by his son Aurungzebe, and finally assassinated by him in prison.

Aurungzebe, the parricide and the murderer of his four brothers, lived forty-nine years in perpetual torment. It was no mere fear of assassination that rent his heart. It was the terror of a guilty conscience that pursued him night and day, and made his life a hell upon earth. When his end was drawing near, he, the most powerful of the Moghul emperors, was deserted by his soldiery and forsaken by his friends. Nor was this all. In the midst of that seething mass of treachery and conspiracy, caused by his own cruelty, there was one whom he had trusted implicity—his favorite son, Murad. That barren heart, devoid of all human affection, had concentrated a frenzied, superhuman love on this child of his latter days. But even that consolation was denied him; at the instigation of his foes Murad raised the standard of revolt against his father. When Aurungzebe heard this, he raised himself from his stricken bed, swore a fearful oath, and made one last effort, worthy of his better days, if not to regain the lost, at least to wreak his vengeance with unmentionable barbarities. Then, spent by the blow, Aurungzebe sank—to rise no more.

There was little variation in the fate of his successors. For the next thirty years a succession of emperors came to the throne, ruled for a day, and perished by the assassin's hand. At last a climax was reached in 1739, the culminating act in the tragedy of the history of India. Nadir Shah, the ruler of Persia, had heard of the wealth of Ind. Ferdousi, the poet of his land, had sung of the deeds of Mahmud, the first plunderer of India. The invasion of Tamerlane, which had devastated India, had been chronicled by Persian historians with barbaric embellishments. And Nadir Shah had heard of the Peacock Throne of Delhi, the Koh-i-noor—the priceless gem of the feeble emperors—and of a land flowing with milk and honey. He came with a mighty army, in its wake a rabble horde bent on pillage and massacre.

The miserable Emperor went out to meet and welcome his terrible visitor before the walls of Delhi. By a carefully arranged plot among his nobles a misunderstanding was brought about, a battle was fought, and the Emperor totally defeated. Then, preferring to trust himself rather to the generosity of his conqueror than to the fidelity of his subjects, he threw himself on the mercy of the invader. Nadir Shah, with affected magnanimity, embraced his victim and promised him his friendship. He merely demanded a tribute from the city for the support of his army.

The plunder carried away by Nadir Shah from India has been variously estimated. One account gives it at £90,000,000, without including the Peacock Throne and the Koh-i-noor.

As regards the Koh-i-noor, however, one of the chief objects of his raid, there was some difficulty. It was so valuable—being reckoned at "half the daily expense of the entire world"—that the Delhi Emperor always wore it on his person—in this case on his turban. Now Nadir Shah, having come avowedly as a guest, and professing friendship for the impotent Emperor, affected to entertain scruples about robbing his person.

How, then, was he to get at the gem, the chief object of his insatiable lust? With delicate craft he proposed a meeting outside the walls of Delhi as a final parting. It was a scene of splendor compared with which the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was as a glimmering street lamp to the noonday sun. The sovereigns met between their armies, embraced as beloved brothers, and swore eternal friendship. Then, as a pledge of their love, Nadir Shah proposed an exchange

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of turbans, even as the knights of old were wont to exchange swords in token of comradeship. The miserable Emperor now saw the trick, but was powerless to frustrate it. With stoic fortitude he yielded, and relinquished forever the last insignia of his sovereignty.

But Nadir Shah, great conqueror that he was, fell a victim to the fatal curse that still clung to the gem like some subtle poison. After a few years of enjoyment, he was assassinated in his tent by his revolted soldiery. The Koh-i-noor passed with his throne to his grandson, Shah Rukh, who was himself captured by one of his vassals and held a close prisoner. His captor repeatedly tortured him to extort the gem, but without avail. At last Ahmed Shah, a former lieutenant of Nadir, who had now made himself an independent ruler in Afghanistan, came to the aid of Shah Rukh, restored him to his throne, and annexed the gem as the price of his assistance.

It passed by descent to his grandson, Shah Zamaun, in 1793, who, however, held it for only a brief period, notwithstanding his dream of a glorious invasion of India. Defeated in battle by his revolted brother, Mohammed Shah, he fled for his life with the Koh-i-noor. Pursued from pillar to post, utterly exhausted and broken in spirit, he accepted the offer of his vassal, Mullah Aushik, and came to his fort in the Jellalabad Valley. But the mullah was a traitor. He kept his sovereign in the castle donjon, and sent a secret message to Mohammed Shah, who immediately sent a guard to bring him to Cabul. Shah Zamaun, realizing the danger, contrived, just before being led off, to scrape a small hole between two stones in a dark corner of the donjon, and to hide in it the precious gem. While he was still on his way to Cabul, Mohammed heard that the gem was not to be found; in deep rage he sent a surgeon to blind his brother's eyes. The surgeon met Shah Zamaun on the way to Cabul, threw him down forthwith upon the ground, and pierced his eyeballs with a lancet.

Shah Zamaun remained a close prisoner at Cabul till his third brother, Shah Shujah, successfully rose against Mohammed, deposed him, liberated the captive, Shah Zamaun, and retained the throne himself. Nevertheless, the Koh-i-noor he did not yet obtain. Shah Zamaun, though blinded, had guarded his secret those long years in the vain hope that some day he would regain his throne; and now, liberated as he was, and yet with less chance than ever of securing the throne, refused to divulge the hiding-place of the all-precious gem. How it ever came into the possession of Shah Shujah—for so it did in the end—will never be known. Whether Zamaun yielded to such fraternal persuasion as the rack and thumb-screw, or that the gem was accidentally found by the mullah of the castle, still remains unknown. At all events, Shah Shujah did obtain the gem, and by the irony of fate his lot was worse than that of his predecessors.

Soon driven from his country by a rebellion, he roamed about the Punjaub and Cashmere, a homeless wanderer. A small faithful band alone followed him. The perils and hardships he underwent are without a parallel in the romance of modern history. His heroic Queen refused to part from him, and followed him in all his wanderings, perhaps increasing his anxiety and peril.

At last he found an asylum at Srinugger—as he fondly imagined. But the ruler of Cashmere was seized with the lust of the gem as soon as he saw it, and violating all laws of hospitality, and even of sanctuary—laws that are divine and reign over all others in the East—imprisoned his guest and endeavored to possess himself of his treasure.

He was frustrated just in time. Rangit Singh, the Sikh ruler of the Punjaub, was still dreaming of a mighty empire. Circumscribed on the southern side of his dominions by the British, with whom he had just concluded a treaty of alliance, he turned his arms to the north and invaded Cashmere. After a successful campaign he released Shah Shujah from his perilous position, and offered him an asylum at Lahore.

There again by the irony of fate the same misfortune befell Shah Shujah as at Srinugger. Staying as the guest of Rangit, he, in a moment of childish vanity, revealed to his powerful host that he still retained possession of the Koh-i-noor, and such was the mysterious fascination of the gem over the hearts of men

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that Rangit, hitherto the stanchest of friends and the most chivalrous of benefactors, was forthwith seized with a violent and uncontrollable passion to possess it at any cost.

He subjected his now captive guest to one long series of indignity and contumely; confined him a close prisoner within the four walls of his house, and denied him even the necessaries of life. But Shah Shujah still clung to his gem with the obstinacy of despair.

It is indeed a curious insight into Oriental customs and the force of Oriental beliefs that, although Rangit could so far forget himself as to subject his guest to much barbarity indirectly, he could not rob him of his person openly. At last he devised an ingenious scheme to effect his purpose. He offered to lead into Afghanistan a powerful army (disciplined and equipped in the European fashion by three of Napoleon's generals, Court, Allard, and Ventura), and place Shah Shujah on the throne of Cabul, if the latter would only surrender the gem into his possession. Allured by this prospect of regaining his lost kingdom, which he doubted not Rangit was well able to fulfil, he consented to the scheme and yielded up possession of the priceless Koh-i-noor—*reserving the transfer of absolute ownership till the recovery of the throne of Cabul.*

Whether Rangit ever intended to keep his word will never be known. Be that as it may, he realized the necessity of retaining Shah Shujah a prisoner, so long as he was not able to claim absolute ownership of the gem.

At last, goaded to desperation, Shah Shujah resolved upon escape into British territory. His attempt was doomed to repeated failure. Nevertheless, the loyal band that had followed him into exile would not be denied. Finding private speech with him impossible—though permitted to serve him as members of his household—they succeeded in communicating their plans to him under the guise of a Persian love-song. Then a knotted rope secreted in a private chamber, a window-bar in it loosened from the outside and carefully replaced in position, followed by a few moments of necessary privacy in that chamber on the appointed night, enabled him at last to escape from the house of his captivity. Then began a long, perilous wandering in the guise of a peasant, till at last the Sutlej was reached.

The subsequent history of this man is equally tragic. What Rangit Singh had promised for the sake of the Koh-i-noor, the British government attempted for political reasons. In 1839 a British army escorted Shah Shujah to Cabul to place him on the Afghan throne, as a more friendly ruler than the Russophile Dost Mohammed. The invasion was successful; Shah Shujah was installed at Cabul, and his rival captured and sent a prisoner to Calcutta. But two years later an insurrection broke out, and the British army of occupation—some 16,000 men all told—was compelled to retreat in the depth of winter. The horrors of that march form one of the most melancholy and terrible episodes in the annals of modern history. The entire army was wiped out, save a solitary fugitive who reached the friendly walls of Jellalabad to tell the tale of woe and disaster.

And Shah Shujah, the unhappy cause, was murdered at Cabul when his defenders were gone. Thus perished a king who had sinned much for his throne and the lust of the Koh-i-noor, but who was sinned against much more for the conquest of that perilous throne and the possession of that mystic gem.

In the mean time (1839) Rangit Singh had also died. On his death-bed, when the end was drawing near, he felt the mysterious influence of the fatal diamond for which he had striven so strenuously in life. He felt that its terrible curse rested on his house—that on his posterity would fall the full measure thereof. One act of expiation alone was possible to avert the impending doom. With his dying breath he implored those around him to hasten with the gem to the distant shrine of Puree, and offer it to the idol of Juggernaut.

Unhappily the Queen-Regent countermanded the order, and retained the gem for his successor, the infant Dhuleep Singh. During her short regency a revolution broke out, followed by two fierce and sanguinary wars with the British government. The Sikh army was at last vanquished—chiefly owing to the mutual jealousies of its leaders—the Punjaub

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was annexed, and the Koh-i-noor, the prize of contention for thirty centuries among kings and emperors, surrendered to the British crown.

One other vicissitude it passed through, before finding its final resting-place among the royal insignia of England. It was intrusted to Lord (then Sir John) Lawrence, who placed it in his pocket, and thought no more about it till six weeks after, when he was called upon to produce it for transmission to Queen Victoria. With his heart in his mouth he hurried home to search for the precious gem. Fortunately his Hindu valet had found it, and mindful about many things, had preserved "the little bit of glass" so carelessly thrown aside by his forgetful master. Thus even to the last page of its history this wonderful stone satisfied its craving for perilous adventure.

When brought to England it weighed only 181 carats. It was still further reduced to 106 when recut (with doubtful prudence) at Amsterdam for its present purpose. In its first condition known to history it weighed no less than 787 carats, or about four times the size of the next largest diamond in the world. In shape and dimensions it then resembled a very large egg, and was about 2½ inches in longitudinal diameter, and nearly 1½ inches in lateral diameter at the thickest part.

Now the question arises, When and how did this magnificent gem of 787 carats lose nearly two-thirds of its size and become reduced to the 279? This is not a question of mere professional or academic interest; it is a question of the most vital importance, on which hang momentous issues that may make or mar the future history of India.

These are the facts of the case: Here was a diamond mentioned in the old native records as weighing 907 *ratis* (or 787 carats), and resembling in shape a large egg. At the court of the emperor Shah Jahan it was seen by Tavernier. It then weighed only 279 carats, resembled about the third of a large egg, and had *a straight cleavage plane along its base* — a fact unknown in the natural condition of diamonds. In the mean time a mysterious gem had come into existence as the eye of a god in a Hindu temple. It also resembled a portion of an egg—the *thinner* end—and had also *a cleavage plane at its base.*

The inference seems obvious. Offerings of gems to idols—perhaps at the hands of their terror-stricken possessors — are of frequent occurrence in the history of India. The fate of this unique diamond was like that of many of its humbler predecessors. It was cut in two, one portion kept, and the other offered to the idol as a propitiatory sacrifice.

And the eye of the god also possesses a remarkable history that supplements the wondrous tale of the Koh-i-noor, its other half. A wild Irishman, an adventurer by instinct and profession, boasted in a London tavern that he would yet achieve three distinct feats of daring which no European had hitherto accomplished, viz., (1) see the Great Moghul on his throne, (2) ride bareback on an elephant (an animal unseen in Europe since the days of Hannibal), and (3) hold in his hand the largest diamond in the world. How after various adventures he achieved the first two feats is not within the scope of this chronicle; but as regards the third, we are told that this daring adventurer successfully entered in disguise, at the peril of his life, the Hindu shrine containing the diamond-eyed idol and secured the precious gem. After various adventures he reached the coast, sailed to Europe, and found his way to Russia. There he sold the diamond to Count Orloff for a large sum of money, who in turn surrendered it to the Empress Catherine for 450,000 rubles (£90,000) in cash, a life annuity of 4000 rubles (£800), and a title of Russian nobility. It was afterwards cut at Amsterdam in the form of a rose and set on the Russian sceptre. It now weighs 194¾ carats, and is therefore nearly double the size of the Koh-i-noor.

Now the point of interest with regard to the two gems is, What is the Hindu opinion about their respective claims? If indeed they are the halves of the original stone of divine origin, then, is the divine guarantee and mandate of India's sovereignty abrogated by this mutilation? In other words, have the two halves lost the distinctive character of the original whole? Or do they still possess it jointly and severally?

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Editor's Easy Chair.

OF a large and serious book it seems not quite the fit thing to say that it is charming, yet this is the word that comes first and persists with the Easy Chair concerning Professor T. R. Lounsbury's spacious essay on "Shakspere as a Literary Artist." Is not something graver and statelier the due of a work which leads the "series of volumes which has been prepared by a number of the Professors and Instructors" of Yale, "as a partial indication of the character of the studies in which the University teachers are engaged"? No doubt, and yet what other word will so fitly qualify it? What other will suggest that temperamental property which wins the reader with the opening phrase, and forbids the critic's exhaustive scholarship to be exhausting in any page of the four hundred odd? At times, considering what criticism of the sort has mostly been, how dryly impersonal, or how rankly personal, the Easy Chair has had its misgivings of the bonhomie that here informalizes the authority, and invites the student to share the sauntering course, the pauses of frank amusement, the bursts of amiable indignation, and the gay patience of the teacher in his progress through two hundred years of Shaksperean history and controversy. The way is a little long, and often over a difficult country, where the spirit might fail but for the constant cheerfulness of this *dolce duca;* and the Easy Chair has not only been able to reconcile itself to the pleasure it has had, but if it has now any question it is whether criticism might not always be as delightful with as great advantage to the reader.

The dramatic unities as they were once understood or misunderstood, the intermingling of the comic and the tragic in a play, the representation of violence and bloodshed on the stage; the minor dramatic conventions, the late seventeenth-century controversies about Shakspere; the alterations of Shakspere's plays, the conflicting eighteenth-century views about Shakspere, Shakspere as dramatist, and moralist: these are the dread themes which Mr. Lounsbury treats in as many chapters with an amiability which is not only winning but convincing; or, when it is not convincing, is still of a quality that leaves you with no anxiety in your doubt. He has, indeed, his theory that until light can exist without heat, all disputes concerning such points must be burning, but possibly because the questions considered are now so almost entirely historical, his luminous pages are of no fiercer a heat for the contrary mind than those incandescent lights which penetrate their crystal bulbs with only a suggestion of their inner fires.

I

One of the most interesting of Mr. Lounsbury's many interesting observations in his study of Shakspere's censors is that they never were refuted either to their own satisfaction or to that of more impartial witnesses. What they kept saying for two hundred years could be said with the same force, and the same reason, now. It can still be urged that Shakspere ignored the classic unities of time, place, and action, either because he never heard of them, or because he despised them; that he mixed the comic and the tragic in his plays, and that he often had his scene swimming in blood, instead of decently dealing death behind the curtain to such as merited or incurred it. In these matters Nature and Aristotle are as much opposed to him as ever they were, and Taste was never properly convinced that his faults were not the faults of a man writing in a rude age, for the pleasure of the lowest sort of people.

Both those who blamed Shakspere for what they called his faults, and those who blamed his age for them, took a hand from time to time in correcting them, and the various revisions of his drama by mobs of gentlemen are things that could scarcely be imagined without some such help as Mr. Lounsbury gives the faltering credulity. Even in our own day, when there is no longer any open censure of Shakspere or his age, but the highest reverence for both, hardly any piece of Shakspere's is played as he wrote it. Only some such large-minded

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actor, some such inspired manager, as Sir Henry Irving conceives of doing that. Yet the scissors are no longer applied in the spirit of the criticism which followed Shakspere down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and nothing is written into his text, whatever is cut out of it. He has survived his critics because he was immortal and they were not; because he was of all times, and they were of theirs only; but whatever was just, or measurably just, in their censure is as valid now as it ever was.

In fact, the new drama, which both in England and America seems in a more hopeful case than the drama has been since Shakspere's date, conforms rather to the classicistic than the romantic ideal so far as the unities of time and place are concerned. It does not hold itself bound to confine the supposed action to twenty-four hours, and it does not keep to the same scene always; but it no longer allows itself to range over years, or even many months, and the scene is not shifted half a dozen times in every act, but remains the same through each. This apparently meets a reasonable demand in the spectator's imagination, which may be as agile as Mr. Lounsbury says, and yet be averse to the constant exertion which the romantic drama demands of it. Apparently here is not a compromise with the French taste, which condemned the wild gadding of the romantic drama, but an instinctive concession to probability. As to the unity of time, in the greatest modern play, which is one of the greatest plays ever written, *The Ghosts* of Ibsen, namely, the whole supposed action occurs in something less than a day and night.

Deep in the heart perhaps is the wish to see a play which should be confined in the action not only to twenty-four hours, but to just the time that it would take for the events really to happen. This alone would finally satisfy Nature, however lenient Aristotle might be; and short of this ideal, why not let the scene vary as it will through whatever period of time the dramatist chooses? That is what Mr. Lounsbury suggests, and we are not going to gainsay him, though we find a comfort in the modified conformity of the modern play. We should not think, however, as he seems to think, that the drama gains in strength through a freedom absolutely untrammelled by the classicistic superstition, or that the plays of those who obeyed that tradition were weakened by it. If Shakspere had written in obedience to it, he would still have written Shakspere; and those who obeyed it fell below him because they had not his wings, and not because they obeyed it. After all, Racine was not despicable, and one can hardly read Alfieri's tragedies without wishing to see them played.

II

The worst of the classicists was that they were not classic. They had to give up the chorus of the Greeks, and satisfy their taste with the conventional classicism which the French and the Italians had imagined from Aristotle, and had attributed to Nature, though neither had explicitly much to do with it. The true classic drama was to reappear in the grand opera, where it was sung and danced, as well as played, much as the Greeks had it, to the deep disgust of the critics, who blamed it as bitterly at first as they always blamed the romantic drama of Shakspere. But a thing that had come up in their own time could not be censured as the product of a rude age, and the opera was accepted by Taste because it was the fashion with the Great, while the romantic drama which survived in Shakspere was unrelentingly condemned because it had never ceased to please the people.

It still pleases the people, in a measure that is wonderful, though we think not quite in the measure that Mr. Lounsbury implies. No young actor, indeed, feels that the best in him has been found out till it is discovered through Shakspere, and no audience feels that it has got its money's worth quite as fully as it does when it sees *Hamlet*, or *Romeo and Juliet*. But after allowing this, one must distinguish, and begin to ask why these are almost the only tragedies of Shakspere which continue to be given, except in those occasional revivals when certain actors have imparted to other tragedies a transitory vitality for their own glory.

As for the comedies, they have not for a generation at least been seen except in this sort of palingenesis. *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, and especially the *Comedy of Errors* have been familiar to

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our modern stage not because the public particularly liked them as plays, but because this or that player found his or her account in doing them, and carried them through as what are called one-character pieces, or two-character pieces at the most. Not so very long ago, *Macbeth* and *Othello,* now seldom given, were seen as often as *Hamlet;* the *Merchant of Venice* as frequently as either of the two tragedies which still hold the stage; and *Richard III.,* now almost unheard of, was seen oftener than any other.

Many elderly (we will not say aged) readers will recall the popularity of that tragedy, and may share the conjectures and inferences from its disappearance which forbid the Easy Chair to be quite of Mr. Lounsbury's belief concerning Shakspere's hold upon the theatre. *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* are rich in the psychology of conscience and passion, but *Richard III.* is a simple appeal to that elemental sort of human nature which delights in the foiling of a very wicked person; and yet *Richard III.* does not share the theatre with modern melodramas in the measure that *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* share it with modern problem plays. The first time that this Easy Chair saw great Edwin Booth, when it was yet a little footstool sitting deferentially at the casters of far more authoritative furniture, it saw him in *Richard,* and felt a virtuous pleasure in his dying all over the stage from wounds that bled visibly. Those were the days when a sword-thrust always drew blood, and manslaughter was never done in private at the theatre. The taste was still Elizabethan in that, and probably it cannot be denied that it was crude; but though the popular taste is still crude enough it is no longer so Elizabethan, if Shakspere is the test.

It is not because Shakspere is so visibly sanguinary that he is played less, or because the theatre shrinks from harrowing things any more than it ever did; and yet the drama shrinks rather more than it used from open bloodshed, just as it has a scruple about hurrying the spectator over vast spaces of time, and requiring him to assist at so many changes of scene. In this scruple it obeys the classicistic superstition quite voluntarily, and when it is perfectly free to indulge in all the romantic aberrations, and has Shakspere for its warrant and example as much as it had, or more than it had, at any time since he wrote; for at no other time has the critical appreciation of his greatness been so great. There is not so much a change in the dramatic taste, one might say, as in the dramatic instinct; or else the imagination prefers to employ itself at the theatre with something besides the passage of time and the change of scene, and these annoy it. At any rate it is interesting to note that the modifications noted have taken place in the present renascence of the drama, after all question of them had ceased, and Shakspere had so wholly outlived the censors of the rudeness of his epoch that, as Mr. Lounsbury observes, their censure was practically forgotten, and was wholly quiescent.

III

It cannot be undeniably or even very confidently affirmed that taste is no longer Elizabethan because there is not so much pleasure in poetry as there once was, and yet we should be inclined to say that it was rather this than the refinement of taste which has relegated Shakspere to the library except in the case of those very few plays of his which we have named. The trouble would seem to be not with his barbarity but with his poetry; it has been the experience of the Easy Chair to have itself felt a certain impatience with the most noble speeches in *Hamlet,* and the most beautiful in *Romeo and Juliet,* because they were so long as to delay the emotion they were meant to provoke. It felt the romantic drama doing in these the very effect of a Greek play which it had once seen, and the Italian operas which it had often heard; and if it had been required to formulate its discontent it must have put it in some such terms as would have condemned the Periclean together with the Elizabethan drama. Are both, then, equally out of date; and is the Victorian or the Edwardan drama more truly or more satisfyingly responsive to actual feeling? Certain things are eternal; the passions are from everlasting to everlasting; and yet every age gives its color to them, and likes to have this reflected in its art of all kinds. We may get a

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little nearer to the meaning we are trying for if we say that the passions endure, but that the sentiments which flow from them are of and for a time, and that it is these which each time likes to have expressed to it in its turn. "What is the Venus de' Medici to one's own photograph?" the subtle Bostonian asked. We wish, collectively as well as individually, to see ourselves portrayed, and the truer the picture is to all our keeping, the truer to human nature we feel it to be. The drama which repeats to us what we have just been thinking or saying, that wears our fashions, and furnishes its scenes like our own drawing-room, or that indulges our prevalent notions of heroism and romance, that is the drama for us, and we would rather see it than a Periclean or an Elizabethan play.

That Shakspere's plays some of them still hold the stage, in spite of what is now their archaic form, in spite of their poetry even, is wonderful testimony to his wonderful power. When the curtain rises on the opening scene of *Hamlet,* or *Macbeth,* or *Romeo and Juliet,* a thrill goes through one as if at the behest of a supreme authority, and one marvels that while such plays still speak a living language, any other plays can be represented. One forgets all one's preferences, all one's objections. There is nothing but the coming action in that realm of the ideal where there is neither time nor space, nothing but the absorbing story which has lost none of its charm through long familiarity, but holds one to the close as when one saw it first. This is true, and yet when one comes away, one is aware of having been impatient of something. Was it indeed the poetry, taking its own time to sing itself out before the climax came, as if it had been an aria? Would the prose of some modern dramatist, say of Ibsen or Sudermann, have pierced the consciousness more electrically? Is the age so prosaic that numbered syllables no longer make their old appeal? Is the march of verse out of step with progress? In other words, as a correspondent of the Easy Chair has lately entreated it, "Is poetry declining?"

IV

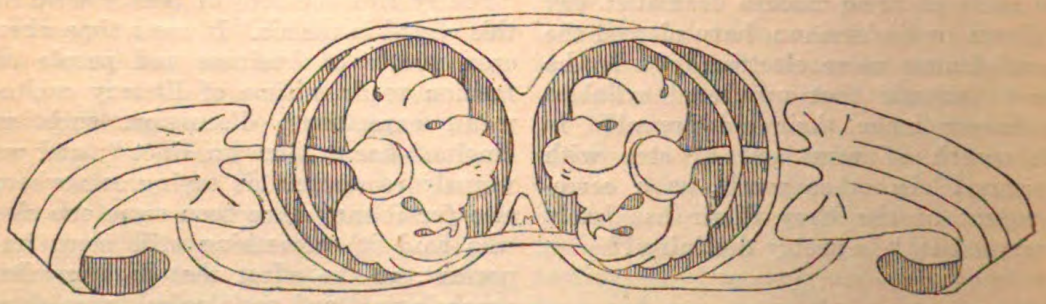
Although the hold of Shakspere on the theatre continues, it is evident that the Elizabethan, the poetic, play is obsolete as far as the stage is concerned. The fact is emphasized by the unavailing excellence of such work as Mr. Stephen Phillips's in blank verse, whom we instance because he is the only modern English dramatist who has attempted for the stage the form of drama which prevailed there so long. Did his plays fail because they were in verse, or because they were more rhythmic than poetic? If he had been able to fill them Shakspereful of poetry, we doubt if they would have succeeded, for prose is now indisputably the dialect of the stage; and in the measure that this is true, the poetry which insists upon rhythmical form is certainly declining. We suppose it is this sort of poetry that our correspondent means, and not the poetry which is independent of form, the spirit of poetry which may imbue the line that walks and talks, as well as the line that dances and sings. Life is as full of that sort as ever it was, probably, and probably literature is even more abundant in it. It may be, indeed, that rhythmical poetry is declining for this very reason, and yet rhythmical poetry is not declining in the quantitative sense. We have the belief, possibly wanting immediate proof, that there is as much poetical verse written as ever, that the average of the verse now written is more poetical than ever. But for the lords of rhyme who once held precedence in literature, they are undoubtedly no more. There is no longer a Tennyson, a Browning, a Longfellow, to compel our allegiance, however gladly we may yield it to Mr. Watson or Mr. Kipling, and the mood, the temper of the early twentieth century is wholly different from the mood, the temper of the early nineteenth century. As Mr. Colvin says of Keats's time, "Poetry and the love of poetry were at this period in the air. It was a time when even people of business and people of fashion read: a time of literary excitement, expectancy, discussion, such as England has not known since"; and we vaguely remember his saying somewhere else (or it may have been some one else who said it) something still more important, to the effect that high results, psychological and sociological, were then hoped for from the reading of poetry. It was to be a factor in life, somehow,

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just as, ten or fifteen years ago, when fiction was at its highest mark, there seemed a vital promise in its masterpieces beside and beyond their æsthetic value. Now, when there are no longer great poets writing, or poets great when measured by those of the first and second quarters of the nineteenth century, the expectancy from poetry has died out of many with whom it was once a lively faith, and in like manner and for a like reason the expectancy from fiction is perishing.

Such readers of ours as have lived in the times when the great poets on either shore of the Atlantic were in their prime will recall a significance personal to themselves from the work of these poets, which poetry seems no longer to have for any one. When "The Ring and the Book," and "In Memoriam," and "Hiawatha," and "Snow-Bound," and "May Day," appeared, they seemed each a message in its respective sort from heights to which the reader felt himself lifted out of his little and sordid world. No such appeal, as these old-fashioned readers think, comes to the world now, and yet perhaps they are not the best judges of the fact. Perhaps the messages do come still, but in idioms strange and faint to their thickened hearing, from levels more on the plane of every-day life; not with the old prophecy of supernal things, but with all the old charm for those who now are young.

The really interesting and important thing to find out would be whether the love of poetry shares the apparent decline of poetry itself. No Easy Chair, however omniscient, could answer this question without first making a house-to-house canvass, which is scarcely practicable even in the large leisure of its monthly inquiries. It could have been one of the points on which the United States census lately interrogated the population, but the census is over now for nearly ten years, and we understand that our correspondent—we will confide that it is a woman who writes us—has not the patience to wait till 1910 for an answer. What is evident to the Easy Chair's satisfaction is that if poetry has declined, it is the fault of the reader rather than of the poet. If the old love of poetry, the old joy in it, still exists, then that proves, or ought to prove, that poetry exists too, and is in a state of arrest, or suspended animation, rather than a decline. Do young men and maids whose thoughts are turning to one another, do widowers and widows beginning to "take notice," as the country phrase is, still seek and find a solace in verse? To arrive at the truth, there is no way but to extend the inquiry, and to invite a general correspondence upon the point, which the Chair promises faithfully to treat as confidential, so that no one need be afraid to say that he or she hates or loves poetry from fear of having his or her name divulged. We shall not expect a perfect frankness, or more than an approximate frankness, for since poetry ceased to be a song and dance, and became a department of literature, scarcely anything has been the occasion of more insincerity. But we adjure our readers to be as honest as they can, and we will say for the encouragement of those who hate verse, that we do not believe there ever was a time safer for them to own it than this.



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Editor's Study.

I

HOW far should the writer of a book, or of something intended for magazine use, take thought of his readers? Obviously one who writes for the purpose of instruction must, like a lecturer, pretty accurately gauge the mental capacity of his audience. But the imaginative writer — the novelist, the poet, the creative essayist—like the actor who rises to the plane of creative interpretation, finds his audience, it seems to us, by forgetting it. Really such a writer is at one with his audience, which is a part of himself before it is seen apart from him as an outside respondent. The audience is always there, ready, by congenital fitness, to respond to the singer and story-teller at every point in the gamut of recital; but it must remain veiled from the writer's conscious regard; even from his own view are hidden the springs that await the touch of the author's magic wand. Nothing is yielded to calculation, and there can be no accommodation. An author or a playwright who attempts to measure and to meet apparently obvious and definite demands acts upon merely superficial indications, and perilously drifts in shallow waters. Literary work done in this way lacks worth and permanence.

The editor is often asked, What shall I do to meet the wants of the magazine? If the inquiring aspirant for literary honors is told to write a story, an essay, a poem, or anything having that appeal to human interest which these at their best must have, he still asks, How shall I do any of these things so as to meet the editorial requirements—just what sort of production is most in demand? He assumes that the success of his work depends upon its accommodation to an audience—to the constituency of the magazine—and that the editor knows this constituency, so that he can tell just what it wants and give the inquiring contributor the benefit of his knowledge—just as the manager of the advertising department gauges the material wants of the purchasing public, and is thus able to bring buyer and seller face to face.

There are conscious demands of readers in special lines, just as definite as those of commerce, and these may be as consciously met by the editors of special periodicals. There is always the general demand for news, abundantly and entertainingly supplied by the daily and weekly press. Readers have also temporary fads and ephemeral fashions, plainly evident and easily met by time-serving publishers and writers. These surface indications are of little value to the editor of a magazine that is, first of all, devoted to literature, nor are they of use to the writers who create literature. On the part of these there can be no accommodation to accidental demands.

Such a magazine must be abreast of the time, but it is so because it runs with the deeper current, giving little regard to surface drifts or special eddies. An invisible current it is that establishes the union between both the editor and the writers and the great body of readers. The emergent literature is something vital, not a precalculated or consciously devised product, but as much a surprise to its creators as to its readers.

II

From the editor of a magazine that is intimately associated with the progressive literary and artistic movements of its time the audience is hidden. He comes into direct contact with only the writers and the artists. Even in this Study, where the editor of this Magazine communicates from month to month with its readers, what is really common between him and them, and therefore a subject of communication, is only the Magazine itself—its literature, its art, its aims. That is a very strong bond of sympathy, stronger perhaps because he speaks to an invisible audience. But a stronger bond is his work and that of his associates, for though that work is immediately with writers and artists, it is in its final result a vital response to the expectations of our readers. This is something very different from an accommodation to their supposed expectations as consciously formulated by them or for them.

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Putting aside the art, and confining ourselves to the literature of the Magazine, do not the writers who with the greatest frankness and spontaneity express themselves, in embodiments of their individual genius, with no eye to the market, no thought of the reader, and no regard for the critic, most fully respond to the secret expectation of readers? The chord touched may have been for the first time awakened to sensibility by this very note that seems its response. It was thus that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" came to the readers of the last generation. This poem could not have been written at any previous period, and not then if there had not been the waiting audience, which was unconsciously participant in its production.

The editor of the Magazine best feels the pulse of its constituency by his regard of the writers who will set that waiting pulse in motion. Most diligently he courts the authors who have shown this power of compulsion, for each such author establishes a distinct culture dating from that first impulse and deepening with every successive accord. Not less intently does the editor listen to catch the compelling note of the new writer. He can recall the golden moments, few and far between, when such notes were heard, faltering it may be at first, but growing into firm command with the encouragement afforded by the grateful appreciation of readers. He has what he might call his Evenings with Authors. Office hours are barely sufficient for other work than reading, and are subject to constant interruptions—not the least pleasant of which are occasioned by the visits of new writers who wish to be seen as well as heard, and whom also it is delightful to see as well as to hear. Therefore some hours of the editor's evenings are given to the reading of manuscripts offered for publication.

These evenings with authors vary in the amount of interest and satisfaction they yield to the editor. Often out of as many as fifty manuscripts not a single one is available for use, however interesting in other respects some of them may be. There is the fairly well written essay or story utterly devoid of human interest. There is the travel sketch, which would be good if it had any novelty, or the character sketch, equally trite, and, it may be, disguised by an outlandish dialect. There is the story, elaborately manufactured with ingenious skill, but without a breath of genius or a single trace of the story-teller's native art; another story that has good points, but no concentration of interest; and still another, written to enforce a moral, overstrained for the effect in view and unnatural. This overstrain is apparent in another kind of story, a subjective drama, with no clear *motif*, and lacking both temper and temperament. And here is a story that will go back to the author with a kind note, because it shows genius, though defective in structure and execution. Some essays are offered, but the views presented in most of them are obvious, and there is no intellectual satisfaction in their style.

Often it seems to the editor that if the contributor did not try so hard he would do a better thing. First, as to his theme, he seeks something out of the way rather than the thing at hand, which has been taken to heart, and is, therefore, likely to be interesting. Then, as to manner, he strives to be unusual and commits himself to affectations. We have here in view writers who have possibilities as distinguished from those who write wholly at random, taking nothing to heart, "trying their hand" at literature with no equipment and no sense of things. Many young writers are misled by something they call realism, by which they understand the naked presentment of the commonplace without feeling and without that creative art which transforms whatever it touches.

The writer, especially the writer of a story or a poem, should have no theory, but culture he must have—by which we mean not that he must be a scholar, in the technical sense, but that he must be a student of life, not only through observation, but through feeling,—must have a development of interest, and also a developed power of expression. Comparatively few of the contributions submitted for editorial consideration give evidence of such culture.

About half of the offerings are poems, many of which are surprisingly good, and open to no criticism save that they lack distinction.

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III

At this season the "spring poem" is numerously in evidence, as it should be; for what is there that could so strongly move the poet as this birth-time and love-time of the year? The occasion is perennial, and we hope to perennially publish these spring poems, only asking that they shall meet the requirements of the poetic art, and that they shall have distinction, giving some new phase of the subject, or some happier interpretation of this old, old fashion of life's resurrection in the natural world. Is it fair to demand this? Is this spring-time any newer, and fresher in beauty and fragrance and spiritual suggestion, than those which from the beginning have gladdened human hearts? But is it not also true that all the secrets of *any* spring-time have never yet been disclosed even to the greatest poets? The progressive culture of heart and sensibility has developed new possibilities of interpretation, new felicities of expression; the scope is limitless. The spring-time has a deeper and fuller meaning to the Christian than it could have had to the pagan.

And so, for that matter, it is true of all themes which engage the writer and the artist: they constantly yield new disclosures to deeper interpretation. Essays on gardens have dateless beginning and endless repetition, but in this very number of the Magazine the reader sees sufficient reason why they should go on being written forever. Life is the interpreter. The deeper and wider culture of the great human garden yields new surprises to every sense, and, most of all, to the human spirit; sorrow strikes deeper, and joy climbs new ladders of ascension. Our awareness grows, taking in new signs of the powers within us and without.

IV

If we may return to our evenings with authors, it is some indication of just this new interpretation—in the travel sketch, the scientific article, the essay, the story, the poem—that the editor is waiting for as he peruses manuscripts offered for publication. From this point of view most of these offerings are so insignificant that any of our thoughtful readers, admitted to a joint reading of them with the editor, would wonder how each month the Magazine could be made up and present such attractive features as he knows it has when he reads it. And it would, indeed, be impossible were we confined to selection from this material, creditable as in so many ways much of it is. The greater part of each number is secured from writers already known, who either have such relations with the Magazine that they bring to it their best work, or have been solicited for contributions.

But a considerable number of these writers were first discovered, before they were known to the public, in manuscripts casually offered to this Magazine. Outside of the regular departments there are five such authors represented in contributions to the present issue, as against about double that number, more or less distinguished, not thus first discovered, yet whose contributions were made voluntarily and by preference. The rest were specially solicited.

The "evenings," though not quite "noctes ambrosianæ," are punctuated by happy moments that stimulate as well as reward the search.

V

Why are these moments so few and so sparse? In a general way we have already answered this question, but it may be well to be more specific and to consider the conditions affecting the work of young writers.

The education of youth is more general in this country than in any other, but the educational methods that have come to prevail do not develop strength of mental structure or special efficiency of literary expression. Education is not so much a matter of strict discipline as it was fifty years ago. Then the demand was made upon the pupil by the teacher, whereas now it is made upon the teacher by the pupil. The difficulty is always the stimulant. The child begins to measure his own powers through the resistance they meet. The expansion of the kindergarten method does not develop mental muscle. The consequence of the now prevalent system is that the necessity for severe training is felt just when the results of such training should be apparent and helpful—that is, after school has been left behind, and the business of life,

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in whatever field, has begun. If at this point in his career the youth could at once become a teacher, he would have some chance of acquiring what has been denied to him as a pupil. One of the best of our recently discovered contributors is a school-teacher, and the excellence of her literary form illustrates the value of the modern teacher's training.

Not only is our American scholarship defrauded of the re-enforcement due to it from our schools and made quite entirely dependent upon those who have the teacher's discipline, but the sound forms of literature are made to suffer corruption at the hands of the newly educated.

Fortunately genius instinctively seeks difficulty, and the writer who has the creative faculty will, however crude his first literary expression, eventually perfect his own culture and come into his own, in form as well as in substance. The schools, at their best, could not give him the quality and temperament of genius, though there is always the danger that they may suppress or dissipate individuality. It must be admitted, however, that in our educational system of to-day—whatever other faults it may have—far more attention is given than formerly to the individual pupil. Perhaps it is as well that the writer should find his special training in his work and in the discipline of the school of life. What he has chiefly to complain of in our educational system is that, in the multiplicity of studies, literature is so generally ignored; at least it would seem to be taken little account of if we are to judge from such tests as have been recently applied to students sent to our colleges from preparatory schools. The results of these tests have been widely published through the daily press, and they show that questions relating to literature that would instantly and correctly have been answered by all but half a dozen of a Freshman class in any good American college forty years ago can now be answered intelligently by less than that number of a corresponding (but much larger) class to-day. Here and there a question may have been too special; we can easily understand that a student fairly familiar with general literature, ancient and modern, may not have given such special attention to the poems of Leigh Hunt that he would attribute to him the authorship of "Abou Ben Adhem," even though he might know that poem by heart. But he surely ought to know who wrote "In Memoriam," and be able to mention by their titles six of Shakspere's plays. To some extent he should be familiar with the works of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot.

How many bright boys of from fourteen to sixteen years to-day read Shakspere, Spenser, and Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Lamb? The student in art is expected, at much greater difficulty, to study the old masters; are not the masterpieces of literature as necessary to the equipment of those who desire as writers an entrance to the world of letters? This necessity was appreciated by young writers of two generations ago more than by those of the last, and far more than by those of the present, though all the stores of literature are more generally accessible to-day than ever before.

The stimulus to literary effort, in demand and in reward, is greater than it ever was; but it is not always an incitement to the production of a lasting literature. The stimulus is too emphatically commercial, tempting the writer to profitable adaptation. Even the man of genius may be thus diverted, seeking ways to capture an audience, which thereupon runs away with him.

We are thus brought back to the point from which we started. The great writer must lose sight of his audience in order to find it. It is always, though unconsciously, waiting for the master.

All the contents of our best magazines cannot be classed as literature in this distinctive sense—*i. e.*, as products of genius. Many articles—the results of travel and of special research in science, in human annals, and in various contemporary developments not otherwise adequately treated — must be admitted. These contributions are interesting from other than the literary point of view, and not subject to the requirements of creative literary art. Nor are all the purely literary productions masterpieces. Yet, in all that goes to the making of a great magazine, the highest standard possible must be maintained.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

At Strenuous Five Year

BY CHARLES B. DE CAMP

IT were, perhaps, a display of slovenly reasoning to argue that the temper of the time is responsible for the blood-thirstiness of my nephew, aged five, for, after all, is the temper of the time blood-thirsty? I believe not, despite a certain existing fashion for carnage in reading and dramatics. Still, my nephew loves gore—not the actual letting of blood (for a cut finger makes him yell), but an imagined or ideal bloodiness.

To-day I decided that the occasion was ripe for a little fable that might be salutary, from an ethical point of view, for my gore-loving nephew. The story was to be about a kitty which a wicked dog had driven to my door-step. The kitty was to be sick and hungry, and I was to nourish it back to health and happiness, and it was to love me ever afterward. The lesson of retributive justice was to be furnished by the death of the wicked dog under a milk-wagon. I confess it was a rather feeble tale; moreover, I was sneakingly conscious that a sick kitten which sought refuge on my door-step would be sorry. However, when my nephew had fixed his heels in a peculiarly sensitive muscle of my leg, and for the hundredth time pretended a fresh enthusiasm over my watch, I began:

"One rainy day I opened my front door, and what do you suppose I saw?"

"A rhinosruss," answered my nephew, promptly.

"Y-yes," I said, "a rhinoceros." It was a pitiably weak surrender, I admit, but how, moral object or no, can you deliver a sick kitten to a man (whether he be five years old or fifty-five) who expects a rhinoceros?

My nephew looked up expectantly.

"Well—" I began, vainly wooing my afflatus. And then he lifted me with his wings.

"You took your spear," he said.

"Of course; I took my spear (out of the umbrella-stand, presumably)—"

"And you stuck it in his eye."

"Yes, I stuck it in his eye, and he gave a terrible roar."

"How did he roar?"

"Oh, he roared very loud."

"Loud as a tiger-cat?"

"Oh, much louder than a tiger-cat."

My nephew's eyes dilated.

"An' when he roared," he cried, "I took a big knife and cut off his head, an' then a big lion came along an' I sticked my knife into him, an' I shooted a big bear an' skinned him."

There you are! I have described the moving and moral story with which I aimed to beguile my nephew's fiercer mood, and now, behold me, his abettor in the butchery of a menagerie, stimulating afresh his dark passions.

I have about the same luck with the story of Little Red Riding-Hood. The tale never reaches its pretty conclusion, but is swept into a grand wolf-hunt, in which I race along shoulder to shoulder with my nephew until we have destroyed the whole pack. Then I drop out, but he rushes fiercely on, and slays some odd fifty 'leven million more.

And as for Indians!—I have a lively pity for the Indian, and am rather fond of taking cynical flings at the noble Anglo-Saxon manner in which we have deprived him of his own. But, bless you, that does not prevent us—my nephew and I—from exterminating whole tribes of red men in a single evening. As prey they are his prime favorites.

Perhaps I have done my nephew an injustice. He has but rarely, in his short life, struck a blow either wantonly or in anger; he makes beautiful little paper mats at the kindergarten, and is more proud of them than an artist of his first picture accepted for the exhibition; he plays charmingly with a little girl neighbor for hours at a time in the sand-pile, and at night when he is saying his prayers one fears he is going to be carried right out of sight by covetous angels. I do not believe my nephew is abnormal. Let us suppose that his sanguinary possessions are but the sparks of an innocuous atavism, soon extinguished, for at five years we are closer kin than ever afterward to those wild men who were the children of this old world. With every assurance of esteem, worthy gentleman of the sober front and gentle heart, I rather suspect that even you, if it were possible to penetrate beyond the veil of childhood's portals, would find there the bodies of the thousands you had slain.

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SANDERILLA

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful girl whose mother had died and whose father had married a woman with two daughters. These daughters were handsome, but proud and haughty, and with their mother they made life hard for their little step-sister. They made her brush their clothes, clean their boots, and polish their golf-clubs, so that as she was rarely seen without a piece of sand-paper in her hand they came to call her Sanderilla. The poor child bore all this with great sweetness, and only wept softly when they beat her for practising the St. Andrews swing with their drivers.

One day a caddie came through the street proclaiming that the Prince was to give a mixed-foursome tournament on the Royal Golf Links the following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

The haughty sisters were overjoyed. The Prince! Golf! Who could tell what might happen? They made Sanderilla do up all their shirt-waists, ties, and collars, grease their boots and polish their clubs until they shone like silver. When Monday morning came they rose betimes, spent two hours trying on different shirt-waists, belts, and cuff-buttons, and they boxed little Sanderilla's ears to make her lace their golf boots tighter. When they were ready she looked up meekly and asked with a sob if she might go to the tournament.

"Go to the tournament! Why, you haven't a short skirt to your name and your feet are huge! What should you want to go to a tournament for? No, indeed; you will stay at home and iron out those waists and ties for to-morrow; and when we come home," they added, "we will tell you all about it."

Under this last blow she sank, but when their trap had rolled away she picked up Whigham on Match and Medal Play and sighed aloud, "I wish I could go to the tournament."

"So you shall, my dear," said a small voice, and she beheld her fairy godmother standing beside her.

"But I have no clothes, and no clubs, and no dog-cart."

"Bring me Rover," commanded the fairy.

Sanderilla brought him to the door. The fairy godmother waved her wand, and in place of Rover a stunning hackney and dog-cart stood before the door.

"Now fill your stocking with kindling and coal."

Sanderilla obeyed and one touch of the magic wand transformed them into a leather bag full of Willie Dunns and Silvertowns.

"But my clothes?" faltered Sanderilla.

Once more the fairy waved her wand, and instead of the long train and silk waist cast off by an older sister, Sanderilla stood in the nattiest of costumes, white hat, red coat, short skirt, and hobnail boots.

"One thing remember," said the fairy. "You must leave the links before noon. If you are not gone when the castle clock strikes twelve, all your fine appointments will turn back to what they were."

Sanderilla promised, thanked her godmother heartily, and, jumping to her seat, was off for the Royal Golf Links. When she arrived all the young ladies had chosen partners and started their play except the two wicked sisters, who had held back. Each one felt sure that the Prince would ask her to play with him. He was standing beside them, trying to choose, when a murmur of admiration among the spectators caused him to look back and he beheld Sanderilla in her stunning trap.

"The real thing!" he exclaimed, hurrying to her side as she sprang lightly from the cart. In the humblest terms he begged her to be his partner, and, summoning two Dukes from the Queen's courtiers, he commanded them to take the wicked sisters for partners.

The sisters were furious, but they did not recognize



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

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their rival. The second sister was sent on, and the older, with a venerable Duke, was left to play against Sanderilla and the Prince. After asking the Prince's advice and stamping her little boots, she drove about six yards.

Then Sanderilla flung off her hat and coat, rolled up her sleeves, and stepped on the teeing-ground. Her arms were strong from much brushing and polishing, and her feet were also developed.

"The best stance on the links," murmured the infatuated Prince.



THE ESCAPE FROM THE LINKS

She drove, and the ball was found ultimately in the first cup. So it went on, Sanderilla looking warily at her watch from time to time, until they finished nine up and eight to play, and amid the applause of the multitude the Prince escorted her to her cart, breathing his hopes of the semi-finals on the morrow. He questioned all the court, but no one could tell him the name of the fair golfer.

The step-mother and her daughters came home in a towering rage. They vented it on Sanderilla, whom they found ironing out their ties. While she unlaced their boots and brushed their clothes, they told her about the mysterious stranger who had made a dead set for the Prince.

The next day the same scenes were repeated. The sisters scolded and prinked more desperately than before. The godmother found Sanderilla weeping bitterly and arrayed her more correctly than ever. The Prince grew more ardent, and they beat the second sister ten up and eight to play. Still Sanderilla remembered to be off before twelve and was diligently painting golf-balls when the step-mother and her daughters came back, beside themselves with passion.

The next morning the sisters beat Sanderilla before starting out to see that bold-faced thing get a setting down, but the fair unknown made more of a sensation than ever. Her opponent was the Princess May with her suitor. The match began late, as it was the finals, but they might have finished in time if the Prince had not driven into a wood at the side of the course and insisted on finding his ball, rules or no rules. The Princess and her lover were willing to wait, so Sanderilla and the Prince beat around the wood a little and then sat down to rest awhile. The Prince began to tell his devotion. To conceal her blushes Sanderilla made a pretext of taking her boot off to get out a stone, when suddenly she heard the palace clock strike twelve. She sprang to her feet, dropping the boot, and sped for the cart, but it was too late. The Prince flew after, but soon lost her. No one could tell him of the beautiful stranger; only a girl with a train skirt had been seen running across the links with a dog at her heels. Searching parties were sent out in vain. All that the Prince had left was the hobnail shoe.

The cruel sisters came home triumphant and boxed Sanderilla's ears because they found her crying.

The next morning the Prince appeared in the streets, followed by four strong men bearing a golf boot on a stretcher. A herald went before to proclaim that whoever could fill this shoe should marry the Prince. Every lady in town tried, but no one could make it fit.

At last the Prince came to the house where Sanderilla lived. He knelt before the oldest sister and tried the shoe. She had stuffed her stocking out with cotton, but it would not fill the toe. The second sister had no better luck. She had put on four pairs of golf stockings, but the boot slipped easily from her heel. The Prince was in despair.

"Is there no other woman in the house?" he asked.

"Only the girl who polishes our clubs," they answered.

"Bring her here."

Sanderilla came blushing in her long gown. She pushed her foot into the shoe,

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OUR TWENTIETH-CENTURY CHILDREN

CALLER (*pleasantly*). "*Oh, my dear, what a pretty frock! Did mamma give it to you?*"
CHILD (*witheringly*). "*Madame Ducé dresses me!*"

which fitted it exactly, and then put out from beneath her train its mate, in which she now stood transformed into the mysterious stranger.

The Prince was enraptured, and begged that the wedding might take place at once, before they played out the tournament. The step-mother and the haughty sisters begged her pardon on their knees. She forgave them freely and after her marriage made matches for the sisters with two scratch players about the court.

KATHERINE L. MEAD.

ENTERPRISE

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who had a high temper, an affectionate nature, and industrious ways. In pursuance of these last he went from his native city one autumn to another town on business of some length and importance. To him there came a letter from home in which was mentioned a momentous fact, no less than that which once disturbed the Danish king, "that the love of his life lay suffering, and pined for the comfort his voice would bring."

Now, although the news caused him the acutest agitation, he could not return, so to ease his anxiety by some form of expression he sent this telegram:

"*Messrs. Blossom and Potts:*
"Send large bunch American Beauties or violets to Miss Jean Elliott, 1102 Dash Avenue, City."

This done, he felt some relief. At least his flowers were with her, and would speak his sympathy and devotion in perfumed accents.

But next day came a note from the florists:

"DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 14th inst. at hand. In reply would say we are sorry to state that the season is too early for violets, and American Beauties are at present so small and poor you would probably not care for them. Awaiting your further instructions, we remain,
Respectfully yours,
BLOSSOM AND POTTS."

This when he had already pictured his flowers in her dimpled hands and held against her fevered cheek! What crass stupidity, what sinful delay! In a rage he telegraphed,

"Send anything best in shop at once instantly."

This he followed up by a letter in which his righteous wrath could find freer vent than in the circumscribed yellow blank:

"*Blossom and Potts:*
"DEAR SIRS,—I hope that when this reaches you my order of the 14th inst. will at last have been carried out. In any decently managed business promptness is considered essential; you seem to stand in need of the information. By your idiocy and insensate procrastination the timeliness of a thing is completely spoiled. People to whom flowers are to be sent might be dead before anything you supplied could reach them."

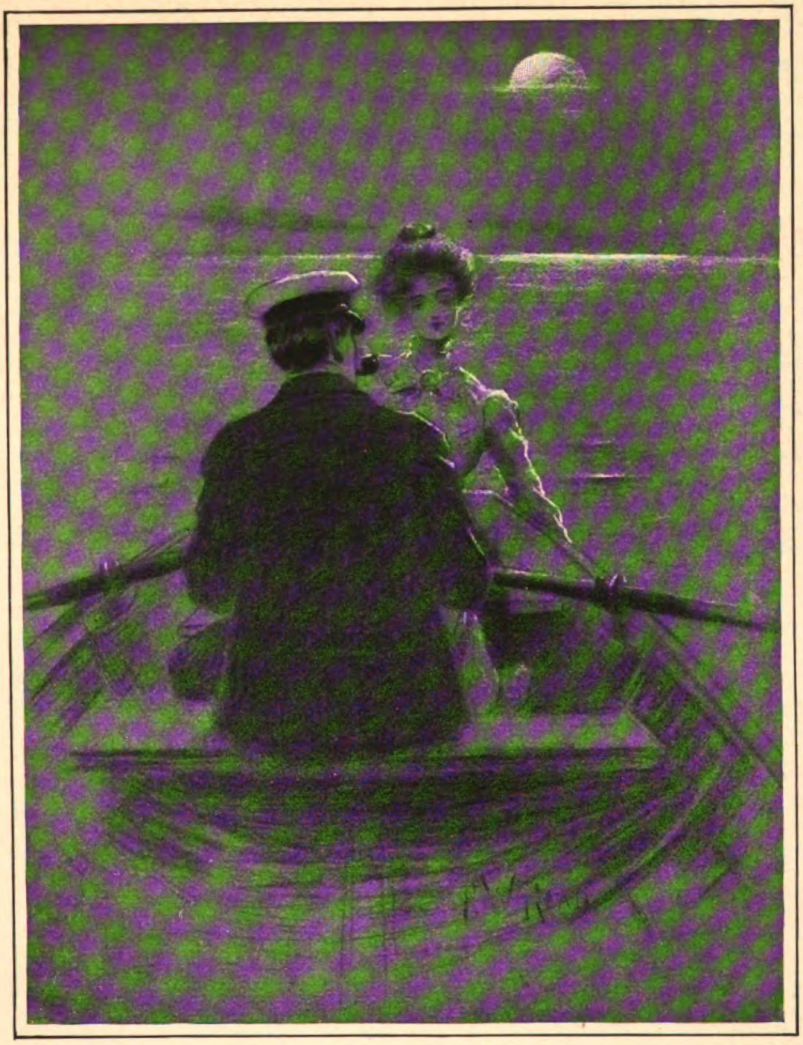
After mailing this he felt a trifle better. Two days later he found among his mail an envelope with the familiar advertisement on the corner. Tearing it open he read:

"DEAR SIR,—In pursuance of your order of the 15th we have this day sent to Miss Jean Elliott, 1102 Dash Avenue, two dozen fine orchids, with maidenhair fern, which we trust will give satisfaction. Prompted by a suggestion in your last letter, we venture to enclose herewith an illustrated catalogue of our set pieces and funeral designs, and while deploring any possible necessity, assure you that we will warrant the execution in twelve hours of any choice you may make from the list. Hoping for a continuance of your patronage, we remain,
Respectfully yours,
BLOSSOM AND POTTS."

And it took all the sweetness of the dainty note of thanks which the same mail brought to soothe the unreasonable rage of that young man.

KATHARINE PERRY.

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DANGEROUS HABITS

"You should give up smoking—it's bad for the heart."
"Yes, and I must give up moonlight on the water, too—that's worse."

The Little Children in Japan

BY CAROLINE McCORMACK

THE little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content,
O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude.
"O noble dear Mamma," they say,
"We trust we don't intrude,"
Instead of rushing in to where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
A-walking on the street;
And wooden stilts for over-shoes
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind.

The little children in Japan
They haven't any store
Of beds, and chairs, and parlor things,
And so upon the floor
They sit, and sip their tea, and smile,
And then they go to sleep awhile.

The little children in Japan
Are strangely clean and neat.
The things they do, the things they say,
The things they have to eat,
Are all so strange that one might call
Their manners really natural.

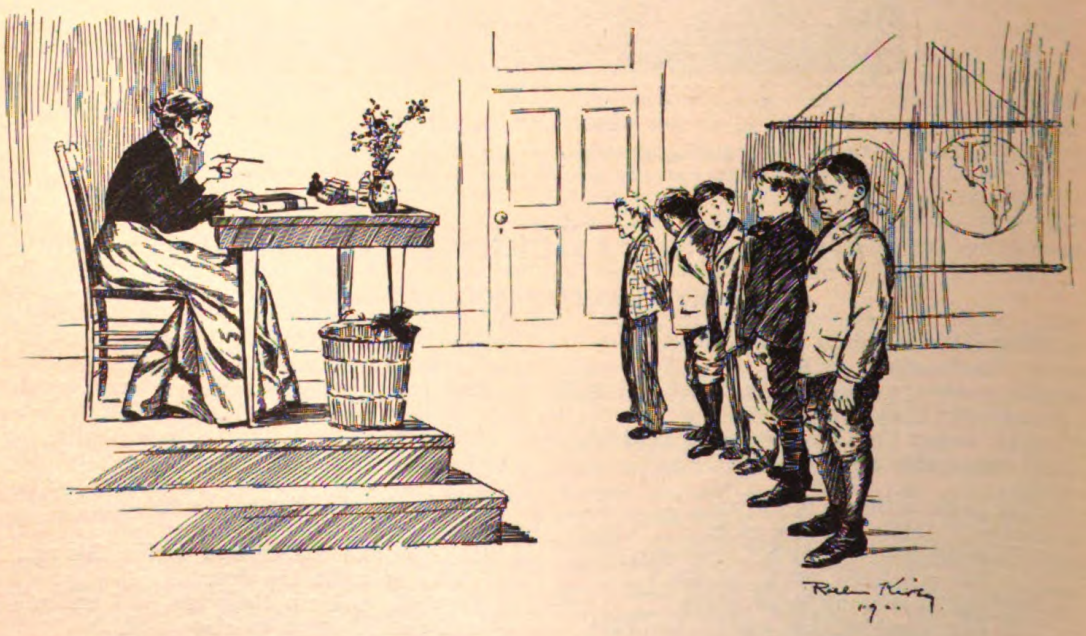
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MEMORIES OF UNCLE BENTLEY

UNCLE BENTLEY was the burden of Hawleyburgh. Uncle Bentley's weakness was officiousness. His sins were all sins of commission, never of omission. If you sent out word to a book agent, or some such public misdemeanor, that you weren't at home, Uncle Bentley was sure to spy you through the window and send the fellow back with the assurance that there "must be some mistake." There was. It occurred when Uncle Bentley was born. If you turned your cow out the side gate casually when nobody was looking, just as if she had escaped without your knowledge or consent, in the hope that she might get a free meal on the rich grass which throve in the street, Uncle Bentley was certain to come driving her back inside of ten minutes, with a great flourish, swinging what he called a "gad," and with a loud outcry of, "Whey!" and, "Hi, there!" and, "Consairn the critter!" and a long explanation of the noble act of rescue which he had performed. Deacon Crump's umbrella had passed its prime—passed it a long way. The Deacon got a new one at Christmas, and the next morning on his way down town quietly dropped his old one in the ditch. There wasn't a soul in sight. But your uncle Bentley rose up out of the ground and chased after the Deacon, with a grin and a smirk, and restored it. The Deacon turned in at the barber shop and purposely forgot the umbrella. Uncle Bentley caught him two squares away, gasping for breath, and holding out the umbrella. Then the Deacon took a short-cut through an alley and jammed the umbrella into an ash-can behind a stable, and ran for dear life. Vain run! He bolted into Uncle Bentley coming around the other way carrying the umbrella. "Found it sticking in Joe Potter's ash-can!" he cried. "Some pesky thief put it there, I reckon, hearing me coming, and being afeard he'd get catched. Y' got'o watch out, Deacon." The Deacon thanked him, and inadvertently put up the umbrella. Two quarts of ashes showered down over him. It was just like that time at Pompeii.

Finally there was talk of forming an organization, to be called the Society for the Suppression of Uncle Bentley. Nothing came of it, however. They couldn't agree on the name. Some wanted to call it the Committee of Safety for the Lynching of Uncle Bentley.

And at last these radicals came near to having their own way. He didn't lack much of being lynched. It was the minister who saved him. An able man, but too tender-hearted, many thought. There was a religious awakening at Hawleyburgh. Probably Hawleyburgh needed it, like most places. It should have needed it more, with Uncle Bentley on its hands, exasperating it to sin, especially to the sin of profane swearing. Some said that if the evangelist would kidnap Uncle Bentley it would do more



WILLIE'S BOLD GUESS

TEACHER. "*Willie, tell me at what place did Washington catch the British napping?*"
WILLIE. "*Philadelphia!*"

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ON BOARD THE "HALF MOON"

CABIN BOY. "*Look at the fog. We must be off Newfoundland.*"
OLD SCHNAPPS. "*That isn't fog—it's only Captain Hudson's pipe.*"

for the regeneration of the community than anything else. But the good man stuck to his own methods.

It ran along till the last meeting of the first week. All Hawleyburgh was present. It's needless to say that Uncle Bentley was there. He had been there from the first. Some folks said he brought his meals and slept in one of the pews. Certainly the first arrival always found him doddering about the aisles or dusting off the pulpit. He insisted on fussing with the fires, and invariably kept the church too warm or too cold. He simply *would* take up the collection; and as he toddled around with the hat kept up a string of comment in a rasping whisper, as, "That's right, Deacon—give liberal"; "Good for you, Mis' Jenkins"; "Sure that nickel ain't plugged, Jim?" "Come, come, Squire; remember them there heathen in furren parts need our help!"

On this Saturday night the church was crowded, and the local minister asked if chairs couldn't be brought in for our friends standing in the rear. Uncle Bentley hopped up and began scurrying for chairs. The services went on. Soon he staggered back, a walking mountain of chairs of all sorts. The standing brigade took them with the mental observation that occasionally Uncle Bentley was handy, after all. Some even thanked him, though the more experienced frowned, well knowing how fatal it was to encourage him in the least. Those occupying the chairs formed a long row just behind the rear pew. After they were seated, Uncle Bentley, for a wonder, subsided on the wood-box back of the stove, and actually stayed there throughout the service. It was a long meeting since the preacher's earnest words had begun to bear fruit. Many gave their experiences as sinners, and others asked for the prayers of the congregation. But at last the services drew to a close, and the local minister announced the doxology. Everybody stood up and sang it with a will. A wave of religious emotion had passed over the congregation, and there was true feeling in the singing. As the voices died away, the visiting evangelist suddenly thought of something. Nobody ever knew what it was, but he arose and began, "If our friends will please be seated for a moment, I wish to say that—" Of course everybody sat down. Uncle Bentley, representing Satan, had been at work. He had quietly gathered up all of those chairs. Their former occupants sat down on the floor in unison, with one deep, muffled thud. Then Bill Harkins, notwithstanding that he had just promised to lead a better life, went for Uncle Bentley, and got him by the throat, and throttled him against the wall, loudly calling the while for volunteers to do violence to Uncle B.; but the local minister, as has been intimated, here rushed down the aisle and counselled milder measures, and Uncle Bentley got away. He survived for many years, to remain, as aforesaid, the burden of Hawleyburgh.

H. C.

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COMFORT FOR THE UNFORTUNATE

"Alas! I cannot hunt—a cross-eyed gun I cannot buy."
"Do not despair, my worthy man; a cross-bow you should try."

Dandelion

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

He came to my lawn 'twixt the dark and the dawn,
And laughed when I opened the door.
"I am tired of the sea for a season," said he,
"And it's ho! for the smell of the shore!"
He swung in the wind in the way of his kind,
And his manner was breezy and bold,
But the chief of his charms was the fact that his arms
Were laden with glittering gold.

It was gold that was pure, and of that I am sure
By the way that it blazed in the sun,
And I hadn't a doubt I'd contrive to find out
How his glittering burden was won:
So I gave him good cheer, and I bade him draw near,
And tell me the tale of his cruise,
But he grinned in my face as he stuck to his place,
And told not a word of his news.

I spoke of the main and the galleons of Spain,
With a glance at the gold that he bore,
And made a bold bid by a word about Kidd
And the treasures he buried ashore:
I hinted with smiles at the Fortunate Isles,
At the Indies, Brazil, and Peru,
But my bold buccaneer only said with a leer:
"Aha! *Don't* you wish that you knew?"

And before I had found to what port he was bound
He had hoisted a gossamer sail,
And, with never a word, he sailed off like a bird
On a favoring westerly gale:
And I'm sure that his gold he had stored in the hold,
For no glint of it greeted my view,
But I'm bound to confess that he made a good guess,
For I really *do* wish that I knew!

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The May Magazine

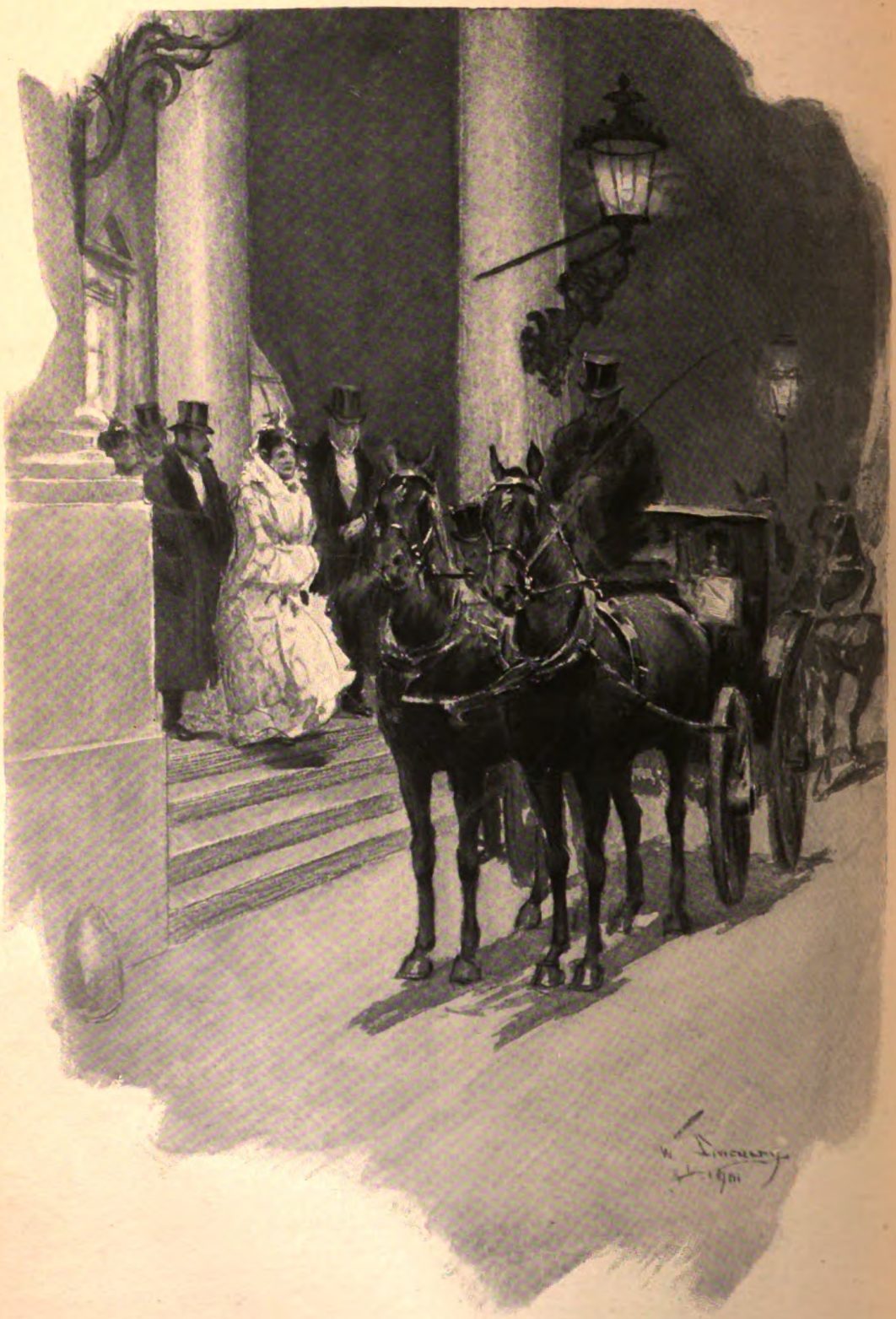
THE most important serial publication of the year will begin in the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE—a new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The success of Mrs. Ward's "Eleanor," which appeared in the MAGAZINE for 1900, must make the announcement of any work by her a welcome one to all readers of the MAGAZINE. Mrs. Ward's new novel is entitled "Lady Rose's Daughter." Those who have read the manuscript state that it is beyond question Mrs. Ward's greatest and most brilliant work. It is a story of English society of to-day, dramatic in its situations and vivid in its character portrayal. It will be illustrated in color and black and white by Howard Chandler Christy.

THERE will be eight short stories in the May MAGAZINE. Among them are: "A Daughter of the Puritans," by Beulah Marie Dix, author of "The Beau's Comedy," with pictures in color by Miss Derickson; "Olivia," by Grace Ellery Channing, with drawings by A. I. Keller; "A Failure," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, illustrated by W. T. Smedley; "The Coming of the Piano," by Eliot Elmore Peake; "Our Yard," by Roy Rolfe Gilson; "The Conquerors of New York," by Julian Ralph; "The Wife of the Governor," by Mrs. W. S. Andrews; and "A Matter of Feeling," by May Harris.

NOTABLE among the special articles are some recollections of William Black, the novelist, by Sir Wemyss Reid; "The Country of Virgil and Horace," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with pictures by Joseph Pennell; and the "Recollections of an Autograph Collector," by Adrian H. Joline. Mr. J. H. Hyde, the well-known "whip," writes of "The Charm of the Road," a picturesque paper on coaching in France. Grace Brownell Peck tells of the beginnings of "Amateur Art in Early New England." This article is illustrated from many reproductions of quaint early work. John R. Spears, the naval historian, chronicles the career of "A Charmed American Warship," a paper of great historic and romantic interest; Professor Raymond Dodge, Ph.D., of Wesleyan University, tells "How We See"; and Sir William McIntosh, of the Gatty Marine Laboratory, Scotland, writes of "Marine Fish Destroyers." Jane W. Guthrie contributes a charming nature study, "The Story of an Old Garden"; and Mary Applewhite Bacon has written a poetic little diary of Springtime. There are twenty-seven titles in the number.

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AFTER THE RECEPTION

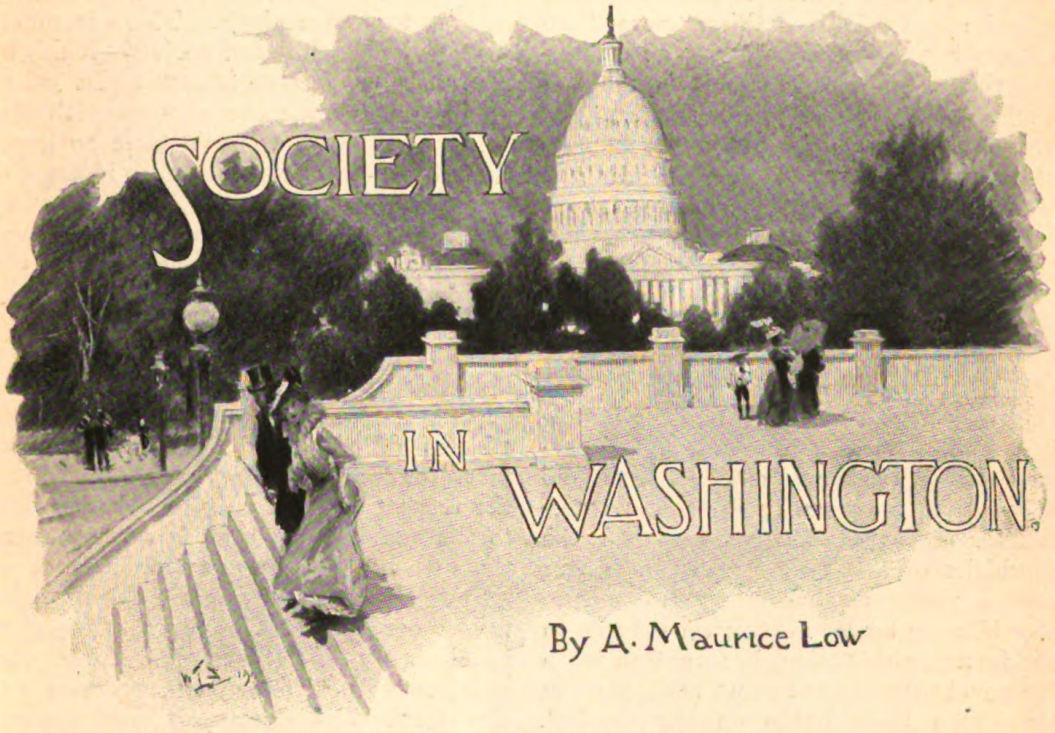
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HARPER'S
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VOL. CIV 1902 NO. DCXXIII

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON



By A. Maurice Low

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY W. T. SMEDLEY

THE most unobservant and careless of travellers has it forced upon him that Washington is a city quite unlike any other; that the things which interest his own place of residence, whether it be a village or a metropolis, are almost foreign there. Streets and shops and people are to be found in Washington as elsewhere, and yet they are different; there is an "atmosphere" in Washington so unlike anywhere else that it has its effect on men and women. It is subtle, intangible, indefinable, but very potent. No one comes under its spell and is not impressed by it. It has a wonderfully softening, civilizing, broadening influence. Men and women are not always conscious of it at the time, and yet they are the better for it.

There is a reason for it. Cause, and not chance, produces the result. Washington is the one city in the world which the statistician ignores, and whose "output" cannot be reduced to the common denominator of dollars and cents; and yet its "output" makes the lines on the charts of statisticians waver. It deals in two products only—politics and society, and they are so interwoven that practically they are one. Other great cities, and especially other capitals, are something more than political and social centres. They are great because of the hogs they slaughter, or the cloth they

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weave, or the millions in their banks; great because they are the centres of art or literature or science; but Washington is none of these. It has no trade, no commerce, no finance; it has no world-famous collection of paintings or sculpture; no *literati* of its own, no poets, no painters whom the world watches with jealous care, proud of what they have already done, calmly confident of what they are yet to do.

It is the one American city where the language of the exchange and mart is an unknown tongue; the one American city where society is something more than a mere relaxation from the more strenuous things of life. Here it is the life itself. In the days when the republic was young, when Washington was a straggling, unkempt city, like a slatternly girl too innocent and too ignorant to have a thought of her future beauty, society reflected its surroundings. Society was crude and careless. It had the shyness of the uncultured. It was very stiff, very artificial, and very uncomfortable.

We have changed all that. Some one ought to erect a monument to the man—or possibly it was a woman—who discovered that political and official life offered a beautiful opportunity for social intercourse, and that dinners softened the acerbities of debates. Society no longer knows party distinctions. No matter how bitterly antagonistic men may be in the forum, antagonism is forgotten when the gavel falls; there are no politics when they turn their backs on the Capitol. No one considers any one else's politics when the curtain rings down and there is no longer an audience to hiss or applaud.

Society in Washington is divided into two classes. There are the people whose official positions entitle them to take their place in society if they have the inclination, the tact, and the money—exactly as a peer may claim his seat in the House of Lords, but there is no way to make him take it; and there are the people who are neither politicians nor officials, who care nothing for politics or the ways of government, but who live in Washington because they prefer its society to that of any other city, or because they think it may be easier to enter society there than in their own cities.

There are more "climbers" in Washington than in any other city. There is nothing to do except to climb into society, or at least to attempt that lubrical ascent, or be too insignificant to command attention. One is either in society or out of it—there is no middle ground—and every one tries to be in it. The desire is irresistible. Men and women who cared nothing for society in their home towns, who really knew not the meaning of the word, come to Washington and see that if they are to have any standing they must obtain membership in that exclusive circle. There is much dignity in Washington society—it might almost be called stateliness. In other cities one is intimate enough with the men gathered at a host's table to greet them familiarly by surname, or if not, the generic "Mr." covers all, and although one man may be richer than another, or more prominent in the life of the community, his position is not definitely fixed. In Washington men are addressed more frequently by their titles than by name, and even in a democracy a certain deference attaches to a title. When you address "Mr. Senator," or "Mr. Secretary," or "Mr. Justice," you are paying the respect due not only to the man, but to the body of which he is a representative; when you address an ambassador as "Your Excellency," you are showing the proper courtesy that attaches to the personal envoy of a sovereign. And the question of position and precedence settles itself. His Excellency outranks every one else; Mr. Secretary precedes Mr. Senator.

In Washington the social cannot be separated from the political or official life. In other cities the man of affairs is frequently satisfied to be pre-eminent in his own vocation or profession, and to leave society to those whose tastes or inclinations run that way, or who make it the serious business of their lives. The great banker or the great lawyer carries his transactions to his home, and wonders whether the morrow will see another "slump" in his pet securities, or whether the witness in whom he places his main reliance will go to pieces on cross-examination, which involves the loss of personal fortune or reputation. Members of Congress or members of the cabinet, di-

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

A LAWN PARTY AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY

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FREQUENT DINNERS TO A SMALL BUT SELECT COMPANY

plomatists and judges, generals and admirals, seldom dread the coming day. Occasionally legislation becomes to every man a personal matter, occasionally men feel the personal responsibility they owe to the state, and the burden weighs upon them, but these occasions are rare. Official life is a well-regulated, carefully arranged routine which nothing can unsettle except a cataclysm; and to those persons who are solely dependent upon their official salaries—and they are more numerous than the outsider imagines—it is a very comforting thought to know that nothing can disturb or diminish one's income. It conduces to serenity.

Serenity, which is another name for quietness, is the distinguishing characteristic of Washington society. Washington is the one city in the United States where people are sure of their positions, and where they maintain them by right and not by force. In any other city the leader of society may find herself, despite her genealogy and her wealth, pushed to one side by a new-comer who has no genealogy but more money, and the ambition to lead society. To save her crown the reigning sovereign must frequently fight for it; she must be constantly vigilant, eagerly watching for a rival, and prepared to crush her before she becomes formidable enough to wrest the sceptre from her hands. It is a competition of extravagant and bizarre entertainments, of costly cotillon favors, of opera-singers engaged at fabulous prices, of diamonds larger and more magnificent, of frocks that even other women must envy—it is a competition so keen that only the very rich may play the game.

In Washington there is nothing of the kind. Excessive wealth counts for so little that it has often proved a positive detriment to the man, anxious to be a great political as well as a social leader, who endeavored to advance his fortunes by lavish display. There have been members of the cabinet, a few, whose entertainments were the talk of the town; there have been, here and there, Senators who coveted the Presidency, and who believed that one way of obtaining it was

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to play bountiful host, who night after night entertained scores of guests, who gave *musicales* at which were prime donne and other world-famous artists, and while Washington ate the masterpieces of their *chefs* and drank their wines and listened to their concerts, it went away feeling that it was bad taste for a man to so conspicuously parade his check-book.

The reason for this resentment is not difficult to find. Popular belief dowers every man prominent in the political life of Washington with great wealth. Washington society is supposed to be both extravagant and corrupt. But that belief is as erroneous as the other which pictures Washington crowded with lobbyists who spend their money in riotous living, and corrupt the morals of the virtuous statesmen with whom they come in contact. As a matter of fact, there are few millionaires in public life. It is rather a remarkable thing that the number of very rich men in Congress or the cabinet is extremely small. Our plutocrats do not number politics among their diversions, as men of equivalent wealth do in other countries.

The leaders in official and social life have generally been men of moderate means, who could not emulate the entertainments of the millionaires even if they had the desire, which was rarely the case. The members of the diplomatic corps, because of their rank, birth, and representative capacity, stand at the top of the social ladder, and they never feel it necessary to resort to adventitious aids to sustain their position. Few ambassadors or ministers have been of great private fortune, but most of them receive pay and allowances sufficiently generous to enable them to live in a style and to entertain in a manner befitting their rank and dignity. Frequent dinners to a small but select company, dances and receptions to which only intimates are invited, are more in keeping with their ideas of social intercourse than the great miscellaneous gatherings, the expense of which represents a year's comfortable support for an average family, which have seemed appropriate to leaders of society in other cities. This example has had its effect. It has had a refining, elevating influence; it has taught the lesson that good taste and the perfection of manners are more important than ostentation and extravagance.



NOT IN SOCIETY

It is this regard for quietness that makes Washington society keep to itself rather than go on parade. In fact, society is never on exhibition as it is elsewhere. There is no fashionable restaurant famous for its dinners or its after-theatre supper parties. When people entertain each other they do it in their own houses and not in public places, where all the world may see them. There is no great opera-house whose boxes are engaged for the season, and whose occupants' names are printed in the pro-

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AFTER A RECEPTION TO THE ARMY AND NAVY

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gramme, as is the name of the star, or the dressmaker who furnishes the star's costumes. Society would rebel at that innovation, and make any theatrical manager so lacking in taste and discretion regret his "enterprise." There is no recognized promenade, no Central Park, or Hyde Park, or Champs Elysées, where you may hire a penny chair and watch the great world roll past in magnificent equipages, where women go to be seen and exhibit their dazzling beauty and their bewitching costumes. If you are a member or an invited guest, you may go to the country club and meet many charming women and interesting men, and hear much brilliant talk, but this is for the select few and not the multitude. You may meet the same people at embassies and legations and private houses, but receptions and teas are for friends, and not the public at large. The wives and daughters of ambassadors and ministers and Senators are glad to welcome their friends, but they have no interest in persons whom they do not know.

It is only the wives of the members of the cabinet who still cling to the tradition of a Wednesday afternoon reception to which all the world and his wife may go. There is little sense in this custom, and certainly a great deal of annoyance to the hostesses, but it is a custom, and one of the penalties of cabinet rank. While the majority of the people who attend these receptions are friends of the hostess, many others go with whom she has no personal acquaintance, and who are attracted simply out of curiosity — the desire to see a well-known woman and the interior of her house, and to partake of the refreshments which she is compelled to provide. The wives of the members of the cabinet have often protested against this foolish practice, and tried to abolish it, but it seems required of them, and they find convention more powerful than their own convenience. These same inquisitive and impertinent people, who boldly march into a stranger's house and unblushingly announce to the hostess that they have called simply because they "want to have a good look" at her, or because "we have seen your name so often in the newspapers and wondered if your dresses were as handsome as the papers said they were," which was the tactful salutation of a couple of women to the very charming wife of a cabinet member, have attempted to break their way into the houses of other officials, but without success. They have been politely informed that their company was not desired, and angry, but not a bit abashed, they have retired, to make the attempt elsewhere. There is less of this than formerly, but ten years or so ago the evil was so great that it called for heroic remedies.

The rural Congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson when she discovers that position means something, but persons are everything. Such a woman comes to Washington full of her own importance, profoundly impressed with the greatness of her husband, fondly believing that the wife of the President, the wives of the members of the cabinet, the wives of Senators, will receive her with open arms; that she will be invited to the dinners of which she has read in her local paper; that she will get her name in the newspapers, and her dresses will be described as was that of the Governor's wife at the last charity ball. Alas for her disillusionment! She learns that while a Congressman may be a very big man in his district, he is a very small man in Washington until he has established his right to be regarded as above the average. If he has money and tact, he may soon attract attention and cross the golden boundary; or if he has no money, but much ability, he will reach his destination by another route; but if he has neither one nor the other, if he is simply an ordinary member of Congress, a very fair specimen of middle-class, commonplace intelligence, the social recognition for which his wife sighs will never be hers. The wives of Senators from her State will return her call, she may be invited to a tea, even to a dinner at the fag end of the season, but that will be the limit of her insight into society.

Not less disheartening is the experience of the other woman who, finding society barred to her where her husband dug gold out of the bowels of the earth, or

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transmuted hogs into government bonds, imagines that the conquest of Washington is easy to any one who can pay the expense of the campaign. Because she has a great house and many servants, because she gives her guests costly viands served on still more costly plates, are reasons not alone sufficient to insure her victory. After every one of her "days" she will eagerly look at the cards, and while she will find scores of them, the names for which she is looking will not be there. She cannot understand it. The nice people, the women whom one really wants to know, have never called upon her. There are always men and women to accept invitations to her dinners and her theatre parties, and who in the intimacy of their carriages, as they drive away from her functions, laugh at her pretensions and her numerous *faux pas;* but the few whom she would like to have at her table refuse to come. If she has tact she will break down this barrier, but unless she has this priceless quality of *savoir-faire* her great house will be a monument to her folly.

The man or woman fortunate enough to have handsome and clever daughters may count with reasonable certainty, if they possess tact, on arriving at their goal. In Washington woman wields dominant sway. Nowhere else has a girl so many opportunities of meeting desirable men. The fact that a comparatively few persons make up society has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. The same people must frequently meet during the course of a season, which may be convenient or inconvenient, according as they have an affinity or antipathy. The man who cares to see much of a young woman finds his opportunity without having to resort to excessive stratagem. No other city has such a large leisure class in proportion to population, and in no other city are so many men seen at teas and afternoon receptions, but in Washington attendance at teas and receptions is one of the duties of young men. In the course of an afternoon they may meet the same charming young woman and her mamma at two or three different houses, and if both are willing it does not require extraordinary diplomacy for him to get her a cup of tea at Senator Blank's, and a cup of chocolate at the Etrurian Legation, and an ice at Secretary Brown's. Society is not only small, but lives near each other; it does not spread over a wide area, so that a great many calls can be made and a great many persons seen during the course of an afternoon.

The Washington social code is full of contrasts. In some respects ultra democratic, in others etiquette is rigid and unyielding. A cabinet minister may live in "rooms" like any unimportant person, and not lose caste; the Chinese minister may wheel about Washington on his bicycle, lending a pleasing touch of the Orient to Western civilization, and it causes no comment; a Senator's wife may do her own marketing, and chaffer with hucksters over eggs and butter, and society has nothing to say; a minister of a great power walks to a dinner engagement instead of driving—all these things are the influence of democracy, but only in the White House may there be no departure from precedent. The President is always the President. He can never go anywhere or do anything incognito.

By virtue of his position the President is the leader of society, and he can make as much or as little of it as he pleases. Most Presidents, having been men well advanced in years, have not cared much for social diversions, and have been content not to do more than the official entertaining that custom makes obligatory. Presidents have seldom been social arbiters, or given their name to a new brand of collars, or made a style the vogue. Nor have their wives, because they, like their husbands, have usually been women who have left the vanities of youth behind them. While an invitation to the White House is a compliment as well as a command, the White House, unlike a palace, has never set the fashions or pronounced the last word in a social controversy. Few of the Presidents have been men of great private fortune or distinguished for their love of society before their accession to the Presidency. They have not materially changed their habits after their election. They cannot avoid giving a certain number of official dinners during the season, but these dinners have never been noted for extravagance. A President may accept

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A RECEPTION AT THE HOUSE OF A SENATOR

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A Tournament at the Chevy Chase Club

invitations from any person in official or private life, although few go outside the cabinet circle, but tradition would be rudely jarred if he should enter an embassy or a legation. Tradition also prevents the wife of the President from dancing, but she may ask some of her young friends to the White House, and informally invite them to dance.

Three or four times during the season the President and his wife give receptions to which the official world is invited, which goes because it cannot avoid it, and is most dreadfully bored in consequence. The New-Year's reception in the morning, and the evening receptions to the *corps diplomatique,* the Judiciary, Congress, and the Army and Navy, are things long to be remembered and talked about by the country cousin and the stranger visiting in Washington, but the official who has gone through the ceremony half a dozen times would like to find a reasonable excuse to escape being present. Still, it is a pretty sight, and suggests somewhat the pomp and glitter of a court. The big East Room is beautifully decorated with flowers, and in this room are to be seen diplomatists in all the glory of gold braid and jewelled orders, their wives resplendent in coronets and such frocks as only a Paris modiste knows how to create, officers of the army and navy in uniform, American women whose beauty as well as their dresses do not suffer by comparison with their titled sisters of the diplomatic corps. It is a scene which one can see only in Washington, and which, as a spectacle, repays travelling a good many miles to see. Presidents welcome their guests with a smile, but nothing more. They are given neither meat nor drink, and as the flowers and the lights and the attendance and the music cost the President nothing, he is able to greet society without having to dip his hand in his pocket.

There is so little opportunity for variety, and society so determinedly sets its face against all publicity, that the Sena-

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tor who first conceived the idea of giving a lunch in his committee-room at the Capitol has been rewarded by the affectionate regard of more than one reigning society belle, although his name has long been forgotten and his personality is a myth. In a city where every one in society is in politics, although every one in politics is not in society, it naturally follows that during a session of Congress there are frequent occasions when the wives and daughters of politicians will be interested in listening to some man's speech, or being present when important legislation is under consideration. To go to the Capitol, to hear the speech, and to lunch in the restaurant would be matter-of-fact, but to lunch in a committee-room—those mysterious chambers where state secrets are born—surrounded on all sides by the evidence of great affairs, is as jolly and unconventional as a summer picnic. The sideboard gives place to bookcases filled with formidable-looking volumes on law and diplomacy; instead of pictures are maps and plans; desks and a telephone and a copying-press show only too plainly that the room is a workshop. And just because of these things the luncheon is all the more enjoyable. The large table in the centre of the room, around which on other occasions gather grave Senators discussing such indifferent trifles as tariffs or appropriations, sparkles with its glass and china; but more brilliant than the prismatic colors reflected from the glass are the glances of women famous for their beauty, for all the world, as well as all parts of the country, send their most beautiful women to Washington. A woman young and handsome can make even the most ordinary subject interesting, and it is surprising the respect with which statesmen listen to the opinions of their guests, and the interest they display in discussing a topic which they long ago voted to be a bore. These committee-room luncheons are not noted for the elaborateness of their menus, although the wine is always iced to suit the exact requirements of critical taste, and the connoisseur who knows the difference between terrapin and sliders will have nothing to complain of; but they are always voted a great success, and, because of their unconventionality, more thoroughly enjoyed than many elaborate entertainments.

Teas and receptions, dinners and dances, efforts on the part of those who are on the outside to get in, and of those on the inside to keep the sacred circle as small as possible—these are the objects and aims of society in Washington. "Who is that pretty girl?" was the question put by a stranger at a Washington reception. "Oh, she's a navy girl, but she doesn't belong to the smart set," replied the girl addressed, in a tone of withering contempt. To be the daughter of a gallant officer means nothing; to be in "the smart set"—ah, that is the *summum bonum* in Washington society.

The Wanderer

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

IT is the time before the robin's call,
When Winter, with his stern and last footfall
Stalks o'er the sodden plain.
Now sleep the new-born lamb and mother-ewe,
Housed from the dripping rain.
Earth folds dark blankets round the violet blue.
But you, my own, my lamb, my blossom fair,
Laid on my breast these twenty years agone,
You, whom my prayers still follow on and on,
Wander, I know not where.

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CHARLES DICKENS AT TWENTY-SIX

Dickens in his Books

BY PERCY FITZGERALD

DICKENS'S best biography is in his books. Of his youth and childhood the impressions and recollections are especially vivid. As with Stevenson, the retrospect from manhood back to early days seemed inviting and all-important; the intervening years, by comparison, were uninviting and trivial.

We may begin our investigation with the Assembly at the Bull Inn at Rochester, in Kent, with which *Pickwick* opens. Dickens's father, as we know, was in the Navy Pay Office, and was sent to Chatham, a near-by Kentish town, in the year 1819. His position was no more than that of superior clerk, at a salary of two hundred pounds a year. But his son made his way everywhere; and it was probably due to his having friends in the garrison and in the towns of Rochester and Chatham that he was invited, *ex gratiâ*, to look in on the famous Pickwickian Assembly.

He recalls the most minute details. He remembers the music, and what instruments furnished it. The "elevated den" could not hold more than four musicians—two fiddles, a bass, and a harp. Then there was a great lady in blue satin, and her daughters—also in blue; whist tables; snuff-taking with everybody; gymnastic dancing; negus on trays handed about; waiters in striped jackets; and the rest. Boz even tells us something of the furniture—"cheval" glass—nothing less—token of high civ-

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ilization that only "metropoles" can now boast. It is evident that Tracy Tupman must have been given a lady's room.

Among the notabilities of the place was an old and stout widow, of small stature, but wealthy, who dressed herself in rich attire and a profusion of jewels. She was followed assiduously by one at least of the officers of the garrison. Her name was "Budger." Such was the charm of reputed wealth that she could dance after her absurd fashion without exciting ridicule — "bobbing about" — while strangers even got themselves introduced by an M. C. of the ball. For Rochester, like Bath, had its M. C., no doubt the dancing-master of the place, who took his office quite seriously. Even Mr. Jingle, a gentleman of actual celebrity from London, had contended for her charms. And was not Mr. Tupman of the "Pickwick Club" one of her admirers? It was all very flattering to her ancient heart, but, curiously enough, it turns out to be a part of Dickens's own family history.

Dickens's mother was Miss Barrow, whose father had been in the navy. Her sister had married a Lieutenant Allen, and being left a widow, she had come to live in Chatham. Here she had attracted the amorous attentions of an army surgeon quartered there, whose name was Lammer—so it sounded, though spelt Lamert, while in *Pickwick* he became "Slammer." He had been married and had a son, a great friend and ally of the boy, bringing him to the theatre, and helping him to get up theatricals in the doctor's quarters.

Thus in the first chapters of his first famous work our author introduces his own relatives. The army doctor and his new wife were soon ordered to Ireland, taking with them a servant named Bomey from the Dickens household, a name Boz used in *Nickleby*. This was Dickens's way of conveniently registering family recollections and feelings.

It is not difficult to discover how Dickens attained so deeply ingrained a dislike of ranting and ranters, which he denounced in Stiggins and his followers. This antipathy is shown in the most hostile fashion, and clearly came from one who had suffered keenly. Next door to the house in St. Mary's Terrace was a sort of Little Bethel, while his schoolmaster, Giles, was a minister of the Baptist persuasion. His mother, like Mrs. Weller, no doubt fell under the influence of these people, and it is likely that greasy, rum-drinking men, like the Shepherd, frequented her house. Though Mrs. Dickens was openly drawn in Mrs. Nickleby, she might figure again as Mrs. Weller, so far at least as regards devotion to her pastors. All the incidents described must have been noted by her boy at Chatham. But many years later he gave vent to a bitter complaint, bewailing all that he had suffered, and how he was forced to meetings and services. "I was," he says, "dragged by the hair of my head, as one may say, taken to hear too many [preachers]. On summer evenings, when every flower and tree and bird might have better addressed my young soft heart, I have been caught in the palm of a female hand by the crown and have been violently scrubbed from the neck to the roots of the hair as a purification for the temple, and have then been hurried off to be steamed like a potato in the hated breath of the powerful Boanerges Boiler and his congregation. I have been baled out of the place of meeting at the conclusion and catechised respecting his fifthly, his sixthly, and his seventhly. Time was when I was carried off to platform assemblages. I have sat under Boanerges when he has specifically addressed himself to us—us the infants—and I hear his lumbering jocularity, and I behold his big round face, and I look up at the inside of his outstretched coat sleeve, as if it were a telescope, and I hate him with a mortal hatred for two hours."

There is a tinge of sadness, indeed, in the Pickwickian description of the old town of Rochester. The author, at the time of writing, in the gloom and stress of London life, was no doubt recalling the happy days spent in the place, when he would wander into the enclosure by Rochester Bridge and gaze up and down the river. He may have been also, like the "dismal Jemmy," ruefully contemplating his sad prospects—an improvident father struggling with debt, with the poor chances of anything ever being done to put him forward in life. The strange fancies of "dismal Jemmy" are

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so genuine in spirit that they seem to reflect a personal despondency.

It is curious to find how Dickens clung to favorite theories, such as the one that in childhood any local edifice seems gigantic and monumental, to be dwarfed later. In *Oliver Twist* he was surely thinking of the "Bull" when he wrote, "They drove straight to the door of the chief hotel, which Oliver used to stare at with awe and think a mighty palace, but which had somehow fallen off in grandeur and size." This applied especially to the Guildhall at Rochester, of which I have heard him make the same remark. On one of my visits to Gadshill, near Rochester, I recall one of his pleasant speeches or commentaries as we walked through High Street. "I remember," he said, "once thinking that town-hall one of the grandest of public monuments, and left the place with this impression. I never was so astonished as when I returned and was struck by its smallness and insignificance." I was amused some years after at seeing this notion worked up in his own happy vein: "I had entertained the impression that High Street was at least as wide as Regent Street. I found it little better than a lane. There was a public clock in it, which I had supposed to be the finest clock in the world, whereas it now turned out to be the most *inexpressive, moon-faced, and as weak a clock as I ever saw.* It belonged to a town-hall where I had seen an Indian swallow a sword." It had appeared to him quite "a glorious structure,"—"a mean little brick heap, like a demented chapel, with a few yawning persons in yellow gaiters lounging at the door and calling themselves a corn exchange."

Dickens, however, seems to confuse these two buildings, the Guildhall and the Corn Exchange, and he certainly attached the "moon-faced clock" to the former, whereas it really belongs to the latter. It is surprising, however, why he should have been so severe, as they were really two very quaint and original works, and would "hold their own" anywhere. The whole High Street is, indeed, one of the best things we have in England. The Corn Exchange he calls "a mean little brick heap"!

Inns, too, he always criticised severely. He even mentioned their names in a way that must have brought him threats of actions. We know how he dealt with the "Great White Horse," when, it is said, proceedings were actually threatened.

We may wonder why he gave so bad a character to "Wright's"—next house—"dear, very dear,—half a crown if you look at the waiter,"—and where, if you dined out, they charged you for the dinner all the same. "Rum fellows, very." Wright's was a more pretentious house, with a higher clientèle than the "Bull," but of the latter Boz seems an ardent partisan. Perhaps Dickens senior, having run up a score at "Wright's," had been hardly treated by the proprietor. In an old print there is a view of Rochester Castle, and the flank of the inn is shown, with an inscription in large letters to be seen from a good way off by the traveller crossing the bridge. A fragment of Wright's still remains.

Of the streets of the four Kentish towns in that district—Rochester, Chatham, Stroud, and Brompton—Boz says that constant smoking, drunken men, and dirt were the chief characteristics. It is a curious change. There is not much smoking in the streets now, certainly not enough to produce the strong flavor complained of by Mr. Pickwick. The behavior of the military in the streets of Chatham, as noted by him, must have been observed by the young Boz—particularly that of the private who stabbed the barmaid with his bayonet because she refused to "serve" him more liquor. The fellow offered to pass it over, and we suspect that it was passed over and the matter accommodated, as the publican would naturally be afraid to offend his military customers. The drunken soldier, staggering through the street, was followed by the jeers and ridicule of the small boys. Boz noted also an officer arrayed in a cloak, carrying about with him a *camp-stool*—a cumbrous article in those days—and sitting down on it majestically while a duel was being fought. No doubt the little Boz had taken stock of this eccentric character in the streets of Chatham.

The review on "The Lines" made a deep impression on the lad. He recalled every item, even to the soldiers wearing

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white "ducks"—as they donned them by regulation after May. No one has a chance now of seeing these displays, yet they used to be quite common. It was the usual method of celebrating a festival. Dickens certainly overestimates the garrison, for he says that in the "sham battle" one side consisted of six regiments, which implied as many on the opposing side. It would have been impossible for Chatham to find accommodation for so many. More extraordinary still, this huge army was under the command of a colonel—Colonel Bulder. This high officer went through many evolutions, caracoling his horse, shouting, and roaring. Everything now is done in much more gentlemanly fashion.

This power of acute observation in a mere child—Dickens at this time was not over eleven years old—may be illustrated by one other instance. The trench by the side of Fort Pitt seemed to Winkle, who was going to fight a duel, like a colossal grave. To one who has seen the original or its picture no comparison could be more appropriate. It is clear that the likeness struck the author when a child, and was recalled later in *Pickwick*.

The "Manor Farm" Christmas scenes, too, were reminiscences of these early experiences. The Wardles were certainly worthy country folks of his acquaintance, who held their revels in an old mansion to which he was bidden. That rather remarkable burst of his about lost and gone Christmas festivals points to this: "How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas-time awaken! We write these words now many miles distant from the spot at which year after year we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Happy, happy Christmas that can win us back to the delusion of our childish days." He is clearly thinking of his old Rochester times. I fancy he must have known hospitable Wardles at Maidstone. They have been tracked down to earth there by Pickwickian enthusiasts. Mr. Hughes, the Birmingham treasurer and an old friend, really discovered Manor Farm in Cob Tree, Sandling, not very far from Maidstone. The evidence for its identity is striking enough. If we compare it with the two sketches in *Pickwick* ("Mr. Pickwick slides" and "The Arbour"), we shall recognize the likeness. Both houses are two stories high, and have wings and gabled roofs. But what settles the point is that there is a pond, as at "Manor Farm," exactly in front of Cob Tree.

In Dickens's time it would seem that the owners of the Farm were a family of "Spongs," and a modern commentator has contended that they were the originals of the hospitable Wardles. This may be so, and is certainly logical from the identification of Cob Tree with Dingley Dell. However, it may be assumed as a certainty from the genuine reality of the author's description that he had been a guest at the Manor Farm Christmas festivities. Two of the best ghost stories that we have ever found are in *Pickwick*, that of "Gabriel Grub," and that of the spectral Mail Coaches at the close of the book. An abbey, introduced into the picture of the pond, has caused some difficulty and confusion, as it clearly represents that of St. Albans in Hertfordshire. And old Wardle speaks of an old abbey church "down here"—that is, in Kent. There had been, as Mr. Hammond Hall notes, some abbeys near Maidstone, but this was an abbey "in being." One might suggest the abbey church of Minster, though that is a good way off. There is also Mayfield.

Dickens's knowledge of Kent in those days was certainly extraordinary. Even his most casual allusion is always correct, and he is constantly introducing something local, as a person in real life might do. Thus the clergyman at Dingley Dell, when giving the madman's story to Mr. Pickwick, spoke of "our county lunatic-asylum." As Mr. Hammond Hall points out, the asylum is only a few miles from Cob Tree—a further point in the identity. There is an extraordinary charm and power in Dickens's dealings with this topic. His heart was in every sentence he wrote of Christmas. There was a tender affection, a longing to diffuse comfort and happiness, and a thorough belief in the unique charm of the season. No one can read one of his many Christmas pieces without being filled with the feeling. It is impossible to resist. For myself, I can only say that for twenty happy years, as each recurring Christmas

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arrived, it became—all owing to him—a delightful festival. One revelled in the picture papers, with their "Christmas at the Manor," and "Going Home from the Christmas party."

I well recall the sort of sadness with which the night of Christmas day came to an end, in the midst of some soft and tender regrets and memories of some gone before. There were all manner of touching stories based on this seasonable feeling—the wild brother who had run away and gone to the bad, and who, by a strange chance, returned exactly on Christmas eve; the snow thick on the ground; the family banqueting inside the Grange; he, the outcast, looking in through the mullioned panes. Some sound betrays him. He is brought in, to fall into his brother's arms, placed by the fire, filled with good things, and all is forgiven. How often have I seen this favorite topic treated most artistically in the pictures—the old Grange—the lights within—the black figure peering in! No one can read the *Christmas Carol*, however familiar it be, without being immensely interested, without being softened and affected, without wishing to be engaged in such scenes, and without being better for the perusal. Many must have smiled at his simple belief that the mere advent and pressure of the season compelled family reconciliations, caused angry brethren to "make it up," and diffused an amiable and benevolent good-nature over all the parishes in the land. He amiably enforced all these themes with such conviction and in so picturesque a way that he persuaded everybody; and it must be said that his account of the hard "Scrooge" being softened in time gained the whole kingdom, and was one of the most persuasive agents of such philosophy that ever appeared. Indeed, for years it was fervently believed that the sight of abundant holly and ivy, contrasted with snow upon the ground, with the "Waits," the Bells, and the modern imitation of Wassail, exercised a sort of holy and softening influence upon the sternest souls.

During his stay at Rochester, Dickens was put to school under charge of a Baptist minister—another illustration, it may be, of the "Stiggins" influence of which he was a victim. In the playground he had been delivered from the dungeons of "Seringapatam," and had been recognized by his affianced, one Miss Green—"second house in the terrace." This school-boy affair he has often dwelt on. He transferred the locale to Canterbury in *Copperfield*. There Miss Green appears again under a fresh name. Over thirty years later, grown up and famous, he went down to the old place, and records his impressions in "Down at Dulborough." On this visit he found that the Southeastern Railway had swallowed up the playing-field of his old school. I often pass by the site of his other school, in the Hampstead Road—Jones's Wellington House Academy—which is at the corner of Granby Street. At the time, Hampstead Road was open to the country, and the school was in grounds. This is described in *Copperfield* as Salem House, at Highgate, not very far away. Jones is described as an ignorant fellow and a tyrant, with a huge ruler in his hand, which he used on his pupils. There was also a rough and gruff servingman.

On this visit to Rochester he recognized many familiar places, and went to call on an old school-fellow, now a flourishing doctor, whom he found married to Lucy Green, his old playmate and boy love, and with whom he dined. This lad and he had read *Roderick Random* together. It is astonishing indeed in what a number of places he furnishes little scraps and sketches of the old school-days—as in *Copperfield*. These are, of course, much varied and embellished. His official recollections are given in the humorous paper, "Our School." The green-grocer who did not recognize him was to him "the town, the cathedral, the bridge, the river, my childhood, and a large slice of my life to me." How distinct the emphasis here! He talks of Timpson, who used to run the coaches, and who was no doubt Simpson. He tells us that he left Rochester finally in the stage-coach, and was forwarded, carriage paid, to Cheapside. He was the sole inside passenger, a boy of eleven or twelve years old.

Dickens's first serious love-affair is a subject that must be interesting to everybody. Like everything of impor-

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tance in his youth, it is minutely described in his writings. He was no more than nineteen, so the time was about 1831. It was so great a passion that, as he tells us, for a period of four years it excluded every other thought. He worked and strove with a view to earning sufficient to marry upon; and we may assume that Traddles's efforts in this way with the picking up of odd bits of furniture were recollections of what he did himself. After five-and-twenty years, as he told his friend Forster, he could not think of the episode without pain. "I never can see the face or hear the voice without all the old scenes being called up."

Now comes the interesting question, whose was this face and voice, and who was this prototype of "Dora" and "Mrs. Finching"—who was this youthful love of the thirties when Boz was not twenty years old? We can, indeed, only speculate, but the speculation is very close to certainty. Some years ago a well-known firm of autograph-dealers, who once had for sale the first receipt for the *Pickwick* copy money, were in possession of a number of early letters of Boz written at this time. They were twelve in number, and were addressed to a friend named Henry Kolle—a clerk in a city bank. The young men became very intimate, walked and rode together, and it was to Kolle that Boz confided his first contribution to a magazine, in a letter that is of extraordinary interest.

The two friends used to frequent the house of a family named Beadnell, where there were two attractive sisters, to one of whom Kolle became attached. The other was the object of Dickens's affection. Before 1833 Kolle had married. Dickens was not so fortunate. His suit was opposed by the parents—notably by the mother. As would seem from the following letter, the courtship was carried on clandestinely: "As I was requested in a note I received this morning to forward my answer by the same means as my first note, I am emboldened to ask you if you will be so kind as to deliver the enclosed for me when you practise your customary duet this afternoon."

This letter is undated, but it is clearly written when both were bachelors, the favored Kolle practising music with his *fiancée*, the poor youth Charles forbidden the house. If Miss Beadnell was like "Dora," as is said, she must have been a fascinating little creature; and this story quite accords with that of the fictitious maiden. The disagreeable Miss Murdstone, who kept guard over "Dora," may have been suggested by the hostile mamma.

Years later Dickens went to call on his old flame. He saw the stuffed Jip in the hall, and the interview so revived the old feelings that not long after he began the touching episode of "Dora." These feelings were of course independent of the rather grotesque ones which the changed appearance and flighty behavior of the heroine produced. And the embodiment of these he reserved for a later story — *Little Dorrit* — when his once fascinating "Dora" became "Flora Finching." Some cynics have dealt rather harshly with Boz for thus ridiculing what should have been sacred to him, but they forget that he had already enshrined all that was tender and romantic in the history in the exquisitely attractive Dora. He was fairly entitled to present this other view of the matter. And, alas! experience of life shows that it is all but certain that these dainty little creatures, when grown elderly and *passée*, do retain their old arts—which then appear to be only frivolous and foolish.

In his paper on "Birthdays" he again mentions this passion, describing how he gave a party to which he had invited her. She was older than he was, and "had pervaded every corner and crevice of his mind for three or four years." He used to compose long letters to her mother, none of which were ever sent. This shows the truth of "Mrs. Finching's" statement that the girl's mother was the opposing influence.

In *Little Dorrit* the attractive "Dora" appears as "Flora Casby"—now "Mrs. Finching." In the book she comes to see her old admirer. The author meets her in the character of "Arthur Clennam." "Clennam's eyes no sooner fell upon the object of his old passion than it shivered and broke to pieces." Our author then makes this apology, which is really one for turning his once idol "into copy": "Most men will be found

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sufficiently true to themselves to be true to an old idea. It is no proof of an inconstant mind, but exactly the opposite, when the idea will not bear close comparison with the reality, and the contrast is a fatal shock to it. In his youth he had ardently loved this woman, and had heaped upon her all the locked-up wealth of his affection and imagination. Ever since, he had kept the old fancy of the past unchanged, in its old sacred place. Flora always tall, had grown to be very broad too, and short of breath; but that was not much. Flora whom he had left a lily had become a peony; but that was not much. Flora who had seemed enchanting in all she said and thought was diffuse and silly. That was much. Flora who had been spoiled and artless long ago was determined to be spoiled and artless now—that was a fatal blow." We know her ridiculous style of chatter—words commaless, and running breathlessly into each other—"I am a fright — Arthur — Mr. Clennam more proper," etc. There is something almost pathetic in her efforts to revive the old dreams.

But Dickens married neither the Miss Green of his boyhood love nor Miss Beadnell, the prototype of "Dora" and "Mrs. Finching." In 1836, as we know, he married Catherine, one of the three daughters of George Hogarth. His later attachment to Mary, Catherine's older sister, is one of the most interesting episodes in his life. Before his marriage he was well—even intimately—acquainted with her and with the family. We may well wonder, therefore, why her charms—she was the more attractive, and had always secretly loved him—did not appeal to him before his marriage with the younger sister.

Rose Maylie in *Oliver Twist* embodies Dickens's later appreciation of the striking character of Mary Hogarth. Oliver's love for her reflects the author's own feelings. He thus describes their first meeting: "The younger lady was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood, at the age when, if ever angels be for God's purpose enthroned in mortal forms, they may be without impiety supposed to abide in such as hers. She was not past seventeen [the exact age of Mary Hogarth]; cast in so slight and exquisite a mould, so mild and gentle, so pure and beautiful, that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions. The very intelligence that shone in her deep blue eyes and was stamped upon her noble head seemed scarcely of her age or of the world; and yet the changing expression of sweetness and good-humor, the lights that played about the face and left no shadow there, above all, the smile, the happy cheerful smile, were made for home and fireside, peace and happiness. She was busily engaged in the little offices of the table. Chancing to raise her eyes as the elder lady was regarding her, she playfully put back her hair, which was simply braided on her forehead, and threw into the beaming look such an expression of affection and artless loveliness that blessed spirits might have smiled to look upon her."

Now no novelist's description of his heroine was ever given in this impassioned tone. It is clearly personal—a burst of grief in one recalling a living person—now lost forever! There is no pretence at the deliberate or sympathetic description of the novelist. Many a reader has no doubt been mystified by this passionate and excited outbreak of the writer over what seemed a mere creature of fiction. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that it was intended for Mary Hogarth. For the inscription which he wrote for her grave has the same reference to an angel "enthroned in mortal form."

As the time went on, Oliver is described as sitting and listening while the young lady read, "which he would have done till it grew too dark to see the letters." When it became quite dark, "the lady would sit down to the piano and play some pleasant air, or sing in a low, gentle voice some old song. There would be no candles lighted at such times—and Oliver would sit by one of the windows listening to the sweet music in a perfect rapture." These and other descriptions of the kind have nothing to do with the story, and do not advance it. The writer is clearly indulging his own feelings and recollections.

More is shadowed out in the account of Rose Maylie's sudden illness. They had been out on a walk that was

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longer than usual, and taking off her simple bonnet, she sat down to the piano, and after playing a little, broke into tears. Mrs. Maylie was alarmed when Rose said, "I don't know what it is—I can't describe it—but I feel—" Then she broke down, saying, "I would not alarm you if I could avoid it, but indeed I have tried very hard and cannot help this—I fear I am ill." Then every symptom is described with a minuteness that had no connection with fiction. They said that the hue of her countenance had changed "to that of a marble whiteness. Its expression had lost nothing of its beauty; but it was changed; and there was an anxious, haggard look about the gentle face which it had never worn before. Another minute and it was suffused with a crimson flush; and a heavy wildness came over the soft blue eyes. Again this disappeared, and she was once more deadly pale."

Again, how wonderfully did he recall every phase and symptom of Mary's tragic death. By midnight Rose had grown worse. She was delirious. It would be little short of a miracle, said the doctor, if she recovered. The wretched night and its watching that followed, when all sat up, are surely reminiscences of the scenes in Doughty Street, where, as Dickens tells us in one of his letters, Mary Hogarth was seized with the sudden illness that finally resulted in her death.

Rose Maylie was supposed to be illegitimate, and the author makes this the impediment which the high-souled girl found for declining to accept the suit of Harry Maylie. This, of course, cannot apply to Mary Hogarth, but it may indicate the obstacles which the author's marriage with Mary's sister put in the way, and which made the chance of their own union so hopeless.

Can it be that the real solution is to be found in that story of two sisters—"The Battle of Life"? There Marion and Grace were passionately attached, and Grace, the elder, thought only of Marion. The latter had a lover, Alfred, who was to go and seek his fortune, then return to claim her. Marion found out that her sister's heart was given to Alfred, and contrived by a sort of elopement to convey that she did not care for Alfred, and thus left the ground free. A new attachment grew up; they were married; and Marion returned to find her scheme successful. She was the sacrifice, and all the time it is conveyed that the lover had not altogether lost his first love. It might have been that Mary Hogarth, knowing her sister's feeling, wished to hide her love, and, according to the account of those that knew and loved her, she was of such an angelic nature that she was quite capable of making the sacrifice. Whether there be anything in this speculation or not, it seems the only one that will rationally account for Dickens not marrying the girl he so loved.



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The Bush-Sparrow

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

IN the bushy pastures
Ere April days are done,
Or along the forest border
Ere the chewink has begun,
Is Spizella trilling
In notes that circling run
Like wavelets in the water
That go rippling in the sun.

A gentle timid rustic
Who makes the dingle ring,
Or round about the orchard
Where bush and brier cling.
Most tuneful of the sparrows,
With little russet wing,—
A joy in early summer,
A thrill in early spring.

His coat has russet trimmings,
And russet is his crown;
Less bright and trim of feather
Than chippy, near the town;
A plainer country cousin,
With plainer country gown,
Who loves the warmth of summer,
But dreads the autumn's frown.

He hides in weedy vineyards
When August days are here,
And taps the purple clusters
For a little social cheer;
The boys have caught him at it,
The proof is fairly clear;
Still I bid him welcome,
The pilf'ring little dear;
He pays me off in music,
And pays me every year.

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A Spartan

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ONE of the interrogations which might with propriety be added to the canonical questions to which the assent of the bishops-elect is required might be couched in this form: "Will you faithfully and obediently answer all your letters?" And the promise of compliance ought not to be made without due consideration of the tremendous labor involved therein. Volumes of humor and pathos, wisdom and folly, might be made out of letters written to the ordinary bishop; and when, as in this case, the bishop was an extraordinary one —well! The care of all the churches is a heavy burden to lay on any man's shoulders, but the care of all the letter-writers is heavier. The wise and the foolish—pen and ink make them both of a size.

The Bishop early realized that a secretary was an indispensable necessity. He tried with unwearying patience, and undiminished faith in womankind, various aspirants for the responsible position who presented themselves in successive lines of failure. If by chance a capable one was found, she was inquisitive, in that she wanted to know what it was all about; or indiscreet, in that she told other people what her deductions had been; or advisory, in that she knew so much better than the Bishop how things ought to be said; or original and filled with irrelevant ideas which struck her in the midst of some serious discussion. Sometimes officially one would be everything that could be desired; socially, the reverse. Sometimes they got on the Bishop's nerves. He was by nature a very equable man, but the hurry in which he lived, the stress and strain under which he labored, the heart-breaking problems he habitually faced, made him realize the value of that rare thing, a restful personality in his office.

But the Bishop's patience was at last rewarded by the best secretary that ever fell to the lot of mortal man. She was never irritated, never worried, always comprehensive, never talked, never suggested, never told anything—in fact, she was ideal. For the rest, she was a well-bred, slender slip of a woman, about twenty-four years old, with blue eyes and soft brown hair with a glint of gold in it, which she brushed simply back from her pale, low forehead. The Bishop, being a man, was not insensible to æsthetic considerations, and he liked to see her pleasant face and trim figure, always neatly gowned, opposite him in the big leather chair on the other side of the old mahogany desk—a gift discarded from the East—under which the Episcopal legs of several generations of prelates had been thrust. Mrs. Bishop and the little Bishoplets were all equally fond of her, and her position in the house became gradually that of a confidante and friend. More and more of the Bishop's detail work he devolved upon her, as time tried her qualities, and with more and more confidence she became not merely his secretary, but his associate and fellow-workman.

There were but two disadvantages connected with her; for one, she was not strong, and she had the thin chest, scarlet lips, and high color of those who fight against the ghastliest disease that breaks humanity. The disability was potential when she came, not actual, for she was a girl of such indomitable will and heroic resolution that she allowed nothing to interfere with her duties. They had been associated for several years before the Bishop, usually so keen, discovered that Janet was hovering on the border-land of consumption.

The other disadvantage was that she was engaged to be married. The engagement had been entered upon long before she became the Bishop's secretary, and she had frankly told him of its existence when she applied for the position; but she explained at the same time that there were dependent upon her a widowed mo-

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JANET

ther and a younger sister, and that Ralph Henley, a young college man who had chosen journalism for his profession and was now reporting on the *Daily Times* for the munificent sum of fifteen dollars per week, must establish himself on a sound financial basis before she would feel safe in marrying him. The engagement had been made before Ralph went to the university, and had continued throughout his course, and for the time which had elapsed since his graduation.

While she was not a demonstrative girl—else she would not have made a good secretary, by-the-way—and the course of her love-affair apparently ran placidly on, her devotion to her strong, handsome young lover was as intense as every other act of her life. It was her one weakness, the Bishop thought, but he realized that strong natures are not less strong in their weaknesses than in their other characteristics. As for Ralph, he accepted it all as a matter of course in his lordly way, and thought but little about it; and there was much quiet happiness in the little home which a modest income and the earnings of Janet enabled her mother to keep up. Josephine, the other daughter, was several years younger than the secretary, and her opposite in everything but goodness. She had just graduated from the normal school, and expected to teach. Her twenty years had been pleasant ones, and she looked at life with a smiling face. She was as full of fun as youth, black eyes, red cheeks, and good health have a right to be.

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She and Ralph had been the best of friends always; in fact, to the keen eyes of the Bishop their friendship seemed to be a little too warm for the situation; but Josephine was as innocent as she was pretty, and Ralph, apparently secure in an affection which practically always had been, laughed at the Bishop's gentle warning. Other people had laughed at the Bishop's warnings before. Matters drifted along in this state until the day of the great blizzard.

When the temperature drops to ten or fifteen degrees below zero—at that stage a few degrees more or less are immaterial—and the air is thick with snow that falls in masses like a cloud that has not burst, and the wind comes sweeping over the prairies from the northwest with a velocity of fifty miles an hour—that is a blizzard. The unsheltered horses and cattle on the prairies perish, the people who are exposed to the storm struggle on until they die, and wise men stay at home, if they have a home at which to stay. Foolish persons who have high ideas of duty and honor and pride in letting nothing prevent them from doing what they imagine themselves obliged to undertake, do not stay at home, and suffer accordingly. The Bishop was blockaded three days out on the prairie in a snow-bound train, and when he arrived home he found by inquiry (for that was the kind of thing Janet never told) that, storm or no storm, she had been regularly at her place during those three terrible days. The effect of her exposure was apparent. The Bishop sent her home in a cab at once, and followed himself the next day with a doctor, a specialist in pulmonary diseases, who had devoted himself to Western work. He made proper examination, and told the Bishop in his office the following day that he would have to get another secretary, for Janet's tour of duty was ended.

The physician told the story gently as he might, but no embroidery could hide the nakedness of the grim and bitter fact. The Bishop had grown to love the girl as his own daughter. He received the news in the silence with which strong men face danger and disaster. In his heart he prayed to that God whom he served that this thing might not be. The doctor waited quietly before him until the Bishop spoke. The Bishop was not a rich man, but he was not without means, as many of his hard-working clergymen knew to their joy in their privations and hardships, for all that he had was at their service. He told the physician that if there was a place to which Janet could be sent, any remedies or appliances which could be procured, he would attend to the expense. After a moment's reflection the doctor said:

"Well, Bishop, there is a chance, and it is in Arizona. If we could get her there, the progress of the disease might be arrested, and she might live a long time. It is more than possible; it is probable; but the trouble is this, the disease has been in her system for several years—"

"How can I forgive myself for not having noticed it before?"

"Well, you would not be likely to recognize it unless you were a specialist," continued the doctor; "her exposure in the week of this blizzard has really brought about a crisis. It seems to me that she is much worse than she has ever been. In fact, I might almost call it what is popularly known as galloping consumption, and she is now so weak that the labor of preparation and the hardships of the journey would probably —er—negative any benefit which we could hope to derive from the change."

"What do you propose to do?" asked the Bishop, helplessly.

"I shall try to check the progress of the disease temporarily, then build up her strength by every means, and let her go in the spring-time."

"You have not told her?"

"Of course not, and I would not advise any one to do so. It would probably kill her at once, and would serve no good purpose."

"No," said the Bishop; "if I ever saw anybody on earth who was fit for heaven, it is she."

"You will have to tell her something, though, of course," continued the doctor, "and you would better tell her mother about it. Then, too, it might be well to let her realize that she is to be sent to Arizona when she gets better in the spring, and that a sojourn there will probably put her on her feet again, and so on. You see, it will be a great ad-

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vantage to get her own co-operation; so much depends upon that."

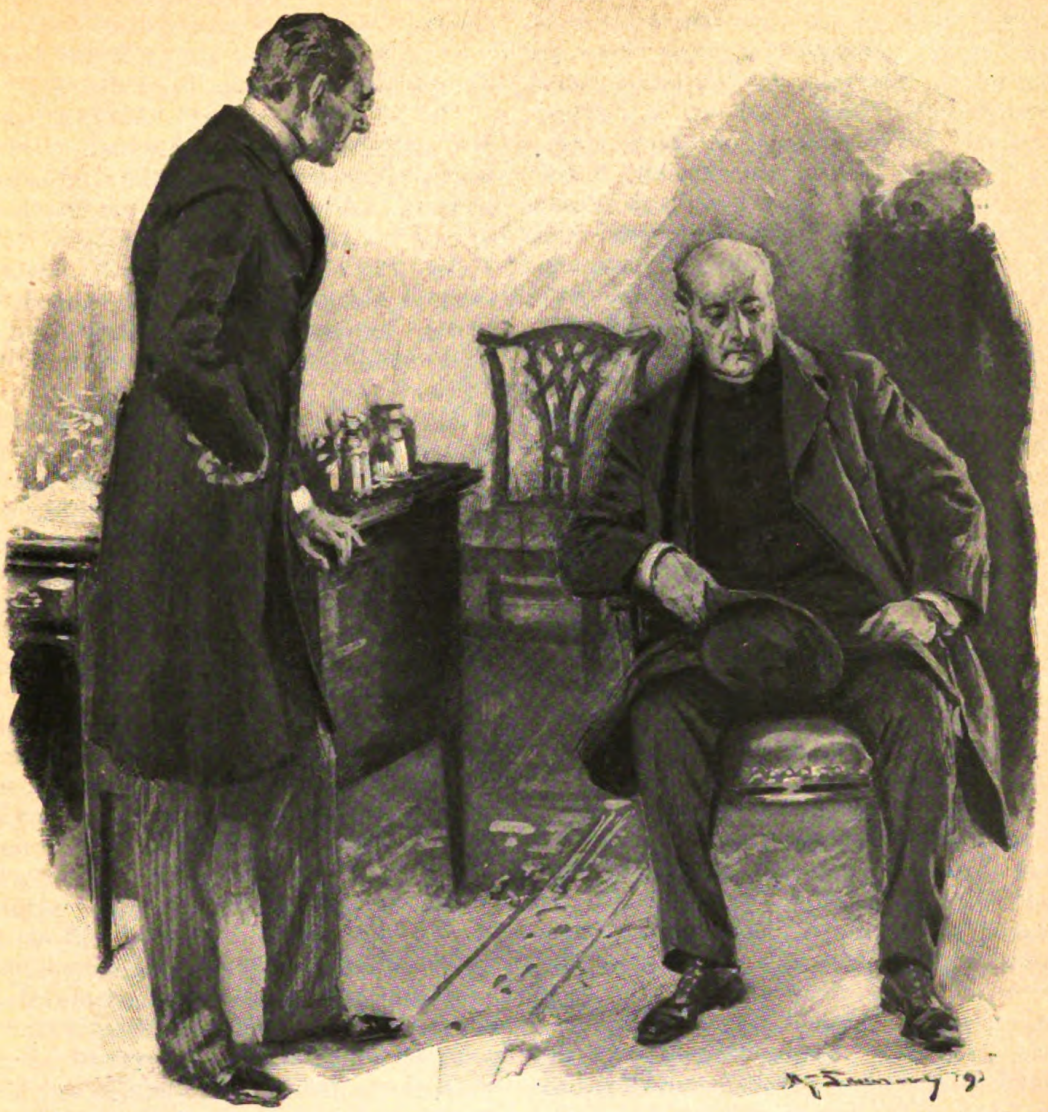
The Bishop had a bad quarter of an hour in the little house on the side street when he told Janet that for the present she could not come back to the big leather chair on the other side of the old mahogany desk in the office where she had done her work so cheerfully and well; and he tried to impress upon her that the same determination and energy which had enabled her to master the intricate details of his work should be applied to the effort to regain her strength. In spite of her disappointment she promised to try, like the man and soldier she was. Being a man, he could not forbear a reproach, albeit a gentle one. "Why had she gone to the office and subjected herself to that blinding storm?" He did not learn until afterward that it had taken her a half-day almost to go and come. She sealed his lips with that word which he had so often heard before as justification for folly, "duty," and he was not sure whether or no, in her case, as it had been many times in his own, the word were not synonymous with pride.

The hardest part of the Bishop's task, however, came later, when he told the little mother the true state of affairs. Janet had been the life principle of the household; Janet was its strength, and Josephine its laughter; Janet had kept the accounts; Janet had paid the bills; Janet had relieved the bewildered little mother of every care, and Josephine had brought fresh air, sunshine, and enthusiasm into their quiet life. The two girls complemented each other, and both surrounded the little mother with such an atmosphere of love and devotion as made her feel that heaven was within the four walls in which they dwelt. It was not deemed wise or necessary to tell Josephine of the dread contingency at that time, so the two older women played out grim tragedy with each other in the face of the first secret which had come between them, and the younger, lifelike, added the comedy touches, not unkindly, but from pure girlish spontaneity, to the drama.

Ralph came as often as his duties permitted, and when a headache, a fever, a hard coughing spell, or the necessity for rest shortened his time with Janet, he passed it very pleasantly with Josephine. He was greatly concerned over Janet's illness, but manlike failed to realize its seriousness, and rather calmly acquiesced in the Arizona plan. It had some fascinating elements; he suggested that they could be married in the spring and go out there together and begin life in the untrammelled regions of that new land. At least, that is what he said. He was a well-meaning young man, whose engagement had been so long established that it had become a matter of habit with him. Janet smiled and discussed, but gave no decision, and as the days of the winter sped away she steadily, if gradually, grew worse, though her spirit was not abated, and she seemed determined to get well. She never lost sight of the proposed plan, and there were many conversations between mother and daughter as to what they would do in Arizona. How much of the truth she realized about herself at this time no one ever knew, for she kept her own counsel in that as in other things, and struggled on like a hero. The Bishop, who was a frequent visitor, sometimes thought that she was quite sure that she would never leave the room again, and that all the talk of going to Arizona in the spring-time was merely a blind to keep up the spirits of the mother, who hoped against hope, and who, with the same realization, tried to ignore the progress of the disease and to build up the health of her daughter.

Meanwhile the visits of Ralph were shorter and less frequent, and the time spent with Josephine longer and happier. He had not meant to do it, he never realized how it was done, but one morning in the parlor he caught her in his arms and kissed her. Surprised, half frightened, wholly in love, the girl returned the caress. It was such a kiss as he had never given Janet, such a kiss as he had never inspired Janet to give to him. It was all out then. The love which unconsciously and without effort or premonition on his part had been generated in his heart through months of companionship with the beautiful girl before him had at last broken forth and swept everything away. He had been a boy when he and Janet had plighted their troth together, but at the touch of Josephine's lips he became a man. With the man's

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THE DOCTOR WAITED QUIETLY BEFORE HIM

passion instantly came the man's realization of what he had done, and as it came upon him, in his horror he spoke it forth honestly. It was characteristic of the innocent girl before him that when she realized the meaning of his words, and heard him accuse himself of dishonorably betraying the affections of her sister, though he swore that until that moment such an idea had never entered his head—and surely not her head either—she had no place to go, no haven of refuge, but in his arms.

It was a glorious sunny morning in early March, and Ralph finally tore himself from the arms of Josephine, and went outside to wrestle with himself in the loneliness of the crowded street, until he could regain his self-command and determine what to do. Poor Josephine sank down on her knees and buried her pretty head in her outstretched arms upon the sofa in the parlor, striving to stifle her sobs lest by any chance they should reach the ears of Janet in the room above. But as she lay there desolate in the quiet room a gray little figure, with her hand clasped at her breast to stifle that cough to which she would rather have died than give utterance then, came out of the next room, where she had heard everything that had been said, stole noiselessly across

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the apartment, crept up the stairs, threw herself upon the bed, and gave way. It was Janet! Tempted by the sunshine of the spring morning, with her indomitable resolution, she had, unknown to Josephine and her mother, crept down stairs to try her strength and get out of the room which was fast becoming a prison to her, and there she had heard the story. Her mother was out, and the awful fit of coughing called Josephine, tear-stained and nervous, to her side. Janet, smiling at her through her tears, gasped out through the paroxysms that it was "nothing—nothing"; and as her mother came in a moment after, she asked the terrified and remorseful sister to leave them alone.

The little mother took the thin form in her arms and drew the tired head to the breast upon which it had lain as a child, and resolutely forcing back the tears from her own eyes, whispered words of comfort and love as only mothers may. Janet lay there perfectly quiet, listening to her mother's crooning, and only said, after a long time, "Mamma, I will be better—when I get to Arizona."

Ralph came back presently, and then he and Josephine went to her mother and told the whole story. He took all the blame upon himself. They did not know what to do. There was no doubt of the genuineness of their affection for each other, and in spite of the fact that they had drifted into the matter almost without volition, the pangs of conscience had made the situation unendurable.

"Why, I am afraid," remarked Ralph remorsefully to the mother, who had grown to love him as a son—"I do not wish to be conceited, but I am afraid the news will kill her."

"Kill her!" said the woman, breaking down in turn and looking aghast at the pair before her; "don't you know—don't you realize that she is dead already? That no power on earth can save her? That she has had for two months quick consumption? Can you not see that she has gone to nothing? That the hand of death is upon her? Oh, my poor child! Her heart will break when the knowledge of this comes to her!"

"But I thought when she got to Arizona—"

"Arizona!" said the little mother, fiercely, all her softness gone in the face of her loss; "she will never go to Arizona! She will never get from the four walls of that room—until—until—"

"Oh, what can we do? Mother, mother!" cried Josephine, sinking on her knees before her, "do not turn away from me! Do not look at me in that way! I am your daughter too!"

"Yes, yes," said the mother, "I know. I do not blame you, dear, but it is different. You have youth, strength, and health, and Ralph, and she—she has only me."

"My God!" exclaimed Ralph, white-faced and haggard, "I cannot tell her! I do love her; I think I love her as much as I ever did, but—but—it is different. What shall I do?" He walked up and down the room in impotent irresolution. The mother felt room in her full heart even for him.

"Go and see the Bishop," she said, finally; "ask him. Both of you go."

The Bishop was not surprised when the two young people came into his study. He heard the story in silence, and when Ralph finished it with these bitter words of self-accusation, "I feel like an infernal scoundrel!" he had no word of reproach for the sentiment nor for the words. You see, the Bishop loved that girl as if she had been his daughter. Josephine and Ralph and all the other people connected with her sank into insignificance where her happiness was concerned. Yet the Bishop was a just man. Ralph's honesty and sincerity were so marked, his remorse and anxiety were so evident, that the Bishop could fully understand his position. And poor Josephine? In all her witchery was she not an excuse for the change of heart that had come to Ralph?

"What are we to do, sir?" asked Ralph. "I cannot tell her. I would rather die than tell her now—now—that she is going to die. The idea is simply impossible! I do not mean to say that I do not love Josephine, for I do, but I cannot tell Janet. Would it be very wrong to go on and pretend, sir? It is such a little thing, and—and—such a little while."

"Pretence is always wrong," answered the Bishop.

"But you are doing it yourself, you

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know," he continued, aptly—"her mother, the doctor, and every one. You are all pretending she will get well."

"Yes, we have been; you are right," admitted the old man.

"Oh, Bishop," broke in Josephine, "if you only think it is right, we will not see each other; we will not speak to each other—Ralph and I, I mean. I—I—don't know how I came to do it. I don't understand it. I never dreamed of such a thing, and I did not know she was so ill, or—or—we would not have been thinking of such things," she went on, incoherently. (Ah, truly, love is blind!) "I wish I could die in her place! Indeed I do; I wish I could let Ralph have her!"

"But, Josephine, it is you I want, and that is the misery of it," said Ralph.

For once in his life the Bishop temporized. He was going away on a visitation for a few days, that morning; he promised to think the matter over and tell them on his return. Meanwhile, nothing was to be said.

"Do not think," he said, as he bade them good-by, "that I do not sympathize with you. It is a sad beginning to your love-affair. I believe what you say, Ralph; I knew your father; he was the soul of honor; and Josephine is only a child—"

"A woman since this morning, sir," said Josephine, looking wistfully at him.

"Ah, yes," continued the Bishop, "a woman perhaps, and introduced to all a woman's trials and troubles at the very beginning." He hesitated a moment, took the two young people by the hand, and knelt down with them by the old mahogany desk. He prayed for them and for Janet, but his thoughts went to the big leather chair on the other side.

One accident after another kept the Bishop away for three weeks. When he returned he hastened at once to the little house. Alas! poor Janet! The strength of her resistance was gone, broken. The life had gone out of her. The end was approaching; now it was at hand. For three weeks she had been failing; she seemed to have given up the struggle. So the doctor told him; then he went into the room. She lay in the bed, a broken wreck. People who do not know dream that those who die of consumption fade away like a flower, and none but those who have seen it can realize the frightful wrestle with death that usually takes place. The racked frame, the wasted body, the sleepless hours, the lost breath, the horror of it all! Janet had fought a good fight, and it was almost over. The Bishop found her in the agonies of a paroxysm. He knelt down beside her and took her hand. He heard her agonized whisper, "When will it end?"

His hesitation was gone. He told her the truth, as the doctor had told him, that but a few hours remained to her, and his words seemed to carry such comfort to her that a little expression of peace stole across her tired features.

"Is it consumption?" she whispered.

"Yes," said the Bishop.

"Have I had it long?"

"Yes."

"All the time?"

"Yes."

"Did mother know?"

"Yes."

"All the time?"

"Yes."

"Poor mother! And Ralph—and Josephine—did they know?"

"No," said the Bishop.

"I'm so glad," she whispered—"I'm so glad that they—did not know. And will you tell me the truth now—in everything?"

"Yes," answered the Bishop, nerving himself for the question he thought inevitable, "the whole truth."

She faced death like a soldier. She asked question after question. She opened her heart to him. She planned for the future of her mother. She sent messages of farewell and gave away her pretty little trinkets to the Bishop's children and to others that she had loved. No one was forgotten. She mentioned Ralph by name, but through all that long hour she made no reference to the secret which she had overheard and which had killed her. "Josephine had been so faithful;" "Ralph had been so kind;" that was all. The Bishop watched by her bedside while the light of the early spring day faded into twilight, and then darkness drifted down. She was so tired that night; no sleep for days had come "to knit the ravelled sleeve of care"; it would not come.

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SHE NEVER KNEW

"Will I live to sleep? Will I live to sleep?" was the one last pathetic question that exhausted nature rang out in heart-breaking iteration in the strained ears of the loving watchers. Presently Ralph came in. He and Josephine stood together at the foot of the bed. The little mother leaned across the pillow on one side, stroking the soft brown hair, the gold light quite gone out of it then. The Bishop sat at the other side. On the table there was a bunch of Resurrection lilies. Easter day was dawning faintly through the closed blinds. The life was ebbing now, and the tide was almost out. The little return waves beat back upon the sands, but only for a moment. She had not spoken for a long time. When she opened her eyes she looked at the two.

"Josephine," she whispered, "and Ralph—together." Then she turned to the Bishop. He understood her wistful gaze, for he knelt beside her and bent down to her lips.

"I want you—to know—I know," she whispered, brokenly. Then she turned to the little mother, and that was all.

The Bishop went back to his office. He sat down at the old mahogany desk and looked a long time at the big leather chair on the other side—that empty chair. The Bishop was an old man; he had seen much, heard much, learned much, and loved much.

"Oh, love," he whispered, as he took up his pen and resumed his work, "how many hearts are broken in thy name!"

A year after, Ralph and Josephine were married. The little house was sold, and they took the little mother away, but before they left the town the two went to the grassy place on the sun-kissed hill where they had laid her away. They stood hand in hand before the little mound.

"Thank God!" said Ralph fervently, from the bottom of his heart—"thank God, she never knew!"

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Fifty Years of Synthetic Chemistry

BY CARL SNYDER

IT was in the wide halls of the Sorbonne, to which the genius of Puvis de Chavannes has lent so large a measure of distinction and charm.

First came the President of the Republic, after him the Vice-President and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, the Prime Minister and his cabinet, the general-in-chief of the army, the chief functionaries of state.

Then there were the representatives of the academies and learned societies, bringing addresses, a hundred and more, from every part of the earth—the tribute of the scientific world.

It was an imposing scene. It was a national fête—to a chemist. It was the French Republic celebrating the half-centenary of her most eminent living man of science. Once before, when the nation paid its debt to Pasteur, had the like been seen in France; not many times in any country or any age.

Fifty years before, M. Berthelot had gained a modest place as *préparateur* at the Collége de France, with the veteran Balard, the discoverer of bromine. Forgathering with his books in a high garret, he became aware of the existence, next door, of a reflective, serious-minded young man, just fled from the priestly seminary of St.-Sulpice. The friendship they formed, following their strangely parallel lives, ended five or six years ago with the death of M. Renan.

In the years that have gone the face of the world, and our ideas about it, have changed much. Then the "vital forces" were as much of a reality as the spirits which, for Kepler, pushed the planets round in their courses. Rather abashed by the mathematical formulæ of Newton, they retired from astronomy to preside, under a slightly altered garb, at the chemistry of living matter. It is singular how widespread was this obsession even among the hardest heads.

Lavoisier had been at some pains to show that this interesting world is made up of a rather small number of substances, put together in a rather simple way. He had a notion that water might be broken up into simpler elements; he was rich, and he spent a matter of 50,000 *livres* to prove it. A multitude of other familiar bodies showed him their skeletons, or rather pieces of which their skeletons are made. He created the science of analysis. A little while before the Terror struck off his splendid head, Lavoisier wrote:

"Chemistry, in submitting to experiment the different bodies of nature, has for its object the decomposition of these bodies, so that we may study separately the different substances that thus enter into combination."

These ideas were fecund, and by the time M. Berthelot took up his work, some sixty or seventy elements, or indivisible substances, had come to be recognized.

But the elements and the substances compounded of them had been marked off into two distinct worlds. The one was inorganic, lifeless; the other organic, living. From these two worlds two chemistries sprang.

The mineral compounds are simple; they are easy to take apart, to analyze; but they are made up from a wide number of elements; indeed, many of the minerals we know, copper, mercury, iron, gold, silver, lead, are elements themselves. And they are rather easy to put together to make the familiar things we know and use. Inorganic synthesis is not difficult.

With the living world it is different. Even its simpler products, sugar, starch, butter, soaps, are hard to break up. The work was long and painful. Even to this day some of the more complex bodies, the ferments, and the substances which form the physical basis of life, the various kinds of protoplasm, are known only in an approximate way. But this is known, that the whole realm of organic

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things contains practically only four substances — carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen.

The myriad and bewildering variety of organic products, the substances of our bodies, the odor of the rose, the leaves of the forest, the appeasing delicacy of fruits, seem no more than these four substances put together in differing ways. Nay, analysis shows that the most astonishing variety of things can be made up of *identically the same number* of atoms of each element.

Starch and cotton, to take a striking example, are made up of the same proportions of the four organic elements. So with fruit sugar and the acid which makes milk sour; the only difference is the way they come together, how they are grouped.

When Berthelot began his work, chemists despaired of ever unravelling such a tangle. Here was a mystery; it needed a name, and the phrase "vital force" cloaked handsomely their ignorance. Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist, who dominated the science in the first half of the century, saw in his art only an art of destruction. To rebuild was a chimera. "Even," he wrote, "if we should succeed in producing, with inorganic bodies, substances of a composition similar to those of organic products, this mere imitation would give us no hope that we could ever produce the actual things themselves, as we succeed, in the most of cases, in confirming the analysis of the mineral bodies by effecting their synthesis in turn."

Even Gerhardt, the reformer of chemistry, a thinker and a genius, grew dogmatic here. With a taste for good phrases, he declared that "the chemist does precisely the opposite of living nature; he burns, destroys, operates by analysis, while the vital force alone may synthesize; it rebuilds the edifice that the chemical forces have torn down."

All this was in the face of the fact that two or three very notable syntheses of organic bodies had already been made. A quarter of a century had gone since Wöhler had produced artificial urea, and both he and his fellow-worker Liebig understood fully the import of his discovery. Kolbe had done as much for the acid of vinegar in 1845.

One of the first exploits of the young Berthelot was to analyze glycerine, then study its combinations. With a rapidity that is still a marvel, a crowd of discoveries followed. Alcohol appeared from its elements; with the gas ethylene he made formic acid, which comes from distilling ants. The fatty substances yielded their secrets; the problem of the sugars was attacked. In five years he had created a new science—synthetic chemistry.

A little later came the synthesis of acetylene, now so common as an illuminating gas. It was the point of departure for a prodigious work. Condensed, simply by heating, acetylene became benzine, the base of innumerable compounds; adding yet more hydrogen, the new compound became ethylene, and ethylene with water gives the alcohol of our whiskeys and wines. Merely to enumerate the results of this incessant activity would form a catalogue.

M. Berthelot had dissipated the phantoms of a vital force, and revealed a chemistry, as he himself has phrased it, "more powerful, more varied, more ingenious than nature itself." He had reproduced the natural substances; he had fabricated an immense number of others, their cousins and near relatives. To-day, a German dictionary of organic chemistry enumerates and defines 50,000 distinct compounds. The most of these are known to the laboratory alone. But even this is but a beginning. Setting out from fifteen or twenty of the various fats supplied by nature, to take but an example, it would be possible to create from these some millions of others, of which the principal properties might be announced in advance.

The *Organic Chemistry founded on Synthesis* appeared in 1860. The *Origin of Species* came a year before Pasteur's work on the microbes; Claude Bernard's on the mechanism of sensation, the year following. It was a pregnant time.

For his astonishing achievements, M. Berthelot had been rewarded with a professorship at that same College of Pharmacy where, some years later, M. Moisson was to win a like brilliant reputation for his artificial production of diamonds. This was at thirty-two. At thirty-four came the Joecker prize. Four

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years after, under the lead of his former chief, M. Balard, the Collége de France created for M. Berthelot the chair of Organic Chemistry, which he has continued to hold to this day.

Meanwhile his restless spirit was reaching into new fields. He had shown that this mysterious vital force of his predecessors does not exist. The line demarking the domains of organic and mineral chemism is a figment of the mind. The selfsame powers rule in each. It was time to show another mystery the door. For these chemical forces, these "affinities of the atoms," what are they? For the force of gravity we have the balance; for electricity, the electroscope and the galvanometer; for light, the photometer. A chemometer, a measure of chemical actions, was lacking. For a science of chemical mechanics not so much as a corner-stone had been laid. This was M. Berthelot's new task.

Doctrines of energy were abroad in the world. The kinetic theory of gases had been worked out into a picture which explains the properties of gases in the bewildering flight and whirl and rebound of their smallest particles, the molecules. The mechanical theory of heat, that heat is simply the clash of the particles, had been built on the same foundations. A kinetic theory of matter was emerging. In the new view, all is motion; there is no "rest." Some experiments of M. Berthelot, made with Pean de St.-Giles, revealed a new factor in chemical action, the factor of time. This implied motion; it ought to be measurable.

These two *savants* studied the speed of formation of some compound ethers by the interaction of alcohol with acids. The experiments threw a new light upon the subject, for they showed that the velocity of the reaction was not merely measurable in time, but conditioned by a variety of physical factors, among others that of the quantity or mass of the substances present. The formation of the ethers proceeds more and more slowly as the process goes on, until finally all action comes to an end, even though both alcohol and acid remain in the liquid. This influence of mass, as it is called, has since been disclosed in all chemical processes, and has been developed into a wide theory of chemical equilibrium, which has thrown a new light upon the atomic world. The working out of the theory has fallen to other hands than those of M. Berthelot—in foremost line, to a distinguished American chemist, Professor Willard Gibbs; but it is well to remember to whom the beginning was due.

Meanwhile, in this play of the atoms, what dominating force presides? The old chemistry had assimilated the varying attractions between different substances to the human passions. The atoms hate and love, seek or reject, their fellows. They, too, have their "affinities." Of this antique idea we catch an echo in Goethe's well-known tale. For M. Berthelot's iconoclastic spirit the affinities were but princely phantoms like the "vital forces" themselves. The real agent here is heat. With this conception the new science of thermo-chemistry was born, and its godfather was the founder of chemical synthesis.

Not that the close relations of chemism and heat were unknown before his time. Before M. Berthelot were Thomson and Andrews, and Favre and Silbermann, and the Russian chemist Hermann Hess. And long before these a famous memoir from Lavoisier and Laplace. But when, in 1864, M. Berthelot penetrated this new field, the marks of his predecessors were faint and few. It was his experiments, almost unexampled in their number and extent in the whole realm of experimental science, which provided the foundations, and his co-ordinating genius which raised the imposing structure of to-day.

When a chemical combination takes place, when, for example, the two gases hydrogen and oxygen are exploded to form water, there is an evolution of heat. A few singular and perplexing exceptions require explanation; they seem to be due to changes of the physical state, to condensation, for example, where the amount of heat absorbed outvalues the heat evolved by the purely chemical effect. This, at least, is M. Berthelot's idea, and it is to be said that unless some such view be accepted these curious anomalies would bowl over all our mechanical conceptions of the material world. This deviation remarked, the rule holds good.

The quantity of heat generated can be measured. For this the calorimeter was

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invented. M. Berthelot's calorimetric bomb has been a device of great value. There have been other workers in this field, but their labors seem slight beside the thirty years of uninterrupted toil of this indefatigable man.

The researches of M. Berthelot on the relations of heat and chemical change found quickly a very practical application, for they led him inevitably to the theory of explosives. The sole distinction between the action of dynamite and that, say, of a candle or a grate fire is just the same distinction as between a flame and rusting iron. It is simply the speed of the reaction. All these cases are combustions. The oxygen of the air combines with the iron slowly; it is an affair of days or even weeks. The union of coal and oxygen in the hearth or stove is quicker, an affair of minutes. In the case of powder or nitro-glycerine it is a matter of seconds. With a courage that few chemists possess, M. Berthelot undertook to measure the rate of all explosions. He was able to go further and show that an explosion always proceeds in the form of a wave. It is instantaneous to us only because our sense-perceptions are limited in such a way that a series of impressions, as in the kinematograph, following very quickly, seems continuous.

These researches reduced the vague and rather incoherent notions of explosives which were regnant when M. Berthelot took up the study to clear and precise deductions, which enabled the chemist to foresee and foretell the effects of any given reaction. They explained why many explosions are incomplete; in the old days, often only a part of the powder was burned, the rest blown away untouched; this was the origin of the so-called "powder wounds." The new methods provided a means to control the time of the explosion; it is easy enough now to make a powder which will burn like an ordinary match. They made it possible to augment enormously the shattering force of explosive compounds.

If science, industry, humanity, alike stand in Berthelot's debt, to them must be added agriculture as well. A line of delicate experiments revealed to M. Berthelot that the fixation of nitrogen is incontestably due to the presence of microbes. His work he summed up in an expressive phrase. "The soil," he said, "is in some sense living." This idea, taken up by some German experimenters, has led to the establishment of microbe-cultures for the breeding and sale of the especial family of germs which perform this useful work.

But M. Berthelot, not content, has gone further, and shown that under the influence of a silent discharge of electricity many organic compounds may absorb the nitrogen of the air. So a series of lightning-rods leading to large metal plates buried in the ground markedly increases the yield of a field. The influence of the nitrates used as fertilizers is so evidently beneficial that with the development of the guano-beds of Chile a great industry has grown up. Still, the nitrates are dear, the beds not extensive.

Taking up an old experiment of Cavendish, M. Berthelot has shown that under the action of a high-tension current of electricity the nitrogen and oxygen of the air may be made to combine in large quantities. Much, indeed, of his chief work has been done with the puissant aid of the electric current. He was the first to show the rôle which electricity may play in chemical synthesis.

Yet these pages have quite failed to depict the man if they have left the impression that M. Berthelot is other than most intensely practical. Was it not his prevision that gave us ten or twelve years ago a glimpse of that earth of the future when our farms will be turned into parks, and the food of our tables will no longer come from the fields, but from the laboratory, as the most delicate perfumes, the dazzling colors of dyes, the drugs that lull our nerves to sleep, come now? The little phial or the pellets in which we are to carry about a vest-pocket dinner are M. Berthelot's own. From this engaging fancy his bold imagination has looked forward to the day when from the test-tube and its mixture life itself may come. Looking back over the fifty years of his scientific career, such a dream seems not more daring than was his proposal to fabricate in his laboratory the products of life, when he began.

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The Relations of Animals and Plants

BY N. S. SHALER

Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University

FROM the time when men began to seek understanding of the world about them, something of the relations between animals and plants has been discerned. It was easily seen that all the familiar land animals depended on vegetation for their nurture; even when they fed on flesh this dependence, though secondary, was complete. Further on it came to be known that the animals of the sea stood in like relation to the marine plants. The extension of the inquiry brought us, nearly a century ago, to the recognition of the most important point that, with trifling exceptions, plants alone are able to go to the mineral kingdom for the array of substances which may be built into organic bodies, and that it is only through the mediation of the vegetable kingdom that the animal can obtain the earth materials necessary for its nurture. This, the first step in our knowledge of the relations of these kingdoms of life, though important, was but the first of a series. The others were taken in the last half of the wonderful century to which we have just said farewell. Certain of them, which we shall now consider, are interesting to all who care to know something of the bond that unites all the lowlier life with that of man.

Perhaps the most impressive of all the considerations relating to the reciprocal influences of animals and plants is brought before us when we observe how the species of one kingdom have in various ways shaped those of the other. The clearest and most illustrative of the innumerable instances of such reaction are to be noted in the relations of insects to the various kinds of vegetation on which they, in one way or another, depend. Something of this has long been recognized. Humboldt set forth one feature of it by showing that the number of species of insects in any country is related to the number of species of plants that grow there. It was, however, not until Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared that the study of such relations was set about in the right way. Then naturalists began to perceive how through the ages of friendly and hostile interchanges these diverse groups of beings had shaped one another. To tell the story at all is to tell it imperfectly, yet even if no more than sketched, as it must be here, it remains a wonderful story.

First let us note the effects of insects upon the flowers of the higher plants. In the more primitive states of these structures, before they became related to insects, they were, and are still, in very many groups inconspicuous contrivances to accomplish the important end of fertilizing the seed. How little beautiful primitive flowers were, save in and for themselves, may be judged by looking at a blossom of wheat. All such blossoms are commonly so hidden that they are seen only by botanists. But most plants discovered ages ago, what gardeners and botanists have recently learned, that there is a vast advantage to be gained by having an exchange of pollen from blossom to blossom, so that the seed of one individual may be made fertile by the dust from another. Sometimes, but awkwardly, this may be accomplished, as in the various kinds of corn, by casting the precious dust in the air with the chance that it may fall where it is most needed. But this method is exceedingly wasteful, and at best efficient only when the plants grow in close-set order, as do the grains or grasses. Many geological periods ago, when certain groups of insects in which our honey-bee belongs appeared and began to feed on pollen, which is highly nutritious, a way was opened whereby plants could better effect cross-fertilization, and in that way they appear to have quickly entered.

If we watch a honey-bee, or, better, a humblebee, in his every-day round, we

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may note that he discerns the sought-for flower afar off; his actions indicate this from a hundred feet or more away. He knows the kind he seeks by its gay corolla, which serves him as well as a tavern sign that looks up and down the travelled way serves other wayfarers. When the bee comes to the place of business he finds convenient footing provided by the petals, so that he can easily plunge the fore part of his body into the centre of the cup. Then he has an immediate reward in a sip of nectar, and, it may be, further pay in the store of pollen that can be gathered, balled upon his thighs, and taken to the hive. As he tumbles about in the flower, the bee soon becomes covered with pollen, which adheres to the short hairs on his body, with the result that some of it is conveyed to the next blossom that is visited, and serves to bring about the profitable cross-fertilization. As the bees in their round are in the habit of spending the work of any one day on the same kind of plants—though in the course of the season they resort to a variety of species—the pollen they carry about, though still much of it is wasted, is vastly more effective than if it were trusted to the chance of the wind.

What we observe in the actions of bees as they visit a simple flower, such as a rose, is only the beginning of a series of relations between plants and insects which, with other species of insects and other shapes of blossoms, is often wonderfully elaborated; most noticeably so in those plants which are contrived with reference to the visits of particular species of moths or butterflies. Here we often find very curious arrangements of the corolla, so that the insect, in seeking the nectar which allures it, is sure to have some of the pollen fastened upon its body in a position where the dust will be brushed upon the pistil of the next flower of the species which is visited. The contrivances of the plant are matched by those of the insects in a way which indicates a singular collaboration between them which has served to give to each group in large part their shape, and to the insects much of their intelligence. It is evident that flowers have become beautiful by endeavors made during ages since the coal period to attract the visits of bees, butterflies, and moths, and that these creatures have shaped their bodies, their modes of life, and their instincts upon their profitable relations with the flowers. Nowhere else in the realm of life can we so at a glance perceive how profound is the interaction between all living beings, however diverse they may be, when the needs of life bring them in contact as in these exchanges of insects and plants. The groups are in two very widely parted realms, yet out of their necessities there has come an intercourse which has led to a vast enhancement in the quality of each of them; the lower life has won beauty from the relations, and the higher intelligence. To this interaction is mainly due development of the vast array of insect species, perhaps two million in number, and in hardly less measure the variety among plants.

It is not only in the friendly adaptations of insects and plants for mutual help that we see the result of their intercourse; the same feature is evident in their hostile relations. Thus in providing nectar wherewith to repay the visits of a particular kind of moth or bee which has been shaped to service, the plants risk having to entertain a profitless lot of other species. Against this chance some curious provisions are made. The end is often accomplished by having the nectary, or bottle-like vessel containing the sweets, with a very long tube, from which the bidden guest can draw it by means of a sucking organ which has been developed for that purpose. In some instances the insect has extended its proboscis, and the plant the tube, until they are both some inches in length, the two having developed in accord to attain the common end. This is a clever contrivance, but it does not completely attain its end, for the short-nosed bees adopt the simple plan of boring through the sides of the vessel that holds the honey. Against such attacks the plant has still a resource, one that is employed for its defence in many needs; it may develop some acrid or poisonous materials in its tissues which may prove an effective defence against the unbidden guests.

The extent to which plants defend themselves against the assaults of insects,

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and those of larger animals as well, may be judged from the strong odors, bitter juices, and even virulent poisons which they develop mainly in their leaves and flowers. In some cases their pollen is so shaped that it is noxious to such creatures as flies, which they need to keep away from their blossoms. More often it is their leaves and tender shoots which they need to defend against the attacks of the grubs of moths or butterflies. We see here an unending contest between the variations of the vegetable species to meet assaults and those of the insects to win their chance of profit. We note that certain trees, such as the black walnuts, have very acrid juices in their leaves that long insure them against the attacks of all grubs; but it often happens, as recently in the eastern part of the United States, that some species of insect appears that has inured itself to the poison of such protected leaves, and strips the trees of their foliage.

It needs but little study of the facts to show that, as regards new leaves and tender shoots, there is, and has been, through the ages, a vast conflict between the hosts of plants and insects, in which each has shaped the other in exceedingly varied ways. Much the same interchange of mingled friendly and hostile exchanges, all making for variety and advance, may be traced in the relations of the higher animals, the birds and mammals, with the vegetable realm. Because the birds and beasts are of relatively large size, they have little to do with the flowers. From the bees and butterflies, up to man, the beauties of the blossoms appear to be quite unrecognized; but hosts of these groups of animals are concerned with seeds and fruits, and help greatly in carrying them about and sowing them in places where they may take root. The greatest difficulty that the flowering plants meet is in this task of distributing their offspring. Some manage it by having the seeds light and winged, as the maple or the thistle, so that they may be carried by the wind. But by this arrangement, because no great weight can be carried, they cannot provide the germ with a sufficient store of nutriment to give it a fair start in life, and thus have to sow, it may be, millions for one that ever unfolds. Against such waste, as in the like expenditure of pollen, the plants provide by the help of the birds and beasts, and this in the ways we shall note below.

Most land birds are seed-eaters, for the store of fruit provided for the first stages of the life of the germ is rich nutriment to them. Ordinarily their effective stomachs destroy the vitality of all the seed that passes through them, yet some escape and find the chance to grow. A watchful observer may now and then note, when a hawk has slain a seed-eating bird, that the undigested contents of its crop are scattered on the ground and well placed for sprouting. It is, however, among the mammals that we observe that the largest part of the work of scattering the seeds is brought about, for it is to them the plants have mainly turned for such help in their need. The ways in which this task is accomplished are exceedingly varied, but they are essentially of two kinds. In the one, as in an apple, a tempting fruit is so arranged that it surrounds the hard and slippery seeds, which are so shaped that they glance from the teeth and enter the stomach of the animal unbroken, and there escape digestion. All such seed appears not only to have become inured to the dangers of passing through the bodies of animals, but wins a profit from the necessary conditions of the journey. The heat to which they are exposed evidently helps their germination, as is shown by the fact that gardeners find that all such seeds are surer to sprout if they are soaked in warm water for a day or so before planting. Moreover, they come to the earth along with the wastes of the animal's body, which serve to enrich the soil in which they are to spring. We thus see that the bright colors and savory juices of fruits serve as invitations and rewards for the beasts, inducing them to help the life-work of plants, just as the colors and sweets of the flowers do in the case of insects.

The other way in which the plants make the mammals serve them in distributing their offspring is by providing the seed with hooks in amazing variety and ingenuity of structure, so arranged that they will attach themselves to the hair of any beast that touches them. An hour's walk afield in the autumn in

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woollen clothes will sufficiently prove the efficacy of these devices in giving the seeds a chance to be carried about by hairy animals. It will not, however, show how, owing to the swift decay of the hooks, the seed is likely, in the course of a few days, to be detached and allowed to fall to the ground. It is interesting to note that while the large beasts in no sense contrive to avoid this burden of attached seeds, though it may be considerable, the free-flying birds by certain peculiarities of their feathers escape it altogether.

As in the case of the insects, the plants, while seeking the help of the mammalia in certain parts of their life-work, have in other ways to contend against them. Nearly all the beasts of the land prey upon plants. Some of the lowly species of vegetation, such as the grasses, have so great a profit from the dissemination of their undigested seeds, which are cropped along with their leaves, that they have evidently accepted the endless shearing of their foliage as a feature in an interchange which is on the whole advantageous. They keep sending up new succulent leaves which tempt by their taste and odor. But to most plants, especially to the annuals, as well as to the trees and shrubs, it is very hurtful to have their foliage shorn. Hence the development of thorns and prickles, or of disagreeable or poisonous juices, which often serve to fend them from the larger beasts as well as the insects.

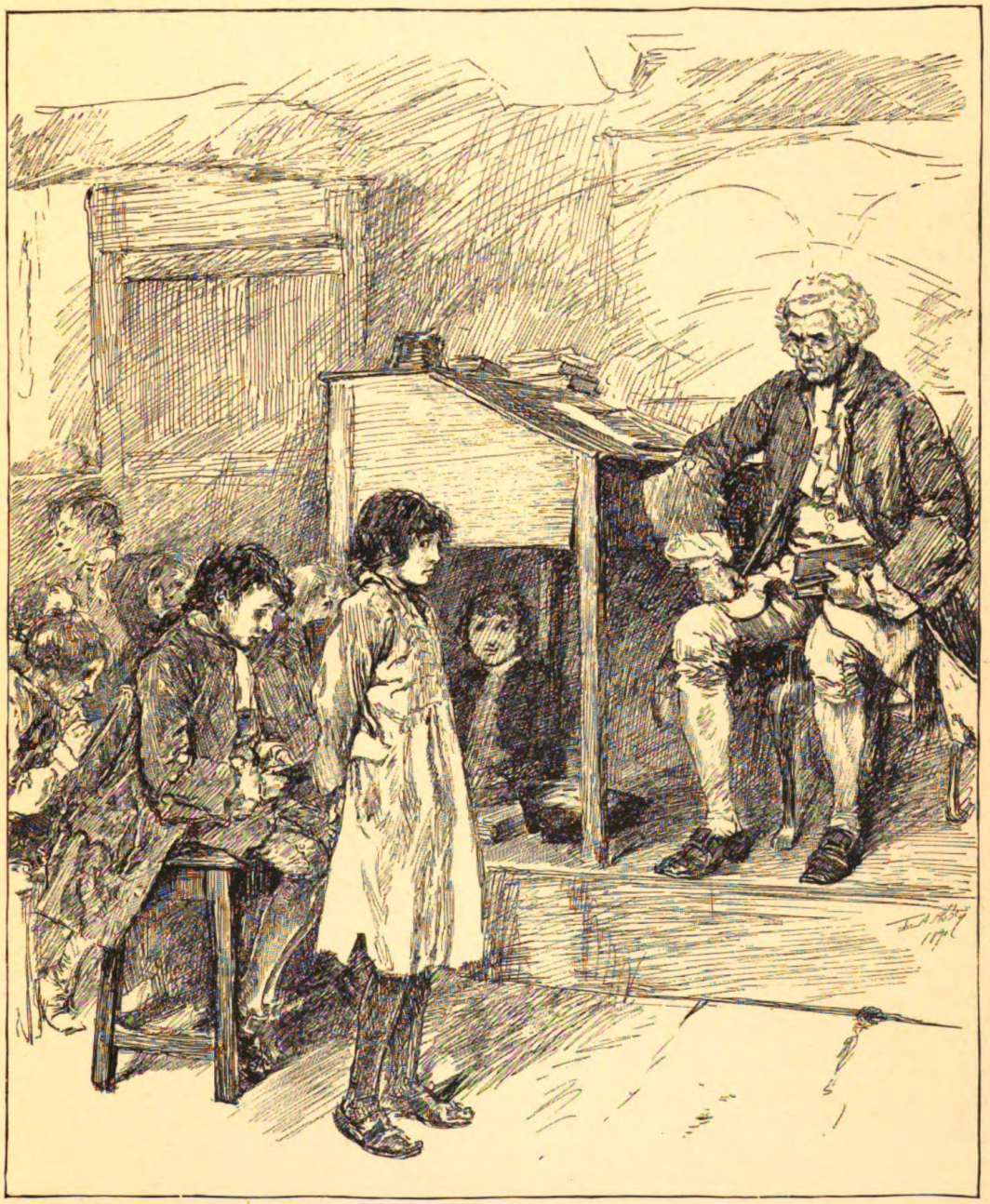
When we consider the interaction of plants and animals from the point of view of the higher life, we come at once upon a maze of consequences due to the exchange. It is evident that all herbivora owe their shape and habits mainly to the conditions that vegetation imposed upon them. We see this not only in their general forms, as, for instance, in the giraffe, which has its long neck for cropping the leaves of trees, but in such details as the shape of the teeth, the development of the lips, or their extension in the elephant's trunk; above all it is seen in the body and mind of man. It is now well ascertained that the human frame came to its shape in a long succession of tree-dwelling species, more or less akin to the apes. Thus flexible limbs, nimble fingers, and agile wits are clearly the product of ages of life spent in the admirable cradle-place which the boughs afford. Though intellectually and, above all, morally he, in becoming man, entered into a new realm, he is ever to bear in body and mind the impress of the age-long arboreal life which gave him the unique chance of development to his unique estate.

Beheld in its larger aspect, the relation between animals and plants is seen to be profoundly, and to both profitably, interactive. The exchange of relations begins to be evident even in the lowly bacteria, and increases in range and scope until with man and the higher plants the mutual dependence attains its existing variety and beauty. The foundation of man's life on this earth, past, present, and to come, rests on the plants, and they are rapidly coming to depend on us for their chance to keep their place. Already in about one-fifth of the land's surface, man, in his subjugated fields, determines whether they live or die, and they, in turn, determine his fate. Thus even we may see in the relations of animals and plants, what all the study of nature shows, that all the creatures of the realm are in endless process of exchange, each shaping the other in ceaseless interactions, to the end that the host goes onward and upward.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.



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A man severe he was, and stern to view

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:

I knew him well, and every truant knew

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As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he

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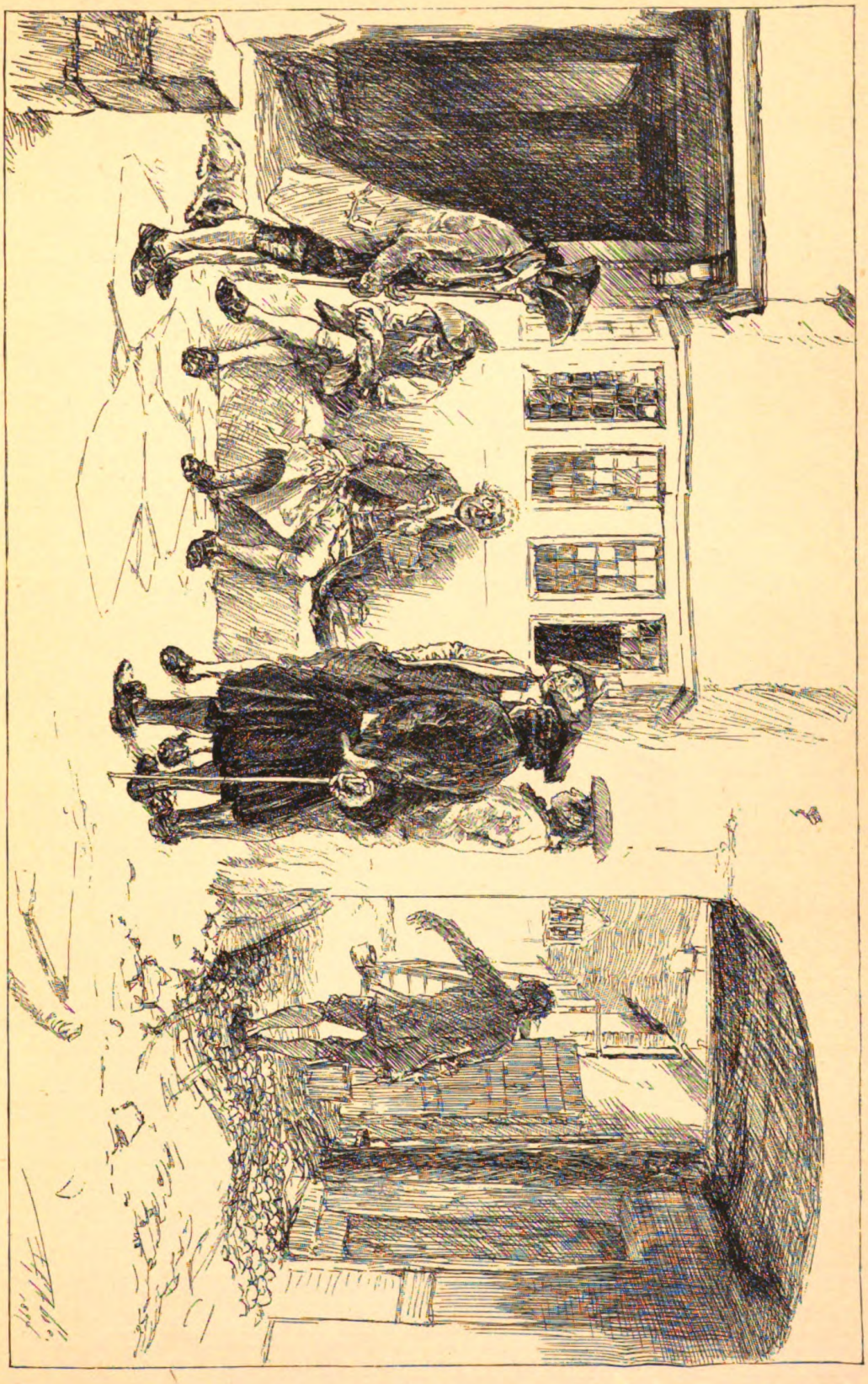
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Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd—
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage—
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around—
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

While words of learned length and thundering sound

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Prosper's "Old Mother"

BY BRET HARTE

"IT'S all very well," said Joe Wynbrook, "for us to be sittin' here, slingin' lies easy and comfortable, with the wind whistlin' in the pines outside, and the rain just liftin' the ditches to fill our sluice-boxes with gold ez we're smokin' and waitin', but I tell you what, boys—it ain't home! No, sir, it ain't *home!*"

The speaker paused, glanced around the bright, comfortable bar-room, the shining array of glasses beyond, and the circle of complacent faces fronting the stove, on which his own boots were cheerfully steaming, lifted a glass of whiskey from the floor under his chair, and in spite of his deprecating remark, took a long draught of the spirits with every symptom of satisfaction.

"If ye mean," returned Cyrus Brewster, "that it ain't the old farm-house of our boyhood, 'way back in the woods, I'll agree with you; but ye'll just remember that there wasn't any gold-placers lying round on the medder on *that* farm. Not much! Ef thar had been, we wouldn't have left it."

"I don't mean that," said Joe Wynbrook, settling himself comfortably back in his chair; "it's the family hearth I'm talkin' of. The soothin' influence, ye know—the tidiness of the women folks."

"Ez to the soothin' influence," remarked the barkeeper, leaning his elbows meditatively on his counter, "afore I struck these diggin's I had a grocery and bar, 'way back in Mizzoori, where there was five old-fashioned farms jined. Blame my skin ef the men folks weren't a darned sight oftener over in my grocery, sittin' on barrils and histin' in their reg'lar corn juice, than ever any of you be here—with all these modern improvements."

"Ye don't catch on, any of you," returned Wynbrook, impatiently. "Ef it was a mere matter o' buildin' houses and becomin' family men, I reckon that this yer camp is about prosperous enough to do it, and able to get gals enough to marry us, but that would be only borryin' trouble, and lettin' loose a lot of jabberin' women to gossip again' each other and spile all our friendships. No, gentlemen! What we want here—each of us—is a good old mother! Nothin' newfangled or fancy, but the reg'lar old-fashioned mother we was used to when we was boys!"

The speaker struck a well-worn chord—rather the worse for wear, and one that had jangled falsely ere now, but which still produced its effect. The men were silent. Thus encouraged, Wynbrook proceeded:

"Think o' comin' home from the gulch a night like this and findin' yer old mother a-waitin' ye! No fumblin' around for the matches ye'd left in the gulch; no high old cussin' because the wood was wet or you forgot to bring it in; no bustlin' around for your dry things and findin' you forgot to dry 'em that mornin'—but everything waitin' for ye and ready. And then, mebbe, she brings ye in some doughnuts she's just cooked for ye—cooked ez only *she* kin cook 'em! Take Prossy Riggs—alongside of me here—for instance! *He's* made the biggest strike yet, and is puttin' up a high-toned house on the hill. Well! he'll hev it finished off and furnished slap-up style, you bet! with a Chinese cook, and a Biddy, and a Mexican *vaquero* to look after his horse—but he won't have no mother to housekeep! That is," he corrected himself, perfunctorily, turning to his companion, "you've never spoke o' your mother, so I reckon you're about fixed up like us."

The young man thus addressed flushed slightly, and then nodded his head with a sheepish smile. He had, however, listened to the conversation with an interest almost childish, and a reverent admiration of his comrades—qualities which, combined with an intellect not particularly brilliant, made him alternately

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the butt and the favorite of the camp. Indeed, he was supposed to possess that proportion of stupidity and inexperience which, in mining superstition, gives "luck" to its possessor. And this had been singularly proven in the fact that he had made the biggest "strike" of the season.

Joe Wynbrook's sentimentalism, albeit only argumentative and half-serious, had unwittingly touched a chord of "Prossy's" simple history, and the flush which had risen to his cheek was not entirely bashfulness. The home and relationship of which they spoke so glibly *he* had never known; he was a foundling! As he lay awake that night he remembered the charitable institution which had protected his infancy, the master to whom he had later been apprenticed;—that was all he knew of his childhood. In his simple way he had been greatly impressed by the strange value placed by his companions upon the family influence, and he had received their extravagance with perfect credulity. In his absolute ignorance and his lack of humor he had detected no false quality in their sentiment. And a vague sense of his responsibility, as one who had been the luckiest, and who was building the first "house" in the camp, troubled him. He lay staringly wide-awake, hearing the mountain wind, and feeling warm puffs of it on his face through the crevices of the log cabin, as he thought of the new house on the hill that was to be lathed and plastered and clapboarded, and yet void and vacant of that mysterious "mother"! And then, out of the solitude and darkness, a tremendous idea struck him that made him sit up in his bunk!

A day or two later "Prossy" Riggs stood on a sand-blown, wind-swept suburb of San Francisco, before a large building whose forbidding exterior proclaimed that it was an institution of formal charity. It was, in fact, a refuge for the various waifs and strays of ill-advised or hopeless immigration. As Prosper paused before the door, certain old recollections of a similar refuge were creeping over him, and, oddly enough, he felt as embarrassed as if he had been seeking relief for himself. The perspiration stood out on his forehead as he entered the room of the manager.

It chanced, however, that this official, besides being a man of shrewd experience of human weakness, was also kindly hearted, and having, after his first official scrutiny of his visitor and his resplendent watch-chain, assured himself that he was not seeking personal relief, courteously assisted him in his stammering request.

"If I understand you, you want some one to act as your housekeeper?"

"That's it! Somebody to kinder look arter things—and me—ginrally," returned Prosper, greatly relieved.

"Of what age?" continued the manager, with a cautious glance at the robust youth and good-looking simple face of Prosper.

"I ain't nowise partickler—ez long ez she's old—ye know. Ye follow me? Old—ez ef—betwixt you an' me, she might be my own mother."

The manager smiled inwardly. A certain degree of discretion was noticeable in this rustic youth! "You are quite right," he answered, gravely, "as yours is a mining camp where there are no other women. Still, you don't want any one *too* old or decrepit. There is an elderly maiden lady—" But a change was transparently visible on Prosper's simple face, and the manager paused.

"She oughter be kinder married, you know—ter be like a mother," stammered Prosper.

"Oh, aye. I see," returned the manager, again illuminated by Prosper's unexpected wisdom.

He mused for a moment. "There is," he began, tentatively, "a lady in reduced circumstances — not an inmate of this house, but who has received some relief from us. She was the wife of a whaling captain who died some years ago, and broke up her home. She was not brought up to work, and this, with her delicate health, has prevented her from seeking active employment. As you don't seem to require that of her, but rather want an overseer, and as your purpose, I gather, is somewhat philanthropical, you might induce her to accept a 'home' with you. Having seen better days, she is rather particular," he added, with a shrewd smile.

Simple Prosper's face was radiant. "She'll have a Chinaman and a Biddy to

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help her," he said, quickly. Then recollecting the tastes of his comrades, he added, half apologetically, half cautiously, "Ef she could, now and then, throw herself into a lemming pie or a pot of doughnuts, jest in a motherly kind o' way, it would please the boys."

"Perhaps you can arrange that too," returned the manager, "but I shall have to broach the whole subject to her, and you had better call again to-morrow, when I will give you her answer."

"Ye kin say," said Prosper, lightly, fingering his massive gold chain and somewhat vaguely recalling the language of advertisement, "that she kin have the comforts of a home and no questions asked, and fifty dollars a month."

Rejoiced at the easy progress of his plan, and half inclined to believe himself a miracle of cautious diplomacy, Prosper, two days later, accompanied the manager to the cottage on Telegraph Hill where the relict of the late Captain Pottinger lamented the loss of her spouse, in full view of the sea he had so often tempted. On their way thither the manager imparted to Prosper how, according to hearsay, that lamented seaman had carried into the domestic circle those severe habits of discipline which had earned for him the prefix of "Bully" and "Belaying-pin" Pottinger during his strenuous life. "They say that though she is very quiet and resigned, she once or twice stood up to the captain; but that's not a bad quality to have, in a rough community, as I presume yours is, and would insure her respect." Ushered at last into a small tanklike sitting-room, whose chief decorations consisted of large *abelone* shells, dried marine algæ, coral, and a sword-fish's broken weapon, Prosper's disturbed fancy discovered the widow, sitting, apparently, as if among her husband's remains at the bottom of the sea. She had a dejected yet somewhat ruddy face; her hair was streaked with white, but primly disposed over her ears like lappets, and her garb was cleanly but sombre. There was no doubt but that she was a lugubrious figure, even to Prosper's optimistic and inexperienced mind. He could not imagine her as beaming on his hearth! It was with some alarm that, after the introduction had been completed, he beheld the manager take his leave. As the door closed, the bashful Prosper felt the murky eyes of the widow fixed upon him. A gentle cough, accompanied with the resigned laying of a black-mittened hand upon her chest, suggested a genteel prelude to conversation, with possible pulmonary complications.

"I am induced to accept your proposal temporarily," she said, in a voice of querulous precision, "on account of pressing pecuniary circumstances which would not have happened had my claim against the ship-owners for my dear husband's loss been properly raised. I hope you fully understand that I am unfitted both by ill health and early education from doing any menial or manual work in your household. I shall simply oversee and direct. I shall expect that the stipend you offer shall be paid monthly in advance. And as my medical man prescribes a certain amount of stimulation for my system, I shall expect to be furnished with such viands—or even"—she coughed slightly—"such beverages as may be necessary. I am far from strong—yet my wants are few."

"Ez far ez I am ketchin' on and follow in' ye, ma'am," returned Prosper, timidly, "ye'll hev everything ye want—jest like it was yer own home. In fact," he went on, suddenly growing desperate as the difficulties of adjusting this unexpectedly fastidious and superior woman to his plan seemed to increase, "ye'll jest consider me ez yer—" But here her murky eyes were fixed on his and he faltered. Yet he had gone too far to retreat. "Ye see," he stammered, with a hysterical grimness that was intended to be playful—"ye see, this is jest a little secret betwixt and between you and me; there'll be only you and me in the house, and it would kinder seem to the boys more homelike—ef—ef—you and me had—you bein' a widder, you know—a kind of—of"—here his smile became ghastly—"close relationship."

The widow of Captain Pottinger here sat up so suddenly that she seemed to slip through her sombre and precise enwrappings with an exposure of the real Mrs. Pottinger that was almost improper. Her high color deepened; the pupils of her black eyes contracted in the light the innocent Prosper had poured into them. Leaning forward, with her fingers clasped

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on her bosom, she said: "Did you tell this to the manager?"

"Of course not," said Prosper; "ye see, it's only a matter 'twixt you and me."

Mrs. Pottinger looked at Prosper, drew a deep breath, and then gazed at the *abelone* shells for moral support. A smile, half querulous, half superior, crossed her face as she said: "This is very abrupt and unusual. There is, of course, a disparity in our ages! You have never seen me before—at least to my knowledge—although you may have heard of me. The Spraggs of Marblehead are well known—perhaps better than the Pottingers. And yet, Mr. Griggs—"

"Riggs," suggested Prosper, hurriedly.

"Riggs. Excuse me! I was thinking of young Lieutenant Griggs of the Navy, whom I knew in days now past. Mr. Riggs, I should say. Then you want me to—"

"To be my old mother, ma'am," said Prosper, tremblingly. "That is, to pretend and look ez ef you was! You see, I haven't any, but I thought it would be nice for the boys, and make it more like home in my new house, ef I allowed that *my* old mother would be comin' to live with me. They don't know I never had a mother to speak of. They'll never find it out! Say ye will, Mrs. Pottinger! Do!"

And here the unexpected occurred. Against all conventional rules and all accepted traditions of fiction, I am obliged to state that Mrs. Pottinger did *not* rise up and order the trembling Prosper to leave the house! She only gripped the arm of her chair a little tighter, leaned forward, and disdaining her usual precision and refinement of speech, said, quietly: "It's a bargain! If *that's* what you're wanting, my son, you can count upon me as becoming your old mother, Cecilia Jane Pottinger Riggs, every time!"

A few days later the sentimentalist Joe Wynbrook walked into the saloon of Wild Cat, where his comrades were drinking, and laid a letter down on the bar with every expression of astonishment and disgust. "Look," he said, "if that don't beat all! Ye wouldn't believe it, but here's Prossy Riggs writin' that he came across his mother—his *mother*, gentlemen—in 'Frisco; she hevin', unbeknownst to him, joined a party visiting the coast! And what does this blamed fool do? Why, he's goin' to bring her—that old woman—*here!* Here—gentlemen—to take charge of that new house—and spoil our fun. And the God-forsaken idiot thinks that we'll *like* it!"

. . . . . .

It was one of those rare mornings in the rainy season when there was a suspicion of spring in the air, and after a night of rainfall the sun broke through fleecy clouds with little islets of blue sky—when Prosper Riggs and his mother drove into Wild Cat Camp. An expression of cheerfulness was on the faces of his old comrades. For it had been recognized that, after all, "Prossy" had a perfect right to bring his old mother there—his well-known youth and inexperience preventing this baleful performance from being established as a precedent. For these reasons hats were cheerfully doffed, and some jackets put on, as the buggy swept up the hill to the pretty new cottage with its green blinds and white veranda, on the crest.

Yet I am afraid that Prosper was not perfectly happy, even in the triumphant consummation of his plans. Mrs. Pottinger's sudden and businesslike acquiescence in it, and her singular lapse from her genteel precision, were gratifying, but startling to his ingenuousness. And although from the moment she accepted the situation she was fertile in resources and full of precaution against any possibility of detection, he saw, with some uneasiness, that its control had passed out of his hands.

"You say your comrades know nothing of your family history?" she had said to him on the journey thither. "What are you going to tell them?"

"Nothin', 'cept your bein' my old mother," said Prosper, hopelessly.

"That's not enough, my son." (Another embarrassment to Prosper was her easy grasp of the maternal epithets.) "Now listen! You were born just six months after your father, Captain Riggs (formerly Pottinger) sailed on his first voyage. You remember very little of him, of course, as he was away so much."

"Hadn't I better know suthin' about his looks?" said Prosper, submissively.

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"A tall dark man, that's enough," responded Mrs. Pottinger, sharply.

"Hadn't he better favor me?" said Prosper, with his small cunning recognizing the fact that he himself was a decided blond.

"Ain't at all necessary," said the widow, firmly. "You were always wild and ungovernable," she continued, "and ran away from school to join some Western emigration. That accounts for the difference of our styles."

"But," continued Prosper, "I oughter remember suthin' about our old times—runnin' arrants for you, and bringin' in the wood o' frosty mornin's, and you givin' me hot doughnuts," suggested Prosper, dubiously.

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Pottinger, promptly. "We lived in the city, with plenty of servants. Just remember, Prosper dear, your mother wasn't *that* low down country style."

Glad to be relieved from further invention, Prosper was, nevertheless, somewhat concerned at this shattering of the ideal mother in the very camp that had sung her praises. But he could only trust to her recognizing the situation with her usual sagacity—of which he stood in respectful awe.

Joe Wynbrook and Cyrus Brewster had, as older members of the camp, purposely lingered near the new house to offer any assistance to "Prossy and his mother," and had received a brief and passing introduction to the latter. So deep and unexpected was the impression she made upon them that these two oracles of the camp retired down the hill in awkward silence for some time, neither daring to risk his reputation by comment or over-surprise. But when they approached the curious crowd below awaiting them, Cyrus Brewster ventured to say:

"Struck me ez ef that old gal was rather high-toned for Prossy's mother."

Joe Wynbrook instantly seized the fatal admission to show the advantage of superior insight:

"Struck *you!* Why, it was no more than *I* expected all along! What did we know of Prossy? Nothin'! What did he ever tell us? Nothin'! And why? 'Cos it was his secret. Lord! a blind mule could see that. All this foolishness and simplicity o' his come o' his bein' cuddled and pampered as a baby. Then, like ez not, he was either kidnapped or led away by some feller—and nearly broke his mother's heart. I'll bet my bottom dollar he has been advertised for afore this—only we didn't see the paper. Like ez not they had agents out seekin' him, and he jest ran into their hands in 'Frisco! I had a kind o' presentiment o' this when he left, though I never let on anything."

"I reckon, too, that she's kinder afraid he'll bolt agin. Did ye notice how she kept watchin' him all the time, and how she did the bossin' o' everything? And there's *one* thing sure! He's changed—yes! He don't look as keerless and free and foolish ez he uster."

Here there was an unmistakable chorus of assent from the crowd that had joined them. Every one—even those who had not been introduced to the mother—had noticed his strange restraint and reticence. In the impulsive logic of the camp, conduct such as this, in the face of that superior woman—his mother—could only imply that her presence was distasteful to him; that he was either ashamed of their noticing his inferiority to her, or ashamed of *them!* Wild and hasty as was their deduction, it was, nevertheless, voiced by Joe Wynbrook in a tone of impartial and even reluctant conviction "Well, gentlemen, some of ye may remember that when I heard that Prossy was bringin' his mother here I kicked—kicked because it only stood to reason that, being *his* mother, she'd be that foolish she'd upset the camp. There wasn't room enough for two such chuckle-heads—and one of 'em being a woman, she couldn't be shut up or sat upon ez we did to *him.* But now, gentlemen, ez we see she ain't that kind, but high-toned and level-headed, and that she's got the grip on Prossy—whether he likes it or not—we ain't goin' to let him go back on her! No, sir! we ain't goin' to let him break her heart the second time! He may think we ain't good enough for her, but ez long ez she's civil to us, we'll stand by her."

In this conscientious way were the shackles of that unhallowed relationship slowly riveted on the unfortunate Prossy.

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In his intercourse with his comrades during the next two or three days their attitude was shown in frequent and ostentatious praise of his mother, and suggestive advice, such as: "I wouldn't stop at the saloon, Prossy; your old mother is wantin' ye;" or, "Chuck that 'ere tarpolin over your shoulders, Pross, and don't take your wet duds into the house that yer old mother's bin makin' tidy." Oddly enough, much of this advice was quite sincere, and represented—for at least twenty minutes—the honest sentiments of the speaker. Prosper was touched at what seemed a revival of the sentiment under which he had acted, forgot his uneasiness, and became quite himself again—a fact also noticed by his critics. "Ye've only to keep him up to his work and he'll be the widder's joy agin," said Cyrus Brewster. Certainly he was so far encouraged that he had a long conversation with Mrs. Pottinger that night, with the result that the next morning Joe Wynbrook, Cyrus Brewster, Hank Mann, and Kentucky Ike were invited to spend the evening at the new house. As the men, clean-shirted and decently jacketed, filed into the neat sitting-room with its bright carpet, its cheerful fire, its side table with a snowy cloth on which shining tea and coffee pots were standing, their hearts thrilled with satisfaction. In a large stuffed rocking-chair, Prossy's old mother, wrapped up in a shawl and some mysterious ill health which seemed to forbid any exertion, received them with genteel languor and an extended black mitten.

"I cannot," said Mrs. Pottinger, with sad pensiveness, "offer you the hospitality of my own home, gentlemen—you remember, Prosper dear, the large *salon* and our staff of servants at Lexington Avenue!—but since my son has persuaded me to take charge of his humble cot, I hope you will make all allowances for its deficiencies — even," she added, casting a look of mild reproach on the astonished Prosper—"even if *he* cannot."

"I'm sure he oughter to be thankful to ye, ma'am," said Joe Wynbrook, quickly, "for makin' a break to come here to live, jest ez we're thankful—speakin' for the rest of this camp—for yer lightin' us up ez you're doin'! I reckon I'm speakin' for the crowd," he added, looking round him.

Murmurs of "That's so" and "You bet" passed through the company, and one or two cast a half-indignant glance at Prosper.

"It's only natural," continued Mrs. Pottinger, resignedly, "that having lived so long alone, my dear Prosper may at first be a little impatient of his old mother's control, and perhaps regret his invitation."

"Oh no, ma'am," said the embarrassed Prosper.

But here the mercurial Wynbrook interposed on behalf of amity and the camp's *esprit de corps*. "Why, Lord! ma'am, he's jest bin longin' for ye! Times and times agin he's talked about ye; sayin' how ef he could only get ye out of yer Fifth Avenue saloon to share his humble lot with him here, he'd die happy! *You've* heard him talk, Brewster?"

"Frequent," replied the accommodating Brewster.

"Part of the simple refreshment I have to offer you," continued Mrs. Pottinger, ignoring further comment, "is a viand the exact quality of which I am not familiar with, but which my son informs me is a great favorite with you. It has been prepared by Li Sing under my direction. Prosper dear, see that the — er — doughnuts — are brought in with the coffee."

Satisfaction beamed on the faces of the company, with perhaps the sole exception of Prosper. As a dish containing a number of brown glistening spheres of baked dough was brought in, the men's eyes shone in sympathetic appreciation. Yet that epicurean light was for a moment dulled as each man grasped a sphere, and then sat motionless with it in his hand, as if it was a ball and they were waiting the signal for playing.

"I am told," said Mrs. Pottinger, with a glance of Christian tolerance at Prosper, "that lightness is considered desirable by some—perhaps you gentlemen may find them heavy."

"Thar is two kinds," said the diplomatic Joe, cheerfully, as he began to nibble his, sideways, like a squirrel, "light and heavy; some likes 'em one way, and some another."

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They were hard and heavy, but the men, assisted by the steaming coffee, finished them with heroic politeness. "And now, gentlemen," said Mrs. Pottinger, leaning back in her chair and calmly surveying the party, "you have my permission to light your pipes while you partake of some whiskey and water."

The guests looked up—gratified but astonished. "Are ye sure, ma'am, you don't mind it?" said Joe, politely.

"Not at all," responded Mrs. Pottinger, briefly. "In fact, as my physician advises the inhalation of tobacco smoke for my asthmatic difficulties, I will join you." After a moment's fumbling in a beaded bag that hung from her waist, she produced a small black clay pipe, filled it from the same receptacle, and lit it.

A thrill of surprise went round the company, and it was noticed that Prosper seemed equally confounded. Nevertheless, this awkwardness was quickly overcome by the privilege and example given them, and with a glass of whiskey and water before them, the men were speedily at their ease. Nor did Mrs. Pottinger disdain to mingle in their desultory talk. Sitting there with her black pipe in her mouth, but still precise and superior, she told a thrilling whaling adventure of Prosper's father (drawn evidently from the experience of the lamented Pottinger), which not only deeply interested her hearers, but momentarily exalted Prosper in their minds as the son of that hero. "Now you speak o' that, ma'am," said the ingenuous Wynbrook, "there's a good deal o' Prossy in that yarn o' his father's; same kind o' keerless grit! You remember, boys, that day the dam broke and he stood thar, the water up to his neck, heavin' logs in the break till he stopped it." Briefly, the evening, in spite of its initial culinary failure and its surprises, was a decided social success, and even the bewildered and doubting Prosper went to bed relieved. It was followed by many and more informal gatherings at the house, and Mrs. Pottinger so far unbent—if that term could be used of one who never altered her primness of manner—as to join in a game of poker—and even permitted herself to win.

But by the end of six weeks another change in their feelings towards Prosper seemed to insidiously creep over the camp. He had been received into his former fellowship, and even the presence of his mother had become familiar, but he began to be an object of secret commiseration. They still frequented the house, but among themselves afterwards they talked in whispers. There was no doubt to them that Prosper's old mother drank not only what her son had provided, but what she surreptitiously obtained from the saloon. There was the testimony of the barkeeper, himself concerned equally with the camp in the integrity of the Riggs household. And there was an even darker suspicion. But this must be given in Joe Wynbrook's own words:

"I didn't mind the old woman winnin' and winnin' reg'lar—for poker's an unsartin game;—it ain't the money that we're losin'—for it's all in the camp. But when she's developing a habit o' holdin' *four* aces when somebody else hez *two,* who don't like to let on because it's Prosper's old mother—it's gettin' rough! And dangerous too, gentlemen, if there happened to be an outsider in, or one of the boys should kick. Why, I saw Bilson grind his teeth—he holdin' a sequence flush—ace high—when the dear old critter laid down her reg'lar four aces and raked in the pile. We had to nearly kick his legs off under the table afore he'd understand—not havin' an old mother himself."

"Some un will hev to tackle her without Prossy knowin' it. For it would jest break his heart, arter all he's gone through to get her here!" said Brewster, significantly.

"Onless he *did* know it and it was that what made him so sorrowful when they first came. B'gosh! I never thought o' that," said Wynbrook, with one of his characteristic sudden illuminations.

"Well, gentlemen, whether he did or not," said the barkeeper, stoutly, "he must never know that *we* know it. No, not if the old gal cleans out my bar and takes the last scad in the camp."

And to this noble sentiment they responded as one man.

How far they would have been able to carry out that heroic resolve was never known. For an event occurred which eclipsed its importance. One

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morning at breakfast Mrs. Pottinger fixed a clouded eye upon Prosper.

"Prosper," she said, with fell deliberation, "you ought to know you have a sister."

"Yes, ma'am," returned Prosper, with that meekness with which he usually received these family disclosures.

"A sister," continued the lady, "whom you haven't seen since you were a child. A sister who for family reasons has been living with other relatives. A girl of nineteen."

"Yes, ma'am," said Prosper, humbly. "But ef you wouldn't mind writin' all that down on a bit o' paper—ye know my short memory!—I would get it by heart to-day in the gulch. I'd have it all pat enough by night, ef," he added, with a short sigh, "ye was kalkilatin' to make any allusions to it when the boys are here."

"Your sister Augusta," continued Mrs. Pottinger, calmly ignoring these details, "will be here to-morrow to make me a visit."

But here the worm Prosper not only turned, but stood up, nearly upsetting the table. "It can't be did, ma'am! it *mustn't* be did!" he said, wildly. "It's enough for me to hev played this camp with *you*—but now to run in—"

"Can't be did!" repeated Mrs. Pottinger, rising in her turn and fixing upon the unfortunate Prosper a pair of murky, piratical eyes that had once quelled the sea-roving Pottinger. "Do you, my adopted son, dare to tell me that I can't have my own flesh and blood beneath my roof?"

"Yes! I'd rather tell the whole story—I'd rather tell the boys I fooled them—than go on again!" burst out the excited Prosper.

But Mrs. Pottinger only set her lips implacably together. "Very well, tell them, then," she said, rigidly; "tell them how you lured me from my humble dependence in San Francisco with the prospect of a home with you; tell them how you compelled me to deceive their trusting hearts with your wicked falsehoods; tell them how you—a foundling—borrowed me for your mother, my poor dead husband for your father, and made me invent falsehood upon falsehood to tell them while you sat still and listened!"

Prosper gasped.

"Tell them," she went on, deliberately, "that when I wanted to bring my helpless child to her only home—*then*, only then—you determined to break your word to me, either because you meanly begrudged her that share of your house, or to keep your misdeeds from her knowledge! Tell them that, Prossy dear, and see what they'll say!"

Prosper sank back in his chair aghast. In his sudden instinct of revolt he had forgotten the camp! He knew, alas, too well what they would say! He knew that, added to their indignation at having been duped, their chivalry and absurd sentiment would rise in arms against the abandonment of two helpless women!

"P'r'aps ye're right, ma'am," he stammered. "I was only thinkin'," he added, feebly, "how *she'd* take it."

"She'll take it as I wish her to take it," said Mrs. Pottinger, firmly.

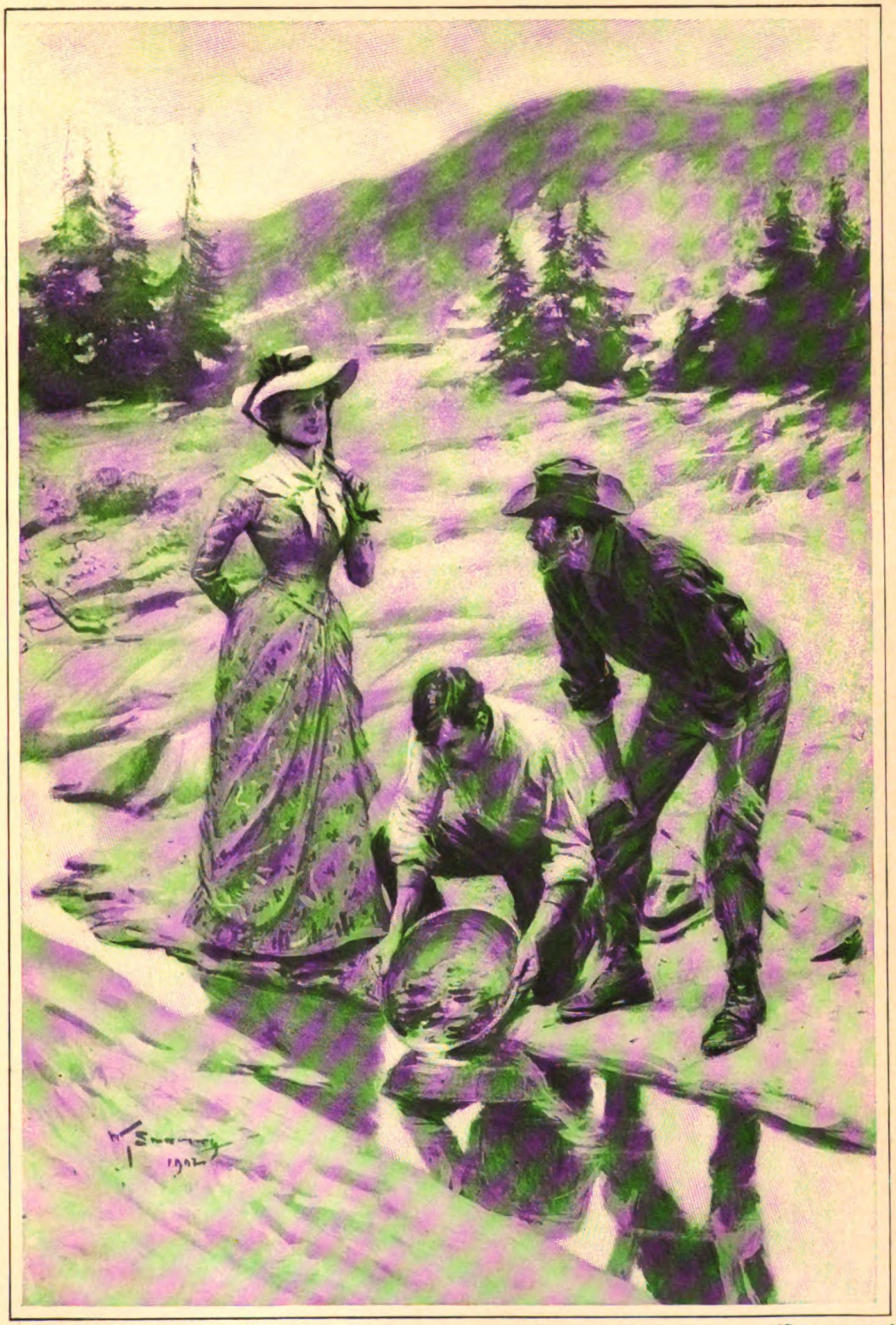
"Supposin', ez the camp don't know her, and I 'ain't bin talkin' o' havin' any *sister*, you ran her in here as my *cousin*? See? You bein' her aunt?"

Mrs. Pottinger regarded him with compressed lips for some time. Then she said, slowly and half meditatively: "Yes; it might be done! She will probably be willing to sacrifice her nearer relationship to save herself from passing as your sister. It would be less galling to her pride, and she wouldn't have to treat you so familiarly."

"Yes, ma'am," said Prosper, too relieved to notice the uncomplimentary nature of the suggestion. "And ye see I could call her 'Miss Pottinger,' which would come easier to me."

In its high resolve to bear with the weaknesses of Prosper's mother, the camp received the news of the advent of Prosper's cousin solely with reference to its possible effect upon the aunt's habits, and very little other curiosity. Prosper's own reticence, they felt, was probably due to the tender age at which he had separated from his relations. But when it was known that Prosper's mother had driven to the house with a very pretty girl of eighteen, there was a flutter of excitement in that impressionable community. Prosper, with his usual shyness, had evaded an early meeting with her, and was even loitering irresolutely

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

[See page 742]

IN A FEW DAYS THE WHOLE CAMP WAS IN LOVE WITH HER

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on his way home from work, when, as he approached the house, to his discomfiture the door suddenly opened, the young lady appeared and advanced directly towards him.

She was slim, graceful, and prettily dressed, and at any other moment Prosper might have been impressed by her good looks. But her brows were knit, her dark eyes—in which there was an unmistakable reminiscence of Mrs. Pottinger—were glittering, and although she was apparently anticipating their meeting, it was evidently with no cousinly interest. When within a few feet of him she stopped. Prosper with a feeble smile offered his hand. She sprang back.

"Don't touch me! Don't come a step nearer or I'll scream!"

Prosper, still with smiling inanity, stammered that he was only "goin' to shake hands," and moved sideways towards the house.

"Stop!" she said, with a stamp of her slim foot. "Stay where you are! We must have our talk out *here*. I'm not going to waste words with you in there, before *her*."

Prosper stopped.

"What did you do this for?" she said, angrily. "How dared you? How could you? Are you a man, or the fool she takes you for?"

"Wot did I do *wot* for?" said Prosper, sullenly.

"This! Making my mother pretend you were her son! Bringing her here among these men to live a lie!"

"She was willin'," said Prosper, gloomily. "I told her what she had to do, and she seemed to like it."

"But couldn't you see she was old and weak, and wasn't responsible for her actions? Or were you only thinking of yourself?"

This last taunt stung him. He looked up. He was not facing a helpless dependent old woman as he had been the day before, but a handsome clever girl in every way his superior—and in the right! In his vague sense of honor it seemed more creditable for him to fight it out with *her*. He burst out: "I never thought of myself! I never had an old mother; I never knew what it was to want one—but the men did! And as I couldn't get one for them, I got one for myself—to share and share alike—I thought they'd be happier ef there was one in the camp!"

There was the unmistakable accent of truth in his voice. There came a faint twitching of the young girl's lips and the dawning of a smile. But it only acted as a goad to the unfortunate Prosper. "Ye kin laugh, Miss Pottinger, but it's God's truth! But one thing I didn't do. No! When your mother wanted to bring you in here as my sister, I kicked! I did! And you kin thank me, for all your laughin', that you're standing in this camp in your own name—and ain't nothin' but my cousin."

"I suppose you thought your precious friends didn't want a *sister* too?" said the girl, ironically.

"It don't make no matter wot they want now," he said, gloomily. "For," he added, with sudden desperation, "it's come to an end! Yes! You and your mother will stay here a spell so that the boys don't suspicion nothin' of either of ye. Then I'll give it out that you're takin' your aunt away on a visit. Then I'll make over to her a thousand dollars for all the trouble I've given her, and you'll take her away. I've bin a fool, Miss Pottinger, mebbe I am one now, but what I'm doin' is on the square, and it's got to be done!"

He looked so simple and so good—so like an honest school-boy confessing a fault and abiding by his punishment, for all his six feet of altitude and silky mustache—that Miss Pottinger lowered her eyes. But she recovered herself and said, sharply:

"It's all very well to talk of her going away! But she *won't*. You have made her like you—yes! like you better than me—than any of us! She says you're the only one who ever treated her like a mother—as a mother should be treated. She says she never knew what peace and comfort were until she came to you. There! Don't stare like that! Don't you understand? Don't you see? Must I tell you again that she is strange—that—that she was *always* queer and strange—and queerer on account of her unfortunate habits—surely you knew *them*, Mr. Riggs! She quarrelled with us all. I went to live with my aunt, and she took herself off to San Francisco

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with a silly claim against my father's ship-owners. Heaven only knows how she managed to live there; but she always impressed people with her manners, and some one always helped her! At last I begged my aunt to let me seek her, and I tracked her here. There! If you've confessed everything to me, you have made me confess everything to you, and about my own mother, too! Now, what is to be done?"

"Whatever is agreeable to you is the same to me, Miss Pottinger," he said, formally.

"But you mustn't call me 'Miss Pottinger' so loud. Somebody might hear you," she returned, mischievously.

"All right—'cousin,' then," he said, with a prodigious blush. "Supposin' we go in."

In spite of the camp's curiosity, for the next few days they delicately withheld their usual evening visits to Prossy's mother. "They'll be wantin' to talk o' old times, and we don't wanter be too previous," suggested Wynbrook. But their verdict, when they at last met the new cousin, was unanimous, and their praises extravagant. To their inexperienced eyes she seemed to possess all her aunt's gentility and precision of language, with a vivacity and playfulness all her own. In a few days the whole camp was in love with her. Yet she dispensed her favors with such tactful impartiality and with such innocent enjoyment—free from any suspicion of coquetry—that there were no heart-burnings, and the unlucky man who nourished a fancied slight would have been laughed at by his fellows. She had a town-bred girl's curiosity and interest in camp life, which she declared was like a "perpetual picnic," and her slim, graceful figure halting beside a ditch where the men were working seemed to them as grateful as the new spring sunshine. The whole camp became tidier; a coat was considered *de rigueur* at "Prossy's mother" evenings; there was less horseplay in the trails, and less shouting. "It's all very well to talk about 'old mothers,'" said the cynical barkeeper, "but that gal, single-handed, has done more in a week to make the camp decent than old Ma'am Riggs has in a month o' Sundays."

Since Prosper's brief conversation with Miss Pottinger before the house, the question "What is to be done?" had singularly lapsed, nor had it been referred to again by either. The young lady had apparently thrown herself into the diversions of the camp with the thoughtless gayety of a brief-holiday maker, and it was not for him to remind her—even had he wished to—that her important question had never been answered. He had enjoyed her happiness with the relief of a secret shared by her. Three weeks had passed; the last of the winter's rains had gone. Spring was stirring in underbrush and wildwood, in the pulse of the waters, in the sap of the great pines, in the uplifting of flowers. Small wonder if Prosper's boyish heart had stirred a little too.

In fact, he had been possessed by another luminous idea—a wild idea that to him seemed almost as absurd as the one which had brought him all this trouble. It had come to him like that one—out of a starlit night—and he had risen one morning with a feverish intent to put it into action! It brought him later to take an unprecedented walk alone with Miss Pottinger, to linger under green leaves in unfrequented woods, and at last seemed about to desert him as he stood in a little hollow with her hand in his—their only listener an inquisitive squirrel. Yet this was all the disappointed animal heard him stammer:

"So you see, dear, it would *then* be no lie—for—don't you see?—she'd be really *my* mother as well as *yours*."

The marriage of Prosper Riggs and Miss Pottinger was quietly celebrated at Sacramento, but Prossy's "old mother" did not return with the happy pair.

Of Mrs. Pottinger's later career some idea may be gathered from a letter which Prosper received a year after his marriage. "Circumstances," wrote Mrs. Pottinger, "which had induced me to accept the offer of a widower to take care of his motherless household, have since developed into a more enduring matrimonial position, so that I can always offer my dear Prosper a home with his mother, should he choose to visit this locality, and a second father in Hiram W. Watergates, Esq., her husband."

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FIGURE I.—"Map of the Universe," shown on Reverse Side of a Fifteenth-Century Medal

Recreations in Cartography

BY BERTELLE M. LYTTLE

THE boy who stated that a vessel going from the Potomac by way of the Suez Canal to Manila would pass through the Gulf of Mexico, plaintively remarks, "I am not real sure of this, for we haven't had maps yet." He was merely asserting in one way the educational value of illustration. Probably in accordance with this truth the first Grecian map of the universe was drawn by some enthusiastic teacher of literature to illustrate Homer's very general statements concerning a great river that encircles the entire earth.

Just what conceptions, opinions, and debates were the result of this daring performance history tells us not. But enough thought was given to the subject before the fall of the Roman Empire and the beginning of the Dark Ages for two great books to have been written upon geography. Ptolemy, one of these authors, is particularly interesting to us, since his work, found at the time of the Renaissance, became the standard work for the two centuries during which our country's existence was being determined. Each publisher of this book procured a scholar to write about the new land and to furnish an illustration for the universal conditions as they appeared to him. Ptolemy himself was a knowing man, who lived about 150 A. D. For him the world was round, though its size was much too great. His worst mistakes were to consider Ceylon too large, India not a peninsula, and the Mediterranean one-third too long. The Baltic and the Black seas were placed too near together. Ptolemy also erred in believing that a tropical sea existed with one or two continents to the south.

This southern-continent idea is interesting to us, since it explains some of the wonderful shapes given to our Western lands. The philosophers of ancient times considered the question of tropical heat, realized its intensity in the Sahara, and concluded that it must be worse at the equator. If this were so, life would be impossible; therefore, as water appeared south of all explored lands, surely wise Nature must have placed water everywhere at the equator, and then, for the sake of uniformity, another continent at the south similar to the one at the north.

For centuries Europe had no geographical teaching, at least no progressive teaching. The Christian Church seemed to fear that its doctrines and

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science would prove incompatible; so its efforts were all bent toward teaching its people contentment. As a result, even Ptolemy's progress was lost, and people reverted to the Homeric idea. An Italian poet of the early fifteenth century tells us that a T within a circle makes a map of the universe. If we try it (T), we find the circumfluent river, the equatorial sea, one large continent to the north, and two to the south. The same idea with one continent to the south is shown on the reverse side of a fifteenth-century medal (Figure I.).



A Map of the World on Mercator's Projection

The cartographers of the Middle Ages were artists with vivid imaginations, whatever their scientific standing may have been. Chaos, the home of the quarrelsome winds, and the mythical animal supporters of the earth, may all be found just at the edge of the world's plane. The rim that prevented the water from flowing over is about the only improvement that our practical minds can suggest. All else is very plausible; and we certainly cannot wonder, as we look upon the hideous creatures of Chaos, that it was necessary to use force and to accept convicts in order to obtain crews for the early explorations.

If we divide our maps into three general classes — artistic maps, maps to illustrate ideas, and maps to illustrate facts — we may place the works of Olaus Magnus among the best examples of the first class. His map of Iceland (Figure II.) is particularly good. How happy the polar bear on the ice-floe seems; also his friend who has been fishing. Less fortunate appears a third bear, who is endeavoring to find shelter in a shallow cave. The horseman's struggle with the wind in the upper part of this map suggests fierce gales from the northwest. Evidences of

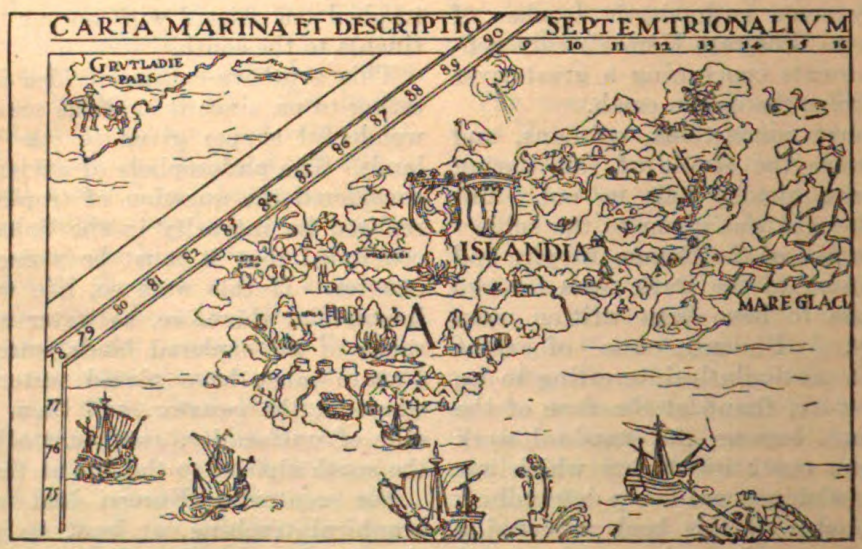


FIGURE II.—A Map of Iceland projected by Olaus Magnus in 1539

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other conflicts appear in the watch - towers along the shore, the armored horseman, and a church with a few "saxa" about it. Some barrels near the coast may signify commerce, while the chief industry of the region is plainly shown in the numerous forms of fishing. The picture of a huge fish devouring a boat, however, is reserved for another map.

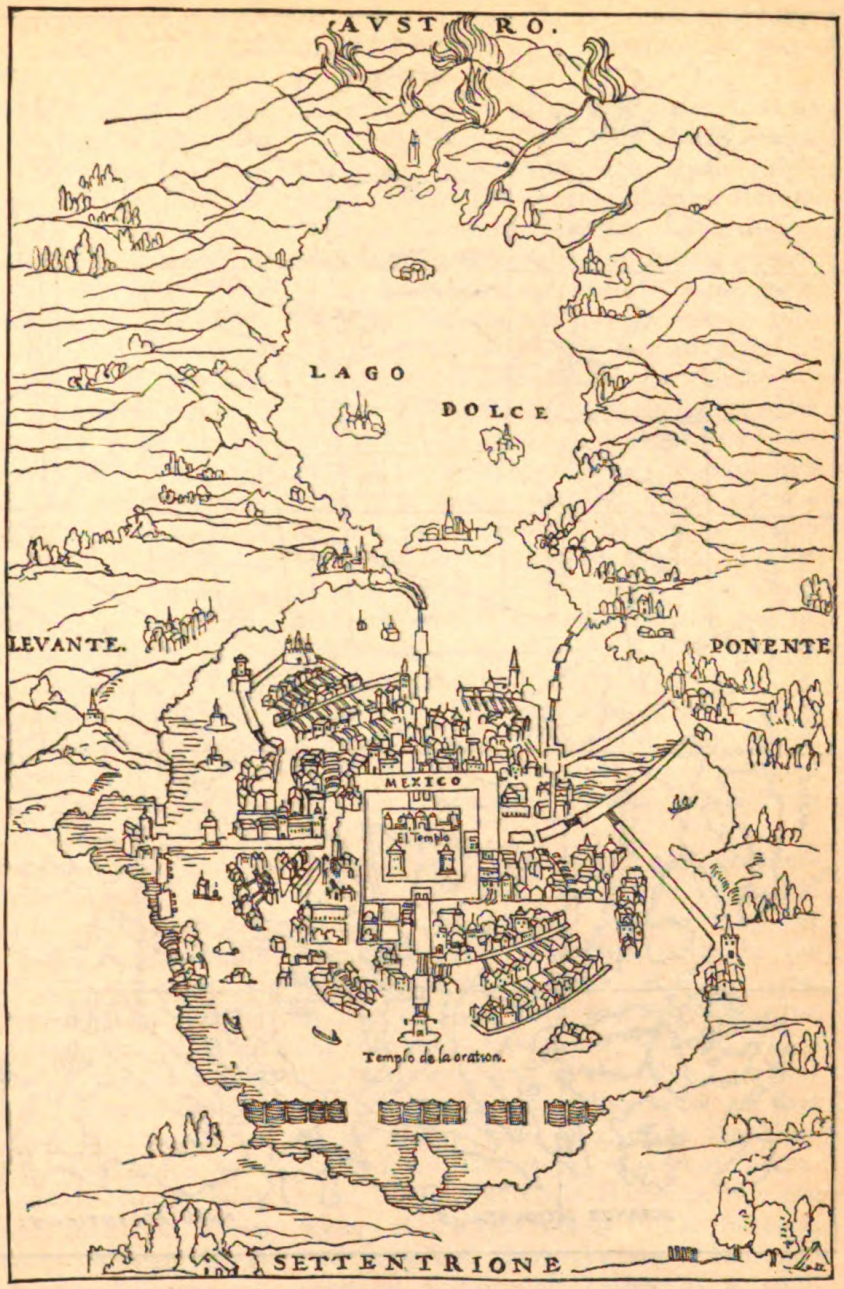


FIGURE III.—Map of Lake Mexico as drawn about 1650 by Giovanni Battista Ramusio, a Venetian Statesman, in which the Points of the Compass are reversed, the South being at the top of this Projection

Another good illustration of this style of cartography is Ramusio's map of Lake Mexico (Figure III.). In order to be a little different from the others, or perhaps on account of a belief in the laws of gravitation, Ramusio has placed the south at the top of this map. His view of the city is an extreme instance of the early style that showed a city not by a dot, but by a drawing of its most famous building. The likeness of the drawing to the original structure was not necessarily very exact. Jerusalem is indicated by a church, Rome by a fortress or church. Other cities are represented by fortresses, walls, castles, or churches.

Such maps generally give excellent pictures of the fountains from which all great rivers were supposed to flow. There is a question in my mind as to whether the tublike sources of the three rivers in our Iceland map are not ground springs, and whether the peculiar arrangement of lines at the beginning of the Nile in Verrazano's map (Figure IV.) may not be intended for a mountain spring—the fountain idea modified to

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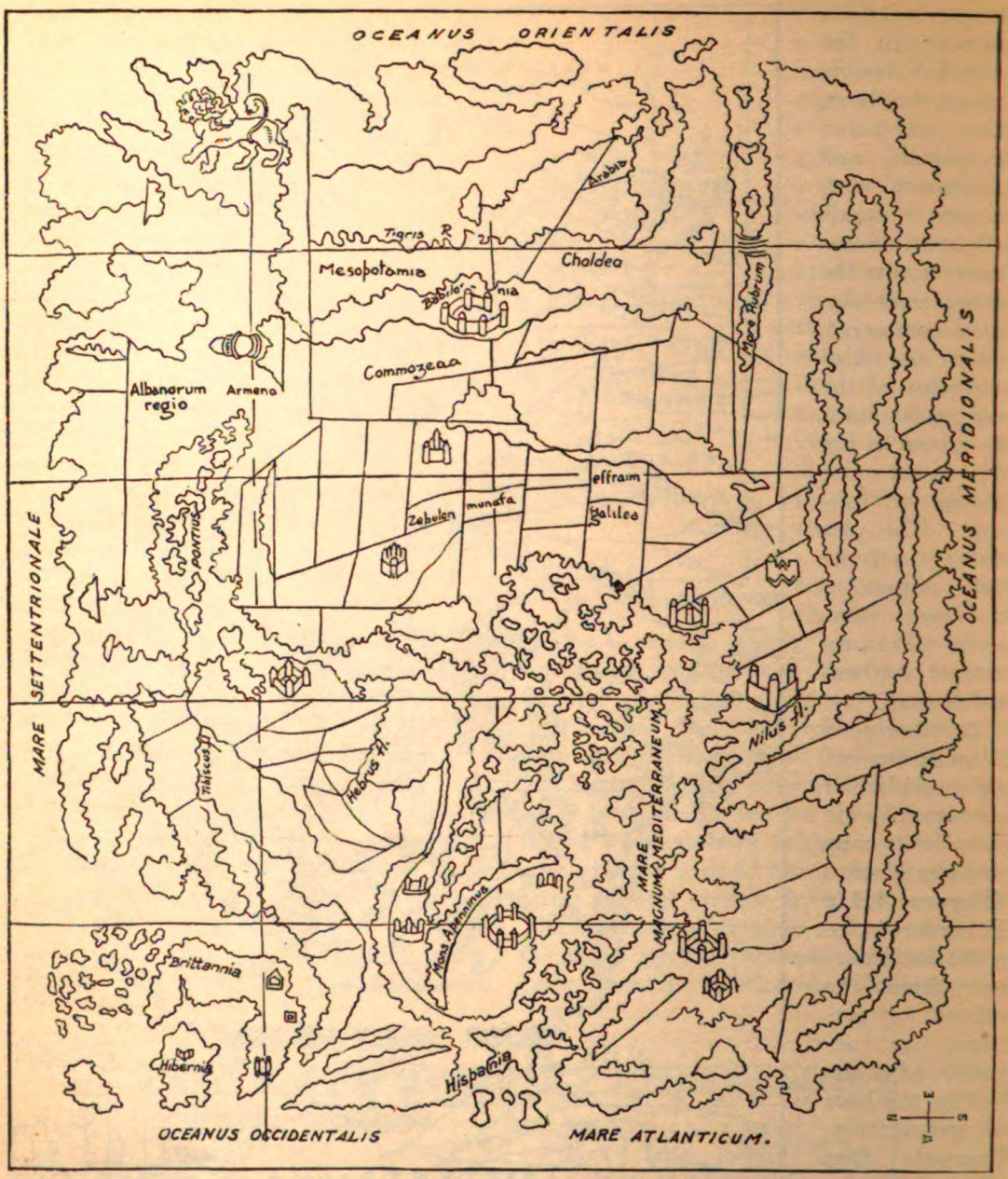


FIGURE IV.—Anglo-Saxon Map of the Tenth Century

suit an age just learning to distrust myth and fable.

From this attractive class of cartography we turn naturally to its near relative, the cartography that owed its being to literature, imagination, and theory, with a few facts of travel as aids, to be regarded if convenient. Here we might place our Italian poet's primitive mappamondo; also the Anglo-Saxon map (Figure IV.) of the tenth century. Apparently this is the work of a thoughtful student who is endeavoring to illustrate the literature which he has read. One is tempted to undertake a guess concerning the books which the library of this student contained. Evidently the Old Testament was not one, since the Jordan is not shown at all, and the Red Sea's position would render the miracle of its crossing entirely unnecessary.

Perhaps this student, more fortunate than we, had access to Livy's complete history. He evidently had learned some-

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where of Babylon's greatness, the Persian Gulf, the history that had been made in Asia Minor, and of the insignificance of the tribes north of the Pontus. Olympus, Troy, and the Columns of Hercules were real to him, and Italy was far more important than Greece. The position of Italy brings to mind all that literature tells us of that country's shape, the peninsula ending in a boot form. For his own neighborhood our Anglo-Saxon friend had neither maps nor literature to help him, so he used tradition and current events to the best advantage.

Of about the same date is an Arabic map, evidently a rough sketch of the Mediterranean. In very similar fashion Cortez, about 1522, drew an outline of the Gulf of Mexico. Undoubtedly both were quickly drawn to illustrate some thought requiring no exactness, and, by mistake, have come down to us as formal maps. We often make equally inaccurate and unrecognizable maps when trying to direct some one or to describe some locality; and our line that accompanies the words "somewhere out here" is probably the direct descendant of those regular coast-lines that showed the unknown coasts in so many of the early maps. Perhaps it was in this way that the 1642 map of the Ottawa route was drawn (Figure V.).

One other division of the theory maps is worthy of remark. Behaim and Toscanelli, following the idea that the world was round and about one-third too small, placed Japan on the site of modern Mexico. Columbus sailed west to reach China. When he found land, what was more probable than that it was the desired Asiatic coast? We can almost hear now the well-rounded Latin sentences in which the rival geographers proclaimed their views. Franciscus Monarchus in 1526 declares the new discoveries to be but the coast of Asia, and draws a map to show the situation. "Not so," says Coppo, two years later. "This land is too near. It must be only a large island." So he draws his map to show how matters really stand. Then, to finally determine the question, the Carta Marina is drawn, about 1548. Everything save the St. Lawrence River is nicely accounted for upon the Asiatic coast, and the question is settled. The recorders of facts are thereafter recognized, and America becomes an independent continent.

Perhaps it is with these maps that so curiously blend fact and fiction that Greenland should be mentioned. This point of land had journeyed from Europe to Asia, thence to America. Later it was relegated to the arctic continent, whence it has been since detached by some geographers. Others are not so certain that the explorations justify the assertion of the island formation.

More scientific accuracy commenced to prevail in the maps as popular and commercial interests grew. The explorers began to make careful maps of the regions they visited, drawing a rough boundary for the adjacent regions in order to give the relative positions. The Arabs had followed this plan centuries before, thus continuing the old Roman geographical progress. By the eleventh century they had produced a very good map of the known world, one which Christian Europe might have adopted had the knowledge of the infidel been less despised.

Had our European cartographers done equally well, we should be spared some of our present peculiar maps of our native land. Majollo, early in the sixteenth century, and Michael Lok, as late as 1582, both probably following the explorer Verrazano, showed all of the territory north of the Ohio and west of the Appalachian Mountains as part of the Great South Sea, or as the Mare de Verra. The story runs that Verrazano, landing at Cape Hatteras, saw the waters of the two sounds in the distance, and imagined them the sea. The map showing Verrazano's career as a navigator is one of the most accurate of the period. Verrazano drew the Gulf of Mexico, South America, Africa, the Mediterranean, Arabia, and India in excellent fashion. A Portuguese sailor for many years, he was most familiar with Africa, and it is in this region that his cartography is best.

The French explorers in Canada tried to do equally well, but failed, chiefly because they were too eager for reports, and therefore too willing to hear, interpret, and repeat the native tales. Champlain's failure to interpret correctly the

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tales about Niagara caused Lake Erie to be the last of the Great Lakes to be discovered, and meantime presents to those who have experienced Lake Erie's storms an amusing suggestion of what might have been,—a peaceful river, such as the Detroit.

All of the explorers, French, English, and Spanish, were looking for the passage that connected the two great oceans, and which would give the desired route to Asia. Small wonder that we find in successive maps ready-built Panama and Nicaraguan canals, the Mississippi flowing into the Gulf of California, and the Missouri into Puget Sound, and the Great Lakes, by a long chain of rivers and lakes, connected with the Mere del Quest. Hudson Bay was once represented as the looked-for Western Sea, and later it was provided with a straight and narrow passage extending directly westward to the Pacific. In the early nineteenth century the passage had moved farther north; in the middle of the century it had disappeared, and the arctic continent was shown as entirely inclosing the northern waters, even as it did in 1724. To-day the passage is once more shown, and the arctic continent has disappeared.

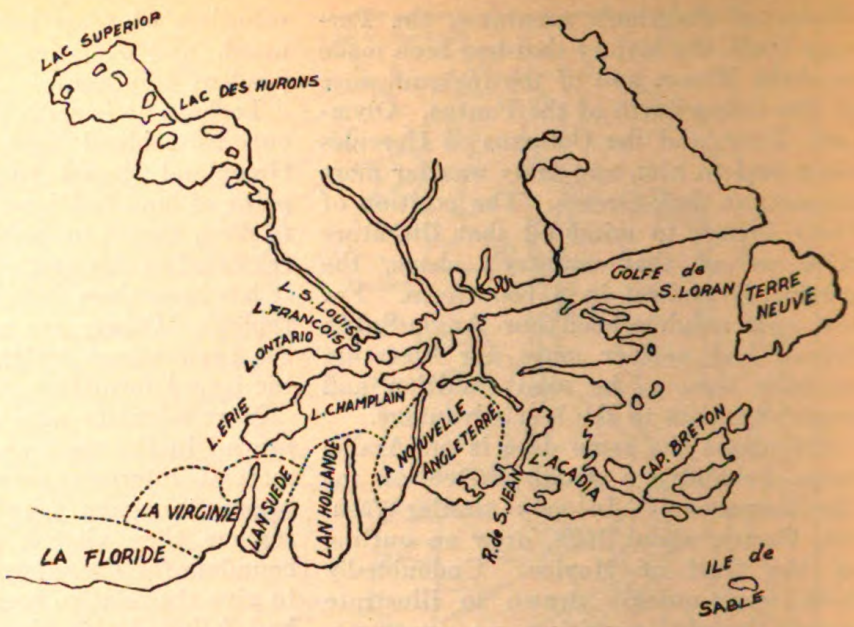


FIGURE V.—Map of the Ottawa Route, drawn 1642

Notwithstanding discoveries of recent years, if we cast a backward glance and realize that since 1860 the Northwest Passage of 1800 has been revived, that teachers to-day point with pride to maps which show the productions and occupations of the world after the style of Olaus Magnus, and that government engineers prophesy that Lake Erie will erelong become Champlain's quiet river, while the waters of the upper lakes flow over the Chicago divide into the Gulf, we may think that perhaps the most we can expect will be that geographers and cartographers will endeavor to tell the truth as they know it, regardless of personal theory or prejudice.

Love Wounded

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

I TORE love's heart, in wantonness of power—
And wept to see the ruthless pain love bore . . .
But love was glad—and, as a broken flower
Bleeds fragrance, still poured love out more and more.

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[See page 757]

"THOU SHALT HAVE THEM ALL, ANGÈLE!"

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The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

I

"MONSIEUR then is prepared to deny everything, all entire?"

Monsieur was not prepared to deny everything, either all entire or sectionally. He was in narrow shoes. Therefore he temporized. For some seconds he stirred his coffee with a diligence—precisely as though Marie's words, actually spoken in a voice high-pitched and penetrating, had been inaudible. Then he looked up at her—precisely as though she had entered the room at that very moment—and said suavely: "Another glass of crème de menthe, if you please, Marie—and I beg that this time the morsels of ice may not be of the magnitude of hills."

Marie neither stirred nor answered.

"Let the ice, I say," Monsieur Alphonse continued, still playing for time, and also for diversion, "be not fragments of the dimensions of icebergs. Age is setting its harsh grasp upon thee, Marie. Thou art becoming careless. It is not alone my crème de menthe that is atrocious this evening. The soufflé also was a scandal. It had the heaviness of a bad dream!"

This unfair thrust almost was a touch. Marie's lips trembled and partly opened. Had they fully opened—in violent refutation of the calumny put upon her soufflé, which had been figuratively as well as literally an inspiration—all would have been lost. By a series of masterly manœuvres she had driven Monsieur Alphonse from one ill-defended position to another until she had him fairly in the open. Her demand for a general denial was much the same as a home-driven charge of cavalry upon a badly formed square. A diversion would have been fatal to the success of her attack. She realized this fact—and by an effort of will little short of heroic closed her lips firmly upon her unspoken words. When her lips did open, it was to repeat her charge upon the enemy's wavering square.

"Monsieur then is prepared, I say, to deny everything: to deny that none of these so-called accidents—every one of which, he will observe, has caused Madame Bellarmine to trespass upon our premises—has been the result of anything but chance?"

"I asked thee for another glass of crème de menthe, Marie."

"Monsieur is prepared to deny that this very evening Madame Bellarmine had the effrontery to beg from him our choicest roses, and that he pressed them—thousands of them!—eagerly into her outstretched hands?"

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Monsieur Alphonse's attempt at a diversion having been unsuccessful, the situation remained unchanged. He was not prepared, I repeat, to deny everything; he even was prepared—if Marie fairly made a rat in a corner of him—to brazen the whole thing through. On the other hand, if a little judicious denying would relax the tension of a disagreeably tense situation, he was willing, within reason, to do his possibles to ease the strain. Therefore he said, speaking with a guarded accuracy: "I deny that Madame Bellarmine begged me for my roses. I deny that I pressed thousands of them eagerly into her outstretched hands."

"Monsieur does not deny, I observe," Marie answered coldly, "that Madame Bellarmine carried away with her in her inverted parasol—as I saw with my own eyes—enough of our roses to ransom a dozen queens. Perhaps Monsieur will explain," she added, still more coldly, "by what fresh 'accident' those roses came to be in Madame Bellarmine's parasol?"

Monsieur Alphonse leaned back in his chair and sighed again—this time with an air of exaggerated fatigue. "Thou art wearying, Marie—as wearying as a breadless day! The explanation that thou demandest with such unseemly insistence is of a childish simplicity. I make it to thee only for the sake of peace. Listen, then. What happened was this—precisely this: I was cutting roses from the jacqueminot in the corner—the tree that overhangs the outer wall. I was cutting those roses which grew upon the highest branches. To reach them I was compelled to stand upon the stepladder's very top. My position was one of extreme peril. Had I fallen from that giddy height I assuredly should have dashed out my brains. Think of it, Marie! Thou wouldst have gone into the garden in search of thy old master, and thou wouldst have found his cold—"

"But Monsieur did *not* fall," Marie interrupted.

"God be thanked, no! But, being in such imminent danger, it is not surprising that my hands trembled; that two, that three, that perhaps even half a dozen roses slipped from the shears and fell outward upon the road."

"Ah! And Madame Bellarmine at that moment falling also precisely upon the road—"

"Peace, Marie! The roses fell, I repeat, into the common highway. While I still continued to cut roses, while the roses which had escaped from me still lay where they had fallen, Madame Bellarmine chanced to come up the roadway—approaching from the town. Most naturally, finding some roses lying in the dust of the public highway, Madame Bellarmine took possession of them—as thou, in like circumstances, wouldst have done thyself, Marie. She picked them up, I say, and went onward with them to her home. There, that is the whole of this matter about which thou hast raised such a tempest. That, I say, is the whole.

"And now, thy perverse curiosity being satisfied, perhaps thou wilt have the goodness to bring me the crème de menthe that I pine for. As to the ice, I repeat my injunction: Let the morsels be something less in magnitude than the whole round world!"

"Monsieur shall be served in a moment," Marie replied with a frigidity that quite put the ice out of countenance—and left the room with the haughtily erect bearing of a conscript in his second year.

II

Actually, the exhibition of fact on the part of Monsieur Alphonse, to put the matter delicately, had been inadequate. Much may be forgiven a young lover who gives the coasts of truth an offing in order to guard the treasured secret of his love. Very reasonably, therefore, much more may be forgiven in the case of a lover who is forty, who is a recluse, and who is a professional philosopher of the Positivist School: which, precisely, was the case of Monsieur Alphonse. What really had happened was this:

In the early afternoon, having finished his excellent breakfast, Monsieur Alphonse had ascended to the "Robinson" with his cigarette-case in one pocket of his flannel jacket and in the other pocket a volume of Comte. Absolutely, his only intention was to study an obscure passage in the writings of that philosopher and to smoke. The "Robinson" being circular, he might have seated himself with his back to any one of the thirty-

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two points of the compass. Chance—directed by the fall of the sunlight through the branches—led him to seat himself with his back to the southeast. Of necessity, therefore, he faced toward the northwest—that is to say, toward the Villa Prentegarde.

Assuredly, then, it was no fault of Monsieur Alphonse's that he could not glance over the top of his book—while he wrestled mentally with the great Positivist's entangled concepts — without looking straight at the piquant villa, not three hundred yards distant, in which dwelt the most bewilderingly delightful widow in the whole of Languedoc. On the other hand, a student of Comte (remembering Madame de Vaux) might have had enough mere common-sense to know that philosophy would be shattered into a thousand fragments when — as presently happened—that ecstatic widow, arrayed in a ravishing walking-costume, came out from her own doorway and stood upon her own terrace while she drew on her gloves.

At that crisic moment it was that Monsieur Alphonse entered upon the broad path leading to perdition. Instead of removing Madame Bellarmine from his field of vision (by shifting his seat to any one of the sixteen points of the compass available for that purpose) and addressing himself to Comte with resolution, he removed Comte from his field of vision (by laying that eminent philosopher face downward on the seat beside him), and with a resolution that in reality was a perverted form of weakness addressed himself wholly to Madame Bellarmine. Really, though, something may be said in excuse for him. Between the hair-splitting of such an over-positive Positivist, and the heart-splitting of such a widow—a dream of a widow, all in pearl-gray silk of a softness, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat turned up with a pearl-gray feather— Ah, well, no philosopher, least of all a French philosopher, forced to make choice between such conflicting concepts, could be expected to forget that first of all he was a man!

Having drawn on her gloves, Madame Bellarmine opened and raised a pearl-gray lace-trimmed parasol. Held upon her shoulder, inclined backward, it gave the finishing-touch to her costume: much as an aureole gives the finishing-touch to the lighter costume of a very chic saint. Probably Madame Bellarmine would have resented one-half of that simile. Assuredly, had she been compelled to choose between being a saint and being chic, she would have chosen to be —not a saint. And that again is natural: seeing that Madame Bellarmine was all of seven-and-thirty, and of an experience, and soul and body of the Midi. They are gay, down there.

Hidden among the branches, yet seeing clearly through the leafy rifts, Monsieur Alphonse watched Madame Bellarmine with a longing watchfulness that set his heart to beating faster and that made his breathing irregular and short. For a few moments he lost sight of her, as she disappeared around the corner of the house on her way to the gate. Then he saw her again, as she reappeared in the narrow lane—which led down the hill-side, between high stone walls, past his own garden and onward and downward until it came to the bridge across the Torrent, and so to the streets of Nîmes.

Evidently, she was on her way to the city. It was a long walk and a hot walk to be taking at that hour of a summer day; and the hotter because the high stone walls shut off what little air was stirring. Monsieur Alphonse was lost in wonder until he remembered that the fête of the Convent of Sainte-Polentaine was to be celebrated that afternoon, and so had her defiance of thermic conditions explained.

That is a fête of much social importance in Nîmes. To miss it is to lose caste. Also, it is interesting and delightful. You walk in the garden of the convent. You see prizes given to little girls in white frocks. You eat little cakes. In a word, it is a festival at once chaste and discreetly gay. That Madame Bellarmine should take part in it—even at the cost of a grilling—was most reasonable.

As he watched Madame Bellarmine descending the lane toward him, passing close beneath him, going on downward away from him, Monsieur Alphonse regretted keenly that he had elected to be a recluse. He was filled with the thrilling thought that had he accepted his

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MADAME BELLARMINE BECAME A PEARL-GRAY SPECK IN THE DISTANCE

invitation to the fête—it was sent to him regularly, and he regularly acknowledged it by a contribution—he might at that moment have been walking down that hill-side in that enchanting widow's company. More—he might have gone on with her to the convent; he might have sat blissfully beside her while the little white-frocked girls received their prizes; he might even have walked with her in the garden and eaten with her the little cakes!

Madame Bellarmine became a pearl-gray speck in the distance. She was quite at the foot of the hill-side. For a moment the pearl-gray speck stood out distinctly against the dark parapet of the stone bridge that spans the Torrent. Then, beyond the bridge, the speck became a mere whitish blur against the sun-bright houses—that passed onward into the Rue de l'Abattoir and so disappeared.

With a sigh, Monsieur Alphonse lighted a fresh cigarette and essayed to resume his study of Positive philosophy. On the page that he turned to he read:

"Having regard to the general relation between the affective faculties, we have in effect recognized that the necessary preponderance of these in the altogether of our nature is nevertheless less pronounced in man than in any other animal, and that a certain degree of spontaneous speculative activity constitutes the principal cerebral attribute of humanity, as well as the first source of the profoundly incised character of our social organism. Now, under this aspect, one cannot seriously contest to-day the evident relative inferiority of woman: who is unfitted, in a way very different from man, to the indispensable continuity, as well as to the high intensity, of mental work—either because of the lesser intrinsic force of her intelligence or because of her more lively moral and physical susceptibilities, so antipathetic to every abstraction and to every truly scientific contention."

This was more than M. Alphonse could stand. Uttering an exclamation that no philosopher should utter, and giving way to a violent emotion that was subversive of every philosophical principle, he sprang angrily to his feet—and sent Monsieur Comte flying over the railing of the "Robinson" in a fluttering crash to the ground. The mere man had triumphed. Philosophy was routed down the whole line!

III

Passion having conquered reason, and a return to his studies—even had he desired such return—being precluded by the fact that the outraged Comte lay hidden, forty feet below him, among the cucumber-vines, Monsieur Alphonse gave himself unreservedly to tobacco and to tender thoughts.

Yet was his dreaming not that of a mere ordinary lover. As became a professional philosopher, he set himself to formulate, present, argue, and decide

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upon his own candidature to beatification.

In his rôle of *promotor fidei,* vulgarly known as the devil's advocate, he urged that he was more than forty years old, a celibate by choice (even though his choice had not been wholly voluntary), a philosopher by conviction, and a recluse who had agreed with himself (even though unwillingly) to find in his books and in his roses the world well lost. This was a strong presentment of the case against matrimony; so strong that it seemed to relegate pearl-gray widows not only beyond the pale of his own cognizance but beyond the limits of the solar system.

However, in his rôle of postulator, he argued on the other side not less convincingly. A man approaching middle life, a man of good family, of good fortune, with an honorable name to maintain and to perpetuate — surely such a man owed duties to society and to the state which might not lightly be set aside. Was not the first and the highest of these duties precisely matrimony?

This was putting the case, Monsieur Alphonse reflected with satisfaction, as a philosopher should put it. Love, passion, personal inclination, were eliminated from the argument with as handsome a disregard of those irrelevant yet insidious quantities as could have been exhibited by the great Comte himself?

Then the devil's advocate took up the case again, asking Monsieur Alphonse to answer honestly what was likely to become of "Considerations upon the Destiny of Humanity"—his great work, for which the ages had been waiting—if he rashly essayed to mingle his exposition of superbly profound theories touching the future of the human race with its mere propagation?

This was a disheartening question. As he turned it over in the recesses of his inner consciousness his spirits fell: until the postulator cheered him again by answering boldly that many notable examples might be cited of married philosophers—even of disastrously married philosophers, as in the case of the great Comte himself — whose philosophy had been of a strength and of a soundness that had sent it ringing enduringly down the corridors of time.

When love and reason thus are at points, struggling for supremacy, time passes with an amazing swiftness. All the while that the head and the heart of Monsieur Alphonse were lunging at each other the sun was galloping westward—widening the narrow shadows and sending them flying down the hill-side closer and closer to the glaring white walls of the houses of Nîmes. Toward those houses, in spite of his preoccupation, he gazed steadfastly; his subconsciousness being keenly interested in the flying shadows because of the certainty that Madame Bellarmine would emerge from among the glaring white houses, and would begin her ascent of the hill-side, a little while before the sun went down in splendor behind the Cévennes.

At last there came a gentle rustling of the leaves about him as a puff of air played among them—the advance-guard of the cool wind of evening that presently would draw down steadily from the high garrigues. At the same instant Monsieur Alphonse gave a start and heaved a quickly drawn sigh: as he saw detach itself from the white houses and advance toward the Torrent a little whitish blur. During some moments he watched it intently, breathing hard. Then he sighed restfully: as the whitish blur, being defined against the parapet of the bridge, became a pearl-gray speck surmounted by a smaller speck that undoubtedly was a parasol!

In the crisic moments of our lives our actions are prompted by thoughts so swiftly formed that we cannot follow them. We usually term this process inspiration. That is a term not recognized by philosophy. But Monsieur Alphonse, both then and subsequently, regarded as an inspiration the thought which in that pregnant instant took form in his brain. In a single flash of supreme intelligence an effective plan of campaign became clear to him; and so distinctly that he set about executing it with a coolness curiously at odds with the ardor in which it was conceived.

Without haste—he had a good twenty minutes at his disposal—but with strong determination, he descended from the "Robinson" and went to the tool-house in which were kept the stepladder and the long-handled shears. The path that

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he followed passed beside the bed of cucumbers. Close at his feet lay the volume of Comte that he had cast from him into space disdainfully. Monsieur Alphonse did violence to the principles of half a lifetime by turning aside and viciously kicking Monsieur Comte still deeper among the vines!

His time was ample for his purposes. Long before Madame Bellarmine had accomplished a third of the ascent—in all the unconsciousness of a dove approaching the snare of the fowler — he had planted his ambuscading stepladder against the garden wall, close beside the rose-bush, and had mounted upon it shears in hand. The jacqueminot was of a hugeness. It rose above the wall high and thick, a tree rather than a bush, its great mass of greenery everywhere made glorious by crimson bloom. As he had placed himself he was quite hidden from any person coming up the stone-walled lane until that person was directly beneath him and in front of him; but by snipping away a few of the clustered leaves he cleared a peep-hole through which he commanded a view of the lane to its first turning, a hundred yards or so away.

It was feverish work standing there on the stepladder with his eyes fixed on the turn of the wall! Still more feverish was the moment when, fluttering around the turn, he caught a glimpse of a pearl-gray skirt—and an instant later saw the entire garment, and above it the pearl-gray parasol! Being behind the parasol —on which the red sun rays streaming down the lane cast a ruddy glow that changed the pearl-gray to a cool crimson —the upper portion of Madame Bellarmine's person was hidden from him. And, also, that ravishing accessory to her ravishing costume hid the way in front of her from Madame Bellarmine's eyes—a fact that exactly fitted in with his plan. His whole body quivered as he extended the long-handled shears and cut quickly a half-dozen roses—which fell precisely in her path. Then he stood waiting, breathless, expectant, while she slowly came up the lane toward him in the ruddy glow!

IV

Monsieur Alphonse's inspired plan worked to a miracle. Not until the roses were at Madame Bellarmine's very feet did she see them. Directly beneath him she stopped short, bending over them with a little cry of delight. It was all that he had hoped for, and his emotion so stirred him that the shears clicked together in his trembling hand. At the sound, slight but incisive, she raised her head quickly and looked upward. The warm walk had brought an adorable color into her face. That color became deeper, and still more adorable, as her exceptionally bright black eyes met full with Monsieur Alphonse's eyes—which also chanced to be exceptionally bright just then—at a range of something less than two yards.

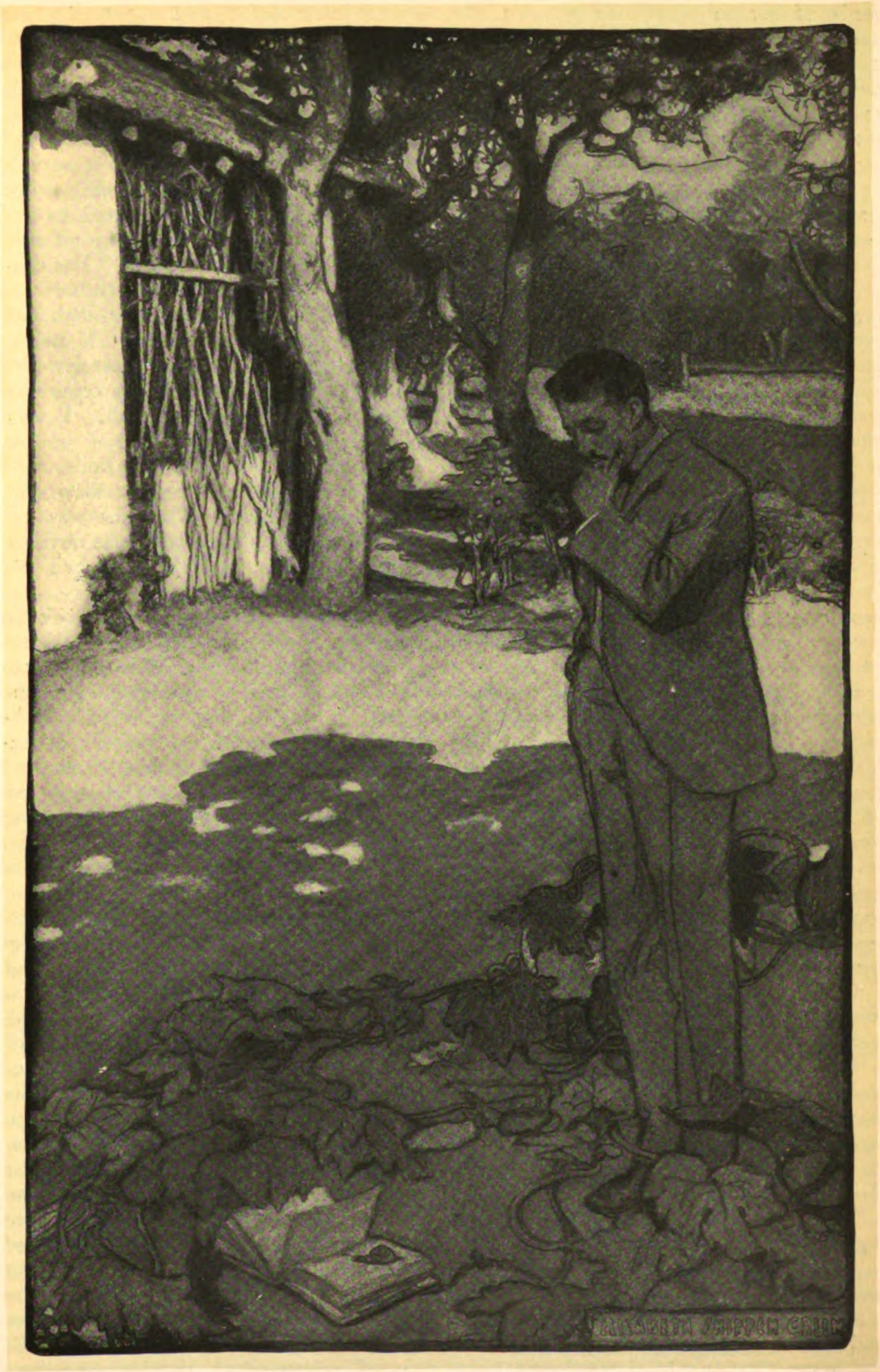
The encounter, in its realized expectation and in its utter unexpectedness, was startling on both sides. The gentleman, long unused in his philosophic reclusion to such passages, forgot even to bow. The lady, who had not lived wholly the life of a recluse, and who made no pretensions to being a philosopher, was the first to recover herself. "Monsieur is most wasteful of his superb roses," she said politely, and at the same time smiled an altogether entrancing smile.

Monsieur Alphonse pulled himself together. "It is no waste of my poor roses," he said gallantly, "that good chance has laid them at Madame's feet." And with that—allowing for his insecure position on the top of the stepladder—he made Madame Bellarmine a handsome bow.

"To take these roses for my own," she continued, "would be only a shade less than robbery; but, also, to take them would be, perhaps, to teach Monsieur a salutary lesson. His carelessness—I remember that it was one of his youthful characteristics—seems to have increased with his years. Yes, I perceive that to take them will be to teach him a useful lesson—therefore I shall rob him for his own good." And with these words she stooped and collected the roses, quite with the air of one who enforces a severe but just law. Standing erect again, in the red sun rays, the mass of crimson roses added a note of strong color to her pearl-gray effect that was nothing short of maddening—a fact of which Madame Bellarmine not impossibly was aware.

"Madame surprises me by the excel-

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AT HIS FEET LAY THE VOLUME OF COMTE

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lence of her memory! To be sure, she recalls only my faults. That, however, is a detail. Assuredly her memory has improved quite in pace with the deterioration of my carelessness. It was not precisely what one would have called her strongest point some years—for example, twenty years—ago. I congratulate Madame upon the needed strength that has come to this—she will pardon me for calling it weak?—trait in her character."

"I have been informed," Madame Bellarmine replied, speaking in a tone of reflection, "that philosophy and courtesy have little in common. Monsieur convinces me that this generalization is sound. No doubt it is as a philosopher that he is good enough to discourse so pointedly upon the imperfections of my character and to refer so pointedly to my age. For Monsieur's philosophic frankness I owe him a thousand thanks!" The smile that accompanied Madame Bellarmine's words left little sting in them; however, as they thus came to a recover, she distinctly had the better of the first passage of arms.

Precisely because she had the advantage she refrained from using it. On the contrary, she opened her guard. While Monsieur Alphonse maintained a hesitant silence she continued, still in a tone of reflection: "My memory is not so worthless as Monsieur's strictures upon it would imply. Let us take this very matter of roses. I remember clearly that some years—for example, twenty years—ago Monsieur's dominant passion was for roses, and—"

"No, my dominant passion was not for roses," Monsieur Alphonse struck in decisively; "it was for—"

"And I perceive," Madame Bellarmine continued with a calm insistence that overbore the interruption, "that in that matter, notwithstanding his devotion to philosophy, he has remained unchanged. His roses are superb!"

"It is not *I* who have changed in any way," Monsieur Alphonse answered—with so marked an emphasis upon the pronoun as to imply that everything but himself in the whole habitable universe had gone whirling into chaos not once but many times. "It is not *I* who have changed," he repeated; "it is—"

"Circumstances," Madame Bellarmine hastily interpolated; and added, in a tone of speculative inquiry: "As a philosopher, Monsieur no doubt is interested in the mutability of circumstances? I am not surprised. Truly, the weighing of cause and effect, the analysis of the ebb and flow of human action, must be profoundly attractive to the philosophic mind. Urged by desire, swayed by opportunity, we all—" She broke off suddenly into a delightful laugh. "Positively, I am stealing Monsieur's thunder as well as his roses! I am talking as though I were a philosopher myself! Monsieur must forgive my insolent temerity and my double dishonesty. I am compelled to fly from him in confusion. I wish him a very good night."

With these words, Madame Bellarmine bowed gracefully and took a slow step or two up the lane. That she was not overtaxing her flying powers was obvious, as was also the fact that she had her confusion well in hand.

The earnest and very eager look in Monsieur Alphonse's eyes, that had accompanied his assertion of his own stability and its implied reflection upon stabilities in general, died out a little as he listened to Madame Bellarmine's dissertation upon philosophy; but it revived again as her discourse ended and she began what she was pleased to term her flight.

"Stop!" he cried. "Surely thou wilt—"

Madame Bellarmine did stop—accomplishing that feat in statics without any very extravagant outlay of energy—and at the same time imposed silence upon him by a commanding wave of her hand.

"I venture," she said, in a tone of preceptorial kindliness, "to correct Monsieur's grammar in two particulars: His imperative verb is too imperative to match with the requirements of politeness; and, also, his use of too-familiar pronouns is not precisely in good taste. He will pardon my frankness, I am sure—since he must know that little slips of this nature are set right most effectively by correcting them as they occur." She paused long enough to observe the effect upon Monsieur Alphonse of her exposition of grammatical niceties—an effect that distinctly was disconcerting—but not long enough to give him an opportu-

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nity to reply. "Monsieur was about to say, I infer," she continued, "that surely I would accept from him, in addition to the roses which I have stolen, one more rose as a free gift—in proof that for my theft, and for my venturing to talk philosophy to him, he bears me no ill-will."

Monsieur Alphonse's troubled look changed to a radiant look as he answered eagerly: "Thou shalt have them all, Angèle! Hold here thy parasol."

"In the matter of grammar," Madame Bellarmine observed, "Monsieur is incorrigible. His misuse of personal pronouns positively is exemplary, and now he also is taking extreme liberties with personal nouns." But she came beneath the outhanging branches and held up to receive the falling roses her inverted parasol.

Her wide sleeves fell back to her elbows, leaving bare a heavenly pair of rounded arms. Monsieur Alphonse snipped long-stemmed roses slowly. Looking down at those arms, and at her upturned face, lighted warmly by the last of the red sun rays, he had the irrational desire to remain upon his stepladder cutting roses for her that way through all the remainder of his days. Nor did Madame Bellarmine manifest any overt eagerness to have the rose-cutting come to an end. Neither of them spoke. The only sound, there in the red sunlight, was the soft rustle of the falling roses and the clicking of the shears.

Actually, it was the failure of the supply of roses which closed this pretty passage. "That is the last," said Monsieur Alphonse regretfully—and would have been thankful for the intervention of Saint Elizabeth with a miracle to deck the bush anew. As he spoke, and so ended the long silence, he sighed. He had the feeling of one waking slowly from a happy dream. Madame Bellarmine also sighed, as though she too were coming back from dreamland. Perhaps there had been for each of them a touch of hypnotism in the brightness of the other's eyes. Over the lady's eyes there seemed to come suddenly a veil of softness. It may have been only a change in the effect of light: at that moment the sun dropped down behind the Cévennes.

Madame Bellarmine roused herself from her dreaming. "Heavens!" she cried. "The sun has set! I am a person wicked beyond words! Beginning by stealing a few of Monsieur's roses, I have gone on to what is much the same as stealing all of them; and I have kept Monsieur standing upon an outrageous stepladder—utterly away from the improving influences of philosophy—through hours of his valuable time. If Monsieur were not truly a philosopher, and therefore superior to human passions, he would curse me for the robber and the beggar and the trifler that I am! But I am grateful—I am very grateful—for these roses which I have begged and stolen, and I regret only," her tone had become serious and she spoke not quite steadily, "that with all the care that I shall give them they so soon must wither and die."

To do Madame Bellarmine justice, the opening that she thus gave to Monsieur Alphonse was not given intentionally. To assert that she regretted having given it would be, perhaps, to press the point too far.

"These roses may wither less quickly than did those others—the roses which I gave thee long ago," he said slowly; and added: "May I bring thee more, when these are gone?" There was a note of strong entreaty in his tone.

"Monsieur already has forgotten my correction of his grammar. His misuse of pronouns is shocking in the extreme!"

"Angèle!"

"And even more shocking is his misuse of nouns! As a friend, I advise Monsieur to give up temporarily the study of philosophy and to enter for a term the junior form of the Lycée."

"May I bring thee more of my roses?" Monsieur Alphonse persisted, speaking still more earnestly.

"But probably Monsieur would find association with very little boys disagreeable. Certainly, for a philosopher, his position at the Lycée would be anomalous."

"I beseech thee—"

"And, therefore, it remains that the task of correcting his errors must be undertaken by his friends. Being one of his friends, it is my duty to assist in this good work; and the fulfilment of my duty—since his errors, to be corrected, must be observed — necessarily involves occasional conversations with him. If

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Monsieur sees fit to recompense me with roses for the trouble that his tuition will give me—let us say at the rate of one rose for each corrected slip—I shall be charmed to receive them. I have a passion for roses, as Monsieur knows. He is at liberty to begin his course of instruction at his convenience. I am at his disposition on almost any afternoon."

"For example, to-morrow?"

"But yes. For example, to-morrow. In treating so extreme a case of retarded grammatical development it is well that time should not be lost. Again I thank Monsieur for his superb roses, and again I wish him good-night."

V

Obviously, in his statement to Marie of the afternoon's occurrences Monsieur Alphonse had economized veracity. But again I say that much might be forgiven him for making so wide an offing from the coasts of truth. That Marie—who had no illusions—took so charitable a view of the matter is improbable. When she returned, presently, bringing a glass of crème de menthe in which the ice scrupulously had been reduced to minute fragments, she continued to bear herself with the haughty erectness of a second-year conscript, while her general demeanor was suggestive of a justly incensed elderly thunder-cloud lowering over the peaks of the Cévennes. "Monsieur is served," she said frigidly, and set the glass precisely before him with an exaggerated show of care.

Monsieur Alphonse raised the glass and sipped his crème de menthe with satisfaction. "I thank thee, Marie," he said. "There now is a probability that my life will be preserved. This is excellent. The ice is a miracle of fineness. An angel from heaven could not have prepared it with a greater skill."

Marie made no reply to this handsome compliment. She stood stiffly, with folded arms. Her silence was oppressive.

"In the matter of the soufflé," he resumed, continuing his effort to soften her severity, "I admit that I did thee great injustice. I was annoyed, and I spoke petulantly. It was a soufflé that might have emerged from a dream!"

So far from accepting Monsieur's tendered olive branch in the spirit in which it was offered, Marie seized upon it only that she might pervert it to her own purposes. There was a biting quality in her tone—a tone that he knew and dreaded—as she answered: "So Monsieur, in effect, already has told me. 'As heavy as a bad dream' was his description of it. No doubt it was what he has declared it to be; and, also, no doubt Monsieur was quite right in adding that I have grown useless because I have grown old."

Actually, there was so much truth in this statement — although it had been made lightly, and without malice—that Monsieur Alphonse was altogether conscience-stricken. "Animal that I am!" he cried earnestly. "To think that I should have pained thee with my thoughtless words! I must beg thee to forgive me, my good Marie."

At that moment, however, the good Marie was in anything but a forgiving mood. To resume the simile of the hovering storm-cloud, Monsieur Alphonse's kindly apology was neither more nor less than a lightning-rod—that tempted the thunder-bolts to descend.

"Yes," she continued, "as Monsieur truly says, I am but a useless old woman. It is high time that some light young widow should be called in to rule his household in my place. He remembers no longer how I have served him faithfully his whole life long; how I cared for him when he was a little boy; how I washed him and dressed him and combed his hair—"

"I distinctly remember thy combing my hair," Monsieur Alphonse put in with acerbity. "When in one of thy tempers, as now, it was thy habit to pull it till I cried!" Justly, he was nettled. Marie had mentioned no names, but her allusion to a light young widow was too obvious to be misconstrued.

"Monsieur's memory being so good, perhaps he remembers some other things—for example, what passed while he was doing his three years? However, in order to be any sort of a widow, one first must be some sort of a wife. And, also, what matters a little thing like a broken pledge between a boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen?"

"Silence, Marie! Thy words are outrageous!" Monsieur Alphonse himself of a sudden had become a thunder-cloud.

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But Marie, regardless of electrical conditions other than her own, paid no attention to his order and continued her discharge:

"And Monsieur—who gives away our superb roses as though they were cabbages—perhaps remembers another gift of roses that he made in that long-past time. It was I who carried his gift, and Monsieur—who in those days did not treat me as though I were a beast of the fields—confided to me its meaning. He sent it on the very morning that he went away to do his three years." Marie paused for a moment, and then added: "But they withered soon, those roses. They were quite dead, he will remember, when he came home on his second-year leave. And now, although he is of an age, and by this time should have acquired wisdom, he again is giving his roses to this same person—just as he gave them when he was a foolish boy! Oh, la, la!"

Having thus freed her mind, Marie stood with her hands on her hips awaiting the explosion which she confidently expected was about to occur. She even expected it with a grim gladness—being just then wholly in a battling mood. However, it did not occur. For some seconds Monsieur Alphonse was silent. Then he said, speaking without passion but in a tone of finality that barred appeal:

"Thou art an impossible old woman, Marie. For a long while I have tried to make a pleasantry of thy ill tempers, believing that even in the worst of them thou hadst no thought of real ill-will. But now we have got beyond the terms of pleasantry—it is quite time that we should part. Thou shalt go to thy nephew on the estate—it is the house in which thy father lived and in which thou wert born—and I shall see to it that thou hast thy little pension and that thou art well cared for there. But I advise thee—I very earnestly advise thee—to be more sparing with thy nephew than thou hast been with me of the rough side of thy tongue. He is not likely to try, as I have tried, to make a jest of it—that brave man! Now thou mayst leave me. It is my desire to be alone."

Marie was awed into silence by the resolute manner of Monsieur Alphonse's deliverance, but beyond silence her awe did not extend. In point of fact, the sentence passed upon her by way of punishment—that she should take her retreat quite like an official of the government, and live upon a pension in the very place that she most loved—was one that only the occasion and the terms of its pronouncement distinguished from a reward. Precisely as a reward she had been looking forward to it for years. Naturally, therefore, her bearing as she left the apartment was that of a technically defeated general who retires with his colors and his drums.

On the side of Monsieur Alphonse undoubtedly was substantial victory—but he had purchased it at a price! That he definitely had delivered himself from Marie's ill-tempered tyranny was a cause for rejoicing; but there was no cause for rejoicing in the reflection that he had won his freedom by the sacrifice of a cook whose cooking was inspired! The subject was too painful to dwell upon: he put it from him, and passed on to the consideration of other matters—a kaleidoscopic mingling of Positive philosophy, and stepladders, and parasols filled with crimson roses, and very bright black eyes. The effect was of a brilliancy—but over it all was cast a sinister shadow by the memory, touched upon by Marie with such malignant coarseness, of those other roses which had withered in a long-past time. Therefore it was that Monsieur Alphonse chewed the cud of bitter fancies, as well as of sweet fancies, as he sat smoking more cigarettes than were good for him while the night wore on. In a mood of gloomy doubt, that put scandal upon his normal Positivism, he went at last to bed.

VI

In the flooding sunshine of early morning in the Midi sombre thought is impossible. As Monsieur Alphonse sat at the little round table on the terrace and drank his coffee—served by Marie with a chill dignity—he had within him the elate feeling of a hero to whom the subduing of dragons is a pastime and to whom the conquest of giants is a matter of course.

His brave feeling held by him well as the day advanced—in spite of the fact that the idle hours went slowly. As to employing himself in his usual manner—that is to say, in ministering to his roses, or in wrestling with some of the

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more abstruse phases of Positivism—it was quite out of the question. Rather, indeed, was he disposed to jettison his entire cargo of Positivism and have done with it for good and all! Instead, therefore, of passing his morning in his garden in company with his roses, or in his cabinet in company with Monsieur Comte, he betook himself to the "Robinson" to pass it in company with cigarettes and glowing thoughts.

As he approached the ladder that led upward to that retreat among the branches he perceived his late master lying forlornly among the cucumber-vines — all the worse for the kick that had sent him deeper into them, and sadly bedraggled with dew. A snail of perverted tastes had attached itself to the volume. Monsieur Alphonse was not a believer in the Pythagorean Doctrine, but the fancy occurred to him that the soul which but lately had animated his own body—and which, having given place to a soul of a very different sort, certainly animated it no longer—had passed by transmigration into the body of that snail. The snail was quite welcome to it, he said to himself smilingly—and he even felt an inconsequent glow of gratitude to Pythagoras as he mounted to the seat in the tree-top whence he could overlook Madame Bellarmine's abode.

There, as he smoked his cigarettes, he continued to play with his fancy—applying his trained powers of analysis to the matter, and arriving at the conclusion that the soul of which the snail had become possessed had begun to loosen itself in readiness for transmigration precisely two months earlier: that is to say, on the very day of Madame Bellarmine's arrival at the Villa Prentegarde. For many years preceding that day, thanks to the philosophy that he had taken to at first medicinally and subsequently as an agreeable mental exercise, Madame Bellarmine had been to him only a memory that was held prisoned in the sealed chambers of his mind. When this memory had succeeded in escaping, as had happened now and then, the fact that he had no certain knowledge of her—that she merely existed, vague and unobtainable, out in the world somewhere — had helped him to catch it again and to put it back in ward. But this line of treatment had to be abandoned in a hurry when—suddenly ceasing to be remotely phantasmal, and also ceasing to be hopelessly unobtainable—she became an aggressively delightful reality at his very door. That was a situation far too vivid to be dealt with effectively in a philosophical and abstract way; and therefore, being deserted by—or, perhaps, deserting—his philosophy, he had dealt with it in the merely human fashion, which of necessity had led on to the crisis that had arrived. And so, with a rather startling celerity—and also, as it seemed to him, with a nice appropriateness—his late soul had left him to find a more fitting habitation in the body of the snail. The fact will be observed, however, that Monsieur Alphonse, although bereft of the substance of his philosophy, retained its forms: a simple every-day lover could not thus have weighed his passion so nicely, nor would he have been likely to reduce it to such terms.

His abstract reflections were ended abruptly by the concrete appearance of the subject of them. Clad in a loose white robe, which suggested comfort, yet which was chic to a degree, Madame Bellarmine came out upon her own terrace and stood for some moments viewing with apparent approval the world at large. Then she nestled herself into a cushion-lined wicker chair, over which a wide-spreading sun-umbrella cast an agreeable shade. She had with her a yellow-covered book, but she did not read it. Presently a trim maid-servant brought out a great vase filled with crimson roses and placed it on a little table beside her —whereat the heart of Monsieur Alphonse gave a bound! The maid-servant having retired, she drew the roses closer to her and bent over them. It seemed to Monsieur Alphonse that she kissed them. Then she took from the vase a single rose and fastened it upon her breast. After that she sat quietly, her book lying unopened in her lap beneath her folded hands.

What more she did or did not do that morning was unseen by Monsieur Alphonse. Being a gallant gentleman, he recognized the fact that spying upon her in that way was outside the rules. By a mighty effort, he set his respect above his devotion and descended from the tree.

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It was a retreat quite as heroic as would have been his assault single-handed upon a battery of guns.

During the remainder of the morning he paced the walks of his garden with the wearying persistence of a wild animal resentful of captivity; and also, when breakfast-time came, manifested a captive wild animal's repugnance to food. Marie—whose ill temper had suffered amelioration, and who had cooked a breakfast for him that might have betrayed Saint Anthony—regarded with a lively concern his loss of appetite: until her feminine intuition prompted a keen guess at the cause of it, and so induced a fresh hardening of her heart. In her removal of the untouched dishes she exhibited the stately resentment of a battlemented tower.

The afternoon went better for him. He had occupation: first in cutting a basketful of roses superior to those of the Mexican miracle, and then in exchanging the garments suitable to the varied pursuits of rose-culture and of philosophy—of which the characteristics were great age and extreme shabbiness—for others more in keeping with the matter that he had in hand. In a way, there was a touch of pathos in the care that Monsieur Alphonse bestowed upon his dress. With it went a curious feeling that he was a boy of twenty again; and this feeling was all the more real to him because of the memories which were stirring, below the depth that had been reached by his philosophy, in certain deep chambers of his heart. He was a personable figure of a man when his dressing was ended; and not a man conspicuously superannuated. After all, one still has left some remnants of youthful vigor even at the age of forty years.

VII

"I have the honor to avail myself of Madame's offer to amend my imperfect grammatical education. I also have the pleasure to present to Madame her stipulated honorarium." As he spoke these words Monsieur Alphonse bowed with a great propriety to Madame Bellarmine; and then, again bowing with propriety, placed the basket of roses at her feet.

She was seated in the wicker chair, as he had seen her from the "Robinson" in the morning; but in place of the easy garment of white, she wore a symphony in silk that had pearl-gray for its under-note, and for its over-note certain touches of crimson which culminated in the crimson rose upon her breast. In some other respects the effect had changed. The sun had moved so far westward that all the terrace was in shadow; the umbrella was gone from above her chair—in which silk cushions, also of pearl-gray with crimson touches, made a nest for her; and the chair itself had been moved nearer to the white wall of the villa—perhaps not in total disregard of the artistic fact that under certain conditions, which there chanced to be realized, a white wall in shadow is a rather tellingly effective background. On the little table beside her stood the great vase filled with crimson roses—a tremendous dash of strong color that was as pleasing as it was bold. In front of her, below the terrace, lay the sun-bright flower-filled garden; and beyond the garden—with Monsieur Alphonse's own dwelling in the foreground—was the view down the olive-clad hill-side to the gleaming white walls of the Nîmes houses, and far away over the city to the chain of low mountains which there borders the western bank of the Rhone. The maid-servant who had introduced him into this little nook in paradise—a discreet person—had closed the door behind her as she retired into the villa. They were quite alone. Save their own voices, the only sound that broke the afternoon stillness was the loud humming among the flowers in the garden of honey-seeking bees.

Madame Bellarmine leaned forward in her chair and smiled graciously as he bowed and made his decorously formal speech—whereof the formality a little was qualified by the look that was in his eyes. However, she ignored his look and answered his words: "Monsieur's grammar to-day is absolutely irreproachable. I congratulate him upon his so-marked improvement—although, of course, since he needs no correction, I must refuse the magnificent honorarium that he offers me. It would be quite of a piece with my theft of yesterday were I to accept as a gift that to which I am entitled only as a fee. Monsieur will do me the favor to be seated?"

With a polite gesture she placed at his

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disposition the one other chair upon the terrace—which stood quite on the other side of the little table, and therefore was rather bleakly isolated. Fortunately it was so light a chair, being also of wicker, that he was able to move it to a more advantageous position without any very excessive outlay of strength. He did not venture to bring it nearer to her, being satisfied for the moment to place it in such a way that the table no longer intervened between them as a wall. Madame Bellarmine could not, in common politeness, make protest against his rearrangement of her furniture. It even is conceivable that she was not unfavorably impressed by the spirited promptness with which he thus carried the first of her outworks by assault.

"Surely thou wilt not refuse my roses?" he said entreatingly.

"My hopes for Monsieur's educational improvement," Madame Bellarmine replied with an air of melancholy, "already are blighted! Alas, in telling him that his grammar was irreproachable I was both precipitate and premature! To at least one of these superb roses—because of his slip in the use of pronouns—I now fairly am entitled," and she bent down over the basket. "But upon my faith," she continued, "they all are so beautiful that it is quite impossible to arrive at a choice!"

"Then take them all! And with them take—"

"To produce roses of such magnificence, Monsieur must have given a great deal of his valuable time to a study of their cultivation," she put in hurriedly. "Almost as much, perhaps, as he has given to his study of philosophy?"

"More," Monsieur Alphonse answered dryly; and added: "Madame may remember that she herself had a liking for roses some years—for example, twenty years—ago; but I scarcely can expect her to remember that she then was good enough to encourage me to form a similar taste. It is a fact, however, that my liking for roses was an outgrowth of her own. Later, her likings changed. Mine did not." He paused, as though to afford opportunity for comment upon this statement. No comment being forthcoming, he continued: "Madame would be more correct, therefore, were she to note that more of what she is pleased to call my valuable time has been devoted to roses than to philosophy. The latter devotion, indeed, was the direct result of the former: since, as she may be interested in knowing, I essayed the study of philosophy because a certain one of my ventures in roses went wrong. Does Madame, by any chance—now that her memory so wondrously has improved—remember the ill-ending venture to which I refer?"

Seemingly, Madame did not. Certainly she made no reply. She sat deep back among her cushions, her head bent forward a little and her regard fixed not upon Monsieur Alphonse—although he was seated directly in front of her—but far beyond him, out over the sunny garden and the olive-orchards and the gleaming city, upon the distant low mountains bordering the Rhone. He could not even be certain that she was listening to him. It was possible that she was listening to the bees—their humming, in that tense silence, was sounding in his own ears almost as the roll of far-off drums. Her eyes—perhaps because they were strained a little by fixedly gazing at a distant object—were less brilliant than usual. Over them seemed to hang a mist, that made the look in them—for all that it was so strictly impersonal—rather thrillingly soft. She was very still: save that her hands—folded, and holding between them the rose that she had taken from the basket—twitched a little, and that there was a slightly tremulous movement of the crimson rose upon her breast.

"Madame may not have observed that I have asked her a question?" Monsieur Alphonse resumed—at the same time partly rising and moving nearer to her his chair. His action roused Madame Bellarmine from her reverie—if it were a reverie—and caused her to sit erect, as though with the intention of moving her own chair backward and so balancing his advance. However, her intention did not materialize. In a moment she leaned back again among her cushions, her look still fixed upon the distant hills.

"It is unfair, I own," Monsieur Alphonse continued, "to expect Madame to remember so small a matter that happened so long ago. I should explain, perhaps,

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HE COULD NOT EVEN BE CERTAIN THAT SHE WAS LISTENING TO HIM

that the incident has remained fixed in my own memory because to me it was not a small matter. In effect, it was the most important matter of my whole life. I have referred to it only because it explains the seemingly inconsequent connection between my roses and my philosophy—in regard to which I had the temerity to fancy that Madame took an interest."

"And it was because of—of that incident that Monsieur has devoted himself to roses and to philosophy through all these years?" Madame Bellarmine's gaze continued to be fixed upon the remote mountains as she asked this question. She spoke in so low a tone that her words barely were audible above the humming of the bees.

"Assuredly, Madame," Monsieur Alphonse answered, and again he a little advanced his chair.

"No doubt Monsieur was well advised," Madame Bellarmine resumed, speaking meditatively and with more distinctness. "His roses have returned worthily the loving care that he has bestowed upon them. One has only to look at them"—she glanced downward at the basket—"to perceive that they have repaid his devotion by blooming with the splendor of the roses of Paradise! And as they worthily have filled his heart, so also, no doubt, his philosophy worthily has filled his mind. Decidedly, Monsieur has been well advised. Had there been another ending to the—the incident to which he refers, it is possible that neither his heart nor his mind would have been so well satisfied."

"It is *not* possible!" Monsieur Alphonse responded with energy; and added: "Neither the cultivation of roses nor the study of philosophy has satisfied me at all. What was necessary to my happiness when I was young still is neces-

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sary to my happiness now that I am old. Without it, I am but a broken old man."

"Monsieur forgets that he is but three years my senior. He implies that I am but a broken old woman—and that is an assertion which I positively deny!" Madame Bellarmine attempted a light tone and an accompanying light smile, but in neither of these attempts did she achieve a marked success. Moreover, she lost another point by suffering her eyes to encounter for a moment the eyes of Monsieur Alphonse. Being conscious that her eyes said something quite unlike what was said by her lips, she hastily diverted them to the distant hills.

Monsieur Alphonse answered her lips in the spirit of her eyes: "For me, Angèle, thou never canst be old. I love thee now as I loved thee long ago—only more!"

This speech fairly knocked the buttons off their foils. Madame Bellarmine drew a short breath, and for a full minute was silent—while she nerved herself to go on with sharpened swords. Then she said, speaking slowly: "It is conceivable, Monsieur, that a very young girl sometimes may be a fool."

To this proposition Monsieur Alphonse was not prepared to make an off-hand answer. The truth of it was obvious, but its immediate application was less so. To agree with it might be impoltic, and certainly—because of the implied personal note—would be impolite. Rapidly coming to a conclusion, he discreetly held his tongue. For some seconds, therefore—while Madame Bellarmine gazed dreamily at the mountains, and while Monsieur Alphonse gazed by no means dreamily in precisely the opposite direction—the only sound upon the terrace, coming rumblingly through the warm air from the sunlit garden below them, was the loud humming of the bees. Then, as no comment was made upon her broad statement of fact, Madame Bellarmine herself again took up the word.

"And being precisely a fool," she resumed, "it therefore is conceivable that a very young girl—too young to know rightly her own heart—may commit an act of folly that will make her whole life go wrong."

"That depends," Monsieur Alphonse answered judicially, but with an unjudicial quaver in his voice, "upon what she may do later to correct her act of—of folly. The possibility is conceivable that corrective action of a positive sort, being applied in good time, may make her life go right again; and also, if by chance her act of folly has made another life go wrong in much the same way, it farther is conceivable that the same timely corrective action which makes her own life go right again may make that other life go right again as well—filling it, indeed, with a happiness too great to be told in words!"

Monsieur Alphonse had endeavored to maintain the merely argumentative tone suitable to the discussion of abstractions. His endeavor, which had not been conspicuously successful, at this point quite broke down. In a tone that had nothing in common with arguments or abstractions he added: "But, oh, remember how long I have waited—and correct that error now, this very day!"

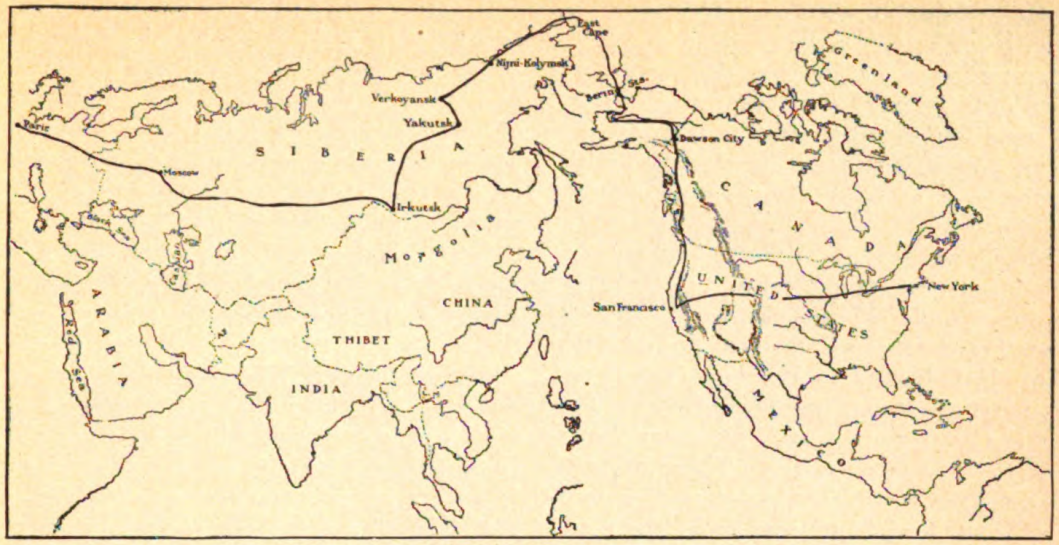
His last move forward had brought him close beside her. As he spoke he clasped her hand.

Madame Bellarmine, clearly worsted in the argument, made no reply: half admitting her defeat by suffering Monsieur Alphonse to retain her hand in his possession; half denying it by still giving her eyes to the far-off hills.

"Wilt thou accept my roses—all of them, Angèle?"

Then Madame Bellarmine gave her eyes also to Monsieur Alphonse as she said, very softly: "Yes, I will accept thy roses;" and added, with a delectable inconsequence: "We have lost twenty years!"

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MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF DE WINDT'S JOURNEY

A Land Journey from Paris to New York

BY HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.

Author of "Pekin to Calais by Land," "A Ride to India," etc.

"FROM Paris to New York by land!" exclaims the insular Briton, who, from sheer force of habit, cannot dissociate a trip to the United States from gigantic liners and a stormy sea. "Why, the thing is impossible! Surely to get from France to America you must cross the Atlantic Ocean?" This view is perhaps excusable, for the world is wide, and since the inception of my proposed journey I have met cultivated people unaware of the fact that France and the United States are only actually divided by a narrow strip of sea, but little wider from shore to shore than the Strait of Dover.

Bering Strait, however, is far away, and to reach it entails an arduous journey, parts of it almost as wild and inaccessible as, say, central Greenland or unexplored Tibet. At present, in darker Siberia, the traveller must be prepared for physical hardships from intense cold to semi-starvation. He must face the risks attendant upon sled-trips in the polar regions: furious blizzards, shifting ice, and a pathless waste of some fifteen hundred miles, with few resting-places. Such huts as exist are rude walrus-hide shanties tenanted by Tchuktchis, a race of people filthier, if possible, in their habits and habitations than the Alaskan Eskimos. Such a stupendous journey, without a great object, would be not only fruitless, but productive of unnecessary discomfort and danger. My object, however, is to try and lighten this dark and dreary portion of the earth's surface, and to prove, if possible, the feasibility of entering a comfortable "train de luxe" in Paris, and emerging from it, little the worse for the journey, in New York. Even under these luxurious conditions the trip will still be a long one, but I fancy that many a "mal de mer" martyr would cheerfully endure it in preference to the unspeakable miseries of an ocean-crossing in dirty weather. The question of passenger traffic is, however, of very secondary importance in the

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great scheme under consideration, and the boundless international advantages, mercantile and otherwise, that would accrue to the world in general from the completion of this colossal railway system, which would practically girdle the globe, will be fully discussed in another article.

The successful accomplishment of land journeys from Pekin to Paris, *viâ* Mongolia and Siberia (before the days of the Trans-Siberian Railway), and from European Russia to Bombay (*viâ* Persia and Beluchistan), first suggested the idea to the writer of travelling from America to France overland. Thus, in 1895, preparations were made for such a journey, and New York was to be the starting-point, with Paris the goal. This expedition set out from the former city in the spring of 1896, travelling through Winnipeg and Vancouver to St. Michael, in Alaska, *viâ* Juneau and Klondike (then a small fishing village known as "Thron-Diuck"), which occupied the site of the present Dawson City. But on the Asiatic shores of Bering Strait (which were reached toward the end of August) the expedition was brought to a standstill. To advance or retreat became equally impossible, for the natives of the Tchuktchi village of Oumwaidjik (marked on most maps as Cape Tchaplin) seized our stores and informed us that this miserable settlement must be our home until the reopening of navigation — in the following July. However, we escaped on the belated whaler *Belvedere*. The experience had been dearly bought, but served to show that, under existing conditions, a land journey from New York to Paris is practically impossible.

On the other hand, starting from Europe, the journey will be, if not actually easy, at any rate comparatively feasible.

There are many reasons for this. In the first place, the city of Irkutsk, nearly a third of the distance across Asia, will be reached in luxury by the Trans-Siberian Railway. Thence the expedition will strike almost due north to Yakutsk, a comparatively civilized town of 10,000 souls, about eighteen hundred miles distant. The tiny settlement of Nijni-Kolymsk, on the Arctic Ocean, about fifteen hundred miles to the northeast, will then be made for, by means of reindeer-sleds; and from Nijni-Kolymsk, travelling due east, to Bering Strait, will probably be the hardest portion of the entire journey, for the twelve hundred odd miles must be accomplished by means of dog-sleds under the guidance of the wild and wandering Tchuktchis.

East Cape should, all going well, be reached early in April; and Bering Strait will, if possible, be crossed over the ice to Cape Prince of Wales, on the American shore. Near here there are an American Protestant mission and a station for reindeer, which are annually imported, during the open season, from Siberia. From Cape Prince of Wales a sled-trip of a few days should bring us to St. Michael, on Bering Sea; and, as soon as navigation is reopened, the journey will be resumed, *viâ* the Yukon River, to Klondike. From here the route to New York is too well known to need description. Should all go well, the expedition should reach its destination about the end of July. Such is a general outline of the scheme. Let me now give a few brief details as to the difficulties to be encountered and the nature of the country to be crossed.

I am frequently asked: "Why do you make this journey in winter? Surely the summer season would be infinitely preferable to arctic cold and blinding blizzards?"

Undoubtedly so, and were it not for the Siberian "Tundra" the genial month of May would certainly have been selected as the one for our departure. But, as arctic explorers are unpleasantly aware, the "Tundra" obstinately bars the way to all land traffic, between spring and autumn, in the far north of Asiatic Russia. "Tundra" is merely another name for limitless swamps or marshes, which, in summer, are gayly carpeted with verdure and wild flowers, but into which, at this season, the traveller sinks knee-deep at every step. For the consistency of the "Tundra" is as that of a wet sponge, and while in winter a sled skims merrily over its snowy surface at the rate of ten miles an hour, in summer a trained pedestrian could scarcely cover a quarter of the distance in double the time. The arctic desert that stretches from east to west of Siberia, north of

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THE TINY SETTLEMENT OF NIJNI-KOLYMSK, ON THE ARCTIC OCEAN

the tree-line, is mainly composed of "Tundra," which accounts for the fact that land travel of any kind in these regions is practically impossible throughout the summer, and until nature has opened out a frozen roadway in the fall. I should add that the "Tundra" presents no serious obstacle to the construction of a railway, for experienced engineers are of opinion that the ingenious system of pile-driving which has been resorted to at Chat Moss, in Lancashire, England, could (of course upon a much larger scale) be utilized here.

The winter season, therefore, being the only favorable one for the journey, the month of December, 1901, was fixed for the departure of the de Windt expedition from Paris. Moscow will be the first stopping-place, and, about a fortnight later, the city of Irkutsk, in Eastern Siberia, should be reached by rail. Irkutsk has been called the "Paris of Siberia," but it is, for all its wealth, a dreary-looking place, with mean-looking buildings and rambling, ill-paved streets. There is a fair hotel, however, and good shops, and at night-time the town is ablaze with electric light, for there are theatres, music-halls, and gambling-rooms. The Siberian millionaire (and there are many in Irkutsk) is generally a gambler, and there are plenty of opportunities here for gratifying the passion. They are queer people, these millionaires, most of them men with the manners and appearance of moujiks, living amid surroundings of princely splendor. I was once entertained by a Siberian Crœsus, who, after amassing a colossal fortune in the Amur gold-fields, had built himself a palace on the outskirts of Irkutsk. Everything in his establishment was done on a regal scale: a French chef, carriages from Paris, horses from London, and priceless wines and cigars. My sleeping-apartment was a dream of luxurious beauty, with tapestried walls and Louis XV. furniture; only one somewhat necessary article of the toilet was missing—a wash-stand; and I learned, on inquiry, that guests were expected to perform their ablutions at a brass tap and tin basin fixed up against

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the passage wall. The bedstead of my host was an oaken masterpiece by a famous Italian artist, but he preferred to retire to rest, fully dressed, on three chairs!

From Irkutsk our long sleigh-journey will commence, the first portion of which, as far as Yakutsk, should be accomplished with little discomfort, for the Siberian post-sleigh is a luxurious contrivance, snugly lined with furs, and fitted with a curtained hood to shut out the wind and cold. The stations on this road consist of log huts, where salt fish and black bread are generally obtainable. The eighteen hundred miles between Irkutsk and Yakutsk are generally covered in under three weeks, *in favorable weather;* but everything depends upon the wind, for during strong gales the smooth snowy track is swept into a succession of hills and dales, like the billows of a stormy sea, over which a sleigh rolls and labors with difficulty. In summertime Yakutsk may be reached by steamers, which, since the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway, ply pretty frequently up and down the Lena, the third great river of northern Asia, two thousand five hundred miles in length, whose waters drain an area of about eight hundred thousand square miles.

Toward the end of January the expedition should reach Yakutsk, capital of the province of that name, which covers one-third of Siberia. Yakutsk is the residence of a Governor (under the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia at Irkutsk), contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and is connected by telegraph with St. Petersburg. Europeans form only a small proportion of the population, which consists chiefly of Yakutes—a lazy but friendly Asiatic race of people, who will be further described in a future article. The Russians in Yakutsk consist chiefly of the administrative, military, and mercantile classes, and a few political exiles, and the town bears the unenviable notoriety of being the hottest residence in summer, and the coldest in winter, in the world, the average winter temperature being 40° F. below zero; and the soil being perpetually frozen to a depth of six hundred feet. The native huts are fitted with windows of solid ice, and an idea of the lowness of the temperature may be formed by the fact that, not-



INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HOUSE BETWEEN YAKUTSK AND THE ARCTIC OCEAN

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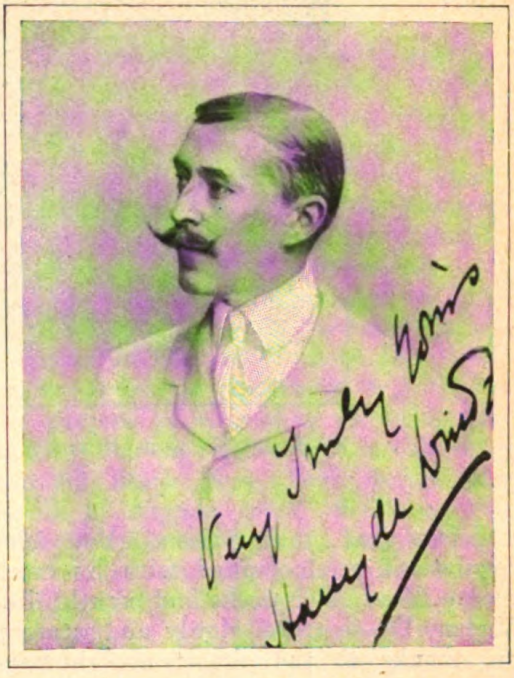
withstanding the great heat of the interior of the buildings, these seldom melt until late in the spring.

Yakutsk is not an attractive place. The cold and darkness of winter are followed in summer by dense clouds of mosquitoes, and the break-up of the Lena River in the spring floods even the principal streets to a depth of several feet. Most of the buildings are wooden, the cathedral, Governor's house, and shops only being built of stone. A few fine residences are owned by merchants who trade here in furs, mammoth-bones, and reindeer-skins, which are all exported, in large quantities, to Russia. The importation of manufactured goods, groceries, etc., has largely increased of late years—the returns of a fair annually held here in July, and attended by natives from all parts of the province, being estimated at half a million sterling.

Yakutsk now boasts of a small hotel, which has been built on account of the increasing importance of the gold-fields in its vicinity. The future of this vast district depends chiefly on its mineral wealth, the existence of which has been satisfactorily proved by recent discoveries of gold, coal, and iron in large quantities. The province of Yakutsk is therefore yearly increasing in population and prosperity, and, were its resources developed by a railway, the chief town would no doubt very shortly rival, if not surpass, Irkutsk as a centre of mining and mercantile activity.

At Yakutsk our cozy post-sledges will be discarded for light open sleds drawn by reindeer, the town, or rather village, of Verkoyansk, about eight hundred miles distant, being our next destination. About midway the Verkoyansk Mountains must be crossed—a range of inconsiderable height but difficult of negotiation, especially in midwinter, when the sleds must be dragged up and down steep slopes of frozen snow, as slippery as ice. Verkoyansk should be reached in from two to three weeks, according to circumstances, and the number of reindeer procurable on the road, the laziness of their Yakute owners sometimes rendering it not easy to procure relays of these animals.

Although Yakutsk bears the reputation, Verkoyansk is probably the coldest place in Siberia. The average temperature of winter is 53° F. below zero, and even that of March is but little above



the freezing-point of mercury. There are only seventy days in the year entirely free from snow, and in midwinter four hours of twilight to twenty of darkness. It is said to be a miserable village, and one justly dreaded by political exiles.

Mention of the latter recalls a pathetic anecdote in connection with Verkoyansk which was related to me by an exile whom I met, in 1894, on the island of Sakhalin. A few years ago a young Polish student was found guilty of a political offence and was banished from Moscow to Verkoyansk for life. After his departure his young wife was mercifully kept in ignorance of the fact for a time, and it was only two months later, after her first child was born, that Madam B—— learned the truth. Without delay she resolved to follow her husband, and, although still suffering from the effects of her confinement, set out on the journey destined to end so tragically. This occurred before the Trans-Siberian Railway was opened, and, not possessing the necessary means for travelling by steamer and "tarantass," Madam B—— joined a party of exiles, which, under the circumstances, is permitted by the government, on the

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By Dog-Sled from Nijni-Kolymsk to East Cape, Bering Strait

understanding that prison rules and regulations are complied with by even the guiltless. For weeks and months did Madam B—— travel slowly and wearily on, thanks to the almost superhuman courage that enabled her to bear long, exhausting marches under a burning sun, and, by night, the foul atmosphere of "étapes" crowded with the vilest of her sex. But on arrival at Krasnoyarsk, three months out from Moscow, hardship and privation told their tale, and the unhappy woman's mind showed symptoms of wandering. The thought, however, that every day, every hour, was bringing her nearer to the loved one sustained her. It was only at Irkutsk, three weeks later, that the fatal blow fell, when, one fine sunny evening, Madam B—— was sitting out in the prison-yard with some fellow-travellers. "Only fancy," she remarked, with a sigh of contentment, "in another month I may be at Verkolensk with my husband." "Is he that B—— who was banished for the Kieff affair?" asked a "political" prisoner, who had only joined the gang that day. "If so, you will have to go a good deal farther than Verkolensk to find him. Do not you know that they have sent him to Verko*yansk*, three thousand miles from here, and far beyond Yakutsk?"

Beyond Yakutsk! The poor soul knew only too well what that meant, knew that to reach her husband's place of exile she must travel for weeks alone in reindeer-sleds, through the arctic desolation and darkness, a journey which her poverty alone rendered an impossible one. For a time the bewildered mind failed to grasp the hopeless misery of the situation, or to realize the ghastly result that had arisen from a mistake in one tiny syllable. But mental and physical anguish have their limits, and only a few hours after Madam B——'s fatal discovery she was confined, a raving lunatic, in the criminal asylum at Irkutsk, where three days afterward death mercifully ended her sufferings.

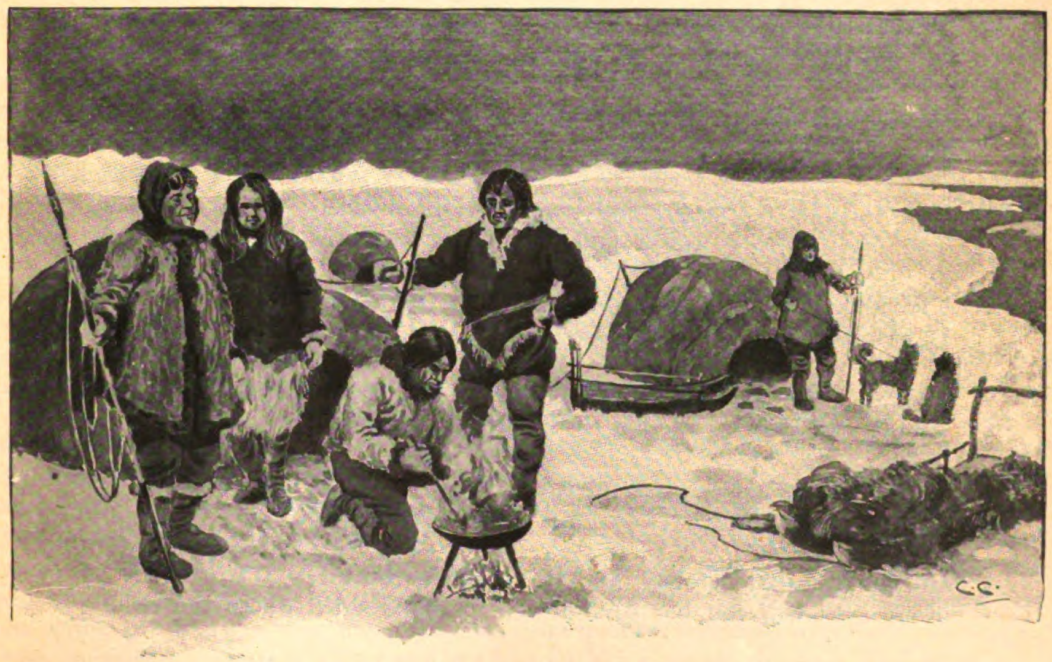
The expedition will remain no longer than necessary in this dreary settlement, replete with melancholy associations, but push on as soon as possible to Nijni-Kolymsk across a flat and dreary stretch of eight hundred miles, where some of the rude log huts kept by the Yakutes and known as "stations" are two hundred miles apart. Fortunately, there are friendly shelters known as "povarnias" (at intervals of twenty to forty miles), which, although uninhabited, are kept weather-proof, and where a fire may be lit, and storms tided over in comparative comfort. A portion of the journey from Verkoyansk to Nijni-Kolymsk will be made by means of horses, but for most of the way reindeer will be used. Nijni-Kolymsk should be reached about the middle of March, 1902.

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From Nijni-Kolymsk to East Cape, on Bering Strait, the terminus of the Asiatic portion of the journey, only the mode of travel (dog-sleds) is known to me, and the fact that this coast-line of about twelve hundred miles was traversed early in the eighties by two Americans, Captain Berry and Mr. W. H. Gilder, of the U. S. S. *Rodgers,* in their search for the survivors of the ill-fated exploring vessel *Jeannette.* The arrangements for this portion of the journey will be made at Nijni-Kolymsk, which, although a tiny village of log huts, is frequently visited by the Tchuktchi nomads living eastward along the coast, for purposes of trade. It is said that walrus-hide habitations exist at intervals of from twenty to fifty miles along these inhospitable shores, but this remains to be seen. Mr. Gilder accomplished the journey from a point about forty miles west of East Cape to Nijni-Kolymsk in about two months, but as this gentleman travelled alone, and as best he could, without any of the equipment of a modern and well-found expedition, I think that we may probably cover the distance in less time. The settlement of East Cape is situated over a hundred miles north of Oumwaidjik, where we met with such an unpleasant reception in 1896, and the natives of the former village, constantly journeying as they do to and from Nijni-Kolymsk, are more in touch with European influence, and are therefore less likely to prove troublesome.

I have already said that, if possible, Bering Strait will be crossed over the ice, and as the latter does not break up until late in April or early in May, there seems every prospect of this project being realized. In the event, however, of the ice-crossing being impracticable, the United States government has courteously and kindly acceded to a request that either of the revenue cutters, *Bear,* or *Thetis,* shall call at East Cape on her arrival in the Arctic in July, for the purpose of conveying us across the strait. The expedition will, in this case, scarcely reach New York before the month of August, 1902. While on the subject of Bering Strait, I may mention that it is only thirty-six miles across at the narrowest point, that its depth does not, in any part, exceed twenty-eight fathoms, and that the geological formation beneath it would be particularly favorable to the construction of a tunnel.

The difficulties of the expedition will practically end with the crossing of Be-



A Tchuktchi Village on Bering Strait

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ring Strait, for during the summer months there is now uninterrupted steam communication from St. Michael to New York. Alaska is now easily traversed in the open season by means of steamers plying upon the Yukon, a form of locomotion that the "Trans-Alaskan Railway Company" proposes to revolutionize in the immediate future, by prolonging the Klondike line to a terminus on the American side of Bering Strait.

In Asia, explorations are being actively carried out under the direction of Prince Khilkoff, Chief Inspector of Communications, in St. Petersburg, with a view to the extension of the Trans-Siberian Railway from Irkutsk to Yakutsk, from which place the line could be carried on to, say, East Cape, at a cost that the boundless mineral resources of the country traversed would probably repay in a few years. The "Franco-American Railway" is therefore not a vague and shadowy project, but one that is receiving the serious attention of the scientific world on both sides of the Atlantic. Where riches exist a railway must surely follow, and I would remind those who, dazzled by its magnitude, scoff at the scheme, that, half a century ago, one seriously suggesting the possibility of wireless telegraphy would probably have been regarded by the majority of mankind as a lunatic.

Such is a brief and necessarily incomplete account of the present attempt of the de Windt expedition, which left Paris in December, 1901. A detailed narrative of the journey will follow in two instalments—one of these articles will be despatched, if possible, upon the landing of the expedition on the American continent, and the second will be delivered in person upon the arrival of the travellers in New York.*

* The European members of the expedition are, besides the leader, Harry de Windt, the Vicomte de Clinchamp-Bellegarde, and Mr. George Harding, who accompanied Mr. de Windt on the previous occasion.

With Violets

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB

I WOULD twine my thoughts in garlands, but the roses would betray
By their blushes what a prim rose might not say.

So my secret's not for roses; then lilies, if I chose,—
But the lily, pale with passion, tells the truth like any rose.

The daisy is too open; and poppies talk in sleep;
The jasmine ever was a jade who'll not a secret keep.

The heliotrope is jealous—so long and spoiled a pet;
It grieves her to the marrow she's not a mignonette.

But violets, sweet violets—simple no less than sweet—
Among the grasses hidden, so silent and discreet;

There gently grown and nurtured, as in a convent's shade,—
You surely know the way of a lover with a maid!

Go, modest little violets, and lie upon her breast;
Your eyes will tell her something,—perhaps she'll guess the rest:

Guess that with you a moment anear her heart to lie,
With you I'd fade and wither, with you content I'd die.

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The Gay Chevalier

BY SYDNEY H. PRESTON

I SUPPOSE if it hadn't been for Uncle Jim I should have gone on feeling cut up about The Gay Chevalier without telling any one just how badly I felt. Indeed, if I had been a girl I should have cried over him many a time; as it was, I often had to open my eyes very wide, stand with my legs far apart, put my hands in my pockets, and whistle hard when I found him boozing in a sunny corner like a battered old tramp, or running away with a grub stolen from some industrious hen.

Somehow, though I tried hard enough, I never could forget what a beauty he was when he came to Orchard Farm last summer, and how visitors used to stand and exclaim with delight when they saw him strutting about with the hens, and how proud I was to show off that he had learned to fly up on my arm and take corn out of my pocket.

Miss Darlington said he was a perfect symphony in color. From the way she said it I know that is something very fine.

She pointed out the contrast between his bright yellow legs and the deep crimson of his comb and wattles, and said the way the golden shimmer of his neck feathers harmonized with the deep purple of his tail plumes would be the despair of an artist. "After all," said Miss Darlington, drawing a long breath and putting her head a little to one side, "Nature is the one true artist."

It is strange how surprised our minister was when I repeated it to him the next week; he didn't seem to have thought of harmonizings and contrasts when The Gay Chevalier came around to get some corn, until I pointed them out to him. Then he looked at me through his glasses, and said, "Wha-at, my little man,—eh?" And when I drew a long breath and said that after all Nature was the one true artist, he didn't know what I meant until I said it again; then he took off his glasses and wiped them, and had another look, and asked me if I never played ball.

Tom, our hired man, was different. When I told him my Chevalier was a symphony in color, he bit off a big piece of tobacco, and said he was a darn fine rooster, anyway, and could knock the spots off of Taylor's big Brahma, and if he was his he wouldn't let the biggest painter in the world touch a brush to him.

And his manners were in keeping with his appearance. As father said, he was a model of gentlemanly deportment in his behavior toward the gentler sex. That is how we came to call him The Gay Chevalier. Whenever he found a tidbit he would cluck to the hens and set it down before them, and then step backwards with a courtly air as if it wasn't worth mentioning, like a well-bred gentleman giving up a car seat to a lady. Of course the hens always snatched, and never waited to say thank you, but he didn't seem to mind.

That was last summer, as I said, and if I had been told on my eighth birthday, when I got him, that before the ninth I'd be ashamed to meet him in the barn-yard, I couldn't have believed it. Considering that he had lost all his own self-respect, I thought I was treating him as he deserved when I pretended not to see him; but when other people got provoked at his doings, I couldn't help feeling more indignant than if he had stayed as respectable as he was when he came to Orchard Farm. That, I suppose, is because he is mine, for I remember mother saying that the more you are mortified at the behavior of your own, the less able you are to stand other people's comments.

The trouble began with those two Plymouth Rock cockerels. I wish they had never been hatched, or that they had been made into broilers. Up to the time they got big enough to push the hens aside and gobble up most of the food, The

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Chevalier was most gentle and courteous, but after that he had to work hard to save enough for the hens, and those two vulgar creatures wouldn't pay attention to anything but good hard knocks. It wasn't fair, though, that they had four legs while he had only two, for one pair was always getting rested while he was exercising the other, and one cockerel was always gobbling while he had to do without. I suppose that helped to make their legs so strong and large, for they began to look like young ostriches, and you could hear their feet clumping while they ran. They were so clumsy that sometimes they'd run right over him and knock him down when he got them cornered. Perhaps that's how they found out they were stronger than he was; anyway, they began to show fight; then his tail feathers got draggled and his wattles got torn and his comb pecked, until one day in the winter I found him with his head poked between the nest-boxes and the wall, an awful-looking image. After that *they* always chased *him*, and he never got a chance to feed with the others.

When the fowls were let out in the spring he used to mope about by himself in the daytime, and roost in the tree at the kitchen door at night. Then I learned what my copy-book head-line meant, for that pair of Evil Communications had corrupted all his good manners. He would hide in a corner if he heard one coming, and squawk and run away if even a hen pecked him. Then he took to waiting around the kitchen door for Martha to shake the table-cloth, and one evil day she took him inside and let him eat the bread and milk the cat had left under the kitchen table. If he hadn't sunk so low he would have bobbed his head and walked out when Martha hinted that it was time to go; but perhaps he thought the kitchen would be a good place to live, for when she spread her skirt and began to shoo him toward the door, he dodged around her and ran under the stove. When Martha poked him out with the broom, he squeezed in behind the cupboard, and Tom had to be brought in from his work to move it. Then he dodged them both and flew up to the lamp-shelf. Martha screeched and Tom shouted, and then there was a smash, for he ran behind the whole row of lamps and knocked them down before he was caught. After that there was heaps of trouble for him and for every one; he insisted upon slipping through every open door he could find, and looking for imaginary bowls of bread and milk under the tables. One day mother found him in the parlor, and they had a game of hide-and-seek which ended in his upsetting the glass shade with the vase of wax flowers that Grandma Thornton made when she was a girl. I was in an awful fright, and father was dreadfully angry. He said that he wouldn't have had that destroyed for a thousand dollars, and that he had hoped to hand it down to future generations; but mother bore up better, for I heard her laugh to herself when she was sweeping up and say that it was just a providence—meaning, I suppose, that no one was cut by the glass.

One day I found him in the stable after Tom had taken the horses out to work; he was scratching the feed over that was ready for the cows' tea in the big mixing-box. I hustled him out in a hurry, for father is very particular about not letting fowls get into the stable. That evening, while we were at tea, Tom came running to the house for help, in a great state of excitement; he said the cows were going crazy. We all followed him out to the stable, and there they were rocking back and forth as if they were on rockers instead of feet. Every little while they would put their noses into the feed and give a loud snort, then throw back their heads and moo in the most heart-broken way. No one seemed to know they were calling out "Hens in the feed!" and before I could stop laughing to explain that they had mistaken The Chevalier for a hen, one of the horses began to plunge and snort, and when Tom looked in his manger, up flew my rooster from the oat-box.

Not long after that father took me to the Poultry Show, and of course we saw plenty of fine-looking roosters there, but not one of them finer than The Chevalier had been. It gave me a lump in my throat to look at them; but, worse than that, father offered to buy me one if I would let The Chevalier be disposed of. He got very red and didn't seem to know

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exactly what disposing meant when I asked him; but anyway I didn't want another, though I knew it was mortifying to father as well as to me to have people who came to the place laugh when they saw him and ask if that bunch of feathers and bones was a rooster.

If only he would have stayed out of sight! but he never did. Whatever was going on he had to be around, with his head cocked on one side to see out of the eye that wasn't closed up, and he got into the habit of running so hard when he saw strangers in the yard that he'd often bring up against somebody's legs, and then fall over in a heap, and kick until he was set on his feet again. Then there was sure to be a laugh, and father would get red and try to look amused when he explained it was a pet of his little boy's.

That was the sort of bird he was when Uncle Jim arrived.

It is strange I didn't know I had an Uncle Jim until then, but it seems that he was a great traveller, and had been away for years, and came back unexpectedly. Mother kissed him and father shook hands, but they both looked very grave, and not as glad as you'd think; and when he was upstairs getting washed, they talked about him in a low tone as if he was going to die soon, though to me he seemed very big and strong. Mother said to remember what he was a few years ago and give him this one chance, and father said of course he was a Hayter and must have some good in him, and that perhaps his experience in sowing oats out West had given him a taste for farming, and he might pull through all right.

When uncle came down stairs he apologized for his rough clothes, and explained that his trunk and dress-suit case had gone astray—ha, ha, ha!—and railway travelling was so confounded dusty. Then he looked at father and mother, and they smiled in a sorrowful sort of way, as if they'd like to laugh more if it wasn't a solemn occasion. But at tea that evening they laughed harder than he did, he told so many funny things about his travels, and I thought he was great fun.

After tea he wanted me to show him the live-stock, so we went around to the yard, and first thing The Gay Chevalier came running along in the wind, looking like a worn-out feather duster. I tried to hurry Uncle Jim on, for I expected him to laugh awfully, he's such a laugher; but he stood still and looked quite grave, then he picked the poor fellow up and looked him all over, and asked me what had happened to that fine bird. There was something in the tone of his voice that made me tell him the whole story. He seemed to understand right away how ashamed I felt, and didn't look at me when I stopped several times to whistle. Then he sent me for a sponge and a basin of water, and bathed the Chevalier's head and cleaned his feathers; then we put him into a coop and gave him a good feed. After that we sat down on the coop and talked, and I got a chance to describe The Chevalier's former appearance the way Miss Darlington taught me. Uncle Jim sat up very straight and looked at me with his eyes getting bigger and bigger, until I drew a long, long breath and looked thoughtful, and said that after all Nature was the one true artist. Then his cheeks bulged out, and his eyes got to look like big glass alleys, and he wiped his face all over with his handkerchief, and said he'd—be—jiggered. He sat for a long time thinking with his chin on his hands; then he looked around as if he was going to tell me a secret, and said: "Say, young un, tell us where you got all that. I won't tell a soul."

Of course I told him about Miss Darlington, and he got quite excited, and wanted to know her first name, and then he slapped his leg and called out: "Why, that's little Millie Darlington that I used to go to school with! Hasn't she got blue eyes, pinky cheeks, curvy red lips like a doll?—white dress, with a big blue sash?—two braids of long yellow hair hanging down her back with bows of ribbon on the ends?"

"No, no," I said; "it's bobbed up like this." I made a twirling motion with my hand.

Uncle Jim laughed, and said she must be grown up, then—wasn't that wonderful? And she used to admire The Gay Chevalier? Well, we must see if we can't help him back to respectability. Had we better try to put a head on him, or change his heart? I said no, it might

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kill him to do that; besides, even if it didn't, he wouldn't be the same bird. Uncle Jim believed I was right; for his part he thought it was better to begin from the outside, and that a wash, clean clothes, and a full crop would be the first step toward respectability; then, if he could be made to feel that some one cared enough for him to take pleasure in his change for the better, he might get back his self-respect. He said that of course The Gay Chevalier had behaved badly, but perhaps he wasn't altogether to blame. I said no, for there wouldn't have been half the trouble if Martha hadn't taken him into the kitchen and let him get a taste for bread and milk, and if Tom hadn't given him oats at the stable door. Uncle Jim stroked his beard and said ye-es, he was afraid Martha and Tom hadn't been brought up to understand the danger of giving alms to the undeserving poor; they should have insisted upon his proving that he had become ragged and hungry by living an exemplary life, and then referred him to the proper relief-officer; probably by this time they realized their own folly in giving him anything nice to eat instead of plain wholesome food that would not minister to a depraved appetite. Of course he should have had pride enough not to hang around doors looking starved; but then, anything with an empty crop would be likely to accept charity without thinking of pride until afterwards; but when all was said and done—and he looked at me in such a funny way—if some one hadn't passed by on the other side when he got into trouble he mightn't have got into the way of hanging around doors.

I don't know how Uncle Jim knew so well what to do, for it was simply wonderful how The Gay Chevalier improved. In a few days he was strong enough to be put into a little yard of his own, on freshly dug ground where he had to scratch up every grain of corn that he ate. That was the second step, Uncle Jim said, because nothing was so good for a bird as to have to work for its living, and that if he cultivated the ground, his self-respect would grow without his knowing it. That was quite true, for when his new feathers appeared he took pride in preening them and looking tidy, and one day about two weeks after Uncle Jim came back he flapped his wings and crowed—so did Uncle Jim when I told him. He shook me by the hand and said, "That bird 'll be a credit to the family yet, Paul."

Father said Uncle Jim was a wonderful worker, and was worth any two men on a farm, and he was awfully sorry to see him go. Mother cried and kissed him, and patted him on the back with one hand when her arms were about his neck, saying he must never, never forget how much we all cared for him; and Uncle Jim wriggled a little, the way I do when I'm kissed, and said that was all right, and when he came back he'd bring a trunk, sure—perhaps two—ha, ha, ha!

I didn't cry; I whistled.

He went off without telling me the third step—he said I had a head, and it was my business to figure it out for myself, and that I shouldn't expect him to when he had to go away to look for a farm and—and other things. I must be sure to write and let him know if The Gay Chevalier turned out well.

I thought a long, long time; then I shut up the pair of Evil Communications, and let The Chevalier out of the run, and awaited developments. He looked about in his usual way, just as if nothing had happened; then he scratched among some dead leaves for a grub, and clucked to the hens when he found it, and when they came running up he laid it down among them in his most graceful manner and stepped back; then he led the whole flock away to the oat stubble, and looked perfectly self-possessed and happy.

I wrote to Uncle Jim that he seemed to feel the responsibility of having a family to provide for, and was behaving in a most gentlemanly way.

Some time after that mother got a letter that made her laugh and cry and call out to father that Jim was engaged to Millie Darlington. Father seemed profoundly affected, and cleared his throat, and said he always knew Jim would turn out all right, and if he had been allowed to farm when he was a boy, he might never have gone travelling.

I know what I'm going to send them for a wedding-present. I haven't told any one.

It is a pair of Plymouth Rock cockerels.

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New Light on Revolutionary Diplomacy

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER

NOTHING brings us into closer touch with any period of history than an acquaintance with the private life of its leading men, and a sight of their familiar letters upon the subjects of the day. I believe, therefore, that a glimpse into the diplomatic experiences of my great-grandfather, Francis Dana, illustrated by extracts from his confidential letters from John Adams, then our minister to France and Holland, will help us to appreciate more keenly than we perhaps do now the difficult paths of diplomacy which our Revolutionary ministers and envoys had to tread.

I have chosen the letters of John Adams rather than those of any other statesman with whom Francis Dana corresponded, as I cannot imagine any more characteristic or more vigorously descriptive of the situation than those of the famous old patriot.

It may be said of our diplomatic relations during the Revolution that they were chiefly conspicuous by their absence. Their beginnings had been made in March, 1776, when Silas Deane was appointed our commercial and political agent in Europe for the purchase of arms, ammunition, clothing, and supplies, of which the revolutionists were in sad want. One little item in his mission had been neglected, namely, the money to purchase these things with; but fortunately, owing to the friendly generosity of individual Spaniards and Frenchmen, he was more successful than could reasonably have been expected, and he made the agreement with La Fayette and De Kalb to serve in our army. In December of the same year, Deane, Dr. Franklin, Arthur Lee, and John Adams were appointed commissioners to treat with the French government for military and financial aid. For fifteen months the position of the commissioners was an unenviable one. As John Adams writes, in his picturesque way, to Mrs. Warren: "From December, 1776, to February, 1778, the grand Franklin himself was obliged to skulk about in obscurity in Paris, never admitted to the presence of the King, Queen, or any branch of the royal family, nor to any of the ministers of state, unless privately and in secret, and, in truth, very often under trepidation lest he should finally be obliged to flee the country." Their mission ended successfully, however, and in February, 1778, the commissioners signed a treaty of alliance with France, who formally recognized our sovereign independence.

But though France recognized us, and received Benjamin Franklin as our accredited minister, no other European court to whom overtures were made would receive the envoys of our Congress. All were bound by the laws of neutrality. To have recognized the government of the United States would have been to offend Great Britain, who would have construed such a breach of neutrality as an act of war.

In the summer of 1779 the King of Spain, distressed by the "barbarous war" which now for four years had been devastating the American continent and seriously interfering with the commerce of his West-Indian possessions, offered to mediate between Great Britain and her rebellious colonies in the interests of peace, humanity, and freedom of commerce. This offer of Spanish mediation made it appear advisable to Congress to

NOTE.—The Adams letters are published with the kind consent of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

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appoint a special embassy at Paris for the negotiation of a treaty of peace, and also of a treaty of commerce, with Great Britain. John Adams was placed at the head of this embassy as minister plenipotentiary, and Francis Dana appointed secretary of legation, with certain contingent powers. Both gentlemen had had some previous experience in diplomacy, an unusual thing for Americans, for Adams writes, with his usual vigorous emphasis, to Mrs. Warren: "Who, in the name of astonishment, in all America had a knowledge of European courts in those days?" But Adams had been in Paris for a year and a half as one of the American commission, and Dana had had two years' experience in England, where he had been sent on a secret mission by the patriots of Boston just prior to the Revolution, and where he had unusual opportunities, through connections by marriage, of coming in contact with the leading statesmen. Both men were then barristers of eminence and members of the Continental Congress, and Mr. Dana was a member of the Council of Massachusetts, then the chief governing power of the State.

A friendship of long standing existed between the Adams and Dana families, and their appointment together upon the peace embassy was most congenial to both gentlemen. Many years later Mr. Adams wrote to Mrs. Warren:

> Mr. Dana was appointed secretary of legation to my first commissions to negotiate peace and commerce with Great Britain. His birth, his education, his connections, his information, his talents, his services as a member of Congress, were such, and the friendship which had subsisted for many years between me and his father [Councillor Richard Dana], and his uncle, Judge Trowbridge, and himself had been such that I thought myself honored by his appointment and connection with me. An uninterrupted harmony and friendship was maintained between us during the whole time we were together in France and Holland, and after we were separated by Congress and he was sent to Russia.

The Spanish mediation eventually fell through, Spain herself having become involved in war with England, owing to the aggressiveness of the British navy, which had brought her West-Indian commerce to a standstill. The peace embassy, however, proceeded to Paris. They sailed from Boston on a French frigate, and after a perilous voyage, in danger both from the sea and from the enemy, landed upon the coast of Spain, and travelled by slow stages through Spain and France to Paris, where they arrived early in 1780. Mr. Dana's diary speaks of the polite and gracious reception by the Count de Vergennes, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, of their meeting "the amiable Marquis de la Fayette," and Count d'Estaing, whose fleet had lately met such severe reverses off Charleston Harbor, which he was thirsting to avenge.

The embassy had been instructed by Congress to obtain three points: first and foremost the recognition of our independence; secondly, the control of the fisheries; thirdly, the navigation of the Mississippi. All other demands had been left to the discretion of the negotiators. The first question—the recognition of our independence—proved the stumbling-block to all negotiation, for England positively refused to treat with us except as her colonies, and our embassy as a deputation of her subjects. Naturally no advance was made. In the mean while some little friction developed between Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin as to the best method of meeting the peculiar tactics of the Count de Vergennes, the French Secretary of State. Mr. Adams had entered into a severe controversy with Vergennes, whom he believed to be secretly intriguing against the recognition of our independence by the other powers, and especially against our forming any treaty of commerce, in order that France might hold the situation in her own hands for her own ends. Dr. Franklin, who was too shrewd a man to be deceived by Vergennes, but who thought we should submit to any humiliation rather than offend France, did not sustain Mr. Adams. Years afterwards Mr. Adams, in vindicating his course with Vergennes, writes:

> I had the advice and approbation of Chief-Justice Dana, then with me as secretary of legation for Peace, to every clause and word of the whole correspondence. Mr. Dana said that the Count neither wrote like a gentleman nor treated me like a gentleman,

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and it was indispensably necessary that we should show him we had some understanding and some feeling. . . .

This distrust of France's sincerity is a feature of the diplomatic situation which we must never lose sight of. Mr. Adams's suspicions of Vergennes's intrigues were confirmed by his later experiences and those of several of our ministers. The aggressiveness of England in asserting her maritime supremacy, which had forced Spain, and later Holland, into war for the protection of their commerce with the West Indies, led the maritime powers of northern Europe to defend their commerce by entering, in 1780, into the famous confederation known as the "Armed Neutrality," of which the Empress Catherine of Russia was the leading spirit. America hoped much from this development of affairs. She had sent one of her ablest statesmen, John Jay, to Spain; Francis Dana was appointed minister plenipotentiary at the court of St. Petersburg to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Russia; and our minister to Holland, Mr. Laurens, having been captured at sea by the British, Mr. Adams was sent to Holland to effect a loan, and if possible an alliance with the Dutch. All our ministers were obliged to make their advances to these governments through the ministers of France at these courts. At a later stage Mr. Adams writes to Mr. Dana as follows:

> A whole system of policy [French] is now as glaring as the day, which perhaps Congress and the people of America have little suspicion of. . . . In substance it has been this: assistance afforded us in naval force and in money [enough] to keep us from succumbing, and nothing more. To prevent us from ridding ourselves wholly of our enemies and from growing rich and powerful; to prevent us from obtaining acknowledgment of our independence by other foreign powers, and from acquiring consideration in Europe or any advantage in Peace; . . . . to deprive us of the Grand Fishery, the Mississippi River, the Western Lands, and to saddle us with the Tories. To these ends, by all I have learned of your negotiations in Russia, of Mr. Jay's in Spain, and my own in Holland, it is evident to me that [the French ambassadors] have been governed by the same instructions. . . . In Holland I can speak with knowledge. . . . When the Duke de la Vauguyon found I was a man not to be managed, ... and further thought I should succeed, he fell in with me in order to give the air of French influence to measures which French influence never could have accomplished, and which he thought would be carried even if he opposed it. This instance is the stronger as the Duke is an excellent character and the man I wish to meet everywhere in the affairs of France and America. I must go further to say that the least appearance of an independent character in any American minister has been uniformly cause enough to have his character attacked. Luckily, Dr. Deane out of the question, every American minister in Europe, except Dr. Franklin, has discovered a judgment, a conscience, and a resolution of his own, and of consequence every minister who has been here [Paris] has been frowned upon. On the contrary, Dr. Franklin, who has been pliant and submissive in everything, has been constantly cried up to the stars, without doing anything to deserve it.

The machinations of the French minister in Madrid were so far successful that though Spain was actually at war with England and informally allied with us, yet Mr. Jay's best efforts through two weary years were unavailing to obtain recognition of our independence, or even as much as an audience for himself with the King. Mr. Adams was more successful in Holland, where he had the sympathies of a republican people to work on, and their ancient jealousy of English maritime supremacy. In Russia and the neutral courts of Europe we had little to hope for, as all their best interests bound them to observe strictly the laws of neutrality. The King of Prussia did at one time promise to acknowledge our independence, but afterwards withdrew this promise, and Mr. Ralph Izzard at Florence, Mr. Lee at Vienna, Mr. Jay at Madrid, and Mr. Dana at St. Petersburg were all, as Mr. Adams writes, "in the same unpleasant predicament." Mr. Dana's instructions from Congress, dated December 18, 1780, are in substance as follows:

> The great object of your negotiation is to engage her Imperial Majesty to favor and support the independence of these United States, and to lay a foundation for a good understanding and friendly intercourse between the subjects of H. I. M. and the cit-

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izens of these U. S., to the mutual advantage of both nations.

You will readily perceive that it must be a leading and capital point if the United States shall be formally admitted as a party to the convention of the neutral Maritime Powers for maintaining the freedom of commerce. . . .

Avail yourself of the advice of our Ministers at Versailles and the Peace negotiations.

Communicate with the Minister of His Most Christian Majesty at the Court of St. Petersburg, and through his mediation sound the disposition of the Empress and her ministers. . . .

Testify to the Empress our approbation of her measures for the protection of commerce against the arbitrary violations of the British Court. . . . Impress upon H. I. M. the justice of our cause, the nature and stability of our union . . . the impracticability of our acceding to any treaty of peace with Great Britain on the principles of *uti posseditis*. . . . You shall represent in pointed terms the barbarous manner in which, contrary to the laws of all civilized nations, the war has been conducted by the enemy, the difficulties which we have surmounted, and the certain prospect, under the Divine Blessing, of expelling our enemies, and establishing our independence on such a basis as will render us useful to the whole commercial world, and happy in ourselves.

The relations of the Empress Catherine with both Great Britain and France were at this time very critical. She expected to be asked to mediate between the belligerent European powers, and any breach of neutrality, such as the recognition of the political existence of the United States by receiving Mr. Dana in full form as their minister plenipotentiary, would be construed by England as an act of war, and would forfeit her the glory, on which her heart was set, of acting as mediator. Mr. Dana was therefore placed in the same predicament as every other American envoy in Europe save Franklin. Personally he was treated with the utmost respect and civility, and had the most friendly intercourse with Count Ostermann, the Russian Chancellor, but officially he had no place, and could only communicate with the government through the friendly offices of the French minister, the Marquis de Vérac, whose sincerity he more than doubted.

It must be said for the European nations that they had little idea of the character of the American revolutionists. There might be commercial advantages in intercourse with the American colonies, but they hardly took us seriously as a nation. Any victories we might gain over the British were supposed to be due to the assistance of the French. There is a picture in the Louvre at Paris representing the surrender of Cornwallis, the foreground of which is filled up by large, handsome figures of the British and French generals. In one corner of the background can be descried an insignificant figure representing General Washington, surrounded by half a dozen Indians. That was the prevailing European idea of our revolution. Among Francis Dana's papers is an autograph letter from Frederick the Great of Prussia to his minister at St. Petersburg, Count de Gortz, which the latter courteously forwarded to Mr. Dana, containing news of the capture of Cornwallis. The King writes:

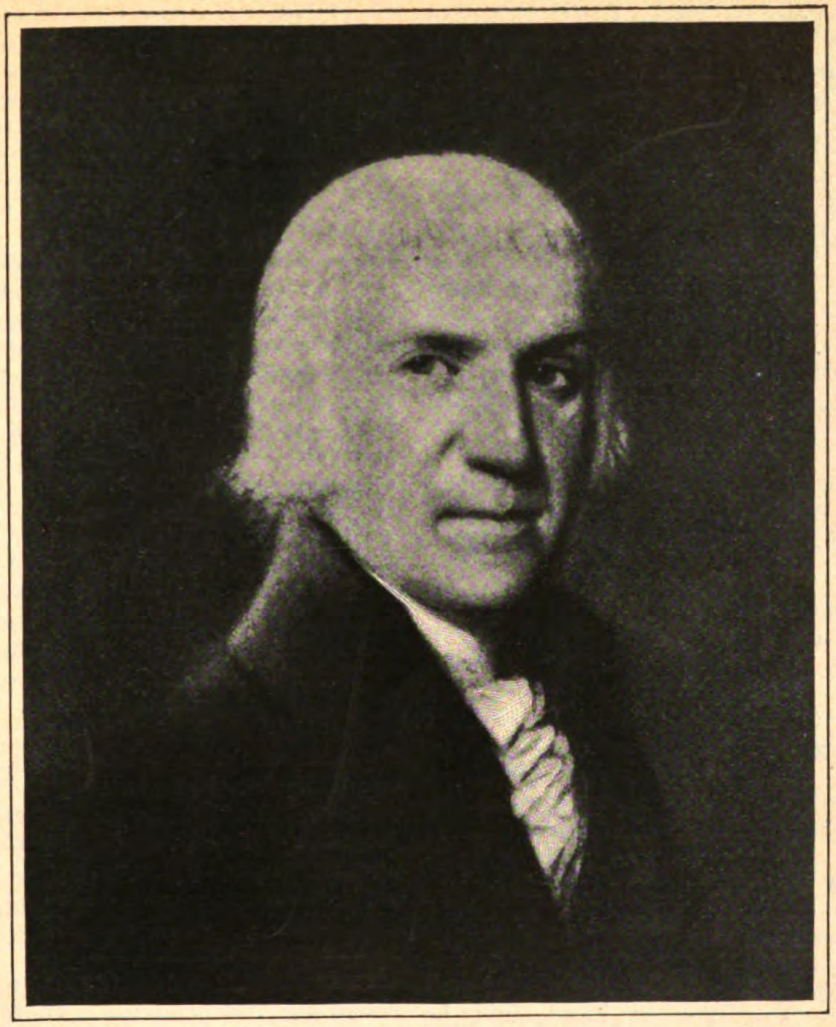
I cannot leave you in ignorance of the great news which the Duke de Lauzun brought from Paris the 19th November—namely, that the French and American forces under Generals Rochambeau and de la Fayette have forced General Cornwallis to give himself up as prisoner of war, together with his whole corps, consisting of 6000 men. Also that Commander de Barras, of the French fleet, on his way to join Admiral de Grasse, has captured an English man-of-war, two frigates, and a convoy of sixty transports. According to letters from London, General Clinton had sailed October 12th with an army of 6000 men, on an English fleet to relieve Cornwallis, but he will be too late, and it now remains to be seen if he can get back to New York without being taken, and if he can maintain his position there against the French and American forces without meeting the fate of Cornwallis. FREDERIC.

From kings to common people the whole credit of our victories was given to the French generals and French troops, and it was for French interests to foster this belief.

Meanwhile our passionate cry for recognition went up and on, and from none more clamorously than from old John Adams.

Pray [writes John Adams to Francis

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FRANCIS DANA

Born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 13, 1743, the son of Councillor Richard Dana of Cambridge, and Lydia Trowbridge, sister of Judge Edmund Trowbridge. Francis Dana was graduated from Harvard in 1762, and among his classmates were Elbridge Gerry and Jeremy Belknap. He studied law with his uncle, Judge Trowbridge, and married, in 1773, Elizabeth Ellery, daughter of William Ellery of Rhode Island, signer of the Declaration of Independence. From 1776 to 1780 Francis Dana was a member of the governing power of the colony. In November, 1776, he was elected to the Continental Congress, and signed the Articles of Confederation in 1778. The same year he was chairman of the committee charged with the reorganization of the Continental Army, and was for five months at Valley Forge with Washington. After his return from Europe in 1783, he was immediately re-elected to Congress, appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1785, and Chief Justice in 1791. He died at Cambridge in 1811.

Dana from Amsterdam, March 15, 1782] what is the reason that the whole Armed Neutrality cannot agree to declare America independent, and admit you, in behalf of the United States, to accede to that confederation? It is so simple, so natural, so easy, so obvious a measure; at the same time so sublime and so glorious. It is saying, Let there be Light and there is Light. It finishes all controversies at once and necessitates a universal Peace, and saves old England from total destruction and the last stages of Horror and Despair. . . . However, thank God, we have no particular reason to wish for Peace; the longer the war continues now, the better for us. If the Powers of Europe will in spight [*sic*] of all Reason and Remonstrance continue to sport with each other's blood, it is not our fault. . . . Why is there not [he exclaims again] One Soul in Europe capable of saying the plainest thing in the World, any one of the neutral nations saying to the Rest, "*America is one of us, and we will all share her commerce. Let us all as one declare it.*" These words once pro-

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nounced, Peace is made, or at least soon and easily made. Without it all may nibble and dribble and fribble, waste a long time, immense treasures, and much human blood, and they must come to it at last. . . . Now, sir, you are weary of a pitiful existence. So am I. Yet we must both bear it lest our impatience do mischief. These moments are too critical, and your powers are of so much importance. I think them of the greatest moment of any for Peace. The simple signature of your name would pacify the World; I mean it would settle the great point, which, once settled, any nation will afterwards continue the war unreasonably at its peril.

The gallant old patriot's spirit was weary of the struggle and reduced by illness. He writes to Mr. Dana, April, 1782:

I feel more lonely than I used to, as my health is not so good and my spirits still worse. I want my wife and my children about me. I must go home. I cannot live so; it is too much. If I should go home it would give great pleasure to some who don't love me, and I really feel benevolence enough to give them this satisfaction. I am weary, my friend, of the dastardly meannesses of jealousy and envy. It is mortifying, it is humiliating to me in the last degree to see such proofs of it as debase human nature.

But the triumph of Adams's rugged diplomacy was now at hand, and he writes again to Dana in the spring of 1782, the seventh and last year of our struggle:

The independence of America has been acknowledged by this Republic with a solemnity and unanimity which has made it in a peculiar sense the National Act. . . . The Prince and Princess of Orange have acknowledged American Independence, as well as their High Mightinesses [the States General]. The Princess has received a letter of credence. It was pretty to present a beautiful young Virgin World to the acquaintance of a fine figure of a Princess, whose countenance showed an understanding capable of judging and a heart capable of feeling.

A little later he writes:

The standard of the United States waves and flies at the Hague in triumph over Sir Joseph Yorke's insolence and British Pride. When I go to Heaven I shall look down over the battlements with pleasure upon the Stripes and Stars, wantoning in the Wind at the Hague. There is another triumph in the case, sweeter than that over enemies. It is the triumph of stubborn independence, independence of friends and foes. "Sir, your firmness has made a good impression here; you have terrified the Anglomaniacs and filled us with enthusiasm." This is said to me on every side, forced admissions, all the more delicious. . . . I lament the policy which has tied your hands [he writes, with regard to the instructions from Congress which obliged Mr. Dana to ask the advice of the French ministers at Versailles and St. Petersburg.] It is a bit of that web in which you and I and every honest American in Europe has long been entangled. I broke through it as the whale goes through a net. You would have done the same in my situation, and I could not do it in yours. If I had transmitted to Congress the advise, exhortations, and remonstrances I received, and asked their instructions, I should have been forbidden to stir, and should have been here sprawling, with hands and feet in the air, pegged like Ariel in a rifted rock; this Republic would at this moment have been separately at Peace, and American Independence would never have been acknowledged by any Power in Europe, except France, until England should have done it.

The great moment was now near when Great Britain herself was to acknowledge our independence. In the summer of 1781 the Empress Catherine of Russia and the Emperor Joseph of Germany had offered their services as mediators between the four belligerent powers—England, Holland, France, and Spain. One article of the negotiations for universal peace provided that simultaneously with the mediation Great Britain should treat separately with the envoys of the American colonies for the restoration of peace in America, without the intervention of the mediators or of any of the belligerent powers. England accepted the proposal at once, but France refused, giving as her reason that she objected to the expression "American colonies," on the ground that England would take advantage of the word "colonies," and refuse to treat with our envoys except as a deputation of her subjects presenting grievances and asking favors. This, France insisted, the United States would not submit to, and the

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whole plan of mediation would thus be blocked at the first step. Further negotiations were impossible, as both France and the United States clung to their ground, and for another year and a half the peace of Europe hung upon this question of the status of the American colonies. Suddenly, in the autumn of 1782, Great Britain yielded. The King created Richard Oswald, by patent under the Great Seal of his kingdom, minister plenipotentiary to treat for peace with the ministers of the United States of America. Thus the question was settled for all Europe; we had triumphed, and peace was possible.

Apropos of England's change of front is a curious and remarkable letter to Francis Dana from John Adams. It is written from Paris, whither he had gone as head of the Peace Commission, the other commissioners being Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens.

The injunctions upon us to communicate everything and follow the advise given us seemed to be too strong and too universal. For example: I wrote a speculation and caused it to be printed in [the principal Dutch gazettes], showing the interest, policy, and humanity of the neutral Confederation acknowledging American Independence, and admitting the United States to subscribe to the principles of the Marine Treaty. At the same time I caused to be transmitted to England some pieces on the same subject, and further showing the probability that the Neutral Powers might adopt this measure, and the impolicy of Great Britain in permitting all the Powers of Europe to get the start of her, and having more merit with America than she by acknowledging her Independence first. These pieces were printed in the English papers in the form of letters to the Earl of Shelburne [Minister of the Colonies], and can never be controverted, because they are in writing and in print with their dates. These fears thus excited added to our refusal to treat on an unequal footing probably produced his Lordship's resolution to advise the King to issue the commission under the Great Seal to Mr. Oswald by which Great Britain has got the start and gone to windward of the other European Powers.

Now no man living but myself knew that all these speculations in various parts of Europe *came from me*. Would it do for me to communicate all this to the French Ministers? Is it possible for me to communicate all these things to Congress? . . . .

If we conduct ourselves with caution, prudence, moderation, and firmness, we shall succeed in every great point, but if Congress or their Ministers abroad suffer themselves to be intimidated by threats, slanders, or insinuations, we shall be duped out of the Fishery, the Mississippi, much of the Western Lands, compensation to the Tories, and Penobscot at least, if not Kennebunk.

This is my solemn opinion, and I will never be answerable to my country, posterity, or my own mind for the consequences that might happen from concealing it.

It is for the determinate purpose of carrying these points that *One Man* [Dr. Franklin], who is submission itself, is puffed up to the top of Jacob's Ladder in the clouds, and every other man depressed to the bottom of it in the dust.

This is my opinion. If it is a crime to hold this opinion, let me be punished for it, for assuredly I am guilty. J. ADAMS.

Paris, December 6, 1782, is the date of the following triumphant letter:

You may easily guess from your own feelings what mine may be in communicating to you the intelligence that the preliminary treaty to be inserted in the definitive Treaty, was signed on the 30th November by the plenipotentiaries on each side. We have tolerable satisfaction in the Mississippi Boundaries and Fisheries. . . . .

Mr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, Mr. Laurens, and myself are of opinion this is a proper time for you to communicate your mission, and will write you a joint letter.

Mr. Dana had meanwhile drawn up a plan of a commercial treaty with Russia in forty-one articles, going into details not only as to commercial relations, but especially those rights and duties of individuals in time of peace, which are now classed under the head of Private International Law. The Empress had promised to receive him in full form immediately upon the signature of the Peace Treaty at Paris, and he seemed to be on the eve of a successful termination of his mission when he received instructions from Congress to enter into no negotiations, as they did not wish "to buy a treaty" of Russia. The term "buy a treaty" referred to the payment of three thousand pounds which Russia demanded for the signatures to a commercial treaty. Congress did not believe this necessary, but Mr. Dana, who was on the spot and had fully informed himself

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on the subject, knew that such payments were customary, and had been made by all the neutral powers of Europe in concluding commercial treaties with Russia, but the instructions tied his hands. He believed them to have been brought about by the representations of Vergennes and de Vérac, who wished to have a hand in the treaty themselves. He received the following sympathetic letters from Adams.

Paris, March 24:

Your instructions are chains, strong chains. Whether you shall break them or no, as we have been obliged to do, you are the only judge. There is a Vulcan at Versailles [de Vergennes?] whose constant employment it has been to forge chains for American Ministers. But his metal has not been fine and strong enough, nor his art of fabricating it sufficiently perfect to be able to hold a giant or two who have broken them in pieces like morsels of glass.

It is a miserable situation, however, to be in, and it is a melancholy thing for a man to be obliged to boast that he has departed from instructions who has so sacred a regard to instructions, and who thinks them, when given upon true information, binding upon him in a moral point of view, as well as a political. But in such cases where we know that instructions are given upon mistaken information, where we know that if the Principal were upon the spot and knew the circumstances he would be of the same mind with us, what shall we say? what shall we do? Must we ruin our Country in obedience to an instruction issued in error, misinformation, or want of intelligence? . . . .

I have written to Congress a resignation, and expect the acceptance of it and to go home in the spring.

April 18:

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to go home with you, but you must not quit until you have made your Treaties. Have you communicated your powers to the Ministers of Denmark, Prussia, and the Emperor? If you have not, let me beg of you to do it without delay, that those nations may not be stolen from you, as the Swedes were, and which I believe to be in contemplation.

I don't wonder at your chagrin. The only wonder with me is that any of us have had patience to stand it so long.

I am determined at all events, God willing, to enjoy in future the company of my family, from which I have been separated for near nine years. I have great need of repose. My health has never recovered from the consequences of that horrid fever at Amsterdam, and I fear never will without a voyage home, my native air, relaxation from drudgery, and a quiet mind.

May 1:

. . . I do assure you that I do not intend to decline taking a seat in Congress, if any State in that Confederation shall think it worth while to offer me one. . . . . I shall be very happy to sit alongside of you upon one of those seats and rise up now and then and tell stories of our peregrinations and of the Robbers we have met upon the Highway. But you must not quit until you have made your Treaty.

I beg you would consider what I write you as hints, not as advice. The reasons you give for not taking some that I gave you are very conclusive, and had not occurred to me.

. . . . They talk of a Congress and Mediation, and there is no need of either on our affairs, yet we may be invited to join it, and who would not be ambitious of sitting in such a Council of the Celestials? or rather, who would not be curious to "know by what sort of men this World is governed"?

JOHN ADAMS.

The definitive treaty of peace was signed at Paris in September, 1783. Count Ostermann had informed Mr. Dana that the Empress would give him an audience as minister plenipotentiary as soon as the signature had taken place, but Mr. Dana, finding that no Russian treaty was to be negotiated, thought it an undignified course to stay on week after week at St. Petersburg merely to await his formal reception, after which there would be nothing for him to do but go through the ceremony of taking leave. His health also had suffered from the severe climate, so, having written for and obtained the permission of Congress, he left Russia in the late summer, before the signing of the Paris Treaty, returned to Boston, and was immediately re-elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. The following year he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court, and for fifteen years was Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

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Victor

BY OCTAVE THANET

VICTOR was lying on his little white bed in his big pretty white room, which was flooded with sunshine —sunshine that he could not see. Neither could he see the lovely shadows of faintest and most transparent gray on the white curtains, the gay groups of Kate Greenaway children in early nineteenth-century clothes, sporting with hoops and ropes and patient donkeys over the wall-paper, the softly tinted pinks of the tiles of the fireplace, the shining silver on the dressing-table, or the corner of the little room beyond with its guns and fishing-rods and football armor in dreary order. He could not see his mother, sitting by his side, a charming figure in the daintiest of wrappers, the soft and yielding folds of which made intricate shadows and lines, like the drapery of a Fra Angelico angel in pink. He knew that she was there; he would have known had he not heard the delicate rustle of her frock, because he was used, now, to note the faint odor of fresh violets that was always about her. He perceived many things, now, which had escaped his other senses when he could see with his eyes. And he was growing to perceive many things with his mind. So long as he was an active, strong boy, who could run and swim and ride and play with his tools, making machines, he had taken life on the broad side, noticing nothing very much, happy in the moment; but since that horrible morning when the world and all his former joys were blotted out for him, the day the engine exploded and his eyes were hurt, he had begun to take notice. First, he began to listen, then to feel the changes in the atmosphere, then to notice the texture of materials and the difference in form of objects. And all the time he was keenly alert to every word, every intonation. With more than the sensitive watchfulness of the sick, he watched. Poor lad, from chance words, accents, and the indefinable influences which other senses than the five we know bring to the cognizance, he was trying to gather his fate. While he seemed so cheerful, his boy's heart was growing heavier with a terrible fear.

He lay and watched and thought; strange and terrible thoughts for a lad of ten — but children have strange thoughts always, and terrible ones far oftener than we who have forgotten our childhood guess. He thought a great deal about something which had passed over his mind at the time of first hearing without a ripple. It was a paragraph in a paper which his father had read to his mother, one morning at breakfast, about a boy who hanged himself because he was growing blind. He thought about that boy every day. He didn't blame him. A blind boy made a lot of trouble. There was his father sending all over the country for blind boys' things for him. That was one of those signs that chilled his heart. Why should he do that if in a month or two months one could see again? There was no sense in wasting so much money, thought Victor, who had a shrewd commercial instinct, inherited, it may be, for his father's mother came of a long line of Hebrew bankers. But if he was going to be blind, that was different. Yet what was the good of a blind boy? He couldn't be a manufacturer. Not unheeded had all his father's light gay planning fallen on Victor's ear, although he was too busy, then, with his plays to listen. But he had always known that he was to be a manufacturer, and take the business, and look after the men. He had talked with Don about it. Don was the engineer of the big engine. He always called it Ellen. Don was a big, strong man, but he liked the same things boys did; Don was the sort of fellow you could say anything to; you could say things to Don you didn't quite like to say even to popsy; and of course Don knew all about

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machinery and things ladies couldn't, so you liked talking to him about some things better than to mamma. Oh, certainly, Don was fine! Folks said he was a little crazy; but that was ridiculous, for the only things he talked queer about were religious things; and that didn't count, for popsy said nobody knew anything for certain about religion, so every one was free to have his own opinion. Don and he were making a machine together; it would save popsy lots and lots of money when it was done. He wished very much he could talk to Don, now, for he had so much sense (about everything except religion, and that didn't count), and as he didn't feel so awful bad about his being hurt as mamma, he could ask him things —oh, lots of things! But Don had been hurt in the same explosion; and somehow (with his new sensitiveness, Victor had noticed this also) neither his mother nor his father had seemed to like to talk about him. That was why, once, he had got his uncle Steven alone, and told him where he kept his bank, and how it opened, and got some money out to get Don violets—Don just loved violets, and their gardener didn't have any — and some candy; Don was always buying candy for him, so he must love it. He fell into the way of sending messages to Don by Uncle Steve, who was a very obliging, nice uncle—only you never could be sure if he meant what he said, or was only in fun. But now his uncle was away for two weeks, and he hadn't heard from Don. He missed hearing. Indeed, every day the springs of hope in the boy's soul ran dry, one by one; and every day he thought more often of the little blind boy who hadn't the courage to live. Every day he needed a greater effort to hide his fright. He was not at all afraid to die; but to live and never see, and never finish the machine, and have people say what a pity for his father and mother to have a blind boy, as they said about a little boy Victor once knew—oh, that he couldn't bear! He remembered very well when the little blind boy died; and a lady was calling and talking to mamma about it; and he was playing in the next room where he could hear perfectly; and mamma said: "Yes, it is most sad; yet maybe it is better; the poor little fellow would always have been blind, you know. And *what* an existence!"

Victor was not quite sure as to what an "existence" was; but plainly it was something awful. He was sure it was bad for the little boy, and for the little boy's parents. Mysterious is the soul of a child, in nothing more mysterious than its unfathomable reticence. Those baseless but ghastly terrors of childhood, once let them be dragged to the light, and they shrivel into absurdities. But what child lets them be dragged into the light? And how often does a child shrink most from confiding in those most dear to him! Victor's terrors had a grim reality beneath, but even worse than the reality was the superstruction which his child's fancy had builded. He could not tell his father, whom he admired above all living beings, or his mother, whom he loved, and nothing would have driven him to talk to the boys; it was part of the unutterable bitterness of his fate that any boy could lick him now, and he never could swim or play football again. Swiftly he was driving towards a decision with the blind and frightful impetus of a child. Nothing is so reckless as the desperation of a child. And Victor was desperate. He felt in himself the waning of his courage. It would be dreadful to cry like a baby, when his father had told him he was brave as Uncle Ralph, who was killed in the war. His father's praises had set his pulses to beating; and he didn't so much as wince when the doctors hurt him. "That's my sandy boy!" cried his father. For days and weeks Victor had flogged his spirit up to his father's mark. Now, his will sank beyond stimulus. It was dreadful to him to feel how he wanted to cry. "By-and-by I can't *help* crying," he thought, with absolute terror. By-and-by he would *know* that he would be blind, and he would cry all the time; and mamma would feel so bad; and papa would be ashamed of him. Victor clinched his little fists and set his teeth. No, *anything* was better than that. Thus he lay, a child caught in the whirl of a tremendous catastrophe, in real truth battling feebly for his life; and by his side his mother sat unconscious of his struggle, absorbed in her own misery.

"Mamma," said Victor.

"Yes, darling."

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It was odd how differently mamma's voice used to sound from the way it sounded now. He did not understand that dulled, careful tone; but he felt it as he felt all other things.

"Put your hand out and let me take hold of it." He stroked the satin fingers with his own fingers, strong and stubbed with games and exercise, but fast growing sensitive at the tips. "Mamma, I should like something, so much."

"Should you?—what, dearest?"

"I should like—oh, I *should* like to see Don Macdonald!"

He couldn't be mistaken; a quiver ran through the hand. Now why?

"But Don is—Don is very ill."

"I know. He was hurt in the explosion. But, mamma, if he's not able to come here, why can't I go there? I've been out to drive. Can't I go to his house?"

She had put his hand back on the bedclothes with a kiss; he wasn't touching her, yet he had the sensation of having startled her. He had not startled her; but it was as if he had pressed on the thorn in her heart.

Paula Standish had come to the tragedy of life of a sudden. She did not know how to endure what had happened to her only child.

The man whose wandering wits had caused it, the crazy engineer, she hated. She could not help it. Miles might explain that he was not responsible; maybe she did not desire to punish him, but she could not be sorry for him; she wished, frankly, that he would die and get out of the way. Most of us wish the same thing about some disagreeable person at some time in our lives; only we hide our murderous cravings even from ourselves. Paula never lied to herself; her vision was in a straight line, narrow but clear. That was one reason why, of late years, she had come to smile a little bitterly over her husband's dealings with his conscience. "What Miles wants, he thinks must be right," she used to tell herself. She wondered if she did not see further into his soul than he did himself. Such musings are not the right aliment for conjugal love. Paula had come to a critical time in the history of the heart. There are two times of crisis and danger in married life; the first, immediately after marriage, when two natures have to learn to live side by side; the second, in the middle years, when the glamour which counts for so much has faded, and the habit of comradeship is not yet so strong and so near that it makes its own recompense. Paula had married for love, married, against the implied opposition of her family, a man of much strength and few graces. His masterful ways captured her imagination half against her will. There was a piquant contrast, too, between the ways of this imperious personality with every one else, and its humility to her. When they were engaged she had said to a friend who had ventured to speak plainly with her: "No, he hasn't the same tastes as I; he will buy the pictures *I* like, and then *he* will like them; and in music I don't suppose he knows the 'Pilgrims' Chorus' from 'America'; and he never reads anything but the newspapers and books about machinery; but I expect to be very happy with him, because I respect him, and—he charms me. He is so direct and simple, he rests me. Besides, I shall never be jealous of a living woman. He's that kind. And —although he knows nothing *really* of art or music or literature, he is refined in his own way, and he has far, far nicer ideas of woman than no end of beautiful young men I know whose manners are so much more exquisite than his. I expect to be very happy."

She was happy for a long while. She was happy, at last, after her little daughter died, although something seemed to snap in her heart then, and she never felt the light-hearted gayety of youth again. But, by degrees, she wearied of her life. Paula had exquisite taste, perhaps too exquisite to be tolerant. She asked more of her world than she realized. Gentle and unassuming to a degree, she was nevertheless an aristocrat to her finger-tips; indeed, it had counted for much with her that Miles was a lineal descendant of the stout little Puritan fighting-man. She was not only critical, she was sensitive. The critic is not always sensitive; he is sometimes merely arrogant; Paula was not arrogant, and Amiel's sombre confession might have been hers: "My happiness demands a thousand conditions. I have a heart too easily reached, a too restless imagina-

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[See Page 795]

SHE SPOKE LOW AND HURRIEDLY TO VICTOR

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tion; despair is easy to me." Her husband's utter unlikeness of temperament had been his mysterious charm to her. Miles was never uncertain of himself; to examine was to decide, to decide was to act. He expressed himself in violent action, joyously. He was never conscious of his own mental processes; they were over before he knew that they were at work. At first there was an overpowering, unspeakable attraction to Paula in this strong and simple soul. She felt only its sincerity at first; she had not come to study its springs of being, and to see that the same magnetic earnestness which convinced others convinced himself also. His wide receptivity was a delight to her then. Now, it wearied and perplexed her. When his business plans began to dip into a wider orbit, when his careless good-nature passed into anxious thought for not only the welfare of his own working-men, but the welfare of workers generally, she was at first critical, and gradually antagonistic.

By degrees she lost her belief in him. He was only a dreamer, not a thinker; a dreamer whose dreams were acts. She tired of his vast hopefulness; she tired of his plans. Gradually he said less about them to her. She knew that she ought to be sorry; but she knew, also, that she was relieved. And the latter consciousness gave her a sinister chill. She tired not only of her husband, but of the life about her. She was homesick for the more placid, gentler, slower civilization which she had left. She was tired, tired beyond the power of her nerves to endure, of the rush and hurry and vivid hopefulness and merciless struggle of life in the West. She began to plan how she would put Victor into school in a lovely, quiet Massachusetts school town, and she herself would have a house there, near Boston, and music and art and her girlhood friends. If only, if only Miles would retire! She felt a confused and dim but heavy wretchedness, the reverberation in her soul of the cruelty of loss and bereavement, of the suffocating mystery of pain, of all the failure and disappointment of life. Yet she was not tangibly unhappy; at times she had an uplift of exquisite joy—for there was always Victor. He had all his father's charm for her, and he had also a child's appeal of innocence and grace. He satisfied her sense of beauty and her pride as well as her heart. Then came the accident. Should she ever forget the horror of that day, culminating in the moment when she overheard the doctor's words to Miles, and knew that her boy could never see again? Miles would have deceived her, would have let her hope, as he was letting Victor hope. She did not tell him that she knew; it seemed to her that the last intolerable touch to her agony would be his clumsy sympathy. She knew that deep down in her heart she held her husband guilty. Why must he always be taking Victor to the shops? Why did he not watch him? Why had he retained that crazy engineer? She confessed that she was unjust, but she could not control that dragging resentment. Now, however, it was in the background, for the keenest sensation she had was fear —fear lest Victor should know his own fate. Victor's question roused her; somehow it must be answered. Presently Miles would be coming to luncheon. She would ask him. She hated to ask him, but she saw no way out. While she considered, she could hear Miles's whistle on the stairs. It irritated her vaguely, it was so cheerful. She knew that he had begun whistling to cheer Victor; but lately she had suspected that the cheerfulness was less of a pretence. "He is reconstructing all his plans," she thought, "and he is getting interested in the new ones." It seemed to her heartless, this ready adjustment, this resignation to a horror. Her face stiffened, her beautiful dark eyes veiled themselves in a mist of cold reserve, as the step echoed nearer. Miles's step had once been an attraction to her, so strong yet so clearly emphasized, no shambling or hesitation, light and quick. Now, she feigned that it was the very image and type of the man, and wearily recoiled from its assertion. He came into the room, a whiff of machinery coming with him, at which his wife's sensitive nostrils expanded.

"Oh, papa," cried Victor, "you've been over the machines!"

"You are sharp's a meat-axe, Victor. Well, yes, I have, trying some new machines."

"What, papa?" — Victor's voice was eager; but instantly the animation faded. "No, I'd rather not," he added quickly.

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Miles turned his eyes towards his wife; had she seen them then, she would not have been so sure that he had ceased to suffer; but she was looking stonily out of the window at a fair landscape which she did not see. He straightened himself in the chair, and gave Victor's pale little face a determined smile. "Been reading, this morning, son? Or writing? With your new type-writer?"

"No, papa; I've been thinking."

"Best not; thinking's bad."

"Papa, I do wish I could see Don."

Miles continued to look, still with the smile, although he bent his brows thoughtfully. "Well, why not?" he said—"when—when Don gets better." He added the last clause quickly, because Paula had looked up with a flash of warning.

"Is he too sick to see me now? Uncle Steve said he was much better."

"He *is* better. I'll see this afternoon how he is exactly."

"And you'll send the carriage for me, and have them take me right there, if he can see me? Oh, I *hope* he can!" Victor sighed.

"All right," said Miles, easily.

But no sooner was he alone with his wife in the next room than he explained himself. "If we can rouse Victor we shall do a good thing," said he; "better let him see Don. Of course there is a risk."

"You mean that he will tell Victor?"

"No; I mean that Victor will tell *him*. Don can be depended on to be prudent; but—to tell you the truth, Paula, I was thinking of Don himself; he doesn't know Victor was hurt then; he thinks he has pneumonia, or something. He keeps asking about him."

"I believe you are sorry for—for that lunatic."

"Yes, I'm sorry. I was angry at first, and unjustly enough; but I've got past that."

"I can't," said Paula, passionately. "I don't see how you can!"

"He is fond of Victor; and he is fond of me. Poor Don! You like moral problems, Paula; there's a hard one. Here is Don, who does what he does only out of an unselfish desire to help men. He believed the engine was the devil that took the bread out of men's mouths; and though it was the darling of his heart, he blew it up. He chose his hour carefully, when only he would be endangered; he risked—I suppose he expected to lose—his own life; and—you see what he did—hurt the ones he wanted to help, and inflicted a cruel misfortune on us. It's hard to understand."

"It does not seem to me so hard. Steve says that Macdonald is a type of his class. He is. And this — this" — she choked, but controlled herself—"this is your reward for believing in such people and pampering them, keeping the shop open when you were losing money, and planning, if you made any, to give them a share. It's all a mistake, Miles; you only make trouble for yourself. The more you give them the more you *may!* They understand the hard master who is trying to get all he can out of them, and they respect while they hate him; but the liberal employer who wants to share, they consider a hypocrite, who is making a merit of half doing his duty. Didn't my cousin John use to give his men a week's holiday in the country and excursions, and everything paid for; and didn't they after a while get used to it and find all manner of fault with their accommodations, and grumble furiously? And didn't they batter up the nice, pretty, convenient houses he built for them; and weren't they willing to pay rent for houses outside rather than keep the very few rules—"

"They do love their freedom," laughed Miles. "Yes, Cousin John used to stagger me a little; but he doesn't now. The American working-man doesn't want charity; he wants a *chance!* And if he's unreasonable, and overrates his own share in the success of a business, why, that's what we all do, more or less. Vanity is necessary to happiness, and I guess to success."

"It is none the less disagreeable," Paula murmured, shrugging her shoulders.

"It has been intimated that I am a little vain myself," grinned Miles.

"Only a *little?*" said Paula—her tone was meant to be playful, but the inward chagrin slipped through the lightness as a smouldering fire darts out through a broken board.

"Maybe a good deal"—Miles spoke soberly—"but when a man ceases to feel

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that rush of confidence in his own strength that floods his veins like wine, why—he's lost his grip. Paula, my dear wife, we've got to accept democracy, even though you and Steven don't like it."

"I *hate* it! And these people, these blatant, pushing creatures that are just as good in their own opinion as the best; who murder English and have vile manners, and are odiously poor or more odiously rich,—I wish I could see them put into their places with a gatling-gun!"

"No doubt," responded Miles, with unusual gravity. "I suspected you felt that way. But—it changes nothing. We are not going to be less democratic, but more; we are going to share the supposed good things of life more generally instead of less, and the working-man is going to feel his oats more instead of less. We have got to take things as they are, and not knock our heads against a stone wall. In the beginning, only the nobility had the privileges and the good time; they bossed the job; now, the middle classes have the right of way; *they* are the ruling power; the next step will be for the proletariat—"

"And the next will be chaos; and the man on horseback! I shall welcome him."

"It might, if we let these thundering donkeys of socialists get the throttle; they'd run the engine into a ditch in no time; but they won't get the chance. The people who are going to solve the labor problem, and the infernal puzzles of distribution, are not going to be the socialists or the reformers, but simply hard-headed business men. I've taken to reading history: that's where you have to go, not to the theorists, if you want to get any light on social experiments. If you are looking, you'll see that you can't keep a reform moving unless you've got the big spring behind; and the big spring, the spring that works every day in the year, is *self-interest*. I'm not underrating the force of a moral push, you know; that's big, the biggest kind—for a spurt; but it's only for a spurt! You can't keep up a revival all the year round! You can get a subscription for a poor family, easy; but you can't get those same folks to put up a dime a day, and hand it over themselves, for six months. Look at the model tenements; they only did good when they began to pay. We can never change for the better until we make it worth the clever people's while to change; and that's what *can* be done. We are going to take socialism into business, get the good, and drop the rot."

"Maybe you will be the prophet yourself, Miles," said Paula, very softly, sneering. Somehow his absorption in such plans and hopes when Victor— She looked at his kindling face and criticised every line.

"I know I mean to be *one* of them," said Miles, stoutly. A moment later he added: "Paula, just consider what an amazing and wonderful thing the industrial system is; how it grows; and how it changes, not by one man's will or a hundred men's; just slowly, almost without men's seeing, and always without their fully comprehending. They're not after one blooming thing except making money; and yet, the crops get harvested, and more and more crops get raised, and more and more goods are manufactured, and there is more to share; and it *is* shared, too, in spite of all the drivel that fellows may say who see a little corner honestly, and talk through their hat, or lie to get votes—in spite of all that; and in spite of the times when the machinery gets out of whack, and we have panics and hard times and a villanous, heart-rending lot of misery—yes, it is shared; the lot of those who haven't the wits or the chance or the dogged pluck to get more than wages, their lot, on the whole, is better. It's almost enough to make a fellow believe in God just to see how men make these changes and help other men, unconsciously. Paula, we are going to see an industrial revolution with our own eyes; we are seeing it now."

"Maybe," said Paula, coolly, "but I shall be content with seeing it. I don't want you in it."

Miles took a turn down the room; halfway he stopped sharply—not on the rug, but on the polished floor, and ground his heel into the wax. Paula's lips parted, but she closed them.

"Paula, I have a chance to get out. Benner is willing to buy me out. They are going to have a wagon-makers' combination."

Paula's face slightly flushed, and the light came into her eyes. "Is Benner

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the one you used to talk about, the one who cut under your prices, and you let him load himself up with contracts which he couldn't fill, and then the people had to come to you and pay more?"

"No; that was the Howe brothers; they had a little plant, did all the office work themselves for nothing, and worked fifteen hours a day. Poor fellows, I think they went under last month, or just saved themselves; Benner bought them out for a song."

"It was rather hard on them."

"D—— hard. That's the trouble with competition carried to the cutthroat point. Business men are as helpless as gladiators—have to fight and kill folks they haven't any quarrel with."

"Can Benner pay you a fair price?"

"Yes, he's good; he'll have the cash. Money is easy to find, now election is over. The money part is all right, and the price is all right. There is going to be a combine, and Benner wants to be president; he wants me out of the way; he's willing to pay."

"Why don't you take his offer?"

"Because I want to be president myself, dear girl. See?"

Paula came up to him and laid her white hand with its flashing rings on his shoulder. "Oh, Miles, if you only would take it, and let us go to Massachusetts and try to do something for Victor." Her voice trembled over the name. She had a thousand things to say; but she no more could have said them than she could weep and cry when she had an agonizing headache.

Miles sighed heavily. "Paula, dear," he said, "we don't need to go to Massachusetts to help Victor; this young man who is coming next week has been a teacher in a blind-school for three years; he's as good as we can get; he'll teach Victor. And I don't want to be superannuated at forty-one, just when I've found out something."

"There are plenty of things in Massachusetts."

"No doubt; but my job's here. I mean to be president myself; and I mean to see that my ideas instead of Benner's are carried out with our men."

"The *men*—always the men!" cried Paula, with flashing eyes. "You care for nothing else. Haven't you sacrificed enough for the men? If it were not for the men, Victor—" She bit her lip.

"It was not the men's fault," said Miles, turning away. "I suppose, if you come to that, it was my own negligence. I ought not to have let him out of my sight—"

"Hush, Miles," Paula interrupted in her soft, low-keyed voice. "It was what might have happened with any one. He ran ahead. How could you possibly guess? I only meant that if you had sent away Macdonald—if you had never let Victor run about the shops— I can't feel kindly to Macdonald; and I *can't* get interested in men who are only watching their chance to hit us."

"I know you can't, Paula," said Miles. "Let's not talk about it."

She went up to him and kissed him, touched by a new note in his voice; and her conscience smote her; she had meant never to let him know that she held him indirectly guilty. She did not see the face that frowned past her at the dull November hill-side and the glittering river. Miles waited a moment after she had left the room. He watched the undulation of her skirts over the door-sill. He turned eyes which had suddenly grown haggard towards the wall. On the other side the wall was Victor's little bed; he could see Victor's face as it had beamed on him six weeks ago. "I don't see how I am going to bear it!" said Miles, very slowly. Then he straightened himself with a grim smile. "I've *got* to bear it," said he, and walked out of the room whistling a rag-time jingle.

They did not suppose Victor could hear; but even well-bred voices rise occasionally beyond gauging, and Miles's voice was louder than a well-bred voice should be, while Victor had keener ears than any one dreamed; he had not heard much that was said, but every word about himself he heard, and he understood. The patient little face turned to the wall.

Paula and her husband went out to luncheon, where Miles said almost nothing, and Paula talked pleasantly of music and Cousin John's new house. She kissed him when he went away after luncheon, because her conscience still smote her.

But it was characteristic of her temperament that her remorse was not for her lack of sympathy with her husband,

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but that she should have expressed such a lack. Paula always chastised herself when she was petulant; it was a loss of that personal dignity and repose which she regarded as the first duty of a self-respecting gentlewoman. The way Miles let his angry impulses explode into speech—sometimes not quite fitted for a lady's ear—sapped her respect for him. Once she said to him: "Miles, after you have sworn at a man, and recited all the kinds of a mean fellow he is, you feel so much better you don't do anything to him."

At which Miles had shaken his big shoulders ruefully and returned: "That's not you, Paula; you wouldn't lisp a word, but wait and put your knife into him with a relish. You women scare a fellow sometimes, you are so gentle and so cruel!"

She said nothing; she did not think that she was cruel; but she was glad she was not brutal and soft by turns.

Meanwhile Victor lay with his face hidden, while the talented trained nurse wrote a letter home. At last he *knew*. He was his father's son, and to know was to decide, to decide was to act.

"Miss Duneford," said Victor.

The nurse laid down her writing-pad and came up to the bed; she had on her rubber heels, but she walked heavily for a slender young woman. Victor knew just when she was opposite the table with the medicine. "Miss Duneford, what's that medicine you give me for making the pain less,—is it mor-phine?"

"Yes, Victor. Why? Do your eyes hurt you now? Morphine is bad to give except when the pain is very bad; it kills people."

"Not those little bits of pieces?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But you'd have to take a *great* many of them?"

"Only three or four."

"Aren't there other medicines besides mor-phine that help pain?"

"Certainly."

"I should think doctors would give them instead, and not give such dangerous medicines. People might take them, lying round."

"But they don't lie around; I keep it in my syringe."

"What's a syringe?"

Miss Duneford explained patiently in language suited to a child's comprehension; she even let Victor hold the syringe in his hand. He seemed interested, taking out the different vials, and trying to tell by the feeling which was the morphine, which the atropine, which the digitalis, which the strychnine; it was while he was examining one of the vials that he turned his head quickly towards the window, saying: "Is that the lawn-mower?—the horse lawn-mower? Won't you please go to the window and see, Miss Duneford?"

The nurse went, amiably; she assured him that it was only a passing wagon carrying dirt to some part of the grounds. He thanked her; and then, his interest in the syringe passing, he wanted his little bank, and sat playing with it while she arranged his clothes for him, ready for his drive. "Nobody can open that bank but me," he said, soberly; "that's the nice thing about that bank." Soon he let her take it away, but made her put it on his little table, by the bed; he said he liked to open it and count his money. "And I want my type-writer," said he; "I'll write on it while you get my clothes out to go driving." She heard the type-writer clicking busily, and thought what a mercy it was that children are so easily diverted. He was slipping the paper into his bank when she came back. "How clever you are getting with your fingers, Victor! You couldn't write faster if you could see," said she. Being a very conscientious young woman, she was always striving to prepare the child, tactfully, for his future of darkness. Victor smiled a queer, unchildish smile, which somehow recalled his mother to her. She had never thought that he looked like his mother, before.

Paula herself entered to say that the carriage was ready, and she led Victor down stairs. As he sat beside her in the victoria, and she felt the pressure of his slim young shape, her heart ached for him. It ached harder and harder as they drove along; he made her describe the streets and the children; how everything looked; she could not supply enough detail for the picture. All at once he said, "Mamma, I want to go to the shops—to *our* shops." She could not refuse him; and she gave the order.

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At one point in the road they were passing the cottages of most of the workers.

She saw some women out in the yards; they were doing their work, and their limp calicoes struck her as untidy. In one house the woman sat on the door-step, holding a tousled head in her hands. Her attitude spoke grief; but Paula looked from her to a sturdy urchin swinging on a pear limb. And Victor said:

"What are they doing, mamma, in all the places? Are boys running about? Are they climbing trees?"

"Some of them."

"Tell me about *one* place. Stop and tell me."

Carelessly Mrs. Standish described the yard with the humpy little lawn and the withered snowball-bushes, the woman sitting on the porch, and the boy in the tree.

"That must be Campbell's house," said Victor, musing;—he knew every foot of the road.

"Campbell's?" Really it was of no consequence to Paula whose was the house; she looked at the woman weeping —that was plain on a second glance— and the boy swinging by his nimble bare heels from the tree.

"Yes, ma'am, Campbell's," said the coachman; "and she's feeling bad; they buried their oldest boy this morning."

"Oh!" said Victor. Paula said nothing; and Victor wondered was she thinking it was worse to be blind than dead. Would she have felt worse if he had died?

"They feel pretty bad, I guess," Simon the coachman continued, with the freedom of the West; "he's the only one in the house had a job; it wasn't much, but it's kept 'em all summer. I don't know what they *will* do, now."

Paula's lip curled: it was not the grief which she had almost pitied with a pang of recognition and a quick tightening of her clasp of Victor's hand; it was a selfish terror of want, now the poor frail young barrier was swept away. The lad was well out of it.

And Victor's heart sank.

They drove on to the works, Victor only once speaking; that was to say, "Mamma, haven't we come to Bridget's yet?"

"It's just opposite, ma'am," explained Simon. "Ain't it wonderful how he knows!"

Bridget's house was newly painted (by one of her boarders who was out of work, and not a painter by trade, hence wielding a generous and not altogether accurate brush). There were frost-bitten chrysanthemums in front, and a kitchen-garden in the rear, where two men were covering the strawberry-plants with straw. A third man, who was neatly girt with a white apron, was peeling oranges on the front porch, calling questions through the open window. If Bridget's boarders were out of work at their trades, it was plain she saw to it that they should not be idle.

Simon grinned. "She's a slick one," said he. "When she found all the shops were shut down, and the boys hadn't no work, she didn't turn 'em out,—not her; nor she didn't let 'em eat her out of house or home,—not her again. She jest hired 'em herself; went round and got a raft of orders for preserves and things, and put the men at helping her. They thought it was a joke; but they say she's cleared expenses and a little over."

"And she takes good care of Don?" said Victor, wistfully.

"The best ever was."

"Simon, is Don anywhere you can see?"

"Yes; his bed's at the window; I can see his head."

"Oh, Simon!" Victor caught his breath; he trembled with eagerness. "Oh, mamma, please, please let me go in now, this minute! He surely's well enough if he's at the window; I want to see Don so much!" There was a pathos in his using the familiar phrase which was so sadly incorrect; and there was a keener pathos in his eager face. Paula could not resist it; she gave the order to the coachman to turn and go to Bridget's.

Bridget saw them first; and the color was dashed out of her face in a second. She stood on the threshold, hesitating; but not for long, for Don's own eyes were on the window; and he uttered a joyous cry: "Bridget! Bridget! it's Victor Standish! he's coming here!" He lifted his head — it was all that he could lift—from the pillows, gazing with sparkling eyes; and the blood curdled about Bridget's heart. If he were to find out what he had done, if he were

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to know how the explosion which he had caused had wreaked its cruelest force on the boy he adored, how would he take it? She could not prevent the meeting. She had dreaded it, had avoided it by the feeble little feminine makeshifts which had occurred to her during many a wakeful night; now she could see no escape, and the minutes were flying, the carriage was at the gate. Two of the men had sauntered nearer to see it; and Simon was giving them furtive nods of recognition.

She ran out desperately, knowing as little as before how she should prevent the whole story coming out.

Mrs. Standish was already at the gate. "May my little boy come in to see Macdonald?" said Paula, with her charming manner. Bridget looked up at her beautiful face, a single imploring glance, that instantly dropped; then her eyes fell on the little figure already fumbling its eager way out of the carriage, and they filled. "He is very anxious to see Macdonald," said Mrs. Standish.

"Mayn't I take him in? I'll take good care of him if you'll let me, ma'am," said Bridget.

Paula had noted that dimness of the eyes, and her face changed a little. "If you like," she answered, gently; "I know I can trust you."

Bridget drew a deep breath; her "Thank you, ma'am," had an emotion in it Paula could not understand; in fact, she dimly saw a deliverance. As she walked along she spoke low and hurriedly to Victor. "There's one thing. I hope you won't let Don know *how* your eyes got hurt. He—he's in a very sensitive kind of a way. It would make him excited; he — doesn't even know — know about your eyes. You don't mind telling him they were hurt accidentally, and you don't like to talk about it—that wouldn't be a story, would it? And if he knew—if he knew Ellen had done it, his own engine, you see it would make him feel awful bad."

"Yes, of course," said Victor; "he thought so much of Ellen. I won't tell him."

"You are a kind young gentleman," said Bridget, gratefully.

"I wouldn't make Don feel bad for anything," returned Victor, in his old confident, boyish tone. He held Bridget's hand and walked without hesitation.

"Ain't it wonderful the way he does it?" one of the men whispered.

"'S-s-h!" warned the other; "poor little chap!"

Victor heard them both; but he did not pause or change color.

"I want to see Don all by myself," he continued. "Will you please let me?"

"Surely, darling," said Bridget; it was by an effort she kept herself from kissing the child.

Don was waiting; but his welcoming cry faltered as he noted Victor's bandage. The boy went straight to him and shook his hand. "I'm awful glad to see you, Don," said he. "Of course," he added, "I can't really *see* you, but that's what I say. Is there a chair, or shall I sit right on the bed?"

"Just on the bed, close up to me; you won't hurt me. Now you tell me how you are, and all about you."

"I've been sick," said Victor, "and my eyes are wrong; I guess they'll never be right, Don." His voice trembled. Thus in a single blunt sentence what he had not dared to say was said.

"Oh yes, they will," said Don; "you can't tell by the doctors; they don't know everything."

"It isn't the doctors. They haven't said anything to me. I've just guessed it, Don. But I'm sure. I'm *sure*. You know when you're sure."

"When I've had visions I'm sure," said Don; "but are you *sure*, Victor?"

"Sure," said Victor. "Don! what are you doing? You—you ain't *crying!*"

"No, I *ain't!*" declared Don, ashamed of the sob that had burst from him.

"Is it so awful to be blind? I mean, if you'd a little blind boy, would you feel so bad? Would you wish he died?"

"No, I wouldn't. What makes you say that, Victor?"

"I was just thinking. You think funny things when you're sick. I was thinking maybe my father would feel better if I'd been—if I'd died when I was sick."

"He wouldn't, then. He'd felt worse. Fathers ain't that way. My father told me lots of times that fathers rather have their sons blind or deaf or not strong than have them die. And he knew."

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"Yes, he knew," Victor agreed, "but being blind is so bad. Every day papa tells me things blind folks can do, but it's being doctors and singers and playing on the piano; it's never being a manufacturer."

"But you could be a manufacturer, you know," said Don. "There was a boy who was a carpenter, and a good one, and he couldn't see at all. Say, Victor, we can go on with the machine together; I can see, *you* can work — oh yes, we *can*."

Victor clinched his hands in an overpowering excitement. Then papa would know that he was of use. He flung his arms about Don and hugged him. At once he began excitedly discussing the details of the model, and planning, breaking off suddenly to cry: "Oh, Don, I didn't ask you how you were! Oh, Don, I didn't say how sorry I am!"

"That's all right. I know you're sorry. So am I," said Don, with a sigh. "It's all queer to me, too. But, Victor, I want to go on with the machine. Will you help me?"

"Sure, Don," said Victor, just as he had heard the men say.

They clasped hands, and their faces were solemn.

But Bridget, on the other side of the door, lifted herself with an expression of unutterable relief. "The boy's saved him!" she breathed. She did not know that he had saved the boy.

When Victor saw his father that evening he asked him to sit beside him and talk. Victor's little bank was on the bed beside him. "Been counting your money?" said Miles, cheerfully. "No, papa; I want you to throw something into the fire for me—will you?—and please don't look at it."

"Of course not,—no gentleman would," said Miles, solemnly. He took the crumpled wad of paper and flung it into the fire on the hearth, and turned his head away as it burned. "Is it *all* burned?" said Victor. Miles looked; he saw the charred shreds, which presently became but flakes of ash. He said that it was all burned.

"It was my will," said Victor—"my last will and testermint, you know, like they have in books." Miles shivered; his brows met; he looked at Victor with a devouring keenness of expression.

"Miss Duneford," said he, in a very gentle voice, "will you kindly go to Mrs. Standish and tell her I'm coming up early this evening, with a friend?" He listened to the patter of the rubber heels through the hall before he turned to Victor, saying, "What were you making wills and testaments for, son?"

"I thought I was going to die; and I wanted you to know."

"Well, you *ain't* going to die. Anything but that."

"Would you be sorry? *Now?*"

"Sorry?" That same look was on Miles's face, but his voice was like a woman's. "Look here, son, I'm going to tell you something, but you must just take it in and not say anything. *I couldn't bear it!* I am going to talk as if you were a man and not a boy; and you mustn't say anything. I've got and you've got to keep sandy. For mamma's sake. See? And you've got to remember that whatever it may be to you, it would be infinitely harder for her and me if we'd lost you." Victor slowly nodded his head. He felt for his father's hand and held it. "And you must understand I need you. See? I want you to help me. See?" Victor nodded again. "And you must be a manufacturer, you know—"

"Now? Just the same?"

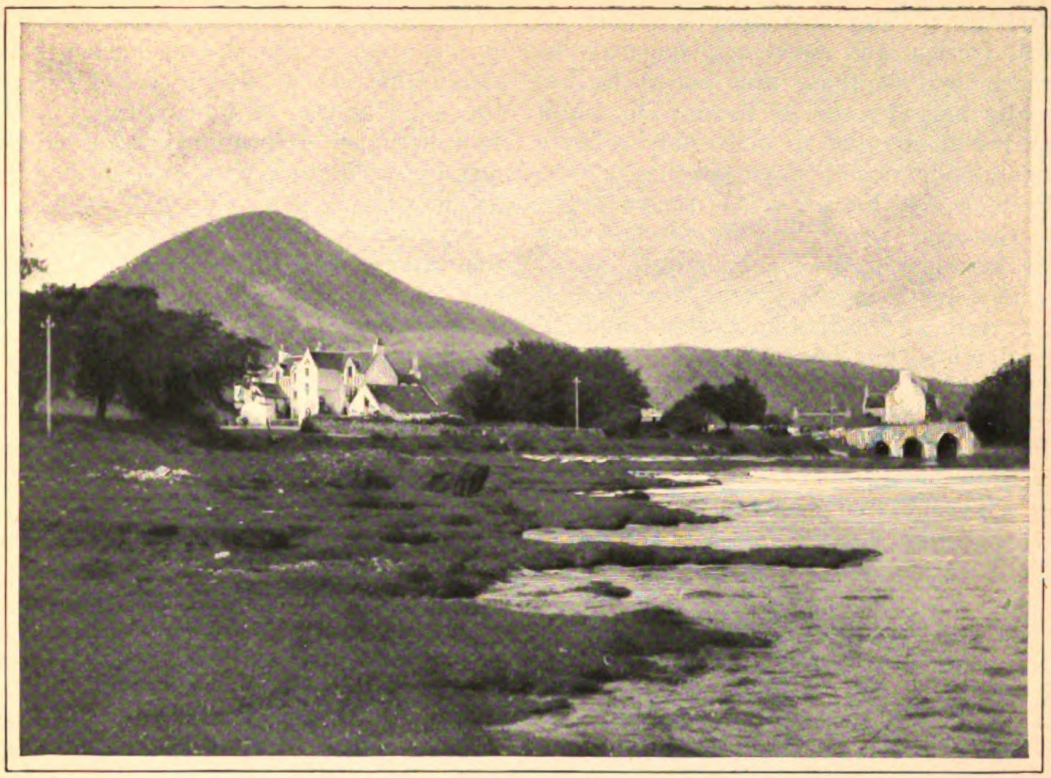
"Of course, now. Precisely the same."

Victor lifted the big hand holding his so closely and made it stroke his cheek. There was a little pause; then he said: "Papa, *I* got something to say; and you must keep quiet. I know all about my eyes—that they won't get well."

Miles looked at his son; he shut his teeth, and the muscles of his face twitched; but he didn't so much as press the little hand in his closer.

He gathered his boy in his arms and held him a second, bewildered and comforted to hear a little relieved laugh from Victor. "There's lots in living besides seeing, papa," said Victor. And Miles puzzled over the laugh, more than once; he did not know that Victor had crawled back from the gates of death that afternoon. He only knew that his boy kept him from a horror of loneliness; and that they were nearer than ever before.

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BEINN-NA-CAILLACH

The Mists o' Skye

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

BEINN-NA-CAILLACH

IT is possible to stay at home and yet make long journeys, as Xavier de Maistre did around his chamber, or Thoreau within the township of Concord. And Thoreau praises his own choice with that felicity of quotation which makes a quotation seem like a casual remark of his own:

> Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.
> Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.

Some people, it seems to say, travel about and examine the ends of the earth, but the stay-at-home learns more about life, and the other only learns about roads (railroads, for instance), hotels and ferries, highways and other ways of going from one place to another. "It is not worth the while," he continues, "to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar."

But then if the world is round, it has no ends, or else the ends and the middle are one and everywhere. I do not think I should counts cats in Zanzibar. I have never done so in Connecticut. Let us not be dogmatic. There are as various ways of travelling as of staying at home, and of living an existence in transit as in rest. At any rate, one has to keep moving in the liquid progression of time. Roads, such as railroads, ferries, and highways, are less ways of going from one place to another than ways of being from hour to hour. After all, it is well to experiment. You cannot know the best without tasting varieties. And if the uses of this world shall have come on a time to seem a bit flat and unprofitable, it is

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perhaps a little stagnancy that motion will freshen and sweeten. One may become tired of those uses before he has really had any use of them. He might go travel in order to understand what a remarkable neighborhood he has always lived in. If his brain has grown foggy in the clearness of New England, it may be the mists of Skye are his antidote.

The mists on the Cuchullins are not fat, dull, and still, like lowland and inland mists, but haggard, and streaming from the black peaks, and full of gusty lines. We saw them first from the top of Beinn-na-Caillach, a red, round-headed mountain hard by Broadford, in the Isle of Skye. To Broadford we came by steamer, and lodged with one Mrs. McCrae, a grave woman whose porridge and cakes were passable, whose windows looked across the highway to the pier and the herring-boats, the cold blue Sound, with its innumerable sea-gulls and massive islands.

One advantage of foot travelling is the better force it gives to the sense of being as compared with the sense of going. To climb Beinn-na-Caillach is to have the sense of going reduced to a minimum. It is farther and higher than it looks. It is not half a mile, but two, over the flat moor, which is crossed with black ditches of the peat-cutters, up the shaggy green terraces of Caillach's pedestal, to where the crumbling rocks begin. For these "Red Hills" all about are breaking down and wearing away; the jagged bowlders lie thickly in the heather at their feet; loose rusty rubble is all over the slopes; the gullies in the cliffs are choked with their ruined masonry. And so each step is an aspiration, a forecast, and an experiment; and in accumulation and retrospect they seem to represent not so much progress as experience. One seems to arrive at the summit through time and a troubled life, rather than by the conquest of space. There he comes upon a great cairn, or pile of stones, to the memory of a mythical Norse woman, said to have been buried there some thousands of years ago. Time lies behind and space around submissively.

She was keen in the choice of her burial-place. But I dare say life was as much a matter of small items to her as to me, as vivid and genuine, and only now and then visionary. I have forgotten the myth, or why she was buried there, except that she wanted to be. It seems almost enough, but sounds nothing mythical. I remember heaving a stone on the cairn, pleased at the possession of a nameless sentiment.

Any one can leave a persistent memory who can compass to be buried on a mountain-top. Let there be a modest cairn to begin with, and the nameless sentiment of the mountain-climber shall add stone to stone, appropriate the landscape for the pedestal, the sky-line for a frieze or metope. He shall stand lifted, enlarged, contemplative.

> The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
> Into his study of imagination, ...
> Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

And it shall seem to him epic, moving in hexameters and stately periods, which seemed to her a matter of small items.

The sounds and straits and the sea, with its plump sleepy islands, lay north, east, and south. Sea and land have uncommon intimacies here. They are tangled and braided together. There is no such caste or color line as goes with an unbroken coast. One understands why the Norseman dropped his sail in the Inner Sound of Skye. "This is another Norway for a seafaring folk. It must belong to me." So he reasoned, and conquered for a time. But the story of his conquest and defeat has gone pale in myths or dry and structural in history. It is either a ghost or a skeleton. You cannot find him there. You would come nearer him by going out in a burly tan-sailed herring-boat, and thinking of him that "He felt the swell heave under him like this. He watched a wave suck in its chest like that, and hiss and sputter foam. The wind blew the spume into lace-work about his prow precisely so, and it pleased him, and he didn't know why. He was matted and unclean, and had a digestion that he didn't notice, whereas I differ from him in many respects, but he was more like me than like his ghost or his skeleton."

One does not envy the woman her cairn or burial-place. She would rather be down on the beach herself, in a hut with a pot on the fire, and blood enough in her to know when it is cold.

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THE SKY-LINE OF THE CUCHULLINS

The sky-line of the Cuchullins is a nightmare.

The wind blew down from Greenland over the shoulder of the world, over Iceland and Harris, and drove us from the top of Beinn-na-Caillach down through the rusty rubble, cumbered gorges, treacherous heather that hid the footing, and over the swampy moor; and so we came again to the cottage of Mrs. McCrae, to her porridge and kippered herring and windows that looked across the highway to the pier and the cold blue Sound, with its bewildering gulls. But there was no doubt that we must go nearer the Cuchullins and see what fashion of things they were.

II

ELGOL

The nearest way on the map seemed to be by Torran, Slapin, and Strathaird, and the nearest shelter to the Cuchullins an empty cottage called "Camasunary," by report a sort of private dak bungalow, where we might put up unless it were already spoken for. It was. "But ye might try the school-house at Elgol." The map testified to the existence of Elgol, and this, with a faith in our standing luck, was enough.

The road to Torran was level, and there was little by the way, except a solitary stone church, whose only sign of parishioners was a cemetery full of bygone McKinnons. Torran was a few huts of stone and thatch, some heavy battered boats on the weedy beach, and men enough ambitious of a shilling to ferry us over to Strathaird. Loch Slapin was no cozy harbor. The hulls of two wrecked vessels lay against the Strathaird shore. There was a vicious swing and snap in the waves even on that quiet day.

Beyond we found the highway again, and went by the highway, and foot-path on the cliffs over the sea, looking for something called "The Spar Cave," described as "a thing not to be missed," and therefore I had doubts about it. But it grew in interest on inquiry. It was two miles away at the first report, and presently became three, then suddenly a mile,

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THE ROAD TO TORRAN

and later a mile and a half. So it grew in interest.

But it is not an impressive cave by the light of two tallow candles. We take a deal of trouble to be acquainted with freaks, a hole in the rocks with a stalactite, or a man who can play four instruments at once. He could play any one of them better if he let the others alone. A stalactite is not so significant as a sea-shell. The tide and wind were rising; gray curtains of rain drifting over the loch. After all, the cliffs, the rain, and the sea-weed were better than the cave; better still to climb over the moors and find Elgol.

Elgol, on Loch Scavaig, a little shore and hill village between the moor and the sea, a long road winding up from the school-house—where the master offered us tea—and around the crest of a hill; gray cottages and huts as natural as birds' nests. Why should they not be as natural as birds' nests?

Some one took a responsibility who first set cities on the one side and nature on some other side, and called the efficiencies of men "artificial" by a sour distinction. It is as if we were somehow less natives, with a birthright in the earth, than its other inhabitants. I do not see that the nature-worshipper who needs the country for his practice of devotion should argue to himself a fine sensitiveness. Why not argue a callousness and dull unseeing eyes that cannot find her admirable in a shop window? "God made the country and man made the town" is the true "pathetic fallacy" of the "naturalists." There is no such distinction. Man made the town, and the foxes dug holes, and the river cut its own channel. The bed of a river is as natural as a street, and no more so; an oak leaf as natural as this written page, and no more so, and the page will be as natural when it is printed. That would be a narrow cult among the crows which called their political system artificial, and admired the habits of hawks as more natural; or among orioles which argued against sophisticated nest structure, and was bent on going back to "simplicity and nature." What has simplicity to do with

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nature more than complexity, unless there is nothing natural but an atom? I should think the man who turned my penholder worked to the laws of his being as well as the tree that grew the wood.

The school-house stood close under a rugged cliff above the beach, a trim brick and government-built, with a careful lawn, half a school-house and half a dwelling for the master, who was a Glasgow medical student, and offered us tea. Yet the black moor hung over it, and the sea mouthed below. I was about to say that the thing did not seem natural.

The schoolmaster led us to one of the nested cottages on the hill, three-roomed with low eaves, and there, it appeared, dwelt one Miss Robertson, with her sister, who spoke only Gaelic, but whose smile was warm and universal—two old women. I think they were of the salt of the earth. A clergyman comes once in two weeks to lonely Elgol to hold a prayer-meeting. It fell on that night, and Miss Robertson sacrificed that seldom pleasure and profit to get us dinner. She confessed it, on accusation—"I couldn't sit in meeting and think you were hungry"—with some embarrassment, as if she thought devoutness should be more impregnable, with a shadowy sadness for the meetingless barren fortnight before her. It involved us in remorse and secret melancholy. To consider that the sacrifice should have more worth to her than the prayer-meeting seemed sophistical. It depends on how one feels toward either, on frequency and custom, on which of the two has settled more stolidly into the plodding habits of life, and become more of a dusty usage. In "The Legend Beautiful" it is said of a certain monk that a celestial vision of his Lord came to him in his cell, and was splendid in countenance and vesture, and consoling to his depression. But it happened to be the hour in his routine of offices when he should feed the hungry who came to the monastery gate daily at that hour. There arose a doubtful question, to go or stay, a subject for casuistry and different points of view. But after all habit is the very stuff of the conscience, the voice of its summons is much like that of an imperative duty, and he turned his back and plodded away to his beggars. One



LOCH SLAPIN

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is said to give alms properly for his own benefit, seeing that he cannot follow its effect for good or evil on those who receive; and surely the question was not quiet in his heart. Yet on coming again to his cell in an hour or more he found the vision still there, and, "Hadst thou stayed," it said, "I must have fled."

That is all very well, but Miss Robertson missed the meeting, and the clergyman would not come again to Elgol for a fortnight.

Still it is something to be now and then no better than one of the hungry and subject to ministrations. For if the giver of alms has economic and social doubts about it, the recipient is quite at rest. He is overflooded by an ancient benediction, as Elgol was overflooded by the moonlight that night. It spread over the ridges and rimmed the black hollows of the moor. But the Cuchullins were black in the face of the moon, and gave not a glimmer to answer her touch and pleading.

III

CORUISK AND SLIGACHAN

The head of Loch Scavaig lies at the feet of the Cuchullins. We came up from Elgol in a sturdy sail-boat, and were landed on the slippery ledge hard by where a stream drops from Loch Coruisk into Scavaig. Scott landed his Bruce here, and introduced a clever description of Coruisk,—a

> dread lake,
> With its dark ledge of barren stone.
> Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
> Hath but a strange and shattered way
> Through the dark bosom of the hill,
> And that each naked precipice,
> Sable ravine, and dark abyss
> Tells of the outrage still.

And he is accurate about a number of details. "Shattered way" is better than accurate. But I think one grows to care less for Scott's scenery. It is seldom lit from within. It appears to be mainly decorative. As a rule its significance diminishes according to its radius from Edinburgh and the Cheviots, and the scenes of his birth and nurture. These had grown into the color and texture of his mind, and so he was better able to get inside of them. Is not that the secret? One is a poet toward nature only so far as he is able to project himself into it, and make it from within to darken or glow. Turner drew Coruisk better and less accurately than Scott described it. He was the bolder poet. He saw more "brave translunar things," and painted poetry of a different law and order. The Cuchullins do not crowd and race over Coruisk like that in the wake of their storm clouds. I think Wordsworth knew that battlements do not have "restless fronts," and Kingsley that "cruel crawling foam" took those qualities from his own bestowing. Ruskin chose the latter phrase to illustrate the "pathetic fallacy" he complained of, and idolized Turner, who painted to the same more distant truth of his own instinct. But the instinct had laws of its own. The reasons for a lake are springs in the mountains, the cup and enclosure of land, and it is to our knowledge that much water falls directly from heaven; yet we have not heard that it is any more lawless when it falls than when it flows. The Cuchullins are igneous rock, and once heaved and ran with red lava. If you stand on the shore of Coruisk while the sheets of gray rain go by, you may see them, in motion once more, drive their jagged spears into the mist and the veils of a hidden sky, bristle with hate and war, and crowd straining after the storm clouds over Coruisk. So Turner drew them. So Wordsworth, in "the cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep," stated no more than was evident. And so I imagine that in this place he might have been led to say that

> each naked precipice,
> Sable ravine, and dark abyss,

does

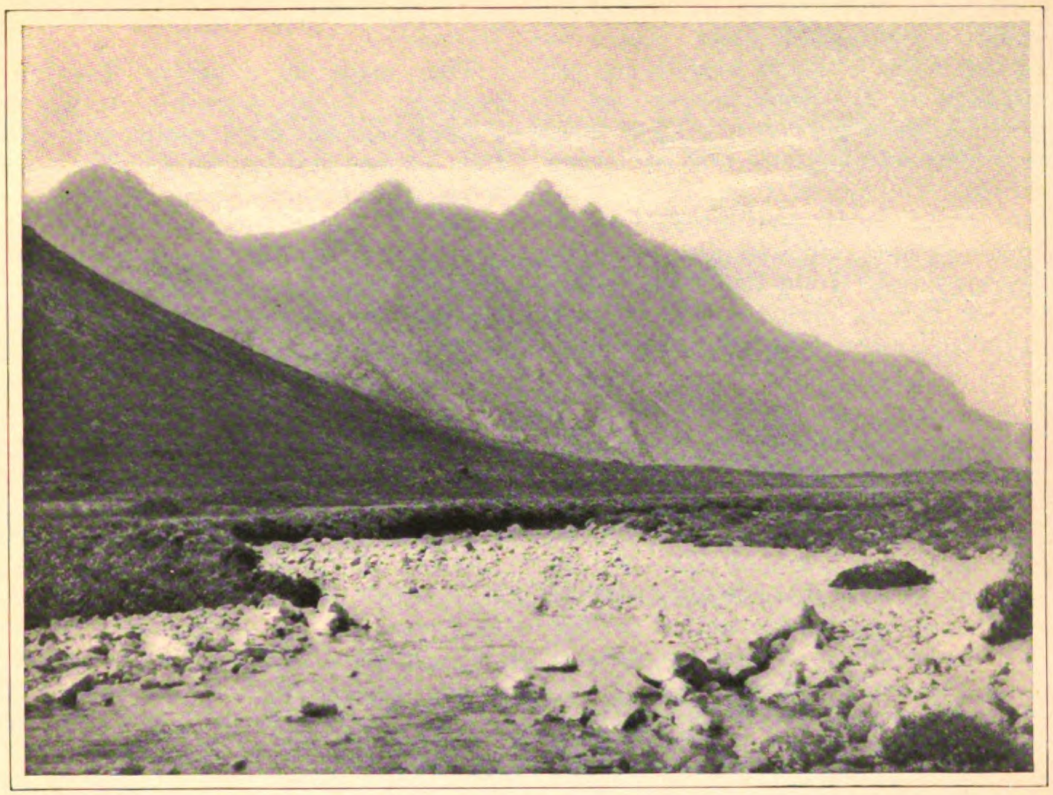
> Tell of the outrage still,

instead of, more timidly, that it "seems" to do so, knowing that it is not worth while for one kind of truth to apologize to another.

Whether you call it the mystery of the Cuchullins, or only infer that the black rocks absorb the light, there is always a brooding gloom in the gorges. The moonlight falters into dusk and dies away.

Shortly after noon the rain came up from the sea and drew long delicate gray lines against the cliffs. It came licking and lisping over the surface of Coruisk,

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THE MELANCHOLY OF GLEN SLIGACHAN

and drove us to the lee of rocks and the shelter of our ponchos, to watch the mists drifting, to listen to the swell and lull of the wind and the patter of the cold rain. There were glimpses now and then of the inner Cuchullins, a fragment of ragged sky-line, the sudden jab of a black pinnacle through the mist, the open mouth of a gorge steaming with mist.

We climbed the great ridge, at length, of rock and wet heath that separates Coruisk from Glen Sligachan, slowly through the fitful rain and driving cloud, and saw Sgurr-nan-Gillian, sharp, black, and pitiless, the northernmost peak and sentinel of the Cuchullins. The yellow trail could be seen twisting along the flat, empty glen. Seven miles away was a white spot, the Sligachan Hotel.

I think it must be the dreariest glen in Scotland. The trail twists in a futile manner, and, after all, is mainly bog-holes and rolling rocks. The Red Hills are on the right, rusty, reddish, of the color of dried blood, and gashed with sliding bowlders. Their heads seem beaten down, a Helot population, and the Cuchullins stand back like an army of iron conquerors. The Red Hills will be a vanished race one day, and the Cuchullins remain.

The melancholy of Glen Sligachan did not seem to come of "old, unhappy, far-off things," Norse and Gaelic wars, or anything so pale as a legend. It was the old bitterness that is yet new and forever, the sense of the unyielding metal of the enginery that tears down and builds, that allows us to study it and infer what we choose, but answers no questions. In the course of incident it comes tacitly and gathers us too into the crucible of its processes. If reading qualities of ourselves into something not ourselves is a "fallacy," it is "pathetic" enough. It is a fallacy that seems likely to persist, the seeking and seeing there some admission of our point of view, some tendency to notice, if not to wish us well, some yielding, perhaps, to humor us. It does not seem to "die among its worshippers," which is a concise argument that somehow it is no fallacy.

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We came to the Sligachan Hotel. It seemed a comfortable oasis. There was a bustle about its doors, warmth and conversation in the smoking-room, an inclination to cheerfulness. Trout-fishers were there, and tourists. Coaches stopped outside. The day grew late.

A white-faced man burst into the smoking-room. He had come on a run the seven miles from Sgurr-nan-Gillian. His comrade in the climb had fallen on Gillian. He had heard the cry, he said, the rush of the body past him, the thud far below.

They made up a party. The night came on. Lights were lit. It was all quiet about the hotel except for softly stepping feet and low voices. Those who went up Sgurr-nan-Gillian on the search passed the night there, and found business in driving the eagles away. We climbed into the mail-cart and rolled off into the darkness over the upland moors to Portree.

The Aisles of the Wood

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

HE is not wise who would shun the joy
Of the life that is called alone,—
To roam the wood, with the heart of Spring
Soft beating against his own.

To watch the clouds as they form or fade,
By the breath of the wind-tide kissed,
On the ocean blue of boundless sky,
With its filmy veil of mist.

To hear the minstrels of high degree
Outpour from their eager throats
In lyric rapture, divine and deep,
Their current of golden notes.

To touch the blades of the keen, soft grass,
And flowers that star the sod,—
Children of bloom who can only speak
In the vernal tongues of God.

To share the odors of loam and leaf,
The balsam of vine and tree,—
To leave the care of the world behind,
And revel with bird and bee.

He is not wise who would shirk his part
In the Master Gardener's plan,
And shun the aisles of the ardent wood
To follow the ways of man.

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Unmanifested Destiny

BY EUGENE R. WHITE

WHEN I saw Harvey Doane still there in the shadow, my feeling was less a transport than a relief. My prey was trapped, no doubt of it. The first neolithic man who ever trapped a great hairy mammoth and danced about the pit he had digged may have felt as elated; he surely felt no more so. He was the happier in but one thing: a few centuries of civilization had not denied him the satisfaction of manifesting his emotions.

Yet as I waited for the reporters I realized I had no more cause—perhaps less—for enmity against Doane than I had against a mathematical formula. Yet I longed to have myself heralded as the assassin of his career! But that was not Harvey Doane in the shadow. There was a cunning old high-priest of political heresy; there was the chanter of the political black mass which is demagogism; and there was the man who, unless fate gave the lie to logic, would be the next President.

As for me, could I with decency ask less for myself than that coveted post in London? Hope reeled with the thought.

I was a youngster then; how young in some things I am not pleased to remember. I was not too young to know that if I could remove Harvey Doane from the path, anything the Boss could grant was mine for the request.

And was not I to do this impossible thing?

The reporters were about to come, but before their coming I longed to announce myself theatrically as the long-sought undoer of Doane. The Boss had never been ungrateful.

And there stood Harvey Doane, slunk in the shadow.

There may be many to whom Harvey Doane is less than a name.

It was not so then. He had cast himself and his gospel into an apparently placid republic, and the ripples became waves that threatened the stability of the enclosing cliffs. He preached not alone the brotherhood of man, but his joint heirship. We, the circle that stood in close political communion with the Boss—we noted his approach to the city as the men of the Middle Ages watched the on-coming of a comet. I was a secretary to the Boss, and I saw that even he feared. The good old Boss, that benign Machiavelli, so often crushed, so sure to rise, as indomitable and as silent a worker as a stalagmite, he had slyly said to me when he heard that Harvey Doane was coming to the city, "A man makes a fool of himself here much easier than anywhere else." But it was hope speaking, as I saw.

So Harvey Doane came. The papers "rehashed" his history. They told of his birth in a Conestoga wagon; of his youth on the plains; of how he leaped to fame and fame leaped to him in a session of a Western legislature. They told how he left what was graciously termed "public" life and went to the hills, where he abode with wild beasts, living a hermit's life, and how a few short years ago he had returned, and returned with the gift of tongues. A merry-andrew, we said, hearing the rumors. And we laughed when some came back and told us that the enemy of the government, by which was meant the "machine" that then acted as the motive power of the government, was in danger. A few years passed and Harvey Doane won favor—zany though he was. And now he came East—to the city.

The details of his conquest ought to be well known. That Week of Speeches, as we called it, stirred the city as no other thing had done in years. The people—our people—nurtured by us in many a campaign, heard him, and fell under his sway as a babe is crooned to content on its mother's breast. The party to which

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Doane nominally belonged arose from its shattered disorganization — we had dealt it many a blow of late—and fell behind him as a unit. When we saw our trusted district leaders struggle to be vice-presidents at his meetings, we fell to chattering. The Boss, the Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos of a nation, was silent. We knew he had sent for Doane, and had ended by going to see Doane himself. But the Boss had won many a victory by first swallowing and then digesting pride. Were, then, the walls he had builded less than Jericho's? And were they in this non-miraculous day to succumb to the seven times repeated blast of a conch?

I went to a meeting and heard Doane. At the end I knew no more than other analysts. There was the rich redemptive manner of a master; there was a voice mystic with meaning; there were ideas that set the blood to racing. He would syndicate the people. The Boss had succeeded otherwise. His organization, a stress neatly balanced here, a strain wisely strengthened there—a structure that reached from primary to national convention, compact of warring ambitions masterfully balanced. His was the rotation of reward, and he dealt with the knowledge of favors granted, which is the hope of favors to come. Harvey Doane was building differently; he would have the people represented without the political middle-man. But this is doubtless familiar ground.

That with which I had to do is not, for I have never told the story. One day, when Doane was ending his second week in the city, I met and reproached Deignan, a district leader who attended the Doane meetings, every one of them. Deignan would not mildly take the reproach. He said:

"That man's talk is hairy—nothing else. It's just hairy, and we like it down our way. But there's one thing I don't just fathom."

Upon my asking, Deignan told me what it was. Nor could I fathom it altogether, and the next day I took a little trip. After it was over I sought the Boss. He was drumming upon the edge of his chair with a paper-cutter. "Well," I said, flushing, "I've—we've got him."

"Doane?" said he, pivoting quickly.

"No one less. He's ours."

"The leviathan is to be drawn out with a hook?" The Boss chose to be sarcastic.

"If the hook has the proper bait," I answered.

"Not women?"

"Women never did much with a man whose obsession is himself," I said, rather pleased with the saying. The Boss merely lifted his eyebrows. "The hook is vanity," I added.

"No stronger was ever forged," mused he. "And what is this wonderful plan?"

"You shall know it—if it is successful," was all I could say. "If it wins, it will rid us of Harvey Doane, I think. But the thought is mine, and the accomplishment must be mine. Then I will turn over the results to you, and with you to handle them Harvey Doane will no longer trouble us, at least not in the city."

The Boss waved me away quite kindly, I thought. So I went about the work. I visited the newspaper offices. At each one of the five more prominent offices I asked to have a skilled man meet me at the Panopticon the next morning at half past ten. In return I promised them a political sensation. The five men would be there. So would two others, myself and Harvey Doane.

The Panopticon, where, fixed in wax, may be seen the notables of this and other ages, I had not visited for years, not since early boyhood. It appealed to the rural visitor to the city, that floating population which makes the city great, imposing as it does upon the country those ideas it is then outgrowing. And it appealed to Harvey Doane, I found from Deignan, most peculiarly. That hermit who had exchanged his hills for the city as a cell had gone every morning to the Panopticon. Why, Deignan did not know, nor I until I had gone there. It was strange, I thought, that a collection of waxen images—of murderers, potentates, and nudes—should excite this man and hold him thrall. I wandered about the rambling galleries, saw the immobile figures of cotemporary fame—rigid, pink-faced, staring enough. Then I knew. I saw Doane himself step into a recess after standing in front of a figure which I saw was that of himself!

I surveyed the scene rapidly. The

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Doane in wax stood at a table in a familiar oratorical attitude. Opposite, the gallery narrowed and a divergent gallery started. The lights hidden and only thrown upon the figures made the passageway dim, and at the right in the dimmest part was a niche. Doane could stand in this, be quite obscured, and yet see and hear what people said as they paused to survey his likeness in wax. I saw him there, enmeshed in his own vanity. An hour later I had completed my plan.

Deny it as we may, there is nothing chivalrous in the American public. Many gods shall he have, this complex, laughter-loving, hero-seeking American, but one thing he demands—that his gods shall not be ridiculous. A laugh has many a time prevented apotheosis.

And it was time that we in the city laughed. We had been too tense, I thought. So I planned the people a fine anticlimax, and what more mirth-moving than that? The story should be told. It should be a feature of several papers. The press associations (the Boss would see to that) would scatter it broadcast. Then the paragraphist, the gadfly of journalism, would take it up. The paragraphist would slay Harvey Doane with myriad stings. And why? Because he stood in a recess to hear what people said to his waxen effigy. They should laugh, this mirth-hungry people. They should laugh, and I—was I too young to be an American ambassador?

The next morning I was at the Panopticon entrance before my time.

Doane was there, early as it was. He was in his niche, and before his effigy stood some rural folk—a man and his family. The man was talking—a homily on Harvey Doane. I wondered what he said. Then I caught the white-gray of a hand—Doane's hand—and I saw my prey take from his pocket a paper of some kind, saw him write on it. A remark of Doane's flashed through my memory—"The man of to-day who would be the man of to-morrow must interpret aright his fellow of the street. I am phrasing no new theory; I speak what is in the heart of every one, whether he has ever voiced it or not. Let any man learn of the people from the people direct, and if he speaks what he learns he cannot fail to be great. This is because the people are great. That is why Congress is the House of Misrepresentatives—"

Was this espionage on his waxen image, then— My blood stood still—crystallized. Then I walked, biting my lower lip. Who was I to interfere? The distaste of the deed grew. It might react. But no; trust the American reporter, the American paragraphist! The man's fate was mine. I had planned this thing. Even if he did adopt this remarkable method of hearing what people said of him, what then? Should the public laugh the less? No! They would laugh, and I should get my reward.

There was Thorpe of the *Bulletin* coming toward me. I pulled myself together for his salutation. Thorpe I had known at college. He was smiling.

"Great place for an assignation," he said. "I came early to look over the array. Good material for specials here."

Good; he hadn't asked me what he was here for. I regained my breath.

"Hello!" he said, "there's the Great Disturber;" and he walked over to the figure of Doane. I tried voicelessly to restrain him, but he was walking straight for it, I after him. Why I went I never knew.

Thorpe looked at him with interest. "He's the boy that will pull the Boss's whole structure down about our ears," said Thorpe.

I felt cooler for some reason. I spoke to a hidden audience. "Boys don't pull down structures," I said; "Samsons are required for such work."

"Well," said Thorpe, and there was a look, half hope, half fear, on his broad face, "time will tell. I don't know, for one. I've interviewed him, too."

"And do you mean to say that you didn't get a peep behind the mask?"

"No," said Thorpe, his face a wide oval of conviction, "I didn't. I think the man's square."

"He's a poseur."

"No," said Thorpe, wheeling and putting a broad hand on my shoulder—Thorpe is an immense structure—"he doesn't pose; not at least in the sense you mean. Now I brush up against, at one time or another, all the midges whose actions will one day be read as history, and Doane is different. Somehow all of

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these ideas that have rearranged life have been represented in the personal equation first. There's got to be a man first, and Doane is a man."

I had not bargained for this. There stood Harvey Doane behind us, slunk in the shadow. Now for something that would make him wince! Thorpe at that moment turned around. He caught sight of a representation in wax of "The Russian Wedding," and started for it. His path would lead him in front of Harvey Doane. But Doane stood half out of the niche! He had no time to withdraw, Thorpe had moved so suddenly.

I was at Thorpe's heels. Would he notice? Indeed he did. He stopped in surprise.

"Well, I'm blamed!" he said, smiling as he said it—"I'll be blamed! These museum people are all right. I'll be asking a pink-faced policeman next what the time is, or bowing to the figure of a wax woman. It is time I went back to the country."

"What's the matter?" I stammered.

"Why, I thought that was the real thing for a moment," said Thorpe as he waved an open hand at Harvey Doane.

Breathlessly I stepped nearer. There was Doane, immobile, lifeless, stiff—waxen enough. My eyes sought out his, found them—and fell before them. I shook myself together to defy him with another glance. But as I looked they fell again.

"Great, isn't it?" said Thorpe.

Great indeed! I was about to call out: "Thorpe—there's the actor! That's the real Harvey Doane—Doane imitating himself. There's the actor I knew he was;" but I didn't. Thorpe had walked away. I stood there with Harvey Doane.

I thought of the mimicry of animals, how even an insect when menaced will assume a defence of simulating his background, and I could have laughed. My blood surged about my ears till I choked. "Now, Harvey Doane," I would say, "you are run to earth!" Then behind I heard men talking—the rest of the reporters seeking me! A nation will laugh to-morrow, and the laugh will undo you, Harvey-Doane. Let him defy back with those eyes! Let him dare!

I looked at him, intending to smile, to smile knowingly, to warn him of doom approaching. Was that defiance? No; it was courage! His eyes looked into mine, looked through mine into something behind. Into what? Great heavens, what acting! He knew me, knew Thorpe, knew it all! I saw that. But there was no defiance. I wished there were. So does every executioner. But what was that look?

"Come," I meant my face to say—"come, Harvey Doane, the game is played. You are mine. Upon what light axes does history revolve; in what a narrow orbit a man's reputation!" Then I caught his eyes again. Hope was dead in that whited face; hope was dead in the slant of that finely drawn mouth. But the eyes! More is dead than hope!

I have always tried to analyze what I read there, and I never could. "Poor boy," I seemed to read, "do you know what you are doing? Not to me," and I insist I read it there—"not to me, but to yourself, your kind?"

I suddenly felt as though a hand from behind had grasped my uplifted arm when I was about to defile a sanctuary. That's all I can make of it even now.

He saw that I felt it. Hope can outbreed the maggot.

Close behind with thunderous steps were men—my reporters. Without knowing what I did, I wheeled and walked towards them.

"Hello!" I said. "Where's Thorpe? He was here a minute ago. And I'm sorry to say that the little story I expected to pull off for you hasn't materialized. But I'll have a better one—one that will use up more space—an interview with the Boss on Harvey Doane; he's never said a word yet."

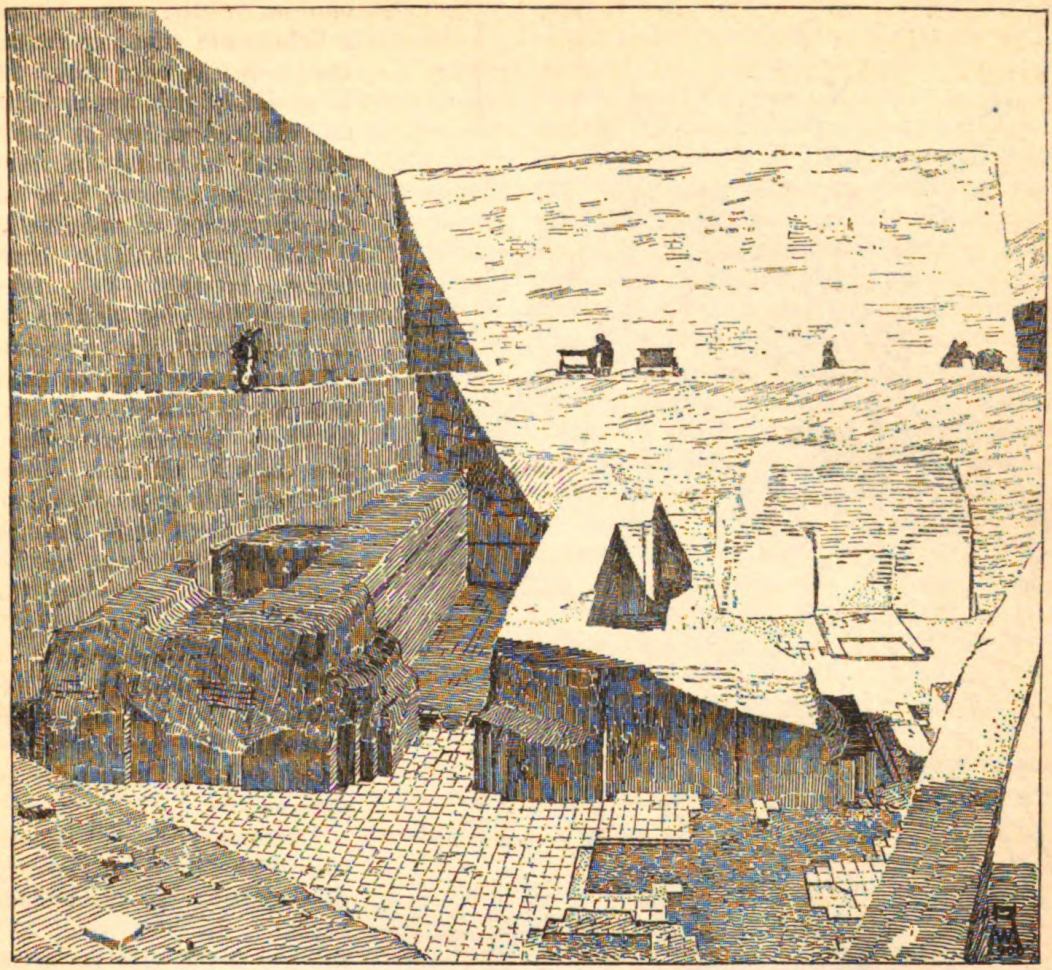
"What's up?" said Thorpe.

"It's all up," I said, trying to laugh; "exploded; in the air."

Thorpe's eyebrows drew together a bit, and he shrugged his shoulders. He looked over my head toward the niche, and I thought I saw his eyes grow round a moment. But I never asked him if he knew. Not even later, after that day which came so soon when Harvey Doane was killed in a runaway—the day upon which the public began to forget all about him.

But I—I never can forget.

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EXCAVATION AT THE TEMPLE OF MARDUK, THE PRINCIPAL GOD OF BABYLON

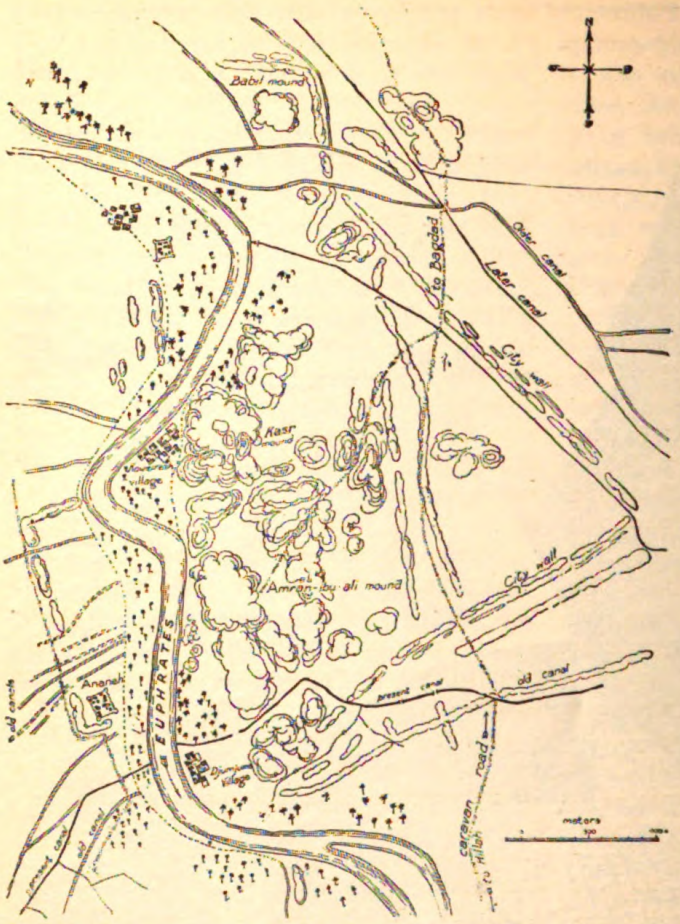
The Palace and Temple of Nebuchadnezzar*

BY MORRIS JASTROW, Jr., Ph.D.

DURING the past three years a party of German explorers has been busy excavating the series of mounds that extends from two to five miles north of the village of Hillah,—about forty miles to the south of Bagdad. These mounds cover the remains of the famous city of Babylon, so familiar to us all from its associations with Nebuchadnezzar, the destroyer of Jerusalem. While the work of the explorers is far from complete, they have already been fortunate enough to discover the exact site of the great palace begun by Nabopolassar, the father of Nebuchadnezzar, and completed by the latter. This edifice was famous throughout the ancient world. It is this palace to which the author of the Book of Daniel refers in his story of the mystical handwriting on the wall that foretold the downfall of

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GENERAL VIEW OF MOUNDS COVERING THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF BABYLON, ACCORDING TO DR. R. KOLDEWEY, 1898

the great city. In it Cyrus, on his conquest of Babylon, in the year 538 B.C., took up his official residence, and the same building two centuries later witnessed the pathetic death scene of Alexander the Great.

Besides the palace the explorers have also discovered the exact site of one of the most important edifices in the entire history of Babylonia, the great temple of Marduk, or Bel, the head of the Babylonian pantheon. Although the beginning of this structure goes back to a very ancient period, it was Nebuchadnezzar who restored and enlarged it beyond its former proportions, and within the sacred precinct in which the temple stood he erected numerous shrines to various gods and goddesses, who constituted, as it were, the court of the chief god. A feature of the precinct was a huge tower eight stories in height, formed by a series of stages, one above the other, with a balustrade running round the tower to the top. It is probably this tower that the biblical writer in Genesis had in mind in narrating the curious tale of the dispersion of mankind.

The city that is thus being brought to light through the pick and spade is essentially the creation of Nebuchadnezzar, so that the words which the author of Daniel puts into the mouth of the King, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the royal dwelling place, by the might of my power and for the glory of my majesty?" (chap. iv., 30), receive a significance through the excavations of the twentieth century far greater and more realistic than was ever dreamed of.

There is a special reason why Babylon is so largely the creation of Nebuchadnezzar. In the year 689 B.C. the town with its great edifices was burnt to the ground by Sennacherib, the Assyrian King, who claimed sovereignty over Babylon, and whose patience was exhausted by the rebellious spirit manifested by his subjects in the south. Babylon was the centre of this spirit, and Sennacherib hoped to crush it by the awful example that he gave of his own power. But Assyria with its capital, Nineveh, fell in the year 606 B.C., while Babylon rose to new glory under the dynasty founded by Nebuchadnezzar's father.

The subsequent burial of the city under huge mounds was due primarily to neglect. The clay structures of Babylon required constant repairs to keep them from crumbling, and without such care were doomed to disappear. The ruthless hand of plunder aided the natural process of decay, and for almost two millenniums the palace and temple of Nebuchadnezzar furnished building material for the towns that grew up in the vicinity, notably Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and

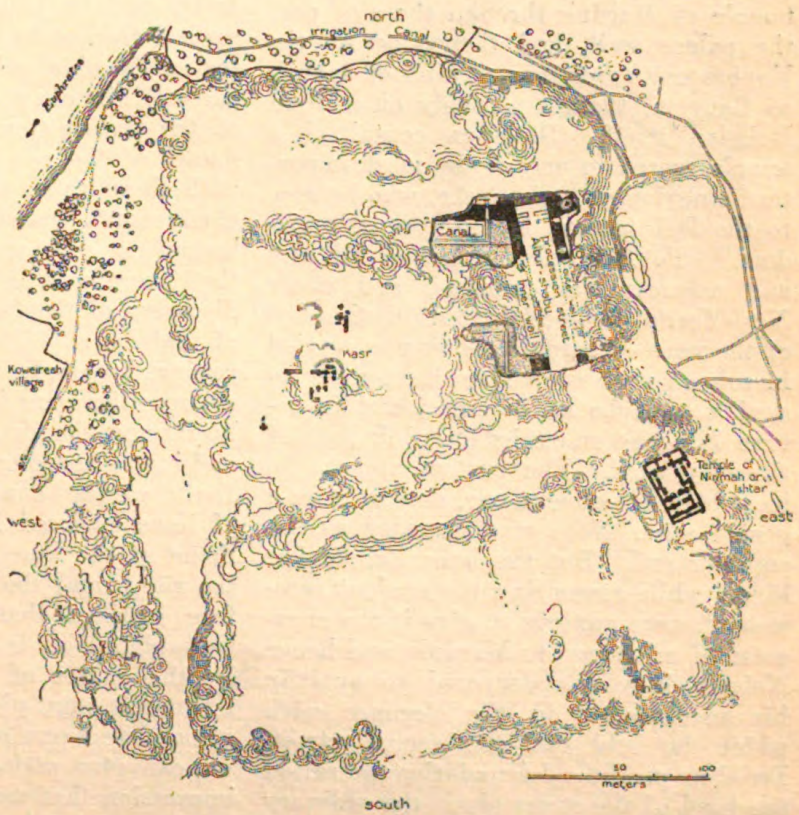
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Bagdad, while almost all houses of the village of Hillah are constructed of bricks supplied by the mounds.

Despite, however, this steady spoliation, which has continued up to the present time, huge walls and piers still peeped out of the mounds, and by means of these remains the site of the ancient city has been identified. The German party chose as the site for its first work the mound whose name, Kasr (that is, "palace"), still preserves the tradition of the site of Nebuchadnezzar's official residence. The dimensions of this mound are about 2100 feet square, and remaining walls and piers rise in parts to a height of about 75 feet. Toward the end of March, 1899, the German explorers, under the leadership of Dr. Robert Koldewey, began to remove the débris from the various sides of the mound as a means of reaching the actual remains of the building, and before long their efforts were crowned with success. From inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar on clay cylinders and on large blocks of stone found by natives at various times while rummaging through the ruins, we knew that his palace was surrounded by a strong wall. Koldewey discovered indisputable traces of this wall, and by following its course obtained a clear view of the extent of the edifice in the centre of the mound.

The palace covered an immense area, surrounded on all sides by a wall. Within this area it is now possible to distinguish several distinct divisions; for besides the official residence of Nebuchadnezzar, there was a group of smaller edifices which served the various needs of the Babylonian court. Unfortunately, however, as Koldewey's workmen dug deeper into the mound they found the interior of the main building in a hopeless state of ruin, so that up to the present the detailed arrangement of the rooms of the palace has not been ascertained. Presumably, the Assyrian palaces were modelled upon those of the south, and the better preserved edifices found by Layard and Botta in the city of Nineveh about the middle of the last century may serve as a general guide. Under the circumstances it is fortunate that numerous fragments of inscriptions which contain the name of Nebuchadnezzar leave no doubt as to the builder of the edifice in the Kasr mound.

The most remarkable monument that has as yet been brought to light in the palace area is a large stela of dolerite, over three feet high, with a picture of the Hittite storm-god sculptured on it, accompanied by one of the best preserved, as well as one of the longest inscriptions in the strange Hittite characters. Hither-



KASR MOUND, THE SITE OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S PALACE AND OF THE SACRED PROCESSION STREET

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to Hittite monuments have been found only in northern Syria and in various parts of Asia Minor, where the Hittites held sway. The discovery, therefore, of such a monument in the city of Babylon occasioned no little surprise, and it is a reasonable supposition that the stone was brought as a trophy to Babylon by some conqueror—possibly by Nebuchadnezzar himself. The Hittite hieroglyphics still constitute a great puzzle, for although a number of important points have been determined, and the general votive character of the inscriptions recognized, a satisfactory key is as yet lacking. Meanwhile the addition of fresh material represented by the newly found monument from Nebuchadnezzar's palace is of great value to scholars now engaged in the task of deciphering the mysterious writing.

Directly to the east of the palace Koldewey laid bare one of the most famous streets in the ancient city of Babylon, and on the construction of which Nebuchadnezzar prided himself greatly. In his inscriptions he frequently speaks of a road which he made leading from the temple of Marduk through the city past the palace wall, and thence across the Euphrates to Borsippa, a kind of suburb to Babylon, though probably older than Babylon itself. Borsippa contained a temple sacred to one of the most important Babylonian gods, Nebo, who became to the Babylonians the symbol of "wisdom." To Nebo the origin of all arts and sciences was ascribed, and every New-Year's day—celebrated in the fall of the year—the god Marduk was carried in solemn procession from his temple on a visit to Nebo at Borsippa, and in return Nebo accompanied Marduk part of the way back. The custom appears to have been an ancient one, dating from a period when Nebo was regarded as the superior god. But the later Babylonian kings, while preserving the ancient ceremonial, were anxious to give it the character of a homage to Marduk, and hence Nebuchadnezzar endeavored to outstrip his predecessors in the elegance with which he laid out the sacred street. Building on the old foundation, he raised the level of the street above the ordinary houses of the city, and gave the street the name Aibur-shabu, which signifies "May the enemy not prevail." He enclosed it within two walls, the inner one forming the eastern limit of the palace, while the outer was separated from the inner by sixty feet. The two walls were known as Imgur-Bel, meaning "The mercy of Bel," and Nimitti-Bel, "Foundation of Bel." The street between the walls was handsomely paved along its entire route, and the King specifically mentions two kinds of stone that he used for the purpose. In confirmation of this statement, Koldewey in laying bare the street for a distance of 1500 feet found a large number of fragments of limestone blocks inscribed as follows:

Nebuchadnezzar the King of Babylon
The son of Nabopolassar the King of Babylon
The street of Babylon for the procession of the great lord Marduk with paving of mountain stone
I built as a highway
Oh, lord Marduk, grant eternal life!

In another part of the street Koldewey noted that the paving-stone consisted of a reddish-white stone of volcanic character, and by placing a number of inscribed fragments together, found in this section, he obtained an inscription identical with the above, except that the name of the paving-stone was different. The names of the two kinds of stone tallied with those referred to in one of Nebuchadnezzar's inscriptions that had been known to scholars for many years, so that there was no doubt of the actual discovery of the famous procession street of Babylon. With the remains of the paving, hundreds of fragments of glazed colored tiles were found that had evidently formed the decorations of the walls, and it was not long before it became clear that these tiles constituted parts of figures of lions enclosed in borders of rosettes. Some of the lions faced the left, others the right, and the conclusion was therefore justified that the decorations had been placed on both sides of the street. In the course of some months enough fragments were picked up to reconstruct a complete figure of one of the lions, and we can now estimate for ourselves the impression that must have been produced by the portrayal on the walls of Aibur-shabu of these majestic figures, about

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REPRODUCTION OF UNEARTHED MOSAIC SHOWING THE FAMOUS LION OF BABYLON

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three feet high and six feet long, that acted as a kind of escort to Marduk when he was carried along this magnificent street.

The discovery of this wall decoration is important also from an archæological point of view, for it finally settles the question as to the source whence the Persians, who had hitherto been regarded as masters of the art of glazed tiles, obtained their knowledge. The workmanship of the lions of Babylon is precisely the same as that found on the friezes of the palace of Susa, unearthed some years ago by M. Dieulafoy, and which were so well described by the talented wife of the distinguished explorer in an article that appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1887.

The remarkable regularity of the limbs and the features of the lions on all the fragments makes it probable that the design was placed on a clay mass by means of a mould, and after the colors were put on, the clay was cut up into tiles of equal size, which, upon being baked at a high temperature until the glaze appeared, were then pieced together and placed in position. This procession street, as Nebuchadnezzar likewise tells us in one of his inscriptions, led to the most sacred portion of Marduk's temple, to the room in which Marduk sat on New-Year's day, surrounded by gods and goddesses, to determine the fate of mankind for the year to come. The exact site of this temple has also been determined by the German explorers.



MARDUK, THE CHIEF GOD OF BABYLON

Directly to the south of the mound Kasr is another mound of large proportions, known as Amran-ibn-ali, from a chapel erected there in memory of a grandson of Mohammed. Continuing his excavations in this direction, Koldewey discovered within this mound unmistakable traces of the great sacred edifice, the centre of the Babylonian cult, known as E-sagila, "the lofty house." Like the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, so also the temple, which was largely his work, covered an extensive area and contained a large number of buildings subsidiary to the main edifice. The remains within the southern mound proved to be in a better state of preservation, so that there is every reason to hope that in time the detailed character and interior arrangements of E-sagila will be determined. The discovery of the site is in itself a great gain to science, and settles another question that has been subject to much controversy ever since Herodotus's account of the city of Babylon* began to be studied in connection with the data furnished by the cuneiform inscriptions. Herodotus speaks of a temple and of an eight-storied tower sacred to Bel, and many scholars suggested that the tower referred to was not in the city of Babylon, but on the western side of the Euphrates. Nebuchadnezzar, however, in his inscriptions expressly refers to a great tower which he built in Babylon within the sacred area of E-sagila, and now that the latter has been found there is no longer any occasion to doubt that the tower likewise stood to the south of the palace. Of the temple itself, a portion of a large court with five adjoining rooms has been laid bare, and the positions of various gates and entrances determined. A large quantity of small objects has also been found in the temple proper, consisting of varieties of seal cylinders, Egyptian scarabs, weights in the shape of small ducks, clay cylinders with inscriptions, fragments of statues, and other ornaments.

* Book i., sections 181-3.

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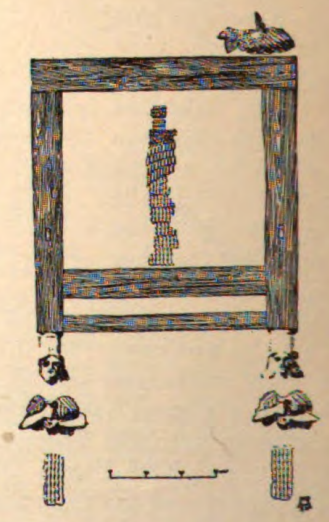


ADAD, THE STORM-GOD

Of objects of special interest, there are two oblong pieces of lapis lazuli, on which are carved with great skill the pictures of two gods who are of vast importance in the Babylonian pantheon. One of these is Adad, the god of thunder and storm, who is represented with the lightning in both hands, while an inscription of a few lines accompanying the design reveals the name of the god, and also tells us that the object itself was presented as a homage to Marduk by Esarhaddon (680-668 B.C.), the King of Assyria and son of Sennacherib, who destroyed Babylon. To atone for what his father did, Esarhaddon began to reconstruct the city, and this little monument is an interesting testimony to his devotion to both Adad and Marduk. The other object shows a magnificent figure of none other than Marduk himself, in all his dignity, clothed in handsome brocaded garments, and holding in his left hand a ring and staff, which were his symbols as the sun-god. He stands over the waters which represent the great deep, while at his side is the dragon—the symbol of chaos—whose conquest by Marduk is the chief theme in the Babylonian creation story. The inscription accompanying the design tells us that this image of Marduk was presented to the temple by King Marduk-nadin-shum, a King of Babylonia who reigned about the middle of the ninth century B.C.

Another curious discovery made in the temple was an impression on the asphalt paving of a magnificent throne, which may well have marked the King's seat in the temple, and was decorated with elaborate designs representing men and animals.

Such, in brief, is the work done by the German explorers during the past three years. While much remains to be done, the excavations, so far as they have gone, are fraught with most important results. With two such important sites as the palace of Nebuchadnezzar and the temple determined, we are in a far better position than before to obtain a view of the topography of the city which played so great a rôle in the ancient world. At present, work is being continued on both the Kasr and the Amran mounds, and is being extended to a third mound still farther south, known as Djumdjuma ("skull"), and which formed the lower limit of the city. Before long we may expect to receive reports from Koldewey regarding excavations in a portion of the Kasr mound where he places the site of the famous "hanging gardens" of Babylon, associated in legend with the semi-mythical Semiramis, but in reality the work of Nebuchadnezzar.



FAC-SIMILE OF IMPRESSION OF A THRONE IN THE ASPHALT PAVING OF THE TEMPLE OF MARDUK

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An Hour and a Half from Jamestown

BY A. E. THOMAS

"MY dear Bobby," said Mrs. Morley, perching herself daintily on the bamboo bench by the open window, "why do you bury yourself in this hole?"

"Hole!" said I, indignantly. And I threw open the blinds. "Look there!" I cried, pointing at the incomparable, limitless prospect of meadow and salt pond and bar and sea that stretched away below us, with Block Island showing vaguely blue through the afternoon haze.

"Oh yes, I know," admitted the lady, petulantly, "but there are views at Newport."

"There are also excursionists," I retorted, sourly, "and—and shopkeepers, and other blots on the landscape. Besides, when I want to see my friends I can drive to the Jamestown ferry in an hour and a half; and if my friends want to see me, it is just the same distance from the ferry here."

The graceful widow employed her wisp of a handkerchief upon her brow.

"It's a beast of a drive on a warm day," she said.

"My dear Isabel," I returned, sweetly, "every good thing is worth an effort. I am, myself."

"You are as modest as ever," said she.

"Hardly," I answered. "Three years ago I spent a summer at the Pier. Since then my altered notion of my own comparative value has led me to seclude myself."

"Well, you see I found you." Mrs. Morley smiled so engagingly that I permitted myself the luxury of suspicion.

"Delighted," said I, with a bow.

"And you're wondering what I want."

"No. I'm only mildly curious."

"You refuse to admit the hypothesis that I've driven all these dusty miles for the mere pleasure of your society?"

"My dear Isabel," I returned, "nature and experience have led me to depreciate my own attractions."

"You're quite right," said the lady. "Still, I *might* have done it for that alone."

"But as a matter of fact you didn't."

"As a matter of fact I didn't. I came to see you about Julia."

"And what has Julia been doing now?"

"She's been falling in love."

"The wretched girl!" said I, indignantly.

"You needn't laugh," retorted Julia's aunt. "It's deadly serious."

"I should think so," I exclaimed. "I assume that you don't approve. You never do, I believe."

"I should think not!" cried the lady, elevating her pretty chin. "Reddy" came from under my chair and gave me his cold nose to stroke. "What a beautiful dog!" said Mrs. Morley.

"Beautiful, but undutiful," said I, severely.

Mrs. Morley fell an easy victim. "Really?" said she. "How do you mean?"

"He's been falling in love."

"Why didn't you lock him up?" she demanded.

"I did," said I, "but he howled with such mournful and pervasive insistence that I was forced to let him go again. However, that's neither here nor there. Is it allowable to inquire the name of the young ruffian who has the insolence and temerity to menace Julia's happiness by falling in love with her?"

"Dick Warner," she announced, sharply, twirling her parasol vindictively."

"Ah," said I, "the chap who writes those clever stories?"

"Some persons think them clever," said Mrs. Morley, with an air that consigned the possessors of such ineffable taste to outer darkness.

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"Julia among the number, I dare say?" I queried.

"Oh yes; she thinks he wrote the Bible."

"What a good young man he must be!" I paused, but the lady was drawing with the tip of her parasol elaborate geometrical designs upon the carpet. "Good, but horribly experienced," I went on. "Well?"

"I have reasoned with her in vain," said the lady; "she's as obstinate as a Georgia mule, and I thought that—perhaps—well—would you—please?"

"H'm!" said I, diplomatically; and then I added, sharply, "I suppose you want to marry her to Lord Northton?"

Mrs. Morley gasped. "How on earth did you guess?" she demanded at length.

"I didn't," I admitted.

"Julia told you?"

"That," I said, oracularly, "would be telling."

"It couldn't be anybody else."

"I have the pleasure of Lord Northton's acquaintance," I declared, stoutly.

"Ridiculous!" cried the lady, in dainty staccato.

"Think so?" said I, serenely. "I have, all the same."

"Oh, don't be absurd," said she, with a little drawl. "I didn't mean that."

"No?" I said, densely.

Mrs. Morley rose impatiently and began to pace up and down the little room. Suddenly she stopped by my chair and gave me one of her youthful smiles. A most engaging smile it was, too, as I take pleasure in remembering, old bachelor that I am.

"How *did* you find it out?" she demanded.

I clasped my hands comfortably over my knee. "My dear Isabel," I began, didactically, "the press is a great educational institution—"

Mrs. Morley's blue eyes opened in horrified amazement.

"Not really?" she gasped. In an instant she glanced sharply about the room. There are moments when Mrs. Morley's acuteness is astounding. Her eyes fell upon a paper lying open upon my steamer-chair. In a second she had pounced upon it.

"You'll find the paragraph marked," I suggested, cheerfully; "and may I have a cigarette?" She read the clever insinuation through from end to end. Then the paper fluttered through her white fingers to the floor, and with the paper she dismissed her annoyance—the one as easily as the other. It is a quality at which I marvel.

"Well," she asked, sweetly, "will you help me?"

I arose, went to the open window, and looked out over the sea, with my back to my fair interrogator.

"Did you ever hear," said I at length, "of Alice Thornley?"

"Alice Thornley?—yes—I believe I did. Was she related to the Richardson Thornleys?"

"Her father," I replied, "was Richardson Thornley's cousin."

"Let me see," said Mrs. Morley, reflectively. "She married a Frenchman, didn't she?"

"Yes, she married a Frenchman."

"The—er—the match turned out rather badly, didn't it?"

"Very badly. He broke her heart."

"And Alice—" said Mrs. Morley, after a silence.

"Died in Paris," said I, shortly.

Mrs. Morley came to my side. "But I don't quite see—" she said, curiously.

"Don't you?" said I, with a smile. It must have been a queer little smile.

"Oh!" she said, very softly. "I believe I do. And didn't she—didn't she—"

"Yes, she did, but I was poor and had my way to make, and her people wouldn't have it, and—she yielded to them. It is vain of me to think so, I know, and, with Alice in her grave these fifteen years, it is such an impotent thought, but I believe I should have made her happy."

"I'm sure you would," said Mrs. Morley. And the funny part of it is I really believe she meant it. At the same moment I caught a glimpse through the open window of Destiny in a new form advancing up the road.

"Upon my word," said I, turning quickly, "I quite forgot the mail. We have but one a day out here, you know. Will you pardon me a moment while I finish a brief note that I want to get off to-day?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Morley, making for the bamboo bench.

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I strode to the French window that opened upon the garden and threw it wide.

"Wouldn't you like to see my roses?" I said, in my most persuasive voice.

When she had passed out I carefully closed the blinds behind her. Moreover, I fastened them. Scarcely had I done so when there came a little tap on my open door, and there followed close upon the tap that bewitching bit of feminine porcelain known as Julia Morley.

"Hello, Bobby!" said Julia, blithely. Girls are so disrespectful to old men of forty nowadays. "How is the anchorite business to-day?"

"It was flourishing until you came in," said I, with a low bow.

"This is my—friend, Mr. Warner," said Julia, indicating a good-looking young man, dark of hair, square of chin, and broad of shoulder, who stood behind her.

I said that I was charmed. Warner replied that he was delighted. But I think we both exaggerated. As Julia had by this time taken possession of the steamer-chair, I sat down by my desk, and Warner sat on my Panama hat on the bamboo bench.

"Exceptionally warm day," said I, genially.

Warner mopped his brow diligently. "Beastly," he assented.

"Oh, rot the weather," said Julia, and she shot a glance of displeasure at Warner.

"By all means," I agreed. "Rot it, if you like. I was only trying to be entertaining. May I get you something cool to drink?"

"No, thank you," replied Julia, in a businesslike way, and again she looked at Warner. The latter tugged at his collar once or twice, then turned sharply in my direction and said:

"Well, the fact is, sir, we—that is, Julia—er—Miss Morley and I—we want your help. You see, we have encountered rather a difficulty, and, knowing your kindness, we thought maybe you would —don't you see?"

"Not exactly," said I. The truth is, I'm a bit of a tease, and I enjoyed Warner's struggles. But Julia disappointed me by breaking in.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, with a merry little laugh, "you *do* make such a mess of it! Can't you see that good old Bobby knows everything you are trying to tell him already?"

"In the first place," said I, severely, "I very much object to being called 'old Bobby.' And in the second, I am entirely in the dark save upon one point. It is clear to even my befogged intellect, however, that Mr. Warner's sentiments toward Miss Morley are such that their absence would reflect the utmost discredit upon him." Warner mopped his face more vigorously than ever.

"But there is a difficulty," said Julia, with a little frown.

"There ought to be," said I, oratorically, "thousands of 'em."

"But as it happens, sir," interjected Warner, "there is only one."

I rose to my feet majestically.

"Only one!" I cried. "And is it possible that you are daunted? Why, if I were in your shoes (alas! that I am not!), I would welcome a hundred, just to show how easy it was to surmount them with such an inspiration."

"Bobby always did have his silly moments," observed Julia, musingly. Properly crushed, I sat down precipitately, taking care, however, to gather in that telltale paper from the floor. "Well, anyhow," Julia went on, "we came to see you, knowing—"

"Knowing my kindness—" I interrupted, sarcastically. "As a matter of fact, I am fully aware of the difficulty that confronts you. To be strictly accurate, it does not confront you at all, just at present, but that, I have no doubt, can be arranged." I went carelessly to the French window and threw open the blinds.

"You know all about it?" demanded Julia, incredulously.

"I have that honor, my dear," said I, blandly. Warner frowned a little but said nothing. Forty is not such a bad age.

"Well," said Julia, decidedly, "I simply will not marry Lord Northton; that's flat."

"So is his lordship, I've heard," said I, but she did not hear me and went on:

"And I *will* marry Dick; that's flat, too."

"Twice as flat," said Warner, looking

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"THE DIFFICULTY," SAID I, BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

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straight at me. He had not heard me, either.

"I know very well what you want of me," said I at length, "but what is it?"

"Thought you might bring auntie around," replied Julia, suavely. "You see, it's to be, with or without her consent. It's to be anyhow, only, it would be ever so much nicer if she could be persuaded to be nice."

I grinned sardonically.

"I should say so!" I said, with emphasis. I was rather ashamed of myself.

"You're a beast," said Julia. At that instant Mrs. Morley appeared, framed in the French window. I got quickly to my feet.

"The difficulty," said I, by way of introduction.

It might have been very awkward, but Mrs. Morley behaved admirably.

"My dear Julia," she cried, "why didn't you tell me you were coming? We might all three have driven over together." Nobody else saw anything funny in this remark, but it made me black in the face.

"We didn't make up our minds until we got to the Pier," said Julia. "It's simply broiling, and I'm sorry we came."

"That's because you haven't seen Bobby's roses," said her aunt, sweetly. "They're too gorgeous for any use. I must be going, Bobby. I've some people to see before dinner. Possibly Mr. Warner will dine with us—oh, quite informally—at seven?"

"Delighted," said Warner, without any exaggeration this time.

"*Au revoir,* then," and she floated through the doorway. I pursued.

Just beside the porch stood a row of yellow-rose bushes. Mrs. Morley stopped beside them.

"What happened to the little one?" she asked, solicitously.

"It was almost frozen to death last January," I replied, "and for a time we thought it was dead, but you see there is a little dot of green there near the tip."

She took the poor little slip between her fingers.

"And you think—you really think—that it will bloom again?" she asked.

I knelt by her feet and examined the shrub with elaborate care.

"Yes," I answered, slowly, looking off over the hazy sea, "I think—I think it will bloom again."

Mrs. Morley stepped into her carriage.

"Good-by," she said, with a grave smile. "Come and see me."

"And that other little affair?" I queried. Mrs. Morley raised her eyes interrogatively. "The one you came to see me about, you know." She smiled that youthful smile once more.

"Good-by," she answered, sweetly. I looked again at the sea. Somehow it never looked so blue.

Star-Song

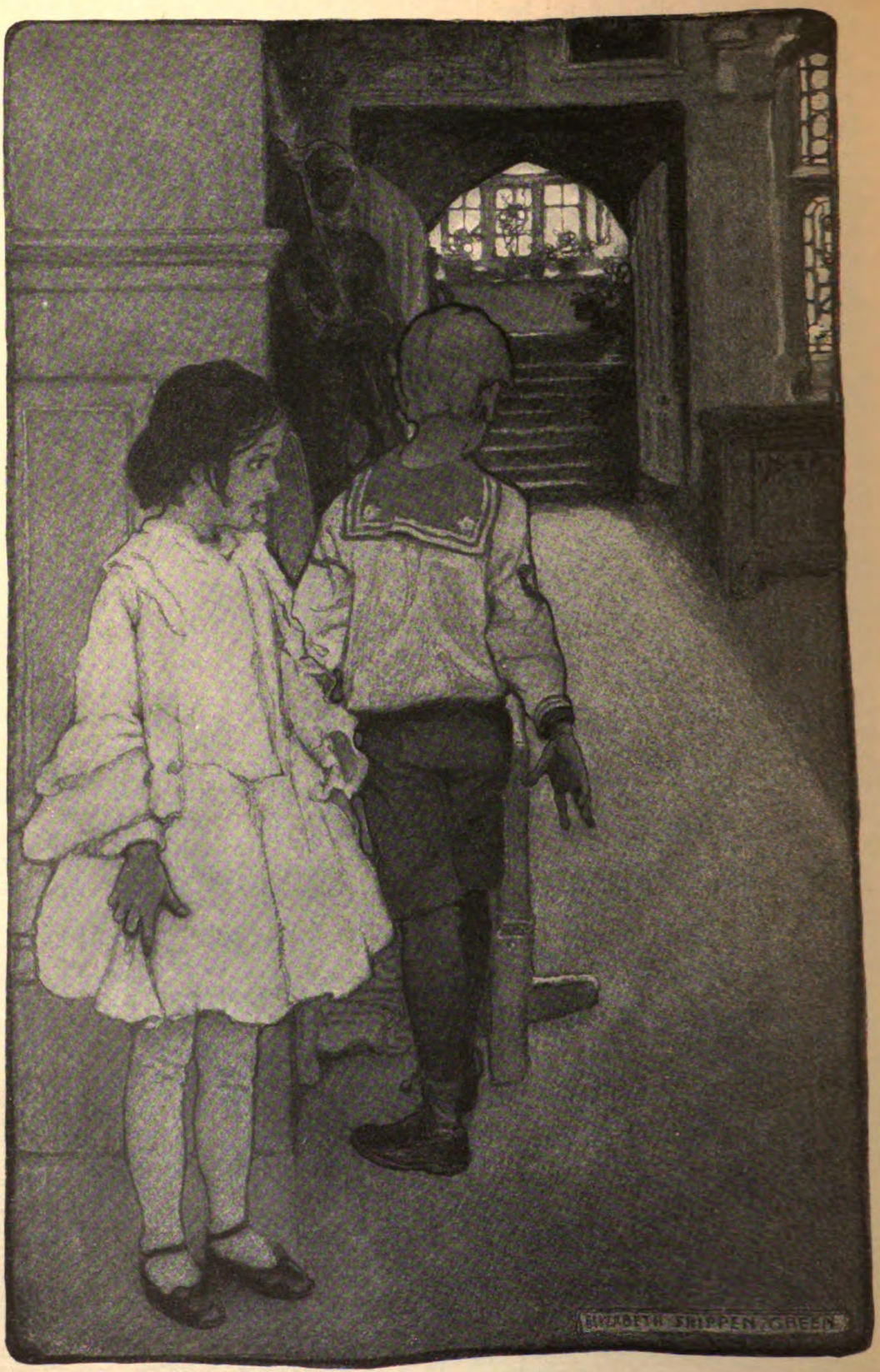
BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

WHEN sunset flows into golden glows
And the breath of the night is new,
Love, find afar yon yearning star—
That is my thought of you.

And when your eye doth scan the sky
Your lonely lattice through,
Choose any one, from sun to sun—
That is my thought of you.

And when you wake at the morning's break
To rival rose and dew,
The star that stays in the leaping rays—
That is my thought of you.

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AS THEKLA ENTERED THE HALL SHE SAW THAT THINGS LOOKED QUEER

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The Stranger

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ

WHEN Thekla and Dan said they would not mind being left alone for the afternoon their whole world was sparkling under the morning sun. Not until the light began to wane did they remember about the chest in the back hall, and those other Things which were in the house—Things which the grown-up people knew nothing about.

Unconsciously they had counted upon the sun as a companion. But they had not counted upon the man who was hiding in the clump of scrub oaks.

The man saw the children's mother and their aunt Alice drive away in the carriage. Later he watched the two maid-servants saunter down the road together, and he heard the admonitions they called back to the children:

"Don't leave the place. Don't light the lamps. We'll be back before dark."

When all were gone except Thekla and Dan, he looked toward the house thoughtfully.

Was it a temptation or an opportunity? He wanted to start clean. But how could he start at all, unless— Here the man turned his gaze from the house to his own person, and shuddered.

The children were quite near the clump of scrub oaks, and the sun was just taking a last look over the horizon, when Thekla said,

"Let's go in and have a game of battledore and shuttlecock."

Dan's eyes widened. The battledore and shuttlecock were in the chest with other games and implements of sport. But that was not all. There were Beings in the chest—Beings who began to stir about after dark; and Dan had just been thinking that it was better out-of-doors than in the house.

Thekla made no explanation. She did not say that she had seen something move in the clump of scrub oaks, and so feared there were Things out-of-doors also. She did not say that she preferred the company of Things she knew about, in a space limited by walls, to that of unguessed-at mysteries, in a boundless solitude. She only smiled shyly, and repeated,

"Oh, do let's go in and have a game of battledore and shuttlecock."

And Dan, digging his heel firmly into the earth, answered, with set jaw:

"All right. Come along."

As soon as Thekla entered the hall she saw that things looked queer. Dan banged the door to enliven matters, and the sound of the bang resounded back unpleasantly from empty chambers.

"Ain't this jolly, though! We've got the whole house to ourselves."

For answer Thekla only smiled a reserved little smile. Queer faces were grinning at her from out the carved back of the oak settle, and she laid her hat down upon it with an apologetic air. When she turned to enter the library, a shadow stole away and vanished. The whole house seemed to be full of—something.

"We've got the house all to ourselves," Dan repeated, insistently. Surely it was the presence of grown-up people that always confined fun within limits!

"Yes," said his sister, quietly.

They were both thinking of the chest. She was repenting her bold proposition to get the battledore and shuttlecock. Thekla was apt to repent her bold propositions; but now, as she hesitated, there flashed into her mind the memory of a certain picture. It was in a book of fairy tales, and represented the burning of a witch-haunted castle. Thoughts of this picture and the chest intermingled, then ran together. Her face grew pale, but there was a brave light in her eyes.

"Dan," she cried, "let's burn the chest!"

"Burn the chest!"

"Yes. Those Beings in it"—her voice fell to a whisper—"are just the same as witches. So fire's the only way."

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"But we don't want to burn all our things up."

"Of course we don't, stupid! We'll just leave a few old ones in, so's the Beings won't suspect."

"Where'll we burn it?"

"Oh—out behind the oak-trees."

"All right. Come along, then."

Now the only mystery which the children shared in common was that of the old chest. Even the grown-up people had noticed the strange sounds which issued thence; but when they spoke of setting a trap for mice, the children looked at each other in secret amazement at such mental blindness.

Yet, although grown-up people did not understand, their presence made a difference. It kept the Things under a wholesome subjection, somehow. Now they seemed to have taken possession.

The children walked toward the chest as though the house were full of sleeping ghosts whom they feared to waken. Dan, as he neared the staircase, glanced up to the niche off the landing where his Little Statue glowed, luminous in the shadow. Whenever he passed this Little Statue, Dan felt constrained to bow and cross his heart. And sometimes it was hard to manage this without attracting attention. But if he ever failed of the service, back he must go and perform it twice! The Little Statue was inexorable.

Thekla, as she went shrinkingly toward the chest, was thinking of the Horrid Head and the Sick Doll.

The Horrid Head was a picture of Punch on the lid of a box. The box stood on her bureau and refused to get mislaid. And, just when she was not exactly looking, the face would grin—horribly. Thekla always put this Thing in her top drawer for the night.

The Sick Doll was hidden away in the attic. She was an ever-haunting reproach. Thekla had exiled her because a doll with a broken leg, with only one arm, and with no scalp made extravagant demands upon her time and her feelings.

How lonely it must be in the attic! How terrible to be forsaken when sick! Thekla's heart quivered painfully. She felt she ought to go up and bring the doll down, and endure again the sight of its deformities, the bondage of its service.

The children, as they approached the chest, did not breathe these secret thoughts to one another, but their little cold fingers were tightly interlaced. And when something stirred under the landing, beside the chest, they stood stock-still. Thekla screamed aloud.

The something emerged and stood upright. In the dusk it appeared a giant. Dan and Thekla were speechless, motionless. Their hearts heaved almost to bursting.

"Don't be scared, young uns. I won't hurt you."

The voice was natural and kind. Its friendly human tones flowed over the two little heaving hearts like oil.

"It's kind of cold outside," the man went on. "I just came in to get warmed up a bit."

He emerged slowly from the darkness under the landing—a strange figure, in striped clothes, and with shaven head. But he was a man, evidently, and not a Thing. Both children drew a long, shuddering sigh of relief. So they were not alone, after all! Already the Beings in the chest, and the other Things, seemed to have fallen under the restraining spell of a grown-up presence.

"I'd like a bite of something to eat," the man remarked; and as Thekla's eyes rested upon his haggard face her tender heart promptly melted. How fortunate it was he should come just when they were all alone!

Dan also rejoiced because of the man. But he wondered greatly at his queer clothes and shorn head. Thekla never grasped details, and had simply accepted these peculiarities as part of an agreeable whole.

"I'm in an awful hurry," said the man, "and I don't want to bother the cook about my supper. If you'll get it quick, I'll be all through before she comes back."

Thekla reflected that the man must know Mary, and felt the bonds of sympathy drawing her closer.

"I'll hurry," she said. "Will you come into the kitchen?"

But the man seemed not to hear. He was looking down at his own clothes with such a strange expression that Thekla, watching him, grew thoughtful.

"I don't like this suit much," he remarked, "but I haven't got any other.

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If your pa has any old things he don't want—"

"Yes, he has!" broke in Dan, eagerly. "There's some old gray ones. I heard him tell mother she could give them away to the first tramp that came along."

"Well, I guess they'll do. But you'll have to hurry, sonny. Maybe the cook wouldn't let me have them."

Dan nodded sympathetically and flew up stairs.

"Now let's get supper," the man said to Thekla.

She slipped her hand promptly into his, and as they went toward the kitchen she asked,

"Are you afraid of your clothes?"

The man's hold on her little fingers suddenly tightened.

"Why should I be?" he queried.

"Because you looked at them as if—as if they were *Things!*"

"*Things!* What's that?" asked the man.

"They make you afraid," she answered; and added, confidentially: "There are Beings in that chest under the landing—the one you were by. Did you hear them?"

"No. Maybe they were afraid of these clothes."

"Are you afraid of them?" Thekla asked again.

"Well, yes, I guess I am," he confessed.

"Why?"

"They won't let me go where I want to."

Thekla's eyes grew big. "They must be bewitched," she whispered.

Then one of her ideas flashed upon her. "Let's burn them up with the chest!" she cried.

"All right. You hurry and get me something to eat, then, so we'll have time before they come home."

While Thekla brought out some cold viands from the pantry the man stood at the kitchen window looking down the driveway; and he had scarcely begun eating when Dan came running with the suit. At sight of it an odd gleam shone in the man's eyes.

"I'll put it on down cellar," he said, "and you two keep watch out of the window, and let me know if you see anybody coming."

In an incredibly short time the man was back again, looking very different in the gray suit. He had the striped clothes rolled up in a little bundle under his arm, and said he'd just put some things to eat in his pocket, so they'd have time for the bonfire before cook came.

"Will you come and get the chest, then?" asked Thekla, excitedly.

The man nodded, but went back to the window and looked down the driveway again. It was getting quite dark. There was no one in sight.

"Come on," pleaded Thekla, tugging at his hand. And the man obeyed, following the children to the recess under the landing.

The Beings were making a great racket inside the box, pulling papers about and squeaking. Thekla felt the man shaking, and thought he was afraid.

"They can't do anything to you," she whispered, "because you're grown up."

"All right, then," said the man; "here goes!" And picking the chest up, he marched quickly off with it into the kitchen, and then out through the back door toward the clump of scrub oaks.

He set the box down behind the oaks, and began to collect dry twigs for the fire, while the children rescued the things they did not want burned. With the man so near they felt quite bold, and they noticed that he did not seem to be in such a hurry after they got behind the oaks. It was a secluded spot, and one from which it was easy to slip into the road outside the place.

When all was ready the man set the chest on top of the pile of brushwood and lighted the fire. As the quick flames leaped up he started to throw his striped clothes upon them.

"Oh, don't!" cried Thekla, staying his arm. "Wait till the chest catches, and then let them burn up with the Beings."

The man gave one of his swift glances about; then smiled, and laid the clothes down again.

"They're bewitched," Thekla whispered to Dan. "He told me about them."

The man heard. "Yes, they are, sure enough," he said, and taking them up he spread them out over his knees. The children drew as near as they dared.

"How do you know they're bewitched?" Dan asked.

The man hesitated.

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"They won't let you go where you want, you know," prompted Thekla.

"No, they won't. They won't let me go home to see my little girl, and she's sick—" the man seemed to choke, and stopped short.

"Oh-h," breathed Thekla, "they're Things! I know they are."

"It's queer how they *make* you," observed Dan, thoughtfully. He was thinking of the Little Statue.

The chest had caught fire now, and the man rose.

"Well, let's put 'em in," he said, and going nearer, threw the striped clothes into the box.

Thekla and Dan craned forward to see the mysterious garments burn. As the eager flames jumped to lick them the stripes writhed frightfully. But there was never a sound from the Beings! The twisted veilings of smoke took strange shapes and made wondrous contortions before they dissolved into air —and that was all.

"They're gone!" breathed Thekla.

"They're gone!" said the man. But he kept on gazing into the box.

And then there fell upon Thekla a great longing. If only all the Things that frightened everybody in the whole world might be burned up!

Suddenly her thoughts were put to flight.

"I must be going," said the man.

"Oh, please wait till somebody comes!" Thekla pleaded.

She put out her hand to detain him. He was gone.

"Where are you?" she cried.

"Hush! You'll be all right now. I hear some one coming."

His voice sounded a long way off; yet it was low.

Then the children heard carriage wheels. Their mother was coming.

"Good-by!" called Thekla, softly.

"Good-by!" echoed Dan.

And they thought they heard the man answer "Good-by!"

Flower and Thorn

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

BLUE sky, pink of blooming trees;
Clear and high the robin's call;
Fragrance floating on the breeze;—
Sweet is all!

Dear, I bring thee blossoming bough,
Flower and breath of happy Spring;
Joy and laughter bring I now,—
But no more may bring.

Fields waist-high with yellow grain;
Dusky shadows of the wood;
Purple nights and sudden rain;—
All is good!

Sweet, I bring thee golden love,
Summer's passion and delight,
Kinship with the gods above,—
All that's fair and bright!

Withered leaf and frozen stream,
Shrouding, softly falling snow,—
Bitter end to Summer's dream,—
All must go!

Faded are the flowers, and fled
Love's great hour. Yet smile and see,
Best-belovèd. Lift thy head,—
Death I bring to thee!

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YOU WILL LIVE FACE TO FACE WITH NATURE

The Country

BY E. S. MARTIN

IF you get ever so rich, what do you do? Buy a farm somewhere. If you have the root of a good matter in you, you will want to poultice a worn spirit from time to time with the healing airs and the restful scenes of the country. If you get ever so poor, what do you do? Work harder, probably, if you are fit to do anything and can find anything to do. But if you have a spirit of the requisite fibre, and have come to just the requisite degree of impecuniosity, and circumstances and your experience of life favor it, you go and live in the country. You can live very cheaply in the country if you choose, and possess your soul in complete independence, and wear your old clothes with a cheerful spirit. You will be quit of a host of obligations to fashion, to society, which may vex and oppress you in town, for the price of superfluities is by far the biggest item in the cost of ordinary living. You will miss opportunities too, but not all opportunity. You will live face to face with nature. You will be able to say your prayers in peace, and develop the spiritual side of you if you have any, with only the smallest concern about landlords, grocers, or raiment. There are no taxes of any consequence in the country: think of that! The greatest luxury you get there is time, and the next greatest are sights and sounds and smells. If you have thoughts to think, the country gives you a great chance to think them. If you have books to read, you can read a lot of

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them in the country, even with kerosene at eleven cents a gallon.

On the other hand, if you have money to spend, what a chance to spend it the country offers you! Gardens, cows, horses, houses, stables, roads, milk at a dollar a gallon if you like, sheep, and dogs, and, most of all, children. It is no trouble at all to spend fifty thousand dollars a year on roads alone, if only you start with a fairly sharp land-hunger and push out your borders with due energy. You can get more for your money in roads than in diamonds or pictures, and roads are a permanent investment. They don't burn down; you don't have to keep them insured; you don't have even to keep them clean, for if you build them well, let the weeds grow never so thick on them, the roads will be there still. And once you put your money into them, it stays. You can never get it out, nor can any one else. You cannot even be taxed adequately on them, for no assessor presumes to see much value in a road. Indeed, a very large sum of money can be hid in a country place where the assessors won't find it—in water-pipes, drains, and such things that are out of sight, as well as in gardens and plantations. A mushroom-cellar is a good, safe, inconspicuous investment. If elaborately built, it will consume a good deal of money; and who would tax a cellar? Greenhouses, stables, and residential mansions stand up in plain sight. Go slow in expenditure for such things. It is a bother to keep them up, and there is no special point in having more of them than you want to use; but roads are different.

Each of us sees in the country what he has learned to see. Take that picture with sheep in it. The farmer sees in it wool, mutton, and rocks; the painter sees the picture; the pious-minded person sees the Divine touch and feels the Divine presence; the golfer sees a lovely slope, a place for a green, a chance to plant a bunker, and a good outlook for a long drive. He measures in his mind the distance from the sheep to the farthest knoll, and wonders if there is room to avoid the elms. But each observer has



THE ROAD WINDS IN AMONG THE TREES

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STILL THE COUNTRY IS COMING OUR WAY

doubtless some sense of each aspect which attracts his fellow. Even the sheep will make better mutton for having run in so charming a field, for it is a great mistake to think that farmers and golfers and sheep are so bent on the main chance as to be unaffected by the loveliness of nature. It does them good, though sometimes they are not conscious of it at the time. One would not mind having a golf-ball in the picture, and even a golfer, provided he was not too carefully costumed, and could be trusted to drive away from the sheep. But good golfing and good pasture—even sheep-pasture — are imperfectly compatible, and if we had a golfer, there would come up that question of what day it was, and the chance that it might be Sunday might mar the serenity of some minds that were conscious of the Divine touch. No, let's not have the golfer. It *is* Sunday, but let the Sabbath-breaking sheep crop on in innocence, and the lengthening shadows mount the hill unvexed.

You see where the road winds in among the trees; those are fall weeds by the road-side, aren't they? But it is early fall, for see the leaves! And if a fox should come through the fence at the left, it would probably be in the early morning, and the dew would be heavy on everything in that clear sky. But what delightful board fences, and how sweetly any one of those top boards would crack under a hunter's heels! A board fence is getting to be a rare sight nowadays when the whole country is filling up with wire.

But perhaps such thoughts profane a scene so peaceful. The excuse for them must be that the great problems of country life—as, indeed, of life elsewhere—are occupation and profit, and that sport, where it exists, while it lasts, helps to solve at least one of those problems. But

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such a sport as hunting in the country is chiefly for the delectation of persons who find, or have found, a fiscal profit elsewhere. Hunting, shooting, polo, even golf, are seldom a natural growth of any cultivated soil in America. They flourish, where they do flourish, in the rural precincts, to be sure; but the cities, and the more intricate and remunerative industries of urban life, support them. They are suburban rather than strictly rural in their nature; yet they spread wider and grow more important every year, as cities grow and the increase of wealth increases leisure, and as the increasing strain of city life constrains more and more families to consider a country home for at least part of the year a necessity. It is on the refugees from the cities that the problem of country occupations bears hardest. The farmer has no trouble of that sort, especially in the summer, but the migratory city family has to face every spring not only the query, "Where shall we go this year?" but the further one, "And what shall we do when we get there?" Usually the family settles upon some place where there are other city families which will keep it in countenance and help it to pass the time. That is a good plan enough, but there are hosts of families that adopt it every year only for lack of a better one, and who cherish the hope that presently the way will open to them to acquire a permanent abiding-place in the real country in some region that is not suburban, not citified enough to impair either its charm or its cheapness, not so remote as to be hard to reach, and not so defiantly rural as to be lonely. In such a place, to have a house so simple as not to be burdensome, a horse possibly, a hired man or part of a hired man, a garden with nasturtiums and hollyhocks in it, a barn, perhaps a cow, and very likely chickens, and to have time to read, time to sew, time to rest and do nothing, and to live independent of all the world—that is many a city family's dream, and once in a while some family develops grit and enterprise enough to realize it. But it takes a good deal of grit and no little aggressive enterprise. It means getting out of the beaten track, ignoring the point of least resistance, and making one's own decisions. It is more a question of mental resources than of money. For to a family that, at a pinch, is sufficient unto itself, that can find society anywhere where there are human beings, and occupation anywhere where the sun rises and sets, an independent country life is neither very difficult nor very dear. But to live profitably on one's own hook even part of the year takes a good deal of intellectual stamina, and most of us easy-going, imitative, gregarious people are chary of attempting it. We feel the need of a constant incentive to exertion, and commonly find it in summer in the social opportunities and demands that assail us. We will bestir ourselves more, as a rule, to keep our end up with our neighbors than to strengthen our minds or develop our spiritual possibilities.

Well, we have to take ourselves in this world as we find ourselves. If a shady road like that shown on the opposite page is waiting for us somewhere, and we prefer to wear good clothes on the piazzas of a summer hotel, that's the sort of folks we are, and we must hope that the meals and the society of the hotel are satisfactory. Even though we are a bit weak in the knees, so that even a reasonable measure of seclusion daunts us, still the country is coming our way, for with trolley lines and rural delivery and increased population, and the constantly increasing overflow from the cities in summer, distance becomes less and less a bugbear, and social privileges are more and more diffused.

The country is a good place to be born in, a good place to die in, a good place to live in at least part of the year. More than half the people in the United States find it a good place to live and work in all the year round. But for them, as has been said, country life has no special problem that is not in the course of solution day by day. They have their work that yields them a living, and the society of their neighbors, and their children as they grow up either settle near them or go to town. But the city man who longs for at least a share of country life for his family and himself must still, as a rule, hold fast to the town. There his business is. On his hold there commonly depend his income and the future of his

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THE POOL OF DREAMS

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children. Four-fifths of his days between twenty and sixty he must spend in a city, even though he spends half of his nights out of town. What helps solve the problem for him is the fast trains that carry him twenty, thirty, even fifty miles out of town in the late afternoon, and back in the early morning. There is a lot of charming country within practicable reach of the American cities. Besides the men who travel back and forth from ten to forty miles a day, there is the army who go to the country in summer once a week, on Friday, and stay till Monday, and spend, besides, their summer vacations with their families. Every year, as cities grow bigger and trains make better time, more and more diligent Americans lead this laborious life of daily or weekly travel. It is not ideal—it is too hard work for that—but it is better than not to live in the country at all. No doubt as wealth increases in this country, and men grow wiser, it will be more common than it has yet become for successful workers to retire from business when they can afford to, or at least to work less strenuously and with longer periods of rest. Busy men who can afford it rest a great deal as it is, and to that is chiefly due the rapid development which is everywhere noticeable of the sort of country life which has its roots in town.

To a citizen who has attained to the honorable distinction of being a grandparent a country home is a most enviable luxury. Young parents with new children commonly have their livings to make and their children to educate, and have to stick pretty close to town and keep hard at those engrossing duties. But grandparents ought to have money laid up, time to spare, and places in the country where their grandchildren can come at any time in the year and live with them. The irresponsible indulgence of young children to which grandparents are so addicted can be carried on to the very best advantage in the country. Grandparents should have gardens where babies can pick flowers without fear of discipline. They should keep creditable cows, and sagacious hired men who like children, and tame horses that it is safe to drive, and ponies of assorted ages and different degrees of spirit. It is well for them, too, to live within convenient distance of streams that drift lazily through the landscape with no mosquitoes near them, and with trees proper to sit under or row past. Such streams, duly bordered with umbrageous vegetation, are convenient for the older grandchildren during the courtship period. The young can't provide such an environment for themselves. Their parents—unless they are rich—commonly have to spend most of their money for rent, food, clothes, and education, and are prone to scrimp when it comes to rural expenditures. But to have grandparents with right ideas about living and proper country places to live in is immensely advantageous to grandchildren, vastly convenient for parents, and as remunerative to the grandparents themselves as anything in the market.

But of course grandparents, to be satisfactory and thoroughly useful in their vocation, must be of the right sort—competent without being fidgety, indulgent—yes, over-indulgent—without being foolish enough to impair the confidence of parents, and such respecters of human liberty as to hold that what a child wants to do is the best thing for that child to do, provided there is no sound reason to the contrary. Grandparents with real farms are best—farms where hens lay under barns and in haymows in the spring, and where protesting pigs meet a tragic doom in the late fall, and where apples grow profusely, and cider-casks stand in rows in November with the bungs out and straws handy. Dawdling is tiresome in the country, as elsewhere, but the regular work of a farm is full of entertainment, especially for a change. Anglo-Saxon sport commonly involves killing something. Men shoot partridges and various wild creatures, and chase foxes, at great cost of time and money, often travelling great distances to do it. They are prone to neglect the simpler excitements which befall when the pampered tenants of a pig-pen meet their fate in the retirement of a barn-yard, and are inexorably resolved into spare-ribs, bacon, sausage, souse, head-cheese, lard, and salt pork. Of course pig-killing has its appalling side, but the country can't be quite the real old country where there is no sau-

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

STREAMS THAT DRIFT LAZILY THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE

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sage-machine in the garret, and no bladders saved up against the summer's swimming.

And of course there ought to be a corn-field, and pumpkins, and mice and moles under the corn-shocks as they stand in the field in the fall, and terriers to hunt them when the corn-stalks are borne away to the barn. All this, to be sure, has to do with real farming, whereas it has been a more artificial and supplementary sort of country life that we have been considering. But, after all, why shouldn't grandparents be real farmers? When it comes to that, farmers in America have proved themselves far and away the most successful grandparents the country has produced. It has been the rule that the vigorous men who have forged ahead in the towns have come from the country. Perhaps it is not the rule now in quite so striking a measure, but it is the rule still. In the slower life of the country the energy seems ever to be accumulating which feeds the hustle and the progress of the driving cities. In the town is the brilliant flame, but the wick is fed by the country. It is because it is so well understood that country air and sights and all the processes of country life are necessary to maintain the vigor of family stocks that we see this constant reaching out of the dwellers in towns for all of the country that they can get. It is going on more and more, urged by increasing need as city life grows more and more artificial, and aided by the wonderful development of cheap and rapid transportation. The rich in America are all the time acquiring and developing great country estates; the merely well-to-do follow a like impulse in a more modest way; poorer people swell the vast army of summer boarders; and in the great towns families too poor to get their children out of town in summer are helped to send them, sometimes hundreds of miles, to volunteer grandparents who have fields and farm-houses and kind hearts. And so, while the country comes to town as much as ever, the town each year gets back to the country more generally than ever before. It is a most important interchange; good for the country, and vitally necessary for the towns. It is an easy matter, and quickly done, to get the hay seed out of the locks of any likely lad, but the locks that never had any hay seed in them are apt to drop out over-soon.

Country development may be incomplete, but city development tends to be narrow, and it is a far easier matter to expand and refine the one than to supply the deficiencies of the other.

Easter

BY MARY A. MASON

TO be disciples of the risen Christ
By earth and heaven are we called to-day;
His love, beyond our dreaming, has sufficed
To start the whole world singing on its way.

Upon each life is some new glory shed;
The sadness of the sacrifice is o'er;
His cross is now but tender arms outspread
To lift us gently upward evermore.

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To a Songster

BY JOHN B. TABB

O LITTLE bird, I'd be
A poet like to thee,
Singing a native song,
Brief to the ear, but long
To Love and Memory.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a sad condition of criticism that the critic, when he has striven faithfully to do his part by an author, may be as little pleased with his censure as some reader who likes it least. His reasons for discontent will not always be the same as the reader's, but they will be good reasons, and probably better than the reader's, for criticism is always oversaying or undersaying the thing it means with a fatality which might well incline the critic, upon second thought, to the contrary of his own opinions. This, at any rate, has been the long experience of the Easy Chair as a critic in various guises; and what is one's experience for if it is not to form the background on which one may imagine the predicament of another as if drawing from the fact? The result may not be like the fact at all, it may be nothing but a semblance which is more like the artist than the subject, but in that case the artist has the consolation of knowing that he has paid the subject the greatest possible compliment.

I

We have been reading Mr. George Rice Carpenter's all too little life of Longfellow with a pleasure which we will not conceal from our own readers, any more than the fact that our pleasure in it would have been greater if we could have constantly agreed with the author. We like agreeing with people, not merely because it makes us feel they are right, but because it saves trouble; it saves the labor of convincing them they are wrong; and we are sorry to find ourselves agreeing with people so seldom: it seems to put mankind at a disadvantage. Not that we should disagree with Mr. Carpenter as to his manner of telling the tale of the poet's life. Rarely does a little book like a little brook run so limpidly along, reflecting the shores in its course, and taking the skies overhead into the depths of the water-grasses, the rocks, the sands underneath. It portrays admirably the poet in his environment, in his time and place, in his companionships as he chose them, and as they chose him; we could hardly wish it better done. But when it comes to the poet's work, its worth and place among other poets' work, our misgivings, our differences, our distinctions begin; and they insist the more because a hundred years hence, or a thousand, there will still be the same misgivings, differences, distinctions in the varying minds of men according to their several ways of thinking and feeling.

Speaking roughly, (and yet not roughly, we hope,) Mr. Carpenter's thinking and feeling about the poetry of Longfellow is that it is the poetry of sentiment; that it is the poetry of the library and not of the street or field; that its pictorial effects are compositions of generalized phases rather than the representation of actual features; that it is imageryative (the adventurous word is ours, not Mr. Carpenter's) rather than imaginative; that it is didactic rather than artistic, smooth and pleasing rather than strong and moving; gentle, cultivated, refined, rather than bold, native, and robust. All this he says or intimates, while recog-

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nizing the unique value of such poems as Evangeline, Hiawatha, and The Courtship of Miles Standish; and all this in a certain measure we may allow, while denying that it is the measure of Longfellow's work, except in a partial and occasional sense. In a partial and occasional sense it is true of his work; and it is also true of his work that it was partially and occasionally prosaic when it ought to have been always poetic. But this is true, partially and occasionally, of the work of all poets, except perhaps Keats alone, and he was not one of the greatest poets.

Lowell once said to the present Easy Chair that coming into a room where some one was reading aloud to a company of people, he thought that he was listening to prose, till presently it turned out to be the poetry of Tennyson's Idyls of the King. He held that Shakspere had set a pace of poetry which few others could keep up with; and one may be forgiven for adding that Shakspere did not always keep up with it himself. The highest poets in all languages lift to the skies long levels of prose with here and there peaks of song. Goethe abounded in prose; Dante renders his moments of poetry precious by his hours of prose; Wordsworth was terribly prosaic, and Shelley at times was worse; as for Byron, he was at times worse still, he was journalistic. Yet all these were great poets, and the presence of prose in verse is no proof that the verse on the whole is not poetry. It is certainly present in Longfellow's New England Tragedies, and in The Golden Legend; and only the diction of the New Testament saves The Divine Tragedy from being largely prose. Nevertheless these pieces severally express with the high authority of poetry the spirit of the supreme human event, the travail of the darkened mediæval soul, and the emergence of the world out of theologic darkness into religious liberty and light.

II

By the conditions of production what a man writes remains the man; not part of what he writes but all of what he writes, just as all that he is is he, and not merely his fine moments. Critics have sometimes vainly supposed that time would so sift or winnow a man's work that only the pure grain would be left, but it seems to be the law that though the grain be separated from the chaff and tares, the chaff and the tares endure with it. If a man could be kept from setting down anything but poetry when he wrote verse, then the world would not be littered with so much metrical prose; but apparently he never could, and so we have had to take the bad along with the good. The question with most is what they shall judge him by, and whether they shall condemn him for the bad or acquit him for the good. We think they should do neither the one nor the other. The only justice we can render is not to forget his poetry in the midst of his prose, and we must make inquiry of our conscience and our consciousness whether there has been more of the one or more of the other. This will not be simple, for the two are sometimes as inextricably mixed in his lines as they are in our own lives.

Mr. Carpenter seems to us unusually well equipped for the inquiry, for he has shown himself in this little book able beyond most other critics to understand Longfellow through a sense of his art, and has known how to suggest what may not be precisely defined, as "an impersonal artistic product, having a form and individuality of its own, apparently separate from the author's experience, though created by it." Yet having so admirably intimated the nature of the thing, Mr. Carpenter is sometimes, as we think, insensible of it where its effect is apparent, especially among the poems of Longfellow's later period. In other words, the balance of this scrupulous critic's mind is on the side of the criticism which makes the poet now suffer rejection because of the acceptance that came to him too widely before his best work was done.

The art of Longfellow is something too precious among our heritages from the past not to be valued at its full worth. It was the hardly saving grace which Hawthorne owned in the American literature of his time, and it is the art of Longfellow which takes from the American poetry of his generation the aspect of something fragmentary and fugitive, Whatever else it had from others, from Emerson, from Bryant, from Whittier, from Holmes, from Lowell, it had stand-

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ing and presence and recognition among the world literatures from the art of Longfellow. We had other poets easily more American than he, but he was above all others the American poet, and he was not the less American because he accepted the sole conditions on which American poetry could then embody itself. As far as he ever came to critical consciousness in the matter he acted upon the belief, which he declared, that we could not be really American without being in the best sense European; that unless we brought to our New World life the literature of the Old World, we should not know or say ourselves aright. It seems to us, therefore, that Mr. Carpenter's speculations as to what sort of poet Longfellow might have been if he had been differently environed, or had been obliged in the West, or elsewhere, to enter more hardily into the struggle of life, are beside the question. Longfellow was what he was, and as it is probable that no man is idly or unmeaningly born of certain parents and not of certain others, so it seems reasonable to suppose there is some sort of order in a man's place and time which he can scarcely be even imagined outside of. Longfellow's place was in Cambridge among apparently smooth things, and his life was apparently tranquil and even, but these appearances cannot conceal the fact that his life included in its course all the sorrow and all the tragedy that can educate a man to sympathy with other human lives. Longfellow's time was that period which Mr. Carpenter calls sentimental, but which we should rather call ethical and emotional, and which Longfellow certainly reflected in the poetry of his early and middle manner. But beneath its surface aspects his art was instinctively seeking the meanings of its aspects. These were what the meanings of humanity are in every time, whether the time is optimistic or pessimistic, ethical or scientific: they were very simple meanings, the eternal desire of the race to orient itself aright with love and death, with sin and sorrow, with hope and despair. The soul is apparently busy with many other things, with war, money, office, letters, arts, ambitions, interests, but it is really the mind that is busy with such things; the soul, the very man, moves in the round of those elemental meanings, and it is the affair of poetic art to find them out and report them in the language of the day. Its task is a process of translation out of the old dialects of the past; and he who shows himself aptest in the new version is the greatest poet of his age. Did Tennyson add anything to the thinking and feeling of England in his day, or did he merely surprise his fellow-Englishmen with a new gloss of the thoughts and feelings which have always been in the world, but which the time required in terms more intelligible than those of the past? If Tennyson expressed the most of thinking and feeling Englishmen to themselves, in the same measure Longfellow expressed the like Americans.

If he was emotional and ethical, it was because they were so. His art of that period had the color and complexion of the contemporary mood; but the most interesting fact concerning Longfellow is one of the least recognized, and appears to have been scarcely recognized at all by Mr. Carpenter. He did not remain of any given time. He grew from his youth to his manhood, and from his manhood to his age, and his art won a greater fineness and firmness with the passing of the years. It responded to the temper of his later time as it had responded to the temper of his earlier time. It was senescent as the century itself was, and it was saddened with the wisdom of science, as once it had been cheered with the wisdom of faith. It is difficult, it is dangerous to allege proofs; the instance which you summon to your help, to prove your case and stand your stead, may turn upon you and play you false when it comes to testifying. But there are some of Longfellow's sonnets which seem to us such trustworthy evidence of what we have been saying that we shall venture to call them into court, and to ask certain of them to testify. Shall the first be, among the three sonnets to three dead friends of the poet, that perfect one in which his grief has a pathos as of some lament caught and fixed in antique bronze—shall it be that unsurpassable sonnet to the memory of Agassiz?

I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.

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The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come
no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when
common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou
hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent, why shouldst thou
be dead?

Here is fancy, if you will, but here is imagination too, if there is any unforced difference between the two; and here is the last effect of a most instructed art. The thing is single, adequate, absolute; it has the unmoralized completeness of a sigh. It is very personal; it is grief that is speaking, and grief is personal; but if any critic objects to having it so, then the sonnet on Agassiz, which should fit no other, is at fault in sentiment for that critic. Personality, in fact, is the note of all these noble sonnets, and perhaps for that reason, which so enriches them, they will not prove our case. Then let us summon this one, which expresses as electly a more universal, but not more generous pang:

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt sea
wave,
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of
brave
And doomed battalions, storming the re-
doubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave, with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very
name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

The plainness of the words, the utter simplicity of the mental pose, the passion of unselfish regret, constitute the terms on which an emotion of the noblest poetry here imparts itself. There is no pretence of consolation where consolation is impossible; there is no didactic or homiletic endeavor; there is only the explicit acceptance of the human case within the strict bound of human experience. We doubt if there is anything more simple or direct in the language. The note struck is the dominant of all Longfellow's later song, in which the wisdom of the man humbled him to the universal conditions, and the imperative sincerity of his nature forbade him to feign the hope and faith he no longer felt. The form is to our thinking faultless, but we are aware that all our saying so cannot make it so to others, and that any insistence to such an effect would be unworthy of the art itself.

III

The beauty of such art and the truth of it in these later poems, and especially in the sonnets, are traits which become more apparent to the reader's later years, when impartial chance decimates the rank in which he stands, and leaves him safe only till the next round at best. They who fall become the closer friends to those who remain untouched, and as "everything is dearer since it dies," all memories of such as have lived and labored within touch of us take the tinge of a personal grief, and we know too late how much they were to us who can be nothing more.

Since the last of these papers was written two very different men whose loss leaves our literature the poorer have died, though perhaps each had done his best for letters before he died. Clarence King, indeed, belonged rather to science, if that is distinguishable in a final scrutiny from literature, and for many years he had done nothing in the sort in which everything he did was done so brilliantly. He was said always to have a novel in hand, which would be the great American novel we all desire if he finished it, but there was no need of this belief to keep him in mind as a literary man with those who knew how to value literary excellence. His early sketches of "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" remain his contribution to the study of national life, which he keenly felt in its frontier quality, and put before his reader with a vivid and unerring touch. He was equipped with the sunniest humor, the quickest poetic sympathy, with instinctive knowledge of men and wide acquaintance with the world, for a true

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vision of the character that charmed him and that charmed his readers after him, but he turned aside and gave to geology the talent that had evinced itself so much in psychology. He was no more in error, probably, than Curtis was in devoting his fineness to politics, or Mr. Hay in ignoring his æsthetic gifts for statecraft; mistakes as to their highest calling are not predicable of such men, and Clarence King was probably better instructed as to his than any of us who felt the deprivation to literature. He did so little after those early sketches that it seemed as if he had almost a passion for obscurity in the sort where he had once shone so; but this passion, if it existed, was baffled whenever he put pen to paper. One slight study of the Don Quixote country which he printed in a magazine but never reprinted, keeps in our memory the spacious impression that a masterpiece of any dimension makes; and doubtless if a fragment of the novel he was believed to have begun could be given to the world we should have full confirmation of his early promise. As it is, his work cannot be ignored by the historian of our literature, and his name is secure of the remembrance which he seemed to care for so little, which he sometimes seemed whimsically to deprecate.

IV

To say that Horace E. Scudder died at the moment most fortunate for his future, when no chance could impair the effect of his best and highest endeavor, is so easy that one shrinks from saying it. But nothing else would duly represent the fact. He had given the world, as it were in the hour of leaving it, a book which crowned his life's ambition in literature with memorable achievement, and united his name with one of the greatest in our history. We have already spoken of his biography of Lowell in this place, and we need not recur to it. But we cannot do less than cite its finest qualities in proof of the conscience, the intelligence, and the devotion which the author brought to all the work of a life given to literature with a sort of glad eagerness, and a love unalloyed by any sordid motive. A certain gayety of heart carried him buoyantly through a career which was one of frequent struggle against heavy odds, as well as of constant fidelity to high aims. The gifts of invention were not his, and confronted with life on the terms of imagination, he failed to see it accurately; but as a critic of books, and of men in books, at that remove from reality in which the student often realizes them best, he had few equals among us. In this quality all the best traits of his talent evinced themselves. He had the clear vision of what an author intends, and the conscience to recognize his intention; he had a humor which played over the scheme and lighted it with a friendly sympathy; or, when this was not possible, let it show itself for what it was unlit by those baleful gleams that also scorch; he had the wide acquaintance with literature and the scholarly equipment for which mere insight, however subtle and profound, cannot substitute itself. What he attempted of more synthetic temper was done with scrupulous truthfulness and inextinguishable zest, and with that interest in the matter which alone makes it interesting again. He might be right or he might be wrong in a criticism; you could agree or you might disagree with him in an affair of taste; but you must always own that he was saying what he believed and what he felt. He belonged by birth and training to that New England school of which so few survive to witness the glories of the past, and on whatever level he shall find for himself he will be associated with the men of Cambridge, the chief of whom he has studied in his chief work. If it were for the present writer to speak yet a little more personally, and to lament in his death one of the friends whose loss no fortuity of earth can compensate; to indulge a retrospect of years through which their beginnings ran parallel; to recall the serious moods that broke into laughter, and from laughter rose again to serious moods; to remember differences without enmities—it would be to feel again the influences of stars long set, and in the question of the future begun for the vanished comrade in letters to realize

> How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

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Editor's Study.

I

WRITERS who have offered articles that have been declined often wonder why this or that contribution which they see in the Magazine has been preferred to their own. The editor has before him a letter from a writer who is vexed by this problem, and who asks for help in its solution. He encloses two printed articles which he had unsuccessfully offered to all the best American magazines, and which were finally published in a respectable weekly paper, yielding him little profit and a slender satisfaction to a legitimate aspiration. His surprise, occasioned by his failure with the magazines, seemed to him justified by the high estimate put upon these articles by a man of considerable literary reputation to whom they were shown, and who deemed them worthy of publication in the very periodicals from which they were excluded.

The gentleman who participated in this author's wonder was not himself an editor. Though not, as we think, justified in his opinion, he might very well have been, notwithstanding the unfavorable editorial decisions. For, as contributors are frequently advised in the polite editorial scripts returned with their "unavailable" offerings, an article is not necessarily declined for want of merit; it might lie beyond the proper scope of the magazine; it might be of undue length; it might be too acutely timely for a monthly publication; it might be very good and yet lack novelty in theme and treatment; or it might cover ground occupied by contributions already published, accepted, or arranged for.

As a matter of fact, this author's articles did, in a general way, cover ground occupied by contributions that have appeared in this Magazine during a twelvemonth. But, apart from this consideration, we think they should have been declined for publication in any first-class magazine, for two reasons. They were nature-studies, in the first place, containing scientific statements, and the author had no such general recognition as a scientific authority as would carry conviction to the reader. But, granted this conviction, these studies would have missed a lodgement in this Magazine because, in the second place, while they were made up of observations that would be interesting to a special class of readers, they had no organization with reference to any central idea or dominant suggestion that would give them either unity of effect or a general appeal to the interest of thoughtful readers.

II

It is this last-mentioned consideration that has led the editor to advert to this particular case—a case in which the author might have much to say for himself, and in which, indeed, the editor's judgment as to the literary merit of the contributions may have been at fault. The principle, nevertheless, holds—that, however happily chosen the theme of an essay or the *motif* of a story may be, and however interesting in itself may be the mere substance or material entering into the composition (the facts in the article, the incidents in the story, the impressions in the poem), the organization of the material is a determining factor. In this it is that the author shows such mastery and distinction as he may have. Pre-eminent in this, even if he deals with scientific facts and observations, he will be given a chance to gain for himself authority, though at the start he lacks it, and much more than this, since it is not merely the facts he uses that are important, but mainly his use of them, his imaginative co-ordination of them, or, as in the case of James Hinton, his spiritual leading through and from them.

We say *even if* he deals with the things of science; but, in fact, there are no other things of so far-reaching suggestiveness, no other things of such imaginative use in relation to our thought concerning questions of the greatest moment and interest.

In all things the human interest is ultimate; whatever lies outside of this is alien. We are not willing to leave

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to the other animals simply their proper functions, but take pleasure in seeing them clothed upon with human attributes. Some of our fiction in this line seems like a reversion to primitive folk-lore. We will have nothing of nature that is not invested with human significance.

For a general appeal to magazine-readers, the contributor, not only of nature-studies, but of any kind of literature, must, first of all, give his material human interest and meaning. It is true that we have brought nature into such intimacy with our human moods that we take pleasure even in such of her aspects as seem detached from us, though when we regard landscapes like those painted by Church and Inness, our first impulse, after the sensation of surprise, is to find the familiarity, so that the natural wonder may blend with the human, and each find expression in terms of the other. Often the best landscape-painters avail of human associations, so that the first feeling of the beholder is one of familiarity, though this impression is probably stronger when it follows that of surprise, as it inevitably does follow, just as in a wholly strange scene or situation we are haunted as by some memory linking us therewith in the vague past. The writer, unlike the painter, uses the terms of human speech, and his descriptions of nature can never be wholly devoid of human association, which indeed he usually seeks to re-enforce, often giving it a dramatic expression.

III

It is a nice question how far the writer of fiction should go in his use of natural scenery. The ancient story-writers, one would think, would have been compelled to make much of out-door life, and therefore of nature, in their work, especially the Greek, for whom interiors had so little meaning—less, indeed, in the days of Pericles than in the heroic age as portrayed by Homer. But we find that nature was dealt with by these writers only in the simplest terms, even where the life went on out-of-doors. There was no elaborate picture. But also there were no elaborate stories.

The intimate love of nature seems to grow with human culture, and what we love we make much of. The growth is through culture, the stages of which may be discerned if we compare, as to the use of natural scenery, Lewis Morris with Dante, and then Dante with Homer. We mention poets because in ancient literature there was so little imaginative fiction outside of poetry, save as we find it in the folk-lore which the poets used. Modern novelists differ widely in the degree of their affection for nature as shown in their work. Some—like Dr. Johnson, who thought one green field like every other, and would rather go to Cheapside and see men—only incidentally and from necessity introduce the landscape; while a few go to the other extreme, feeling like Bryant "not that I love man less, but nature more," and finding in the animate world around them, and even in the elements, not merely the environment or setting of their stories, but their very color, atmosphere, and to a great extent their texture, feeling, and action. The appeal of such fiction is limited to those readers who can appreciate this intimate interpretation of nature. Richard Jefferies was a master in this kind of fiction, having, however, a defect of his excellence which is apparent when we consider his delineation of human character. To those who have loved nature much we forgive much even of excess in the expression of their ruling passion. But no indulgence should be shown to that too common vice of novelists—the introduction of tedious and impertinent descriptions of natural scenery and effects. The fact that these are well done is no sufficient justification.

Equally objectionable is the introduction of material of any kind that is not, directly or obliquely, pertinent to the writer's purpose in a story, to his view in an essay, to his impression in a poem.

IV

A writer's method should be determined by his feeling. In imaginative writing the material itself—the stuff of the dream — takes its substance from feeling, which is something quite distinct from a fancy or a caprice; which is something other than what is commonly called sentiment, since it is not static, but dynamic, operative creatively, commanding the embodiment. It is not wholly of the moment, but a resurgence,

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so that it is linked with past moments in the continuity of an experience, a culture. Thus the mere material of the embodiment is furnished from the writer's past observations and impressions. Memory is the mother of all the Muses. But this material is transfused and transformed by the creative imagination.

We are considering just here not the theme, but the method — the way the theme takes; but the subject, the main *motif*, enfolds the initiative feeling that compels the embodiment. In the essay there is simply a disclosure of the implications. In the story there is permitted greater complexity, proportionate to the scope of the construction; character is developed—a variety of characters, indeed, about whom a world is built up with manifold interests that engage the men and woman in it; and while there must be unity of effect with reference to the dominant note, so that nothing irrelevant enters, yet the creator of this world has the full freedom of it.

We shall have a fine example of the possibilities of the appeal thus made at once to intellect and sensibility in the new world Mrs. Humphry Ward will create for us in her "Lady Rose's Daughter," to begin in our next number, and which will notably illustrate the distinction between sentiment and the creative feeling in an artist's work.

In the perusal of such a work—as in our regard of nature—the feeling seems to be in the beholder rather than in the creation itself, which appears to simply move on to its own ends in a procession of lights and shadows, with ascents and cadences, and intervales between. In this kind of fiction even the moments of passion are only indicated in the situations —the feeling of them is in the reader. In this particular case the writer's equipment by observation, experience, and culture enables her to avail of a rich argosy of spoils with such skill and charm as to afford the highest intellectual satisfaction. Lady Rose's daughter is the central figure of the story; every point in the dramatic development relates to her. In her plane of social life she is like Trilby, with a distinct variation, in the degree of interest and fascination she awakens in the reader. And about her move the finely portrayed personages that distinguish the stateliest order of England's social aristocracy.

V

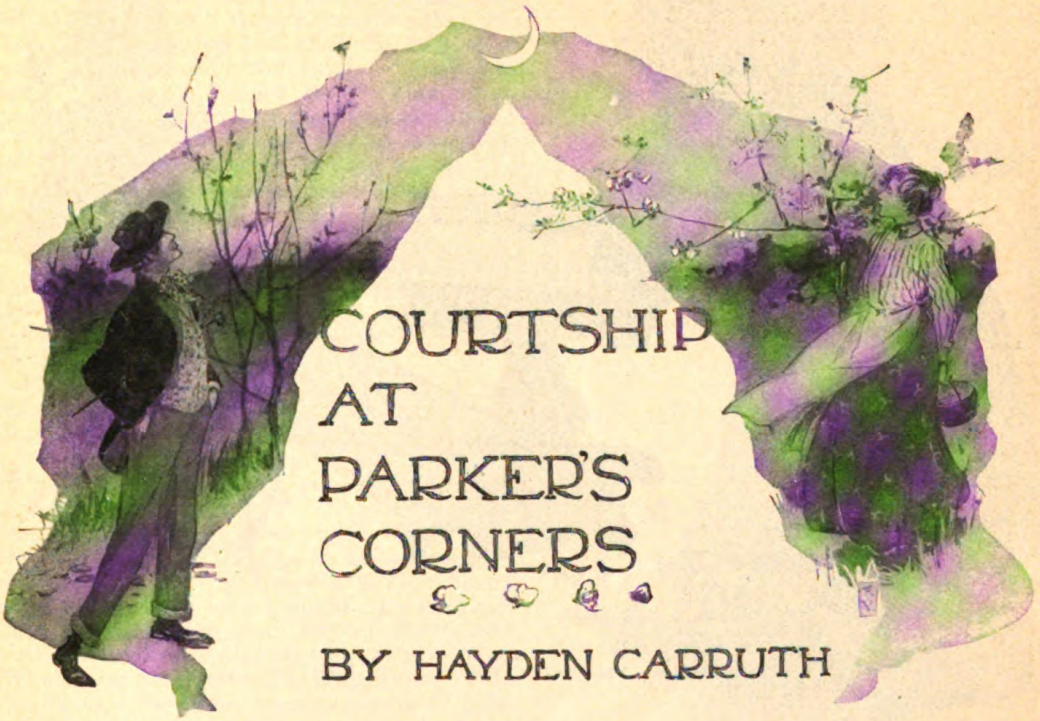
Such an example of effective artistic procedure lifts the standard in this field of work, and should stimulate our younger writers.

The contributor's inquiry—why other offerings were preferred to his own—with which we set out, is only one of many such. Here is one now before us from a poet, who sends a copy of a poem printed elsewhere but declined for use in this Magazine, and asks us to compare it with a poem which we have recently published, thus challenging a justification of our preference for the latter. We have made the comparison, and find that while the thought in the rejected poem is as good if not better than in the one accepted—the theme being quite the same in both—the preference was given to the one which had the more nearly perfect poetic form.

In connection with this subject of poetic form the editor has an inquiry of his own to make: Why does almost every contributor of verse adopt the form of the sonnet? It is the ideal form for contemplative poetry. We use the word *contemplative* purposely as distinguished from *meditative*, since the term etymologically suggests not only concentration, but completeness of scope within set limits. The sonnet form is the most difficult in its requirements, for not only must the thought have completeness within the set limits, as of a circle, but also, as in a circle, its movement must have reflexion, the inevitable return. The complexity of the rhyme seems to operate as a challenge to the bold venture, and too many writers of verse, having successfully wrestled with this difficulty, are proud of the accomplishment, though the result is in no other respect satisfactory. Excepting the really great sonnet from our consideration, the lyric is to be preferred, and gives satisfaction to a larger number of readers.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER



COURTSHIP AT PARKER'S CORNERS

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

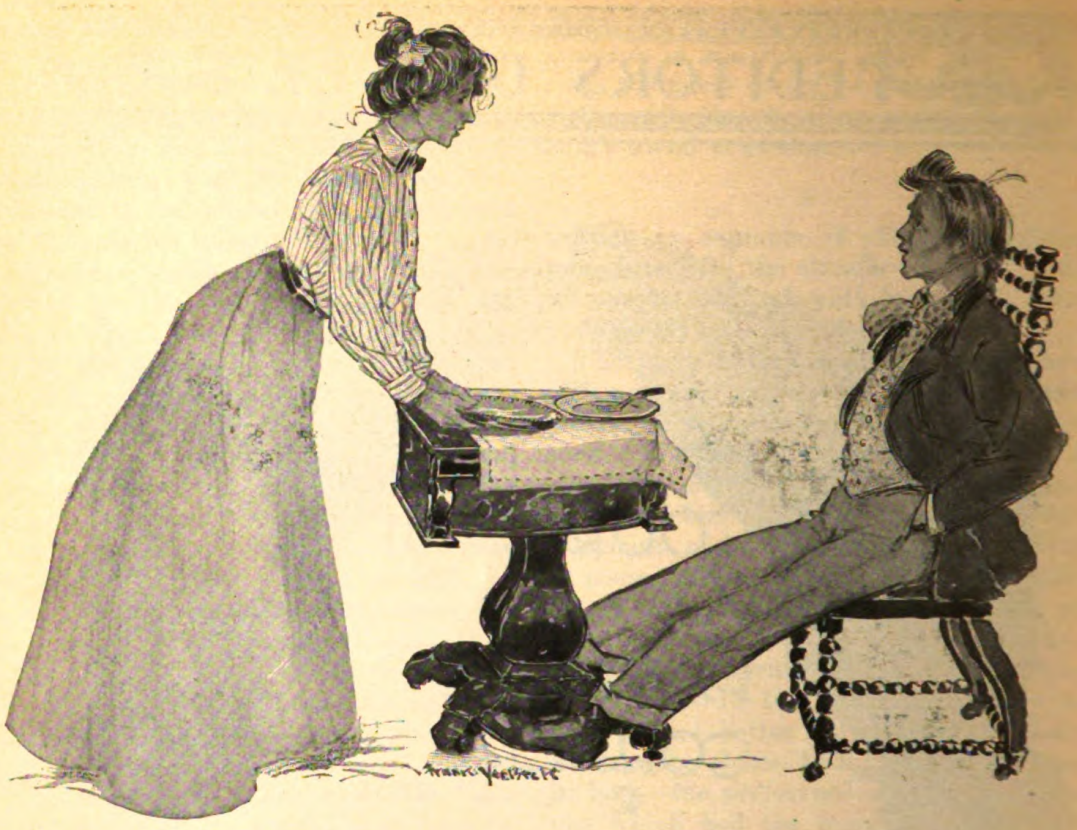
JUST what was the proper length of a courtship was a matter of dispute at Parker's Corners. Mrs. Carstairs held that one year was not too short a time for a man to ascertain his true feelings. Mrs. Penrose, on the contrary, freely expressed the view that a man who "didn't know what he wanted to do inside o' three months wouldn't never know." It will be observed that both authorities ignored the woman in the case. This may be taken as a compliment to her, in that she certainly must know her own mind long before any man, or it may mean that of course she is always ready for marriage, which seems less complimentary.

But whether one held to the radical view of Mrs. Penrose, or to the conservative doctrine of Mrs. Carstairs, it was necessary to declare Jim Beardsley guilty. He had been industriously "paying attention" to Martha Rusk for two years. "Time enough for a wooden man to wake up," Mrs. Penrose was wont to announce; though, as the only wooden man in the neighborhood, a patient aborigine who silently called attention to the fact that Archibald Bent, the barber and veterinary surgeon, also kept tobacco on sale, had not for twenty years lowered his tomahawk, it served to weaken the lady's figure in the minds of the thoughtful.

But two years! Who shall deny its ample sufficiency? Certainly not Jim Beardsley, I am sure. He was not a vainglorious man; on the contrary, he was a modest person, soft-spoken, patient, an abider of consequences; a man not to be hurried; but withal one, his mind made up, that nothing could swerve. Tall, possibly ungainly, was Jim, and not such as make an over-favorable first impression — rather a man that you must learn to know. Though he did not need to give Martha Rusk two years in which to learn to know him—especially as she knew him pretty well even before the formal courtship began. Jim himself would never have contended that two years were necessary. He had waited the two years out of a delicate, if unsuspected, sense of the proper proportion of things. Marriage was a weighty matter; it must needs have the careful consideration due to it.

When Jim Beardsley came out of his house and turned down the road toward that of the object of his protracted attention, he saw the young April moon over his left shoulder. He was not a man given to superstition, but the new moon hath ever an evil aspect to the best of us when thus observed. He quickened his pace slightly and drew a long, resolute breath. At the same moment Martha Rusk, coming in from closing the chicken-coop and adjusting one or

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"YOU KNOW I'M NO COOK," SAID MARTHA

two refractory fowls on the proper roost, chanced to observe the moon over her right shoulder; so mysteriously does the goddess Chance distribute her favors. "I guess Jim is coming to-night," she said to herself.

In the kitchen Martha met her sister Harriet, an impatient body, a true disciple of the hasty Mrs. Penrose.

"Is Jim coming up this evening?" asked Harriet, abruptly.

"He might," answered Martha, guardedly.

"It seems to me," went on Harriet, thoughtfully, aiming the remark straight at the bottom of a suspended dish-pan, "that Jim has been coming here for quite some time—quite some."

"Yes, he has; quite some," assented Martha.

"Some folks I know," continued Harriet, still addressing the shining but unresponsive countenance of the pan—"some folks would encourage him a little — help him along—seeing's he's been coming quite some time."

"Some folks would," returned Martha, with a touch of decision in her voice. "They would. Others ain't in such a hurry."

"When he comes to-night," persisted Harriet, turning around from the unsocial pan, "why don't you offer him some of that punkin pie you made to-day."

"Jim always gets something when he's hungry."

"But it's generally my cooking, and he knows it," said Harriet, in the encouraging manner so often observed in the younger sister. "You know how it is with a man —always thinking 'bout his eating. He'll be proposing to me, first thing you know. Good land! I don't want him. You give him that punkin pie to-night, and tell him you made it."

"I don't need to be ashamed of that pie," said Martha, with slight warmth.

"Of course you don't. It's a good pie. You used my recipe—it never fails."

Martha passed into the front room. Before following, Harriet stopped in the pantry and rearranged some of the dishes upon the shelves.

Cooking was not Martha's forte. She shone rather in the dairy. Her butter was something to challenge attention. Her preserves, too, were of good report; and when, in the spring, she turned her hand to that emollient, soft soap, it was with the touch of an expert. But as a cook she was less successful. One cannot excel on all sides; the Admirable Crichton is with the snows of yester-year. Still, she could cook; her mother pronounced her a "good, fair, every-day cook." What more would you? There are more every-days than Sundays or holidays. Pity the man who can dine on the red-letter days alone.

The capricious moon was still scattering

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her doubtful attentions when Jim knocked at the Rusk door. He found Martha awaiting him in the sitting-room. The rest of the family, including the helpful Harriet, were in convenient eclipse. The conversation of the young people in the sitting-room for some time partook of the general rather than of the particular. Then the girl suggested something to eat. Jim was agreeable. He had just had supper, but, after the manner of man, he was ready for more. "Feed the brute!" says the French lady. Alas, these penetrating and plain-spoken French ladies!

"You don't often get a taste of one of my pies, Jim," said Martha, coming out of the pantry and setting an inviting-looking pumpkin pie before him. "You know I'm no cook."

"I've always liked what I've got of 'em," answered Jim, earnestly, whereat Martha blushed, being, like most people, more eager for praise of what she did indifferently than of what she did well.

Martha retired to her chair, and Jim extracted a generous triangle of the pie from the tin and slipped it to a plate.

"Punkin, you know, Martha, is my favorite pie," he went on in a cheerful tone, as he took up a fork and began. He paused at the first mouthful and looked at Martha closely. She sat gazing at the fire in an attempt at indifference to the praise she felt confident was coming. His look brought him nothing. He returned to the pie. But at the second mouthful he looked harder than before. The girl still sat unconscious of his actions. Perplexity knit his brow, an appearance of pain rested on his face. Time after time he looked, and returned reluctantly to the pie. He was making slow progress with it.

"Seems to me, Jim," Martha said at last, without turning her head, "that you're keeping mighty quiet. If my pie has that effect on you I think I won't give you any more."

"I'm—I'm enjoying it," said Jim, in a rather odd tone. "I—I never talk much when I'm eating."

"You like it, then, do you?"

"Didn't I say I was enjoying it?" returned Jim, almost impatiently. Then he added, quickly: "Of course I like it. I always said you could cook. I—I don't see why you say you can't."

"Oh, just because I can't. No; I'm a poor cook. Harriet is the cook of the family, after mother. But if you like that, have another piece."

"All right," said Jim, with set features. He cut another slender wedge and continued eating with dogged determination. But when it was about half finished he put down his fork with one last fierce, nervous closing of the jaws. "That's first-rate pie," he said, firmly, "but really I can't eat any more. You know I had supper just before I started." He rose and took a seat nearer the girl.

As has been said, Jim was a man not to be swerved from his determination. He had come with a fixed resolution, he would carry it out; the pale martyrs had not more steadfastness of purpose.



"JIM," SHE CALLED

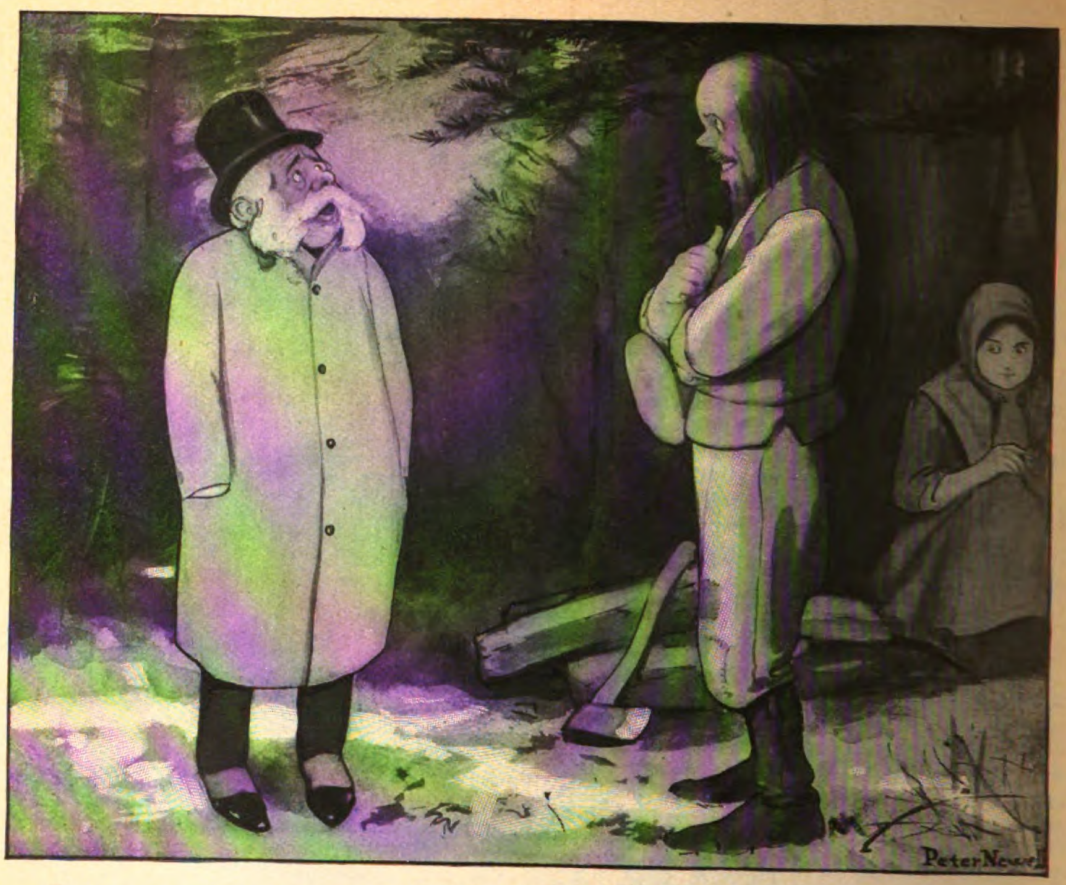
An hour later Jim stood at the front gate. "It's over with," he murmured, "and here I am. Tarnation! have I waited two years to find out what I wanted and then made a mistake? But that pie! Why *didn't* she say no!" He rested one hand on the gate-post, and fumbled weakly for the latch.

Suddenly the door opened behind him, and Martha was silhouetted against the light.

"Jim, Jim," she called, "come back here!" He quickly retraced his steps. "Jim," she said, when he came up close—"Jim—oh, that pie! Why didn't you tell me? I made an awful mistake. They were mixed up, somehow, in the pantry. That was an April-fool pie which we made last week to fool the boys. It had—oh, I don't know what it *didn't* have in it—glue, and sawdust, and —oh, Jim!"

Still another hour later Jim Beardsley walked briskly down the road. The scoundrelly young moon was gone, but there was enough light from the winking stars to show on his face a look of ineffable joy.

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ARBORAL COMFORT

"Do not you suffer, my good man, when comes the winter's storm?"
"I thank you very kindly, sir, we find these firs quite warm!"

THE COOTS-PLUNKETT MIGRATION

TOUCHED by the same mysterious influence as the migratory birds, the Coots-Plunketts decided to move to the country. With the coming up from the south of the spring breezes their apartments became intolerable, and a suburban cottage a necessity for happiness. The inexplicable migratory influence had not had to work alone; they had also been taken by the idea of keeping a cow.

Not that Mr. Coots-Plunkett was the sort of man to take personal charge of a cow; far from it. The coachman should take care of the cow, or the butler, according on closer acquaintance as she seemed the more to resemble a driving beast or to appertain to the sideboard. The Coots-Plunketts were a little uncertain about cows; also about coachmen and butlers.

But the first thing was to get to the country. They had secured a house in an aristocratic suburban town inhabited by the right sort of people. They knew this because there were no fences between the cottages, and the stones about the stables and driveways were whitewashed. Only your best families keep their bowlders whitewashed, as the Coots-Plunketts well knew.

In moving, much depended on the choice of a van. Mr. Coots-Plunkett examined all of these vehicles on the neighboring stands, and was shocked at the impossible landscapes and battle pieces which embellished their sides. He finally found one in a more aristocratic part of the town painted a solid salmon color, with gold stripes. Early the next morning the artistic van was docked in front of the Coots-Plunkett flat. In due time the craft got away, the four horses prancing haughtily as if conscious of their responsibility, and the men sitting up straight with their arms folded. "There, my dear," observed Mr. Coots-Plunkett, "I rather think we shall not make a bad first appearance."

Later in the day the Coots-Plunketts took their own departure. They dropped off the train one station before their own, and took a cab, choosing it with the same care bestowed upon the van, and bribing the driver to remove the numbers from his lamps, their laudable desire being, of course, to impress the neighbors with the idea that they were arriving in their family carriage. The roads were muddy; spring had come slowly up that way. When still a mile from their destination they came suddenly upon the æsthetic

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van engulfed in the mire of the road. The wheels had sunk to the hubs, and the four prancing horses, aided by a neighboring farmer's team, had succeeded only in pulling the pole out of the vehicle. The superior men stood about weakly. Most of the cargo had been jetsamed, and stood about in the road. A flock of cows were inspecting it, apparently with the idea that they had discovered a second-hand furniture store, and acting as if they might purchase if prices were right. One calf, with the exuberance of youth, was picking a quarrel with another calf which he had discovered in the mirror of a folding-bed.

The Coots-Plunketts were irritated. Mr. Coots-Plunkett called upon the men to do something. Their reply covered the ground as no other could have done; there was nothing that they could do. Night was coming on; the calf had already put the stranger to rout by a fierce forward rush, and was now complacently chewing the corner of a table-cover. There was but one course open to the Coots-Plunketts.

An hour later they arrived at their new home with the first load of their belongings on the farmer's wagon. This vehicle was old and battered, and the horses carried their heads in a dejected manner, suggesting half-mast. The agriculturist stood up on the load as he turned in at the driveway and used language loud and forceful as he jolted over one of the whitewashed stones. Mr. Coots-Plunkett walked behind, clinging to the end of a rope which helped to hold the load in place, while Mrs. Coots-Plunkett brought up in the rear with a lamp, an etching, and a glass rolling-pin in her arms.

The Coots-Plunketts were in the country at last, ready to break into the exclusive local society.

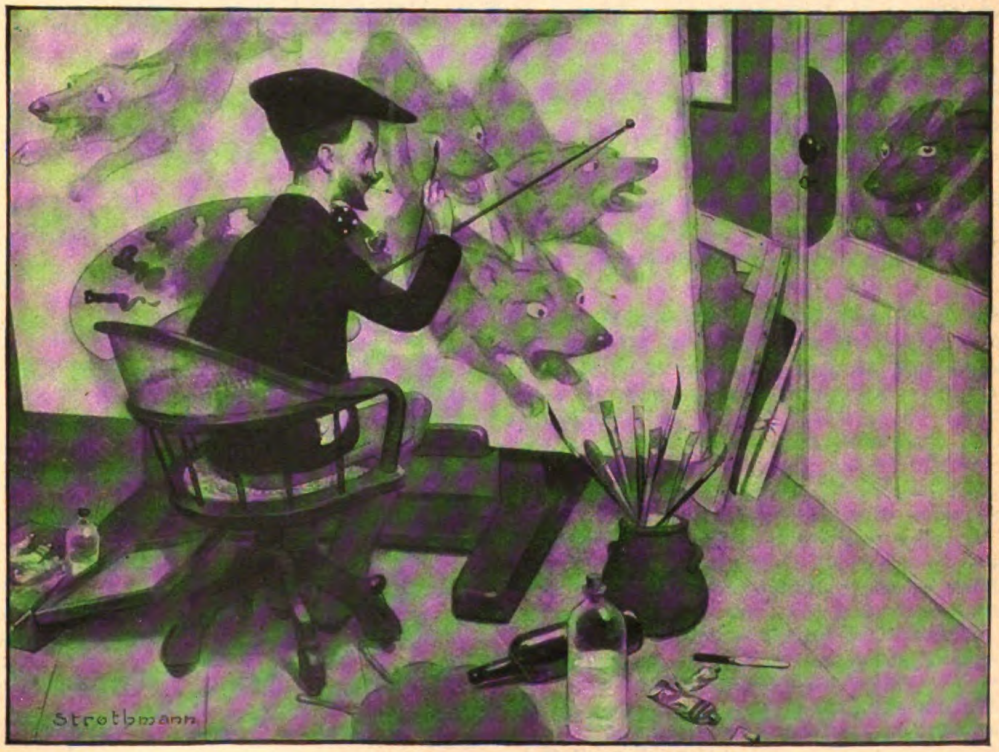
STUART PATTERSON.

A GENTLE HINT.

If I were you, and you were I,
Mamma,
You'd be allowed the crust of pie,
Mamma,
And sugar, too. And if high-spy
You liked to play, or kites to fly,
I'd like them, or at least I'd try;
And lessons should be by-and-by.
I'm sure you wouldn't ever cry
If I were you and you were I,
Mamma.

If you were I and I were you,
Mamma,
I'd ask you what you wished to do,
Mamma;
And if your game was not quite through
When bed-time came—indeed it's true—
I'd let you wait. Each day a few
Nice toys I'd give you, bright and new.
I think you'd think it pleasant, too,
If you were I, and I were you,
Mamma.

CAROLINE MCCORMACK.



THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

How the Animal-painter made use of an unwelcome Guest

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A LITERARY NOTE

Professor Altrusius, the Author of "The Sea-Serpent as a Myth," will soon publish a revised and corrected Edition of that notable Work

CONTENT

When things are comin' your ain way,
Tak them,
An' when they're goin' tither way,
Slack them;
Ye canna whistle 'gainst the wind,
Ye canna mak men a' one mind,
Or mak the de'il stan' still behind
Wi ony luck.

When winds are blawin' cold an' chill,
Wrap up;
When women's tongues will not be still,
Mak up;
Ye canna rin the burn uphill,
Convince a woman 'gainst her will,
Or get well frae anither's pill,
Wi' a' your pluck.

When a' the world is rinnin weel,
Be quiet;
When woman's love rins aff her reel,
Bide by it.
Wha would kill the gowd-egg goose,
Wha grip a stane to get the juice,
Or rin his ain head in a noose?
Ne'er try it!

CHARLES McILVAINE.

PERFECTION.

THE sense of importance which little Clara felt on being promoted to the public school, after two years of lessons at her grandmother's knee, was much enhanced when the time came for her first written examination. She studied faithfully the twenty pages in her spelling-book covered in the review, and when her paper was returned had the delight of seeing that it was graded 100.

The little girl at once wrote to her father the news of her success. "Dear Papa," the little note ran, "I did not miss a single word in my examinnation. I am now purface in speling."

M. A. B.

A SONG OF SUNSHINE

See, see! pussy-willows scampering
All along the road-side, coming up to town.
All the little leaves on the trees a-peeping out to see
Snowdrops coming up—instead of down.

Dear, dear! dandelions, daffodillies,
Crocuses a-crowding all about.
Hurrah! hyacinths a-hurrying—
How the sunshine brings the flowers out!

Hark now, listen! what a pretty chattering!
All along the sidewalks what a jolly rout!
All the little feet in the town go pitter-pattering—
How the sunshine brings the babies out!

ALICE REID.



MRS. SARDINE. "*How in the world are we going to get in?*"

MR. SARDINE. "*I suppose I'll have to get a can-opener.*"

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A GIRL'S IDEA OF A SECRET

If you could only speak so that you could tell others, I have such a lovely secret I would tell you

THE HARNESSED CYCLONE

IT was during the portion of his career when he lived in the valley of the South Fork of the Big Sunflower River that Henry Plymshaw, the inventor, made his most notable invention. This invention had to do with cyclones.

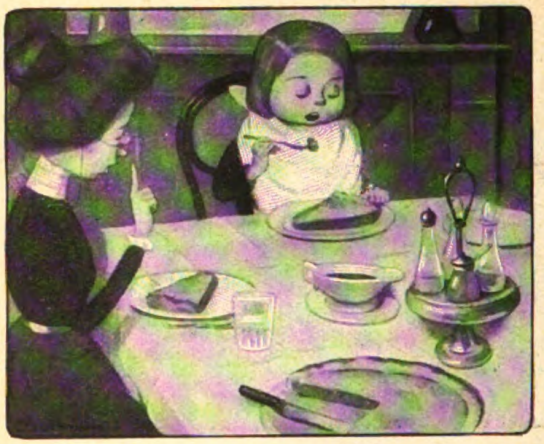
One afternoon Inventor Plymshaw saw a splendid specimen of a funnel cyclone coming over the prairie, and he called to me and said we would go out and study it, since it was evident that it was going to one side. The instant the cyclone sighted us it came straight in our direction. We weren't prepared for this exactly, so all we could do was to run. We were just on the point of giving up, when a most extraordinary thing happened. Curious thing. Sort of natural, too. That cyclone stepped down a fifty-foot well. And there it was. Only one leg, and that down a fifty-foot well, in the middle of a sheep pasture. If it had had two legs no doubt it could have scrambled out, but it couldn't make it with one. Couldn't do anything except revolve. And it *did* do that. *I* never saw a cyclone revolve like that one. Mad, apparently, because it had missed Plymshaw and me, and got caught. So it just buzzed around like a top. Nothing in the world to stop it.

Most men—mere men of action—would have been satisfied at getting away, and not having to revolve with the houses and lots; but not Plymshaw. No; he got to thinking, and what was the result? Put a belt around the stem of that cyclone just at the top of the well, set up a dynamo, strung wire, and ran all the machinery and electric lights in that part of the country. Regular Niagara for power. Going yet. Nothing to stop it, you see. Wonderful what a thing mind is!

H. V. MARR.

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A Boston Mother Goose



LITTLE Jack Horner,
Scorning the corner,
Ate at the table his pie:
With a fork in his hand
And a countenance bland
He exclaimed, "Ah, how cultured am I!"



LITTLE Miss Muffet
Said, on her tuffet,
Eating some Boston beans,
As a spider came by,
"To kill him I'll try;
One considers the end, not the means."

L. M. S.

Treasure Trove

BY ALBERT LEE

I FOUND it on the "ten-cent" rack,—'twas "three for 25";
I picked it up and rubbed its back: "A first!—as I'm alive!"
I choked the cry, and glanced about as if I were a thief,—
The shopman had not heard my shout, to my untold relief.

I looked again, and, sure enough, there was not room for doubt,
Among that cheap and trashy stuff I'd picked a treasure out!
With claws of steel I grasped the tome and pondered what to do;—
To drop a dime, and run for home, my impulse urged me to.

But then I might be chased and caught,—he might not see my coin;—
Not knowing that the book was bought, police in chase might join;
And, captured so, I should be haled unto a dungeon cell,—
Yet who would not be gladly jailed with such a tale to tell?

But no, I thought; the braver way under such circumstance
Must be to step right up and pay, and boldly take my chance.
So, seizing two more volumes, then, at random from the pile,
I crawled into the bookman's den, a-trembling all the while.

I placed my quarter on the board: "These three from yonder rack,"
I whispered (but methought I roared), and quickly turned my back!
"Want 'em wrapped?" the shopman said; but I had passed the door,
And up the street like mad I sped, aglow at every pore.

And now, upon my "honor shelf" the "find" stands, richly bound;
And none shall know, beside myself, at what stall it was found.
For, possibly, some future day, among "your choice for ten,"
Another "find" may hidden lay,—and I shall want *that* then!

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Illustration for "Lady Rose's Daughter"

[See page 862]

LADY HENRY LISTENED EAGERLY

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIV MAY, 1902 No. DCXXIV

Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER I

"HULLO! No?—Yes!—upon my soul, it *is* Jacob! Why, Delafield, my dear fellow, how are you?"

So saying—on a February evening a good many years ago—an elderly gentleman in evening dress flung himself out of his cab, which had just stopped before a house in Bruton Street, and hastily went to meet a young man, who was at the same moment stepping out of another hansom, a little further down the pavement.

The pleasure in the older man's voice rang clear, and the younger met him with an equal cordiality, expressed perhaps through a manner more leisurely and restrained.

"So you *are* home, Sir Wilfrid? You were announced, I saw. But I thought Paris would have detained you a bit."

"Paris? Not I! Half the people I ever knew there are dead, and the rest are uncivil. Well, and how are you getting on? Making your fortune, eh?"

And slipping his arm inside the young man's, the speaker walked back with him, along a line of carriages, towards a house which showed a group of footmen at its open door. Jacob Delafield smiled.

"The business of a land agent seems to be to spend some one else's—as far as I've yet gone."

"Land agent! I thought you were at the Bar?"

"I was,—but the briefs didn't come in. My cousin offered me the care of his Essex estates. I like the country—always have. So I thought I'd better accept."

"What—the Duke? Lucky fellow! A regular income, and no anxieties. I expect you're pretty well paid?"

"Oh, I'm not badly paid," replied the young man, tranquilly. "Of course you're going to Lady Henry's?"

"Of course. Here we are."

The older man paused outside the line of servants waiting at the door, and spoke in a lower tone: "How is she? Failing at all?"

Jacob Delafield hesitated. "She's grown very blind—and perhaps rather more infirm, generally. But she is at home, as usual—every evening for a few people, and for a good many on Wednesdays."

"Is she still alone,—or is there any relation who looks after her?"

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"Relation! No. She detests them all."

"Except you?"

Delafield raised his shoulders, without an answering smile. "Yes, she is good enough to except me.—You're one of her trustees, aren't you?"

"At present, the only one. But while I have been in Persia, the lawyers have done all that was necessary. Lady Henry herself never writes a letter she can help. I really have heard next to nothing about her for more than a year. This morning I arrived from Paris—sent round to ask if she would be at home—and here I am."

"Ah!—" said Delafield, looking down. "Well, there is a lady who has been with her, now, for more than two years—"

"Ah, yes, yes, I remember. Old Lady Seathwaite told me — last year. Mademoiselle Le Breton — isn't that her name? What—she reads to her—and writes letters for her—that kind of thing?"

"Yes—that kind of thing," said the other, after a moment's hesitation. "Wasn't that a spot of rain? Shall I charge these gentry?"

And he led the way through the line of footmen, which, however, was not of the usual Mayfair density. For the party within was not a "crush." The hostess who had collected it was of opinion that the chief object of your house is not to entice the mob, but to keep it out.

The two men mounted the stairs together.

"What a charming house!" said the elder, looking round him. "I remember when your uncle rebuilt it. And before that, I remember his mother, the old Duchess, here, with her swarm of parsons.—Upon my word, London tastes good—after Teheran!"

And the speaker threw back his fair grizzled head, regarding the lights, the house, the guests, with the air of a sensitive dog on a familiar scent.

"Ah! you're fresh home," said Delafield, laughing. "But let's just try to keep you here—"

"My dear fellow,—who is that at the top of the stairs?"

The old diplomat paused. In front of the pair some half a dozen guests were ascending, and as many coming down. At the top stood a tall lady in black, receiving and dismissing.

Delafield looked up.

"That is Mademoiselle Le Breton," he said, quietly.

"She receives?"

"She distributes the guests. Lady Henry generally establishes herself in the back drawing-room. It doesn't do for her to see too many people at once. Mademoiselle arranges it."

"Lady Henry must indeed be a good deal more helpless than I remember her," murmured Sir Wilfrid, in some astonishment.

"She is — physically. Oh! no doubt of it. Otherwise you won't find much change. Shall I introduce you?"

They were approaching a woman whose tall slenderness, combined with a remarkable physiognomy, arrested the old man's attention. She was not handsome —that, surely, was his first impression? The cheek-bones were too evident; the chin and mouth too strong. And yet—the fine pallor of the skin, the subtle black and white in which, so to speak, the head and face were drawn, the life, the animation of the whole,—were these not beauty, or more than beauty? As for the eyes, the carriage of the head, the rich magnificence of hair, arranged with an artful eighteenth-century freedom, as Madame Vigée Le Brun might have worn it,—with the second glance the effect of them was such that Sir Wilfrid could not cease from looking at the lady they adorned. It was an effect as of something over-living, over-brilliant, —an animation, an intensity, so strong that, at first beholding, a bystander could scarcely tell whether it pleased him or no.

"Mademoiselle Le Breton—Sir Wilfrid Bury," said Jacob Delafield, introducing them.

"*Is* she French?" thought the old diplomat, puzzled. "And—have I ever seen her before?"

"Lady Henry will be so glad!" said a low agreeable voice. "You are one of the old friends, aren't you? I have often heard her talk of you."

"You are very good. Certainly I am an old friend—a connection also." There was the slightest touch of stiffness in Sir

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Wilfrid's tone, of which the next moment he was ashamed. "I am very sorry to hear that Lady Henry has grown so much more helpless since I left England."

"She has to be careful of fatigue. Two or three people go in to see her at a time. She enjoys them more so."

"In my opinion," said Delafield, "one more device of Milady's for getting precisely what she wants."

The young man's gay undertone, together with the look which passed between him and Mademoiselle Le Breton, added to Sir Wilfrid's stifled feeling of surprise.

"You'll tell her, Jacob, that I'm here?"—he turned abruptly to the young man.

"Certainly—when Mademoiselle allows me.—Ah! here comes the Duchess!" said Delafield in another voice.

Mademoiselle Le Breton, who had moved a few steps away from the stair-head with Sir Wilfrid Bury, turned hastily. A slight, small woman, delicately fair, and sparkling with diamonds, was coming up the stairs alone.

"My dear!" said the new-comer, holding out her hands eagerly to Mademoiselle Le Breton—"I felt I must just run in and have a look at you. But Bertie says that I've got to meet him at that tiresome Foreign Office! So I can only stay ten minutes. How are you?"—then in a lower voice, almost a whisper, which, however, reached Sir Wilfrid Bury's ears—"worried to death?"

Mademoiselle Le Breton raised eyes and shoulders for a moment, then, smiling, put her finger to her lip.

"You're coming to me to-morrow afternoon?" said the Duchess, in the same half-whisper.

"I don't think I can get away."

"Nonsense! My dear, you must have some air and exercise! Jacob—will you see she comes?"

"Oh! I'm no good," said that young man, turning away. "Duchess, you remember Sir Wilfrid Bury?"

"She would be an unnatural god-daughter if she didn't," said that gentleman, smiling. "She may be your cousin, but I knew her before you did."

The young Duchess turned with a start.

"Sir Wilfrid! A sight for sair een. When did you get back?"

She put her slim hands into both of his, and showered upon him all proper surprise and the greetings due to her father's oldest friend. Voice, gesture, words—all were equally amiable, well-trained, and perfunctory — Sir Wilfrid was well aware of it. He was possessed of a fine straw-colored mustache, and long eyelashes of the same color. Both eyelashes and mustache made a screen, behind which, as was well known, their owner observed the world to remarkably good purpose. He perceived the difference at once when the Duchess, having done her social and family duty, left him to return to Mademoiselle Le Breton.

"It *was* such a bore you couldn't come this afternoon! I wanted you to see the babe dance—she's *too* great a duck! And that Canadian girl came to sing. The voice is magnificent—but she has some tiresome tricks!—and *I* didn't know what to say to her. As to the other music on the 16th— I say, can't we find a corner somewhere?" And the Duchess looked round the beautiful drawing-room, which she and her companions had just entered, with a dissatisfied air.

"Lady Henry, you'll remember, doesn't like corners!" said Mademoiselle Le Breton, smiling. Her tone, delicately free and allusive, once more drew Sir Wilfrid's curious eyes to her, and he caught also the impatient gesture with which the Duchess received the remark.

"Ah! that's all right!" said Mademoiselle Le Breton, suddenly, turning round to himself. "Here is Mr. Montresor—going on too, I suppose, to the Foreign Office. Now there will be some possibility of getting at Lady Henry."

Sir Wilfrid looked down the drawing-room, to see the famous War Minister coming slowly through the well-filled but not crowded room, stopping now and then to exchange a greeting or a farewell, and much hampered, as it seemed, in so doing, by a pronounced and disfiguring short-sight. He was a strongly built man of more than middle height. His iron-gray hair, deeply carved features, and cavernous black eyes gave him the air of power that his reputation demanded. On the other hand, his difficulty of eyesight, combined with the marked stoop of overwork, produced a qualifying impression—as of

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power teased and fettered, a Samson among the Philistines.

"My dear lady—good-night. I must go and fight with wild beasts in Whitehall —worse luck! Ah! Duchess!—All very well—but you can't shirk either!"

So saying, Mr. Montresor shook hands with Mademoiselle Le Breton and smiled upon the Duchess—both actions betraying precisely the same degree of playful intimacy.

"How did you find Lady Henry?" said Mademoiselle Le Breton in a lowered voice.

"Very well — but very cross! She scolds me perpetually—I haven't got a skin left. Ah! Sir Wilfrid!—*very* glad to see you! When did you arrive? I thought I might perhaps find you at the Foreign Office."

"I'm going on there presently," said Sir Wilfrid.

"Ah! but that's no good. Dine with me to-morrow night?—if you are free? Excellent!—that's arranged. Meanwhile —send him in, Mademoiselle—send him in! He's fresh—let him take his turn." And the Minister, grinning, pointed backward over his shoulder towards an inner drawing-room, where the form of an old lady, seated in a wheeled invalid-chair between two other persons, could be just dimly seen.

"When the Bishop goes!"—said Mademoiselle Le Breton, with a laughing shake of the head. "But I told him not to stay long."

"He won't want to. Lady Henry pays no more attention to his cloth than to my gray hairs. The rating she has just given me for my speech of last night! Well, good-night, dear lady—good-night. You *are* better, I think?"

Mr. Montresor threw a look of scrutiny no less friendly than earnest at the lady to whom he was speaking; and immediately afterwards Sir Wilfrid, who was wedged in by an entering group of people, caught the murmured words—

"Consult me when you want me—at any time!"

Mademoiselle Le Breton raised her beautiful eyes to the speaker in a mute gratitude.

"And five minutes ago I thought her plain!" said Sir Wilfrid to himself as he moved away. "Upon my word, for a *dame de compagnie*, that young woman is at her ease! But where the deuce have I seen her, or her double, before!"

He paused to look round the room a moment, before yielding himself to one of the many possible conversations which, as he saw, it contained for him. It was a stately panelled room of the last century, furnished with that sure instinct both for comfort and beauty which a small minority of English rich people have always possessed. Two glorious Gainsboroughs, clad in the subtlest brilliance of pearly white and shimmering blue, hung on either side of the square opening leading to the inner room. The fair clouded head of a girl by Romney looked down from the panelling above the hearth. A gowned Abbé, by Vandyck, made the centre of another wall, facing the Gainsboroughs. The pictures were all famous, and had been associated for generations with the Delafield name. Beneath them, the carpets were covered by fine eighteenth-century furniture, much of it of a florid Italian type subdued to a delicate and faded beauty by time and use. The room was cleverly broken into various circles and centres for conversation; the chairs were many and comfortable; flowers sheltered tête-à-têtes, or made a setting for beautiful faces; the lamps were soft; the air warm and light. A cheerful hum of voices arose — as of talk enjoyed for talking's sake; and a general effect of intimacy, of gayety, of an unfeigned social pleasure, seemed to issue from the charming scene and communicate itself to the onlooker.

And, for a few moments, before he was discovered and tumultuously annexed by a neighboring group, Sir Wilfrid watched the progress of Mademoiselle Le Breton through the room, with the young Duchess in her wake. Wherever she moved she was met with smiles, deference, an eager attention. Here and there she made an introduction; she redistributed a group; she moved a chair. It was evident that her eye was everywhere, that she knew every one; her rule appeared to be at once absolute and welcome. Presently, when she herself accepted a seat, she became, as Sir Wilfrid perceived in the intervals of his own conversation, the leader of the most

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Half-tone plate engraved by Sidney P. Smith

TWO YOUNG GIRLS IN VIRGINAL WHITE PLACED THEMSELVES AT HER FEET

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animated circle in the room. The Duchess, with one delicate arm stretched along the back of Mademoiselle Le Breton's chair, laughed and chattered; two young girls in virginal white placed themselves on big gilt footstools at her feet; man after man joined the group that stood or sat around her; and in the centre of it, the brilliance of her black head sharply seen against a background of rose brocade, the grace of her tall form, which was thin almost to emaciation, the expressiveness of her strange features, the animation of her gestures, the sweetness of her voice, drew the eyes and ears of half the room to Lady Henry's "companion."

Presently there was a movement in the distance. A man in knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes emerged from the back drawing-room. Mademoiselle Le Breton rose at once and went to meet him.

"The Bishop has had a long innings," said an old General to Sir Wilfrid Bury. "And here is Mademoiselle Julie coming for you."

Sir Wilfrid rose, in obedience to a smiling sign from the lady thus described, and followed her floating black draperies towards the further room.

"Who are those two persons with Lady Henry?" he asked of his guide, as they approached the *penetralia,* where reigned the mistress of the house. "Ah—I see! —one is Dr. Meredith—but the other?"

"The other is Captain Warkworth," said Mademoiselle Le Breton. "Do you know him?"

"Warkworth? Warkworth? Ah! — of course—the man who distinguished himself in the Mahsud expedition. But why is he home again so soon?"

Mademoiselle Le Breton smiled uncertainly.

"I think he was invalided home," she said, with that manner, at once restrained and gracious, that Sir Wilfrid had already observed in her. It was the manner of some one who *counted;* and —through all outward modesty—knew it.

"Ah!—he wants something out of the Ministry! I remember the man," was Sir Wilfrid's unspoken comment.

But they had entered the inner room. Lady Henry looked round. Over her wrinkled face, now parchment-white, there shone a ray of pleasure.—sudden, vehement, and unfeigned.

"Sir Wilfrid!"

She made a movement as though to rise from her chair, which was checked by his gesture and her helplessness.

"Well, this is good fortune!" she said, as she put both her hands into both of his. "This morning, as I was dressing, I had a feeling that something agreeable was going to happen, at last!—and then your note came. Sit down there. You know Dr. Meredith. He's as quarrelsome as ever. Captain Warkworth—Sir Wilfrid Bury."

The square-headed, spectacled journalist addressed as Dr. Meredith greeted the new-comer with the quiet cordiality of one for whom the day holds normally so many events that it is impossible to make much of any one of them. And the man on the further side of Lady Henry rose and bowed. He was handsome, and slenderly built. The touch of impetuosity in his movement, and the careless ease with which he carried his curly head, somehow surprised Sir Wilfrid. He had expected another sort of man.

"I will give you my chair," said the Captain, pleasantly. "I have had more than my turn."

"Shall I bring in the Duchess?" said Mademoiselle Le Breton, in a low tone, as she stooped over the back of Lady Henry's chair.

That lady turned abruptly to the speaker.

"Let her do precisely as she pleases!" said a voice, sharp, lowered also, but imperious,—like the drawing of a sword. "If she wants me, she knows where I am."

"She would be so sorry—"

"Ne jouez pas la comédie, ma chère! Where is Jacob?"

"In the other room. Shall I tell him you want him?"

"I will send for him when it suits me. Meanwhile, as I particularly desired you to let me know when he arrived—"

"He has only been here twenty minutes," murmured Mademoiselle Le Breton. "I thought, while the Bishop was here, you would not like to be disturbed—"

"You thought!" The speaker raised

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her shoulders fiercely. "Comme toujours, vous vous êtes trop bien amusée pour vous souvenir de mes instructions—voilà la vérité!—Dr. Meredith!"—the whole imperious form swung round again towards the journalist—"unless you forbid me, I shall tell Sir Wilfrid who it was reviewed his book for you."

"Oh, good Heavens!—I forbid you with all the energy of which I am capable!" said the startled journalist, raising appealing hands,—while Lady Henry, delighted with the effect produced by her sudden shaft, sank back in her chair and grimly smiled.

Meanwhile Sir Wilfrid Bury's attention was still held by Mademoiselle Le Breton. In the conversation between her and Lady Henry he had noticed an extraordinary change of manner on the part of the younger lady. Her ease, her grace, had disappeared. Her tone was humble, her manner quivering with nervous anxiety. And now, as she stood a moment behind Lady Henry's chair, one trembling hand steadying the other, Sir Wilfrid was suddenly aware of yet another impression. Lady Henry had treated her companion with a contemptuous and haughty ill-humor. Face to face with her mistress, Mademoiselle Le Breton had borne it with submission, almost with servility. But now, as she stood silent behind the blind old lady who had flouted her, her wonderfully expressive face, her delicate frame, spoke for her with an energy not to be mistaken. Her dark eyes blazed. She stood for anger; she breathed humiliation.

"A dangerous woman!—and an extraordinary situation!"—so ran his thought, while aloud he was talking Central-Asian politics and the latest Simla gossip to his two companions.

Meanwhile Captain Warkworth and Mademoiselle Le Breton returned together to the larger drawing-room, and before long Dr. Meredith took his leave. Lady Henry and her old friend were left alone.

"I am sorry to hear that your sight troubles you more than of old," said Sir Wilfrid, drawing his chair a little nearer to her.

Lady Henry gave an impatient sigh. "Everything troubles me more than of old. There is one disease from which no one recovers, my dear Wilfrid, and it has long since fastened upon me."

"You mean old age? Oh! you are not so much to be pitied for that," said Sir Wilfrid, smiling. "Many people would exchange their youth for your old age."

"Then the world contains more fools than even I give it credit for!" said Lady Henry with energy. "Why should any one exchange with me?—a poor, blind, gouty old creature, with no chick or child to care whether she lives or dies!"

"Ah, well—that's a misfortune—I won't deny that," said Sir Wilfrid, kindly. "But I come home after three years. I find your house as thronged as ever, in the old way. I see half the most distinguished people in London in your drawing-room. It is sad that you can no longer receive them as you used to do,—but here you sit like a queen—and people fight for their turn with you!"

Lady Henry did not smile. She laid one of her wrinkled hands upon his arm—

"Is there any one else within hearing?" she said, in a quick undertone. Sir Wilfrid was touched by the vague helplessness of her gesture as she looked round her.

"No one—we are quite alone."

"They are not here for *me*—those people!" she said, quivering, with a motion of her hand towards the large drawing-room.

"My dear friend!—what do you mean?"

"They are here,—come closer!—I don't want to be overheard,—for a *woman*—whom I took in—in a moment of lunacy!—who is now robbing me of my best friends!—and supplanting me in my own house!"

The pallor of the old face had lost all its waxen dignity. The lowered voice hissed in his ear. Sir Wilfrid—startled and repelled—hesitated for his reply. Meanwhile Lady Henry, who could not see it, seemed at once to divine the change in his expression.

"Oh! I suppose you think I'm mad!" she said, impatiently—"or ridiculous! Well—see for yourself—judge for yourself. In fact—I have been looking—hungering—for your return. You have helped me through emergencies before now. And I am in that state at present that I

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trust no one — talk to no one — except of *banalités*. But I should be greatly obliged if *you* would come and listen to me — and — what is more — advise me, some day!"

"Most gladly," said Sir Wilfrid, embarrassed; then, after a pause, "Who is this lady I find installed here?"

Lady Henry hesitated—then shut her strong mouth on the temptation to speak.

"It is not a story for to-night"—she said; "and it would upset me. But—when you first saw her—how did she strike you?"

"I saw at once," said her companion, after a pause, "that you had caught a personality."

"A personality!" Lady Henry gave an angry laugh. "That's one way of putting it. But physically—did she remind you of no one?"

Sir Wilfrid pondered a moment.

"Yes. Her face haunted me—when I first saw it. But—No!—No!—I can't put any names."

Lady Henry gave a little snort of disappointment.

"Well! Think. You knew her mother—quite well. You have known her grandfather — all your life. If you're going on to the Foreign Office, as I suppose you are, you'll probably see him to-night. She is uncannily like him. As to her father, I don't know—but he was a rolling stone of a creature—you very likely came across him—"

"I knew her mother and her father?" said Sir Wilfrid, astonished and pondering.

"They had no right to be her mother and her father!" said Lady Henry, with grimness.

"Ah!—So if one does guess—"

"You'll please hold your tongue."

"—But at present I'm completely mystified," said Sir Wilfrid.

"Perhaps it 'll come to you later. You've a good memory generally for such things! Anyway, I can't tell you anything now. — But when 'll you come again?—to-morrow?—luncheon? I really want you."

"Would you be alone?"

"Certainly! *That* at least I can still do!—lunch as I please—and with whom I please!—Who is this coming in? Ah!—you needn't tell me."

The old lady turned herself towards the entrance, with a stiffening of the whole frame, an instinctive and passionate dignity in her whole aspect which struck a thrill through her companion.

The little Duchess approached, amid a flutter of satin and lace, heralded by the scent of the Parma violets she wore in profusion at her breast and waist. Her eye glanced uncertainly, and she approached with daintiness, like one stepping on mined ground.

"Aunt Flora! I must have just a minute!"

"I know no reason against your having ten—if you want them," said Lady Henry, as she held out three fingers to the new-comer. "You promised yesterday to come and give me a full account of the Devonshire House ball.—But it doesn't matter,—and you have forgotten."

"No — indeed I haven't!" said the Duchess, embarrassed. "But you seemed so well employed to-night,—with other people! And now—"

"Now, you are going on," said Lady Henry, with a most unfriendly suavity.

"Bertie says I must," said the other, in the attitude of a protesting child.

"*Alors!*" said Lady Henry, lifting her hand. "We all know how obedient you are. Good-night."

The Duchess flushed. She just touched her aunt's hand, and then turning an indignant face on Sir Wilfrid, she bade him farewell with an air which seemed to him intended to avenge upon his neutral person the treatment which, from Lady Henry, even so spoilt a child of fortune as herself could not resent.

Twenty minutes later Sir Wilfrid entered the first big room of the Foreign Office party. He looked round him with a revival of the exhilaration he had felt on Lady Henry's staircase, enjoying, after his five years in Teheran, after his long homeward journey by desert and sea, even the common trivialities of the scene—the lights, the gilding, the sparkle of jewels, the scarlet of the uniforms, the noise and movement of the well-dressed crowd. Then, after this first physical thrill, began the second stage of pleasure—the recognitions and the greetings after long absence, which show a man where he stands in the great world, which sum up his past and forecast his

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future. Sir Wilfrid had no reason to complain. Cabinet Ministers and great ladies; Members of Parliament, and the permanent officials who govern but do not rule; soldiers, journalists, barristers —were all glad, it seemed, to grasp him by the hand. He had returned with a record of difficult service brilliantly done, and the English world rewarded him in its accustomed ways.

It was towards one o'clock that he found himself in a crowd pressing towards the staircase in the wake of some departing royalties. A tall man in front turned round to look for some ladies behind him, from whom he had been separated in the crush. Sir Wilfrid recognized old Lord Lackington, the veteran of marvellous youth, painter, poet, and sailor, who as a gay naval lieutenant had entertained Byron in the Aegean; whose fame as one of the raciest of naval reformers was in all the newspapers; whose personality was still, at seventy-five, charming to most women and challenging to most men.

As the old man turned he was still smiling, as though in unison with something which had just been said to him; and his black eyes under his singularly white hair searched the crowd with the animation of a lad of twenty. Through the energy of his aspect the flame of life still burnt, as the evening sun through a fine sky. The face had a faulty yet most arresting brilliance. The mouth was disagreeable; the chin common. But the general effect was still magnificent.

Sir Wilfrid started. He recalled the drawing-room in Bruton Street; the form and face of Mademoiselle Le Breton; the sentences by which Lady Henry had tried to put him on the track. His mind ran over past years,—and pieced together the recollections of a long-past scandal. "Of course!—*of course!*" he said to himself, not without excitement. "She is not like her mother; but she has all the typical points of her mother's race!"

CHAPTER II

IT was a cold clear morning in February, with a little pale sunshine playing on the bare trees of the Park. Sir Wilfrid, walking southward from the Marble Arch to his luncheon with Lady Henry, was gladly conscious of the warmth of his fur-collared coat; though none the less ready to envy careless youth as it crossed his path now and then, great-coatless and ruddy, courting the keen air.

Just as he was about to make his exit towards Mount Street, he became aware of two persons walking southward like himself, but on the other side of the roadway. He soon identified Captain Warkworth in the slim soldierly figure of the man. And the lady? There also, with the help of his glasses, he was soon informed. Her trim black hat and her black cloth costume seemed to him to have a becoming and fashionable simplicity; and she moved in morning dress with the same ease and freedom that had distinguished her in Lady Henry's drawing-room the night before.

He asked himself whether he should interrupt Mademoiselle Le Breton with a view to escorting her to Bruton Street. He understood, indeed, that he and Lady Henry were to be alone at luncheon,—Mademoiselle Julie had, no doubt, her own quarters and attendants. But she seemed to be on her way home. An opportunity for some perhaps exploratory conversation with her before he found himself face to face with Lady Henry seemed to him not undesirable.

But he quickly decided to walk on. Mademoiselle Le Breton and Captain Warkworth paused in their walk, about, no doubt, to say good-by, but, very clearly, loath to say it. They were, indeed, in earnest conversation. The Captain spoke with eagerness; Mademoiselle Julie, with downcast eyes, smiled and listened.

"Is the fellow making love to her?" thought the old man, in some astonishment, as he turned away. "Hardly the place for it either—one would suppose!"

He vaguely thought that he would both sound and warn Lady Henry. Warn her of what? He happened on the way home to have been thrown with a couple of Indian officers whose personal opinion of Harry Warkworth was not a very high one, in spite of the brilliant distinction which the young man had earned for himself in the Afridi campaign just closed. But how was he to hand that sort of thing on to Lady Henry?—and because he happened to have seen her

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lady companion and Harry Warkworth together? No doubt Mademoiselle Julie was on her employer's business.

Yet the little encounter added somehow to his already lively curiosity on the subject of Lady Henry's companion. Thanks to a remarkable physical resemblance, he was practically certain that he had guessed the secret of Mademoiselle Le Breton's parentage. At any rate, on the supposition that he had, his thoughts began to occupy themselves with the story to which his guess pointed.

Some thirty years before, he had known both in London and in Italy a certain Colonel Delaney and his wife, once Lady Rose Chantrey, the favorite daughter of Lord Lackington. They were not a happy couple. She was a woman of great intelligence, but endowed with one of those natures, sensitive, plastic, eager to search out and to challenge life, which bring their possessors some great joys, hardly to be balanced against a final sum of pain. Her husband, absorbed in his military life, silent, narrowly able, and governed by a strict Anglicanism that seemed to carry with it innumerable "shalts" and "shalt nots," disagreeable to the natural man or woman, soon found her a tiring and trying companion. She asked him for what he could not give; she coquetted with questions he thought it impious to raise; the persons she made friends with were distasteful to him; and without complaining he soon grew to think it intolerable that a woman married to a soldier should care so little for his professional interests and ambitions. Though when she pretended to care for them she annoyed him, if possible, still more.

As for Lady Rose, she went through all the familiar emotions of the *femme incomprise*. And with the familiar result. There presently appeared in the house a man of good family, thirty-five or so, traveller, painter, and dreamer, with fine long-drawn features bronzed by the sun of the East, and bringing with him the reputation of having plotted and fought for most of the "lost causes" of our generation, including several which had led him into conflict with British authorities and British officials. To Colonel Delaney he was an "agitator," if not a rebel; and the careless pungency of his talk soon classed him as an atheist besides. In the case of Lady Rose, this man's free and generous nature, his independence of money and convention, his passion for the things of the mind, his contempt for the mode, whether in dress or politics, his light evasions of the red tape of life as of something that no one could reasonably expect of a vagabond like himself — these things presently transformed a woman in despair to a woman in revolt. She fell in love with an intensity befitting her true temperament, and with a stubbornness that bore witness to the dreary failure of her marriage. Marriott Dalrymple returned her love, and nothing in his view of life predisposed him to put what probably appeared to him a mere legality before the happiness of two people meant for each other. There were no children of the Delaney marriage; and in his belief the husband had enjoyed too long a companionship he had never truly deserved.

So Lady Rose faced her husband, told him the truth, and left him. She and Dalrymple went to live in Belgium, in a small country house some twenty or thirty miles from Brussels. They severed themselves from England; they asked nothing more of English life. Lady Rose suffered from the breach with her father; for Lord Lackington never saw her again. And there was a young sister whom she had brought up, whose image could often rouse in her a sense of loss that showed itself in occasional spells of silence and tears. But substantially she never repented what she had done; although Colonel Delaney made the penalties of it as heavy as he could. Like Karénina in Tolstoy's great novel, he refused to sue for a divorce, and for something of the same reasons. Divorce was in itself impious; and sin should not be made easy. He was at any time ready to take back his wife, so far as the protection of his name and roof was concerned, should she penitently return to him.

So the child that was presently born to Lady Rose could not be legitimized—

Sir Wilfrid stopped short at the Park end of Bruton Street, with a start of memory.

"I saw it once! I remember now—perfectly."

And he went on to recall a bygone mo-

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ment in the Brussels Gallery, when, as he was standing before the great Quintin Matsys, he was accosted with sudden careless familiarity by a thin, shabbily dressed man, in whose dark distinction, made still more fantastic and conspicuous by the fever and the emaciation of consumption, he recognized at once Marriott Dalrymple.

He remembered certain fragments of their talk about the pictures—the easy mastery, now brusque, now poetic, with which Dalrymple had shown him the treasures of the Gallery,—in the manner of one whose learning was merely the food of fancy, the stuff on which imagination and reverie grew rich.

Then suddenly — his own question— "And Lady Rose—"

And Dalrymple's quiet—"Very well. She'd see you, I think—if you want to come. She has scarcely seen an English person in the last three years."

And as when a gleam searches out some blurred corner of a landscape, there returned upon him his visit to the pair in their country home. He recalled the small eighteenth-century house, the "château" of the village, built on the French model with its high *mansarde* roof; the shabby stateliness of its architecture matching plaintively with the field of beetroot that grew up to its very walls; around it the flat rich fields with their thin lines of poplars; the slow canalized streams; the unlovely farms and cottages; the mire of the lanes; and, shrouding all, a hot autumn mist sweeping slowly through the damp meadows, and blotting all cheerfulness from the sun. And in the midst of this pale landscape, so full of ragged edges to an English eye, the English couple, with their books, their child, and a pair of Flemish servants.

It had been evident to him at once that their circumstances were those of poverty. Lady Rose's small fortune, indeed, had been already mostly spent on "causes" of many kinds, in many countries. She and Dalrymple were almost vegetarians, and wine never entered the house save for the servants, who seemed to regard their employers with a real but half-contemptuous affection. He remembered the scanty ill-cooked luncheon; the difficulty in providing a few extra knives and forks; the wrangling with the old *bonne*-housekeeper, which was necessary before *serviettes* could be produced.

And afterwards the library, with its deal shelves from floor to ceiling put up by Dalrymple himself, its bare polished floor, Dalrymple's table and chair on one side of the open hearth, Lady Rose's on the other; on his table, the sheets of verse translation from Aeschylus and Euripides, which represented his favorite hobby; on hers, the socialist and economical books they both studied, and the English or French poets they both loved. The walls, hung with the faded damask of a past generation, were decorated with a strange crop of pictures pinned carelessly into the silk—photographs or newspaper portraits of modern men and women representing all possible revolt against authority, political, religious, even scientific,—the Everlasting No of an untiring and ubiquitous dissent.

Finally—in the centre of the polished floor, the strange child, whom Lady Rose had gone to fetch after lunch—with its high crest of black hair, its large jealous eyes—its elfin hands—and the sudden smile with which, after half an hour of silence and apparent scorn, it had rewarded Sir Wilfrid's advances. He saw himself sitting bewitched beside it.

Poor Lady Rose! He remembered her as he and she parted at the gate of the neglected garden,—the anguish in her eyes as they turned to look after the bent and shrunken figure of Dalrymple carrying the child back to the house.

"If you meet any of his old friends, don't—don't say anything!—We've just saved enough money to go to Sicily for the winter—that 'll set him right."

And then, barely a year later, the line in a London newspaper which had reached him at Madrid, chronicling the death of Marriott Dalrymple, as of a man once on the threshold of fame, but long since exiled from the thoughts of practical men. Lady Rose too was dead —many years since; so much he knew. But how, and where? And the child?

She was now "Mademoiselle Le Breton"?—the centre and apparently the chief attraction of Lady Henry's once famous salon?

"And, by Jove!—several of her kinsfolk there, relations of the mother or the father,—if what I suppose is true!"

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thought Sir Wilfrid, remembering one or two of the guests. "Were they—was she—aware of it?"

The old man strode on, full of a growing eagerness, and was soon on Lady Henry's door-step.

"Her ladyship is in the dining-room," said the butler, and Sir Wilfrid was ushered there straight.

"Good-morning, Wilfrid," said the old lady, raising herself on her silver-headed sticks as he entered. "I prefer to come down stairs by myself. The more infirm I am the less I like it—and to be helped enrages me. Sit down. Lunch is ready, and I give you leave to eat some."

"And you?" said Sir Wilfrid, as they seated themselves almost side by side at the large round table, in the large dingy room.

The old lady shook her head.

"All the world eats too much. I was brought up with people who lunched on a biscuit and a glass of sherry."

"Lord Russell?—Lord Palmerston?" suggested Sir Wilfrid, attacking his own lunch meanwhile with unabashed vigor.

"That sort. I wish we had their like now."

"Their successors don't please you?"

Lady Henry shook her head.

"The Tories have gone to the deuce—and there are no longer enough Whigs even to do that. I wouldn't read the newspapers at all if I could help it. But I do."

"So I understand," said Sir Wilfrid—"you let Montresor know it last night."

"Montresor!" said Lady Henry, with a contemptuous movement. "What a *poseur!* He lets the Army go to ruin, I understand, while he joins Dante Societies."

Sir Wilfrid raised his eyebrows.

"I think, if I were you, I should have some lunch," he said, gently pushing the admirable *salmis* which the butler had left in front of him towards his old friend.

Lady Henry laughed.

"Oh, my temper will be better presently—when those men are gone"—she nodded towards the butler and footman in the distance—"and I can have my say."

Sir Wilfrid hurried his meal as much as Lady Henry—who, as it turned out, was not at all minded to starve him—would allow. She meanwhile talked politics and gossip to him, with her old caustic force, nibbling a dry biscuit at intervals, and sipping a cup of coffee. She was a wilful characteristic figure as she sat there, beneath her own portrait as a bride, which hung on the wall behind her. The portrait represented a very young woman, with plentiful brown hair gathered into a knot on the top of her head, a high waist, a blue waist-ribbon, and inflated sleeves. Handsome, imperious, the corners of the mouth well down, the look straight and daring—the Lady Henry of the picture, a bride of nineteen, was already formidable. And the old woman sitting beneath it, with the strong white hair, which the ample cap found some difficulty even now in taming and confining, the droop of the mouth accentuated, the nose more masterful, the double chin grown evident, the light of the eyes gone out, breathed pride and will from every feature of her still handsome face—pride of race, and pride of intellect, combined with a hundred other subtler and smaller prides that only an intimate knowledge of her could detect. The brow and eyes, so beautiful in the picture, were, however, still agreeable in the living woman; if generosity lingered anywhere, it was in them.

The door was hardly closed upon the servants when she bent forward.

"Well—have you guessed?"

Sir Wilfrid looked at her thoughtfully, as he stirred the sugar in his coffee.

"I think so," he said. "She is Lady Rose Delaney's daughter."

Lady Henry gave a sudden laugh.

"I hardly expected you to guess!—what helped you?"

"First your own hints. Then the strange feeling I had that I had seen the face—or some face just like it—before. And lastly—at the Foreign Office—I caught sight, for a moment, of Lord Lackington. That finished it."

"Ah!" said Lady Henry, with a nod. "Yes—that likeness is extraordinary. Isn't it amazing that that foolish old man has never perceived it?"

"He knows nothing?"

"Oh! nothing. Nobody does. How-

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ever, that 'll do presently.—But Lord Lackington comes here, mumbles about his music and his water-colors, and his flirtations—seventy-four, if you please, last birthday!—talks about himself endlessly to Julie or to me—whoever comes handy—and never has an inkling—an idea!"

"And she?"

"Oh! *she* knows! I should rather think she does!" And Lady Henry pushed away her coffee-cup with the ill-suppressed vehemence which any mention of her companion seemed to produce in her.—"Well, now, I suppose you'd like to hear the story."

"Wait a minute. It 'll surprise you to hear that I not only knew this lady's mother—and father—but that I've seen her, herself, before."

"You?" Lady Henry looked incredulous.

"I never told you of my visit to that *ménage?*—four-and-twenty years ago?"

"Never, that I remember. But if you had, I should have forgotten. What did they matter to me then? I myself only saw Lady Rose once, so far as I remember, before she misconducted herself. And afterwards,—well, one doesn't trouble one's self about the women that have gone under."

Something lightened behind Sir Wilfrid's straw-colored lashes. He bent over his coffee-cup and daintily knocked off the end of his cigarette with a beringed little finger.

"The women who have—not been able to pull up?"

Lady Henry paused.

"If you like to put it so," she said at last. Sir Wilfrid did not raise his eyes. Lady Henry took up her strongest glasses from the table and put them on. But it was pitifully evident that, even so equipped, she saw but little, and that her strong nature fretted perpetually against the physical infirmity that teased it. Nevertheless, some unspoken communication passed between them; and Sir Wilfrid knew that he had effectually held up a protecting hand for Lady Rose.

"Well, let me tell you my tale first," he said; and gave the little reminiscence in full. When he described the child, Lady Henry listened eagerly.

"Hm," she said, when he came to an end;—"she was jealous, you say, of her mother's attentions to you?—she watched you—and in the end she took possession of you? Much the same creature, apparently, then as now!"

"No moral, please,—till the tale is done," said Sir Wilfrid, smiling. "It's your turn."

Lady Henry's face grew sombre.

"All very well!" she said. "What did your tale matter to you? As for mine—"

The substance of hers was as follows, put into chronological order:

Lady Rose had lived some ten years after Dalrymple's death. That time she passed in great poverty in some *chambres garnies* at Bruges with her little girl and an old Madame Le Breton, the maid, housekeeper, and general factotum who had served them in the country. This woman, though of a peevish, grumbling temper, was faithful, affectionate, and not without education. She was certainly attached to little Julie, whose nurse she had been during a short period of her infancy. It was natural that Lady Rose should leave the child to her care. Indeed, she had no choice. An old Ursuline nun, and a kind priest who at the nun's instigation occasionally came to see her, in the hopes of converting her, were her only other friends in the world. She wrote, however, to her father, shortly before her death, bidding him good-by, and asking him to do something for the child. "She is wonderfully like you"—so ran part of the letter. "You won't ever acknowledge her, I know. That is your strange code. But at least give her what will keep her from want—till she can earn her living. Her old nurse will take care of her. I have taught her, so far. She is already very clever. When I am gone she will attend one of the convent schools here. And I have found an honest lawyer who will receive and pay out money."

To this letter Lord Lackington replied, promising to come over and see his daughter. But an attack of gout delayed him, and before he was out of his room Lady Rose was dead. Then he no longer talked of coming over, and his solicitors arranged matters. An allowance of a hundred pounds a year was made to Madame Le Breton through the "hon-

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est lawyer" whom Lady Rose had found, for the benefit of "Julie Dalrymple," the capital value to be handed over to that young lady herself on the attainment of her eighteenth birthday—always provided that neither she nor anybody on her behalf made any further claim on the Lackington family, that her relationship to them was dropped, and her mother's history buried in oblivion.

Accordingly the girl grew to maturity in Bruges. By the lawyer's advice, after her mother's death, she took the name of her old *gouvernante,* and was known thenceforward as Julie Le Breton. The Ursuline nuns, to whose school she was sent, took the precaution, after her mother's death, of having her baptized straightway into the Catholic faith, and she made her *première* Communion in their church. In the course of a few years she became a remarkable girl, the source of many anxieties to the nuns. For she was not only too clever for their teaching, and an inborn sceptic, but wherever she appeared she produced parties, and the passions of parties. And though, as she grew older, she showed much adroitness in managing those who were hostile to her, she was never without enemies, and intrigues followed her.

"I might have been warned in time," said Lady Henry, in whose wrinkled cheeks a sharp and feverish color had sprung up as her story approached the moment of her own personal acquaintance with Mademoiselle Le Breton; "for one or two of the nuns when I saw them in Bruges, before the bargain was finally struck, were candid enough! However, now I come to the moment when I first set eyes on her. You know my little place in Surrey? About a mile from me is a manor-house belonging to an old Catholic family, terribly devout, and as poor as church mice. They sent their daughters to school in Bruges. One summer's holidays these girls brought home with them Julie Dalrymple as their quasi-holiday governess. It was three years ago. I had just seen Liebreich. He told me that I should soon be blind, and —naturally—it was a blow to me.—"

Sir Wilfrid made a murmur of sympathy.

"Oh, don't pity me!—I don't pity other people. This odious body of ours has got to wear out some time—it's in the bargain. Still—just then—I was low. There are two things I care about:—one is talk—with the people that amuse me,—and the other is the reading of French books. I didn't see how I was going to keep my circle here together, and my own mind in decent repair,—unless I could find somebody to be eyes for me—and to read to me. And as I'm a bundle of nerves, and I never was agreeable to illiterate people, nor they to me—I was rather put to it. Well, one day these girls and their mother came over to tea, and, as you guess, of course, they brought Mademoiselle Le Breton with them. I had asked them to come, but when they arrived I was bored and cross, and like a sick dog in a hole. And then—as you have seen her—I suppose you can guess what happened?"

"You discovered an exceptional person?"

Lady Henry laughed.

"I was limed—there and then—old bird as I am! I was first struck with the girl's appearance—*une belle laide*—with every movement just as it ought to be; infinitely more attractive to me than any pink and white beauty. It turned out that she had just been for a month in Paris with another school-fellow. Something she said about a new play—suddenly—made me look at her. 'Venez-vous asseoir ici, Mademoiselle, s'il vous plaît—près de moi,' I said to her—I can hear my own voice now—poor fool! —and see her flush up. Ah!"—Lady Henry's interjection dropped to a note of rage that almost upset Sir Wilfrid's gravity; but he restrained himself, and she resumed:—"We talked for two hours; it seemed to me ten minutes. I sent the others out to the gardens. She stayed with me. The new French books—the theatre—poems, plays, novels, memoirs —even politics—she could talk of them all; or rather—for, mark you, that's her gift!—she made *me* talk. It seemed to me I had not been so brilliant for months. I was as good, in fact, as I had ever been. The difficulty in England is to find any one to keep up the ball. She does it to perfection. She never throws to win—never!—but so as to leave you all the chances. You make a brilliant stroke; she applauds, and in a moment

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she has arranged you another. Oh! it is the most extraordinary gift of conversation;—and she never says a thing that you want to remember!"

There was a silence. Lady Henry's old fingers drummed restlessly on the table. Her memory seemed to be wandering angrily among her first experiences of the lady they were discussing.

"Well," said Sir Wilfrid at last,—"so you engaged her as *lectrice,* and thought yourself very lucky?"

"Oh! don't suppose that I was quite an idiot. I made some inquiries—I bored myself to death with civilities to the stupid family she was staying with—and presently I made her stay with me. And of course I soon saw there was a history. She possessed jewels, laces,—little personal belongings of various kinds—that wanted explaining. So I laid traps for her; I let her also perceive whither my own plans were drifting. She did not wait to let me force her hand. She made up her mind. One day I found, left carelessly on the drawing-room table, a volume of Saint-Simon beautifully bound in old French morocco, with something thrust between the leaves. I opened it. On the fly-leaf was written the name Marriott Dalrymple,—and the leaves opened, a little farther, on a miniature of Lady Rose Delaney. So—"

"Apparently it was *her* traps that worked!" said Sir Wilfrid, smiling. Lady Henry returned the smile unwillingly, as one loath to acknowledge her own folly.

"I don't know that I was trapped. We both desired to come to close quarters. Anyway, she soon showed me books, letters,—from Lady Rose, from Dalrymple, Lord Lackington—the evidence was complete. . . .

"'Very well,' I said,—'it isn't your fault! All the better if you are well-born—I am not a person of prejudices. But understand, if you come to me, there must be no question of worrying your relations. There are scores of them in London. I know them all, or nearly all, and of course you'll come across them. But unless you can hold your tongue, don't come to me. Julie Dalrymple has disappeared, and I'll be no party to her resurrection. If Julie Le Breton becomes an inmate of my house, I'll have no raking up of scandals much better left in their graves. If you haven't got a proper parentage—consistently thought out—we must invent one—'"

"I hope I may some day be favored with it," said Sir Wilfrid.

Lady Henry laughed uncomfortably.

"Oh, I've had to tell lies," she said,—"plenty of them."

"What!—It was *you* that told the lies?"

Lady Henry's look flashed.

"The open and honest ones," she said, defiantly.

"Well," said Sir Wilfrid, regretfully, "*some* sort were indispensable. So she came. How long ago?"

"Three years. For the first half of that time I did nothing but plume myself on my good fortune. I said to myself that if I had searched Europe through I could not have fared better. My household, my friends, my daily ways,—she fitted into them all to perfection. I told people that I had discovered her through a Belgian acquaintance. Every one was amazed at her manners—her intelligence. She was perfectly modest,—perfectly well-behaved. The old Duke—he died six months after she came to me—was charmed with her. Montresor, Meredith, Lord Robert—all my *habitués* congratulated me. 'Such cultivation—such charm—such *savoir-faire!*—Where on earth did you pick up such a treasure?—What are her antecedents?'—etc., etc. So then, of course—"

"I hope no more than were absolutely said Sir Wilfrid, hesitating.

"I had to do it well," said Lady Henry with decision; "I can't say I didn't. That state of things lasted, more or less, about a year and a half. And by now—where do you think it has all worked out?"

"You gave me a few hints last night," said Sir Wilfrid, hesitating.

Lady Henry pushed her chair back from the table. Her hands trembled on her stick.

"Hints!" she said, scornfully. "I'm long past hints. I told you last night—and I repeat—that woman has stripped me of all my friends! She has intrigued with them all in turn against me. She has done the same even with my servants. I can trust none of them, where she is concerned. I am alone in my own house.

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My blindness makes me her tool, her plaything! As for my salon, as you call it, it has become hers. I am a mere courtesy figure-head—her chaperon, in fact! I provide the house, the footmen —the champagne,—the guests are hers. And she has done this by constant intrigue and deception,—by flattery—by lying!—"

The old face had become purple. Lady Henry breathed hard.

"My dear friend," said Sir Wilfrid, quickly, laying a calming hand on her arm; "don't let this trouble you so. Dismiss her!"

"And accept solitary confinement for the rest of my days? I haven't the courage — yet," said Lady Henry, bitterly. "You don't know how I have been isolated and betrayed!—And I haven't told you the worst of all. Listen!—Do you know whom she has got into her toils?"

She paused, drawing herself rigidly erect. Sir Wilfrid, looking up sharply, remembered the little scene in the Park —and waited.

"Did you have any opportunity last night," said Lady Henry, slowly—"of observing her and Jacob Delafield?"

She spoke with passionate intensity, her frowning brows meeting above a pair of eyes that struggled to see and could not. But the effect she listened for was not produced. Sir Wilfrid drew back uncertainly.

"Jacob Delafield?" he said. "Jacob Delafield? Are you sure?"

"Sure!" cried Lady Henry, angrily. Then, disdaining to support her statement, she went on: "He hesitates. But she'll soon make an end of that. And do you realize what that means—what Jacob's possibilities are? Kindly recollect that Chudleigh has one boy—one sickly, tuberculous boy—who might die any day. And Chudleigh himself is a poor life. Jacob has more than a good chance—ninety chances out of a hundred"—she ground the words out with emphasis—"of inheriting the Dukedom."

"Good gracious!" said Sir Wilfrid, throwing away his cigarette.

"There!" said Lady Henry in sombre triumph. "Now you can understand what I have brought on poor Henry's family.—"

A low knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Lady Henry, impatiently.

The door opened, and Mademoiselle Le Breton appeared on the threshold, carrying a small gray terrier under each arm.

"I thought I had better tell you," she said, humbly, "that I am taking the dogs out. Shall I get some fresh wool for your knitting?"

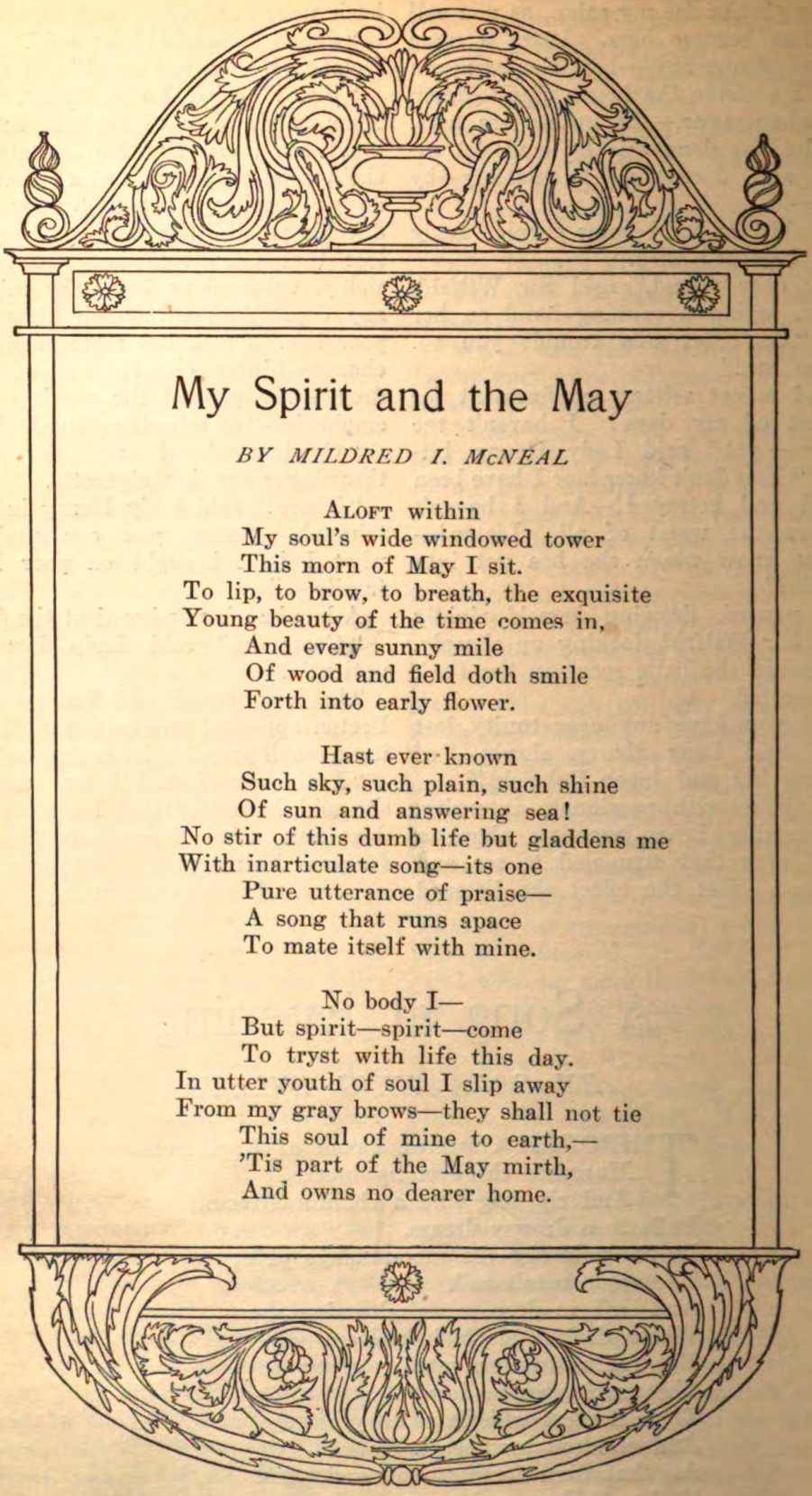
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Song at Evening

BY SARA KING WILEY

THROUGH clustered bloom of April-trees
Murmurs the evening breeze,
And rippling like a shallow stream,
Lulls to a drowsy dream.
In the pale sky the moon hangs pale;
The apple petals sail,
And sink in deep grass, gleaming green,
Where darkening shadows lean.
The robins twitter, settling slow;
The nearing cattle low;
Their herders whistle as they come,
And children scamper home:
All that went forth to toil and quest
Gather to love and rest.

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My Spirit and the May

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL

ALOFT within
My soul's wide windowed tower
This morn of May I sit.
To lip, to brow, to breath, the exquisite
Young beauty of the time comes in,
And every sunny mile
Of wood and field doth smile
Forth into early flower.

Hast ever known
Such sky, such plain, such shine
Of sun and answering sea!
No stir of this dumb life but gladdens me
With inarticulate song—its one
Pure utterance of praise—
A song that runs apace
To mate itself with mine.

No body I—
But spirit—spirit—come
To tryst with life this day.
In utter youth of soul I slip away
From my gray brows—they shall not tie
This soul of mine to earth,—
'Tis part of the May mirth,
And owns no dearer home.

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The June Magazine

A PECULIARLY interesting and important feature of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June will be the first of a number of articles on American industrial conditions of to-day, by Professor Richard T. Ely, LL.D., the distinguished economist. Professor Ely's first paper is entitled, "An American Industrial Experiment." It is a study of the workings of one of the most singular and most successful of the industrial communities of this country.

THERE are eight short stories of varying types in the JUNE MAGAZINE. Notable among them is "The Quicksand," by Edith Wharton, one of the most powerful stories which she has written. It is illustrated by Smedley. Mary Tracy Earle contributes "Ex Libris," an uncommonly attractive little story, with dainty pictures in color by E. M. Ashe. Other stories are "Eyes That Saw Not," by Onoto Watanna and Bertrand W. Babcock, with pictures by John Wolcott Adams; "His Greatest Speech," by Joseph Altsheler, illustrated by Zogbaum; "A Romance to Leeward," by Arthur Colton; "The Old Man of Sand Key," by T. Jenkins Hains; "The Boy and She," by Annie Hamilton Donnell; and "A Philanthropist," by Josephine Dodge Daskam, with pictures by F. Luis Mora.

THE special articles of the June Number are on a wide range of subjects. The leading article of the number is "Walter Scott's Land," by William Sharp, the well-known English critic. The article is illustrated with many charming drawings reproduced in tint. Dr. McCook writes of "Insects and Civilization." "Vacation Schools and Playgrounds" is the subject of an interesting illustrated article by Henry S. Curtis, and Ralph Bergengren tells of the recent experiments made in photographing lightning flashes and star spectra at the Harvard Observatory. W. L. Alden writes entertainingly of a visit to Cremona, H. S. Watson tells of "A Survival of Chivalry" in France, a tournament with lances where the combatants stand in boats, Caroline Duer contributes some interesting reminiscences of "New York Society a Generation Ago," and Morris Jastrow, Jr., discusses the "Creation Legends in Ancient Religions."

THE second instalment of Mrs. Ward's greatest novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," appears in HARPER'S for June. It is illustrated in colors and black-and-white by H. C. Christy.

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THE SEAPORT CIVITA VECCHIA

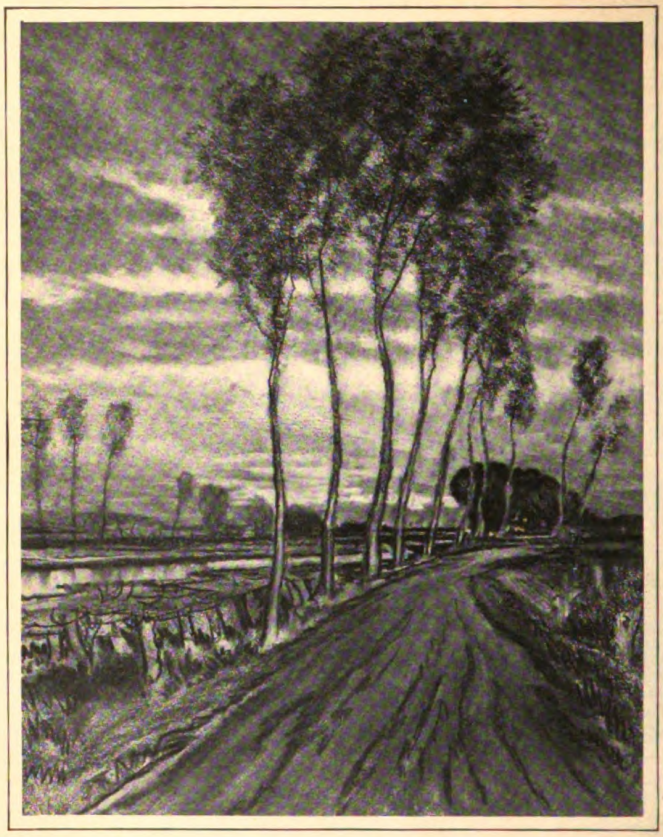
The Italy of Virgil and Horace

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I ALWAYS find honesty the best policy, when not to be honest means to be found out. Therefore I might as well confess at the start that I have no Latin, and that I know Virgil and Horace only in translations. The scholar may say this is equivalent to not knowing them at all. But I would not believe anybody who insisted that because I had read Theocritus in Mr. Lang's version and not in the Greek, therefore I must remain a stranger among the pines and on the thyme-scented hill-sides where the poet watched his visionary flocks. Translators less happy than Mr. Lang have, I admit, succeeded in making the Georgics of Virgil and the Odes of Horace dull reading for the outsider like myself; I might even quote Dr. Johnson to prove that the lyrical part of Horace never can be translated. Still, in the poorest paraphrase the long-horned white oxen drag the plough across the pastures, the vines hang in festoons between the mulberries, the beech-trees and the chestnuts offer their grateful shade, as in the Italy of to-day. The beauty of the rare unspoiled Italian town is largely mediæval, but leagues of Italian country remain exactly as in the time of Virgil and Horace, and, thanks to them, are as classical in feeling as the ruins of the Forum or the tombs of the Appian Way. Nor need you be a Latin scholar to feel this charm of association.

In one sense, if you happen to cycle through Italy, you may always take Virgil and Horace for guides. Everywhere are the slopes clad with corn and vines and olives, everywhere the towns on beetling crags piled heavenward, and

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THE MINCIO AT PIETOLA, VIRGIL'S BIRTHPLACE

the antique towers, at whose base run the still more ancient rivers—everywhere the beauty that was the inspiration of their song. But, in another sense, there is an Italy made specially theirs by accident of birth and death, or the chances of life and work, and this was the Italy we set out to discover—knowing it almost all already—in the spring when "the ox forsakes his byre" and the meadows are with daisies pied: the season dear to both.

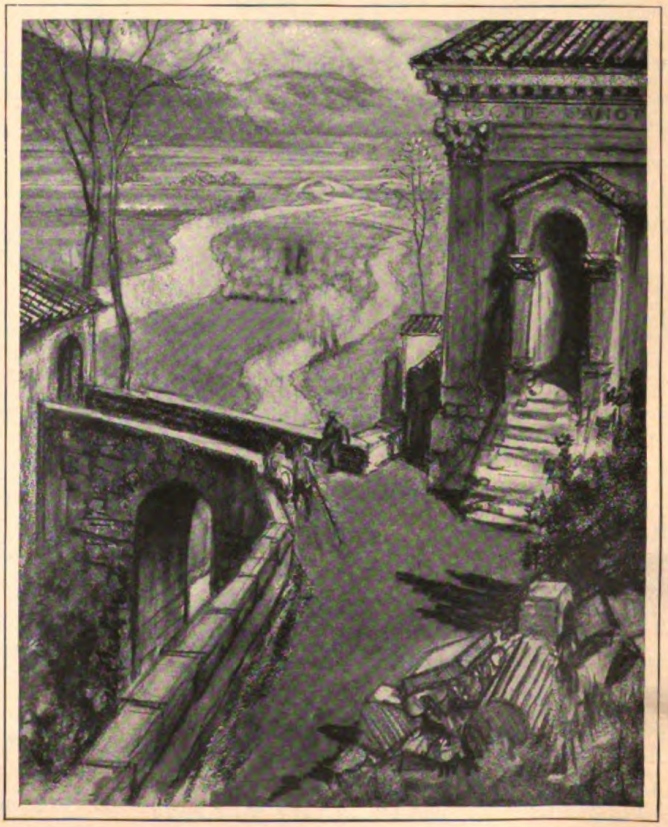
Virgil, with obliging forethought, always managed to keep to the main railway lines and highroads, as if he had anticipated a Cook's tour in his honor. It is comparatively easy to follow him, step by step, though long distances lie between. He was born near Mantua, and to Mantua the conscientious tourist goes for the sake of the Gonzagas and Mantegna. The verses most often quoted belong to places as essentially on the beaten track: the line that made Garda take on new meaning for Goethe, the few words that haunted Tennyson on Lake Como, the references that consecrated the valley of the Clitumnus to Virgil forever. He lived in Naples the latter part of his life; he lies buried within an easy saunter of the big hotels and *pensions* of this noisiest and most overpeopled of Italian towns. From the Swiss frontier on the north, even to the Sicilian coast on the south, he made all Italy his so thoroughly that we promptly found it necessary to drop at least the Aeneid out of our reckoning. To wander with Aeneas would be as serious an undertaking as to sail with Ulysses, and so we put it off for another time, and devoted ourselves solely to the Virgil of the Eclogues and the Georgics.

Virgil will always seem more real and his Pastorals less artificial to any one who will go, as we did one spring morning, along the banks of the Mincio from Mantua to Pietola, about five miles away. Pietola is the ancient Andes, where Virgil was born — so the authorities agree, and I am not learned enough to dispute them. To Theocritus, scholars say, Virgil owes not only the visionary flocks and shepherds of the Eclogues, but their visionary land. But his shepherds had no need to travel to Sicily in search of shady groves and pleasant pastures. Beeches overhang the stream, poplars march with the road; to the north, far away, are the mountains—the Alps—dwindling into hills, to cast their shadows across the plain, and to invite the herds to higher pastures when the summer sun grows hot; above, is a sky at times as blue and radiant—though we only saw it wet and gray—as that which shone above Thyrsis and Daphnis, and the sound of water is as rhythmical as that which accompanied their song. Nowhere could Tityrus and Melibœus have rested more soothingly at the noonday hour, or wandered more quietly to the

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supper of roasted chestnuts and goat's-milk cheese—to-day the supper no doubt of the shepherd, certainly of the tourist, along the Mincio's banks. The towers of Mantua in the distance stir into life no memories of the Gonzagas or of Roman tribunes; the poet's pastoral song has outlived the noise of war and bitter feud. The landscape is not characteristically Italian; you might almost fancy yourself in France or the English fen country; but it has a charm that makes you feel how well worth while was a little submissive praise, a little obsequious flattery, a little poetic license, on the part of Virgil in return for the estate on the Mincio, where he—or Tityrus—could still sing his rustic lays and tend his flocks, while Melibœus, poor man, for being less astute, less of a toady, must be sent off to the hot desert of Africa or the cold seas of Britain. Blake, making those wood-cuts for the Pastorals that the publishers were eager to explain "displayed less of art than of genius," was praised because, in dingy, gardenless South Molton Street, he could evolve such beautiful suggestions, so pastoral in feeling, of Arcadian shepherds and their flocks under the broad setting sun or tranquil moon. Samuel Parker, in English country, imagined his classical Arcadia as he labored over the etchings he never finished to illustrate the same theme. But the real Arcady waits the artist down there under Mantuan skies, just as when Virgil's shepherds tended their flocks, pruned their vines, or piped and sang in pleasant rivalry near the cool stream.

I do not give our route from Mantua to Naples, for it took us to places far and wide. Like Virgil's, it was made at different times and in many ways, though he never had the joy of cycling or motoring to his journey's end. Here and there we lost sight of him, and for an interval parted company. Here and there we met him again in his own country. Now it was in the valley of the Clitumnus, the fair stream where the milk-white herds still come to bathe, and where, on the banks, is the temple, now classic in little save its Virgilian memories, modest perhaps in itself, but borrowing majesty as it stands there between the hills, lording it over the great sweep of well-watered pasture-land that stretches towards Spoleto. And again we met him—or fancied we did—in Civita Vecchia, for did not Virgil sing the harbors as well as the pastures of Italy, and is not this the stateliest and most splendid of them all? You may object that its splendor is largely the work of papal, not of imperial, builders. Of course I speak entirely of the harbor, for when you arrive at the big modern hotel and wander through the mostly characterless streets, you are sure this is one of the rare towns in Italy in which there is nothing to see. But your ramble brings you, presently and unexpectedly, to quays where tall



THE VALLEY OF THE CLITUMNUS AND THE TEMPLE

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ships lie at anchor, wide curving steps lead down to the water's edge, towers rise in the distance, the sun sets at the harbor's mouth, and, for the first time, you know where Claude found his pictures.*

A great part of the journey to Rome we were on the same Flaminian Way over which Virgil often bumped and jolted, bits of the old Roman paving, that must have sorely tried his temper, still showing. And from Rome it was again his road, passing through Capua—with its domes, its stone-pines in lines along the river, and the jagged mountains of its background—to that curving shore round the Bay of Naples—the old Roman's Riviera. Had I been an ancient Roman and a poet, I too would, with Horace, have called Mæcenas my fortune's crowning grace, my constant stay, or anything else he chose; I would, with Virgil, have told Augustus that the world's vast orb was his, and Olympus too, had I been given, as my prize, a villa on these shores, or the money to come whenever I chose. Here is the place for the philosopher to eat and drink because to-morrow he dies. And to lie buried in Naples, what better could one ask? There is no more beautiful spot anywhere than Virgil's tomb, overhanging the entrance to that wonderful Grotto of Posilipo, with its tall wild cliffs, and the dim narrow tunnel into whose blackness the goatherd, now the milkman, with his flock, or the long low wine-cart with its somnolent driver, or the tourist, plunges as carelessly as if it were not the marvel it really is. The tomb itself is no great thing; you might mistake it for an old deserted oven; but it commands the loveliest view surely in the world: the blue bay and its curving shores glistening white with houses, and there, opposite, Vesuvius, rising in fine bold sweeping lines, above it always that heavy black cloud sending down a black shower on the nearer slopes. Along the Mincio you wander with only Tityrus and his friends. Here, you stand with the great of every age, who have come to shed their sentimental tear, from Petrarch and Boccaccio to Mr. Howells. Of them all, the American has best understood the charm of the tomb, with memories "so high and epic," and yet with bucolic associations that made him think of a "spring-house on some far-away Ohio farm; a thought that, perhaps, would not have offended the poet, who loved and sang of humble country things, and, drawing wearily to his rest here, no doubt turned and remembered tenderly the rustic days before the excellent veterans of Augustus came to exile him from his father's farm at Mantua, and banish him to mere glory."

Horace gave us less trouble and a shorter journey than Virgil. In a moment of enterprise we had thought of pursuing him to his birthplace, the ancient Venusia, the modern Venosa, on the borders of Lucania and Apulia. But what with finding it far from anywhere on the maps of the Italian Cyclists' Touring Club, what with impossible roads and trains, pelting rain, and people who did not care a centesimo for Horace, our enterprise weakened. Gradually, too, we abandoned the first and larger plan of going on the jaunt to Brindisi, of the Fifth Satire, and on the other Little Tours, for, to get through, we should have had, with him, to spread them over a lifetime. Besides, the country of Horace is really the country of the Sabine Farm, only about twenty-eight miles from Rome, and through Rome we had to pass on our way to Naples. It was there he was at home, as Virgil was in Mantuan pastures, there he found the background to his Odes; it was there he took his meals before his household gods, there he hid when the craving came to forget everybody and be himself forgot, there he built the house with the garden and the wood and the little spring close by.

It has been said that the classic poets were indifferent to scenery, though it plays so large a part in their verse. Virgil and Horace lived in lovely places, not of their own choice, but thanks to the whim of a patron. You may say, too, that the picturesque is everywhere in Italy, and that the trouble

* It was interesting this winter to find in the exhibition of old masters at the Royal Academy sketches made by Claude in Civita Vecchia, showing that many of his pictures, idealized or "composed" as they may seem, were the result of his careful study of town and harbor.

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NAPLES, FROM VIRGIL'S TOMB

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would be to escape it. But it would be more amazing still if mere chance alone always served them so well. It was pictures, pictures, all the way from the Villa of the Esquiline the hot May morning when we crossed the Campagna, less solemn and desolate in his day, but with the same wide vistas, to Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, where he made a half-way house of that other villa of Mæcenas. The town is almost exaggerated in its picturesqueness, perched on the heights, where the broad table-land falls abruptly to the Campagna. It might be the invention of Claude or Poussin in his most inspired moment, so admirably is it composed, though there is one view that not Claude, or Poussin, or Turner, or any of the men who painted and drew castles and rocks and raging torrents, when the picturesque was in fashion, could have invented. The gray hills of olives open in gentle slopes to show a high wall of rock, on its top a shining town grouped about the stately little temple that rises on the outermost edge, almost overhanging the precipice. To the left, water leaps in a long white line of spray down the cliff; to the right is a glimpse of the Campagna, the mighty dome a shadow in the distance; and still beyond, the gleam of the sea. The course of the water from under the town it then threatened, to this joyful flight down the cliff, alone is changed since Horace's day, and I cannot believe that, poet as he was, he was blind to the splendor of it all, when he used to stay at the villa just there on the brow of the hill, where it slopes a little, and where a paper-mill now is, or went straying into the vineyards of Varus, "where the sun on the green slopes of Tivoli shines."

Nor, when he jogged away on his patient mule, could he have been indifferent to the beauty of the narrow valley and its enclosing hills, he who so loved the shadow of his own Lucretilis and the music of running water. The immediate approach to his farm has in it an element of the sensational. We can never forget the wonder of it when, through a cleft in the hills, we saw, above us, Roccagiovine, the great rock springing suddenly and at a surprising angle from the lower slopes, on its top a little brown town. An olive-orchard, gray and powdery, creeps up under its shadow to a plateau where, some say, Horace's house actually stood. I am not going into long, learned arguments on the subject. In the first place, my knowledge is too slight; in the second, we did not go up to see, for it was too perfect a picture from below, and the road to it, with its great square blocks over which the nimble hoofs of Horace's mule often clattered, was too bad; in the third, the question has been thrashed out long ago. The Sabine Farm was found for a while in every corner of the Sabine Hills. Now, however, scholars tell you it must have been in this part of the valley, either, as Capmartin de Chaupy declared, on the other side of the Licenza, the ancient Digentia, almost on a level with the stream, just about the spot from which J.'s drawing was made; or else on the high plateau close to Roccagiovine. I should like to agree with the old eighteenth-century abbé, whose enthusiasm was so contagious that his very horse was said to have turned antiquarian, with as unerring an instinct for Roman remains as the war-horse has for battle. But did not Horace have to scale a citadel to reach his house? Is there not still in Roccagiovine a piazza of the same name as the temple under whose shade he sat and wrote his verse? And as the plateau is the more pictorial of the two sites that dispute the honor, why not believe it was there he built his house, planted his garden, and played the farmer to the edification of his neighbors?

But whichever was the actual site of the house, the country all about is Horace's — the country of the Odes and Satires. It would be hard to find worse farming-land, and I am not so sure, since I have been there, of the generosity of Mæcenas. It seems as if only a man in jest could have made the gift, only a toady have accepted it in earnest. However, olives do flourish there, and olives paid then as they do now. Vines too cling to the slopes below, the vines that yielded the rough little Sabine wine patron and poet drank together. And here and there are patches where he might have raised the mallows and endives he prized—or pretended to prize—above gold and ivory. The hills are still covered with the woods that sheltered

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VIRGIL'S TOMB; GROTTO OF POSILIPO, NAPLES

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his goats from summer fires and furnished him with shade; you can find poplars and pines if, in your turn, you would drink the cool Falernian under their branches—that is, if Falernian is to be bought, begged, or stolen in the valley; it may have been upon the banks of the "babbling spring" the people call the Fonte dell' Oretani, Horace spent the moments he counted his happiest, sleeping on the soft grass while the water murmured in the brook and the birds fluted in the trees; and on the road below his farmers passed weekly to the market at Vicovaro, perhaps slumbering quietly on the way, after the perilous custom of the modern Italian. Here, in a word, is the Horatian landscape.



TEMPLE OF VESTA, TIVOLI

"A tranquil landscape," M. Boissier calls it. Melodramatic, I should say, with that great rock overshadowing pastures and wood, house and garden. But custom must have staled its melodrama for Horace, and his "Sabine nest" may have been in fact, as in verse, full of the peace he flaunted in the face of less fortunate friends, until, with Mr. Dobson, they bade him, though he poured out for them his Cæcuban—"soft and sleek as girlish cheek"—cease to draw from his "didactic tap" the stoic commonplaces that finally grow monotonous.

It is the realism of Horace that strikes one in the valley of the Licenza. Horace lives; he is a man, fond of good eating and drinking and the fragrance of flowers, loving the ease and freedom of the country, describing the people and the life he knows with such truth that a Horace to-day, given new friends and new gods for his altars, would sing in much the same measure, to the same tune, as the Horace of two thousand years ago. In the Sabine Valley you believe in him as the people do. Even the old woman, wandering with her cows by the road-side, if she could not quote the Odes for us, knew the name of Horace, just as at Pietola, if the Pastorals have perished in the memory of the peasants, the local wine-shop perpetuates the name of Virgil.

I suppose we might have examined the rival sites with an air of archæological wisdom, but the country of Horace was so beautiful we were quite willing to leave exact archæology and topography to the plodding pedant and the cultivated tourist. Indeed, for all the modern superfine consciousness of scenery, if you would see Italy in its greatest loveliness you can leave your Ruskin and your Hare at home, and go armed instead with a Horace and a Virgil.

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Olivia

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"NO, sir," thundered Uncle Henry, from the grove where he was superintending the irrigating of the orange-trees,—"no, sir, not a cent of mine goes for crowing hens. In my day women and girls knew their places and kept them; they will keep them now, so far as I am concerned."

His nephew made no answer; mechanically he counted one of the long rows of orange-trees.

"And so, sir," sneered his uncle, "you are going to be the lady of the family, and let Olivy earn the money, hey? Well, sir, you are the first of the name, sir—the first of the name. In my day not a man of the family would have let a girl bear the brunt while he stayed at home and mollycoddled his mother. And you—your father's only son—"

"Olivia is my father's only daughter," said the boy, lifting his head, "and father believed in girls having a chance. He would be the first to say she ought to have a college education. Professor Hitchborn says she is the most brilliant scholar they ever graduated, and that she can easily get a degree and a professorship. I didn't even get an oration." He stopped abruptly, his fair face flushing, hearing again the principal's response: "What a pity the brother has not her abilities!"

"Pooh, pooh!—a girl's gifts, a woman's talents,—we know what they amount to. Nervous hysterics! The men of our family, sir, the *men* have made it what it is. Be a rancher, sir, and be d——d to you; but as for Olivia, I'll not give a cent to help her disgrace herself."

The miles were long between the great ranch and the little one, and it seemed to the boy, loping slowly homeward, that he consumed in the travelling a period of time comparable to the wanderings of Rip Van Winkle.

The little arid, twenty-acre ranch,—his father's only legacy, except the littler hoard of dollars laid by for his boy's education by that consumptive New England scholar, ambitious for his son as his fathers had been for theirs,—this would be his only world. The care of it and of the invalid mother, delicate and dear, strong only in motherhood,—this would be his profession. Unless, indeed, he were to turn his back on it all and leave Olivia, desperate, brilliant, pent-up Olivia, to this slow self-annihilation, while he struggled for successes she would have gathered like apples. The lad's face grew sterner. He was fording the little arroyo now, and skirting the mile-square vineyard and ranch of the Mastons. Philip was going up—Philip, his chum of years' standing—and Lois—He gave the reins a sudden jerk, which sent the nervous bronco plunging along the sandy path. It is good to be a hero, but very bitter sometimes to be heroic. He knew now exactly how Olivia felt that day when her passionate sense of foreseen isolation had drawn from him the promise:

"You *shall* go, Olivia."

Well,—she was going.

He was in the path now which led up between the lemon and walnut groves of the home ranch; the sun, low already, was shining in warm floods on the brown earth under the level of the trimmed walnuts; it dazzled here and there against the young shoots of the citrus-grove. From the end of the path the cottage smiled its inevitable rose-welcome. Nothing had changed but the boy himself. He had been young that morning when he left the home; he felt old now as he drew rein before the low adobe, and Youth itself—Olivia—came running out to meet him.

"Oh, Will,—did he?"

"No, Olivia, he didn't." Will loosened her hand gently. "It was all a forlorn hope, anyway. I was very silly to give Speranza such a trot, wasn't I, Spe-

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ranza? There, it's all right; run in to mother, and I'll just stable the pony and come right after."

But when he came there was something in the boy's face which the two, watching wistfully, respected, and in virtue of which took his lightly given account almost in silence.

"Mother, do you think I am right to go?" burst out Olivia, throwing herself in her impetuous way beside her mother's chair.

The mother stroked the hair, full of rebellion to its every curling end, for a moment in silence. Her lips were folded like her son's.

"Yes," she said, firmly, "I do, Olivia, —but deserve it, for Will is giving up much for you."

"Too much,—more than I can bear!" cried Olivia, passionately; then even out of her pity her sense of justice revolted. "Oh, why is it all so hard? If he were going, nobody would think it anything wonderful, and I should be expected to make the best of it; but now—even *I* feel as if it were horrible."

Mrs. Dimock sighed. "I suppose we cannot undo the work of ages in a day. Be as brave as your brother; perhaps it is not going to require less courage on your part. And never forget that you owe it to Will—to yourself—to everybody to justify him."

"I am not likely to forget," said Olivia, setting her teeth.

Nothing could make that summer easy for any of them. Olivia's eyes continually sought her brother's with a mute plea for pardon, serving only to keep alive a sense of loss which needed no such sustenance. Every day brought its sharp realization of foregone possibilities, and the neighbors did their part after the manner of their kind. Mrs. Dimock grieved silently over both her children, the woman in her stanchly supporting her daughter, the mother in her mourning irretrievably over the son.

"You going up to college—and not Will? Why, how funny!" Lois had exclaimed. But Lois was a girl of her century; it was easier for her than for her elders to understand the sacrifice.

"I am so sorry,—Olivia has told me," she said to Will, looking her frank young regret into his eyes.

"Yes,—we can't both go; it's all right. I should like to—" stammered Will. His eyes, too, spoke more bravely.

Lois gave him her hand impulsively.

"I think you are the noblest boy I ever knew," she said. And for days after, Will held his head high and walked lightly.

"Wait a few years, till Olivia breaks down or proves she can't do a man's work," said the elders, "then the Dimocks will wish they had done different!"

But Olivia did not break down; instead, her university course was a triumphant progress from honor to honor, and it presently came to be whispered that she was about to take degrees,—things as dread in name as they were strange in fact. Vacations brought her home more brilliant and beautiful, and the tone of the public voice was changed. She was conceded now to be the superior one of the family, a girl who would have succeeded in anything she might have chosen to set her hand to. Her collegiate successes came by nature, and there was her brother plodding away at ranching without a spark of ambition. Olivia, clearly, was the better man of the two.

"Plodding" exactly described it to Will himself. Whatever may be the joy of growing things, and the healthy inspiration of the ground, there is an eternal monotony in scratching and watering that ground and abiding the seed-time and harvests. Even in quickly fruitful California there wants time for the orchards to yield their increase, and there are serpents in the western Eden. The season shall be neither too wet nor too dry, too frosty nor too windy; for once Nature shall have honored her own promissory notes in gold, which only asks plucking to fill your pockets; and yet it shall be cheaper, perchance, to let your gold ripen and rot than to pour it down the corrupt throat of the transportation companies. And if gold is plenty with you, so shall it be with your neighbors, and not worth silver. The only known analogy to the fate of the small grower is the case of the man whose hens invariably left off laying just when eggs rose in price. A poor orange-tree it would be owning less sense than a hen.

Will tried in the tranquil intervals between these annual disappointments to

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keep up his studies, or at least his scholar's taste for books, but after a heavy day's ranching a book soon grew heavy also in his hand. It was a part of the kindly ministry of earth and air that this should be so. One may play with a ranch and work with tools of scholarship, or toil at ranching and flirt with literature, but work at both—a man's work—one may not.

Moreover, to re-enforce Nature, crept slyly in human nature. The unstimulating mental solitude of that region of scattered ranches soon begot inertia. With Phil, Lois, Olivia, and all his mates gone, life was strangely neutral; such color as it could have was on the purple mountains and the golden plains, and he rode more and read less. Finally the narrow income gave exercise for all his power of thought. To keep the mother comfortable, meet the taxes, and see Olivia safely through college,—here were many problems in one, even though Olivia found a dozen little expedients of self-help.

Olivia "never forgot." When vacations brought her back with Lois, Philip, and their parties of student friends to the big ranch-house beyond, Olivia would go nowhere without Will. Philip seconded her heartily—he was always the same good fellow—and Lois was, nominally at least, an unchanged Lois; but with every home-coming the home-keeping lad felt less at ease. They had ways and talk he knew nothing of; the freemasonry of college life, its fun and its seriousness, its purpose and its play—he was not in. He did not read their books, play their games, think their thoughts even. A very few years sets a vast period between youth and youth.

"Dear Will, you are just submerging yourself," pleaded Olivia. "Come over and play tether-ball with us."

"I don't know how."

"Lois and I will teach you."

"But the man is coming to trim the apricots. I can't leave."

"A mere farmer, young Dimock has turned out to be," said Mr. Maston. "The sister, now, is of different metal."

Lois and Philip said nothing, but their marked kindness was the occasion of an extra gallop on Speranza's part.

Will stayed among the apricots till the purple of their tips grew dark against the sky this day. On the threshold of the cottage he heard Olivia's frightened voice calling to him, and bounded in. Olivia, white, despairing, hung over their mother, who lay motionless on the couch. Will put the terrified girl away with a movement, and raised the fallen head while he slipped a cushion beneath; then with practised touch he did all the necessary things, speaking soothingly to Olivia the while.

"It is only one of the regular attacks; she will come out of it in a few minutes."

"I did not know," panted Olivia. "Oh, Will, are they dangerous? She never used to have these."

Will hesitated a moment.

"Any one of them might be fatal," he said in a low tone; "but, on the other hand, she may live many years and die of something else. There was no need of worrying you about it, so I never wrote. I am sorry this came to-day."

Olivia looked at him once or twice while he busied himself quietly with the invalid.

"Do you think," she said, very low, "that I ought to be here—that she misses me?"

"No," answered he in the same low tone, without looking up. "I know what to do for her, and she is used to me now."

As if to confirm him, the sick woman moved, and her lips spoke his name feebly.

"Mother dear," said Olivia, bending over, "do you want anything?"

"Will,—where is Will?" moaned the invalid.

"Here I am, mother," he answered, tenderly bending closer; "you are all right now."

Olivia walked away, with a sudden fierce pain. Her brother found her later on the veranda, gazing into the west, as on that day so many lifetimes ago.

"Mother is used to me," he said, apologetically. "You see, I know what to do when she is suffering, and so—"

"I don't wonder she wants you," replied Olivia. "You have been a daughter to her. And I—"

"You," interposed Will, quickly, "are the thing she is proudest of in all the

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world!" There was a little accent in his voice which made Olivia glance keenly up at him. Their eyes met.

"We must make the best of it," said Will, slowly.

"Yes," said Olivia.

The next day she went back to college.

The purple of the apricots turned to green, budded into white stars on the purple stems, turned to gold, turned to green again, and the stars fruited heavily, clinging in juicy globes along the narrow stem, till the fourth June was close in promise upon them.

"Mother," said Will, coming in one day late, "I have a letter from Olivia and one from Professor Whitmarsh; he wants her to go to France for a year to take a degree in Romance languages, and then they will offer her the just-established professorship. It is a great opportunity for Olivia."

The thin white hands dropped the knitting. "But, Will, how can she?—how can we send her?"

He moved about the room a little, then came and kissed his mother.

"We should have to mortgage, mother."

"Will!"

"Smith would take it up at ten per cent. in a moment, and I should feel safe about the interest—the crop is setting well this year. And it is a wonderful chance for Olivia. Professor Whitmarsh writes that they 'have never had so brilliant a student, and he feels at liberty to tell me that the professorship will be offered her should she obtain her degree.' And of course she will—Olivia always succeeds in everything. Mother, we must do it."

"It will make a harder year for you, Will."

"Nothing to speak of,—and the last. Olivia herself writes that she would not hear of it but for the promises of the Faculty. 'And then,' she writes, 'she can begin to pay her debt.' Olivia a professor!—only fancy, mother, how proud you will be—we shall be."

His mother gave him a loving glance. "Do anything you think best."

So the little ranch was mortaged.

In the early summer Will went up to his sister graduate. It was out of the question for the failing mother, but Olivia had pleaded so earnestly for one of her own, that Will yielded to her and the mother's urgency,—the more readily as Olivia with Lois was to start for Europe immediately after Commencement.

From his seat in the audience he witnessed his sister's brilliant exit from student life, and was generously proud of her. As easily as she had once borne away the honors of the school, she now bore away the honors of the university. The girl had radiated vitality and conscious force; the woman exhaled a subtler radiance. She seemed as happy to have fulfilled her fate as a June rose that blossoms, yet—it might be only his fancy, but Will imagined, as on that day of her earlier triumph, something withheld in her expression. For himself, sitting there, a mere onlooker, he knew some poignant moments. This was the day he would have been so proud of,—would have so looked back upon in later years with pride. All his classmates were receiving their sheepskins and the congratulations of their friends. A few nodded to him across the spaces a recognition of their old-time bond; but when they came to congratulate him on Olivia's success, there remained an awkward field of silence, from which they presently withdrew. He felt himself more foreign than the foreign students of which the western university had a goodly share. The very clothes he wore embarrassed him after the picturesque comfort of a rancher's costume. He looked a gentleman,—his father's and mother's son could not do less; but he looked what he was—a gentleman ill at ease.

In its full consciousness he stepped from the crowded room of dancers that night into the white moonlight of the cloistered inner court, and there Lois joined him.

"Not dancing?"

"No; I do not know the new step."

"You do not lose much," said Lois. Her eyes followed his through the wide doorway and rested upon Olivia waltzing with Philip. Together they followed the movement of the two circling figures; then Lois spoke again: "You must be very proud of Olivia to-day."

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"Yes,—I am." He said no more, and the girl turned her eyes away from the dance to him.

"When Olivia gets her professorship, you will come up, will you not,—it is your turn?"

"No," he answered, flushing slightly.

"Why not,—at last?"

"It is too late. Mother is too frail and old to leave home, and she cannot do without me. Besides, I am a tolerable farmer now; it is too late to make a third-class student of me." He smiled at the girl a trifle bitterly.

Just as she had done years ago, Lois put out her hand impulsively, and just as she had said then she said now:

"I think you are the noblest man I have ever known."

The hand rested for a moment in Will's; she seemed searching for something to say and finding no words.

"When I come back from France," she said at last, "we shall be neighbors and friends as we used to be."

"When you come back from France, Miss Lois—" replied Will, and stopped. Their eyes encountered, sad in their latter-day knowledge, and he let her hand fall gently. It was a relief to them both when that hand was almost instantly claimed by a tall student who bore the girl away to the dance.

"Why are you mooning here?" asked Philip's voice suddenly out of the dusk. He was busily lighting a cigarette, and his hands—the white hands of a gentleman—shone in the darkness. Will watched them mechanically, feeling strangely stupid.

"I thought you were with Olivia," he said.

"I was; but one of these learned men came along (I think his specialty is the diseases of mushrooms), and what chance had I? Will,—has Olivia told you we are engaged?"

The stupor fell from Will like a mantle. He stared—no longer at the white hands, but at the face of his friend.

"Engaged!—you and Olivia!"

"Haven't you even suspected it?" Philip laughed softly. "Why, you dear old duffer"—he laid an affectionate hand on the younger man's shoulder—"do you keep your eyes entirely on the ground of that ranch? But it's true you only see us together vacations, and precious little then. I thought every one knew I was in love with Olivia; we are only just engaged, and it's to be a secret too,—that is, if Olivia has her way. I count on you to help me prevent her having it." He stooped and peered anxiously into Will's face. "You don't object to me for a brother-in-law, I hope, old fellow? No?—that's right; there's nobody in the world I would sooner have for a brother than you. Now Olivia will never forgive me for having told you first, but the truth is I want your help."

Will waited silently.

"The case is this—" Philip flung his cigarette into the path and stood up very debonair and handsome in his evening dress. "There is no earthly reason why we shouldn't be married right away, but for Olivia's obstinacy; she has got it into her head that she is bound to be a professor, and a professor she will be. She *will* go to France and grub at those unearthly languages, and then come back and get her professorship—"

"It is what she has always intended to do."

"Before she fell in love with me. And I haven't the slightest objection; nobody is prouder than I that Olivia has come through the whole course first, with no second, so to speak, and if she wants to be a professor, I haven't a word to say,—but the Faculty has. There is a violent prejudice against married women for teachers,—you know that, Dimock; and Olivia feels it would destroy her prospects—"

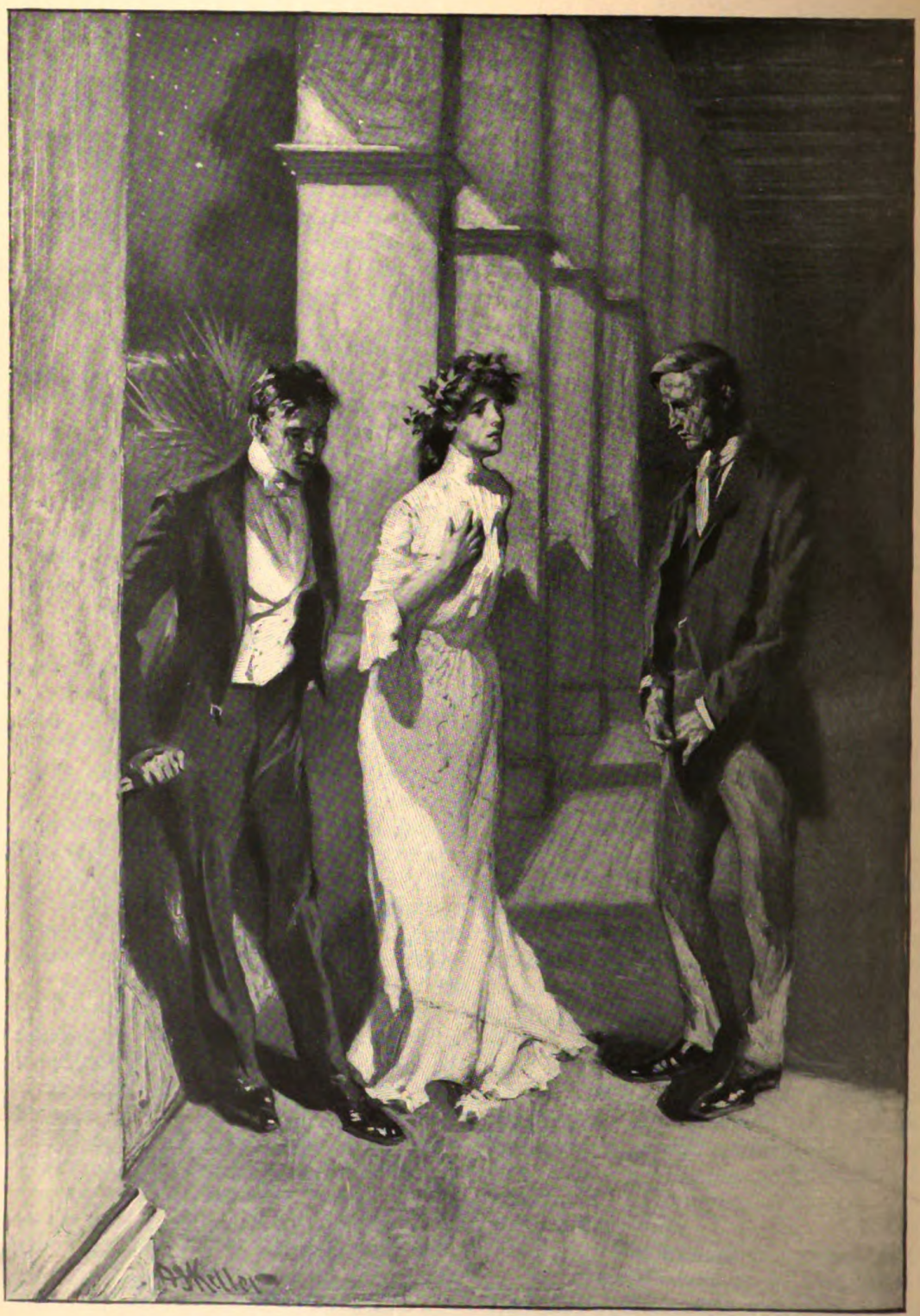
"But if she prefers them to you—"

"Man alive,—she doesn't!" exclaimed the lover, impatiently. "Don't you know your own sister better than that? It is just her notion of honor—" He stopped with sudden embarrassment, but Will's eye held him relentlessly. "You see, old fellow," he added, with a voice whose breaking became him, "we both know only too well what it has meant to you, and Olivia feels—"

Will moved restlessly; one might have thought he shivered slightly, but that the June night was warm.

"Let me finish," said Philip, brokenly. "You see, the trouble is bound to come,—she will have to choose. Even if the

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AT THAT MOMENT BROTHER AND SISTER WERE NEARER THAN THE LOVERS

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Faculty don't object, I leave it to yourself, Will, how can a woman—while the children are little—and Olivia is the very woman— She'll *have* to choose, and so a little sooner or later,—what does it matter? And as for money—here I have tons of it, more than I know what to do with, and I've offered to settle any amount on Olivia and let her repay that one little part—oh, the very least!—that money can repay; but she said you would never take it from me. But you couldn't object to that when it was hers? For the rest, we are men and she is a girl; it's our part not to let her waste her best years just for a scruple."

"If it *is* only that." Will's voice was very low.

"It *is* only that."

"*What* is only *what?*" Olivia, gleaming in the white of her gown and radiant from the gold of her head to her dancing feet, had drifted out upon them. She looked from one silent man to the other, and her cheeks flushed crimson as she turned indignantly to her lover.

"You have told him!"

"I have." Philip looked deprecating but determined.

"You should not have—you had no right." She turned passionately from him and held out both hands to her brother, with a gesture of unsconscious supplication. "Has he told you, too, that it makes no difference, Will?—that I will not let it make any difference in my life?"

Philip smiled.

"I have only consented to an engagement," said Olivia, "because—"

"Because you love him, I suppose—" said her brother, with a faint smile.

She could not help it; at the word her eyes went to her lover's, and Will, catching one flame of that fire, drew back shivering, while Philip smiled again.

"I do love him," said Olivia, quietly. "But he knows I have chosen my profession, and that nothing—*nothing* will make me give it up. He must wait, or if he cannot wait, he must give me up."

"It is entirely for you to decide." Will's voice was as quiet as her own, but oddly cold. You have the right to choose. But one thing I think *I* have a right to say: I hope—I hope, Olivia, you will not set the question of money, or—any plans we may have made, against your happiness, for the money was never the thing of importance; and as for the other—a few years more or less—" He could not help the tone that would control his voice, and Olivia understood. Her cheeks burned, but her eyes, strangely pathetic, besought his, fixed uncompromisingly upon her. At that moment brother and sister were nearer than the lovers.

"It is not a question of my happiness nor of Philip's happiness," said Olivia at last, with white lips. "It is a question of much more."

"If you are thinking of me, Olivia" —Will's lips too were white—"it will not add to my happiness to have you either sacrifice or postpone yours. You must decide for yourself alone."

"And first or last, Olivia," said Philip, with decision, "you will have to choose. You know very well that you are only temporizing. A little sooner or a little later—you will have to choose. Be reasonable, and decide now."

Olivia looked from one to the other. She encountered implacable eyes—the eyes of her brother and lover—but confronting the woman's appeal of her own with the age-long denial of the man—the eyes of the two men who loved her best on earth, but bound in common cause against her by the age-long experience of the race.

Brought thus suddenly to bay by the universe, the woman ceased to appeal. She drew herself up with the old familiar gesture of the girl Olivia, and flashed at each man a glance in which she revealed herself to each in turn as an unknown personality. An army with banners looked out of her face.

"I *have* decided," she said; "there has never been a moment when I was not decided." And she turned and left them.

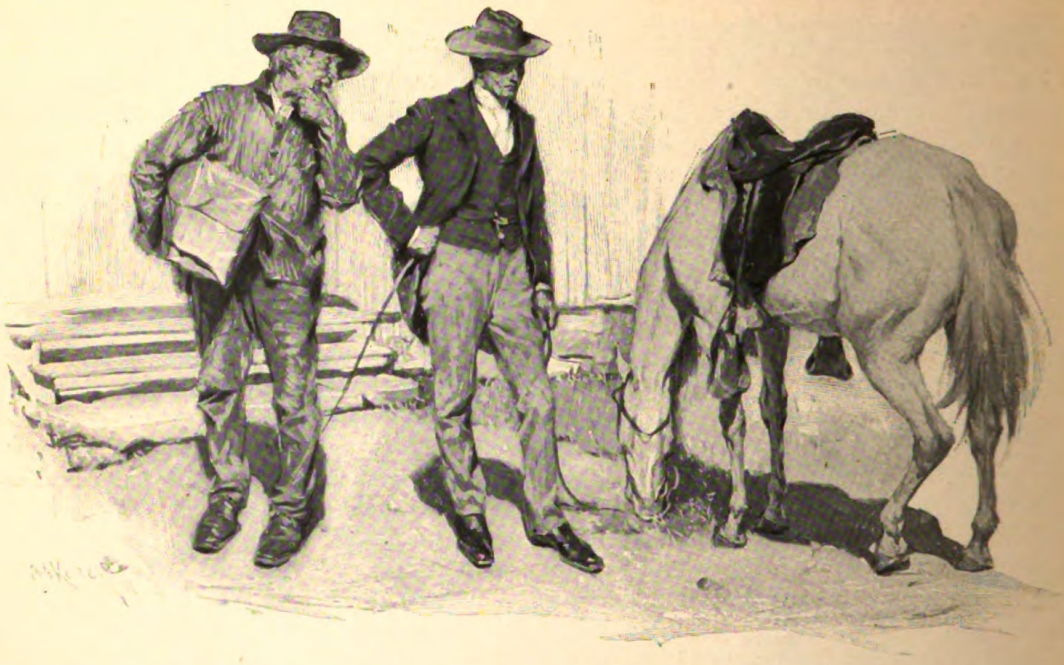
The lofty head seemed to cleave for itself a passage through the dancers. The two men stood watching till it vanished, and Philip groaned.

"Hang it all, Will," he exclaimed, "why didn't you come up yourself like a man and leave Olivia at home? Then we should have been spared all this."

"Yes," said Will, "for you would have loved some other woman."

Philip looked up an impatient negation, but his friend's gaze was fastened

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"PROFESSORSHIP,—PISH! LAD. I'M TALKING OF HER ENGAGEMENT TO YOUNG MASTON"

on the room beyond, and Philip's, involuntarily following, clashed upon Lois circling in the arms of the tall student.

"God knows you may be right," he said, in an altered tone.

But Will had moved away beneath the arches.

The next morning he set his face towards the ranch and the woman waiting for him there.

All the way down he noted, with the mechanical instinct of the "grower," the drying orchards, where the late rains had long fallen, and wondered dimly if the promise of the crops, too, would fail. And all the way also the message of the South came creeping up to him through the open car windows—the message of the unforsaking earth. Speranza, neighing joyfully from the shade of the pepper-tree to which she was tethered, greeted him at the little terminal station, but before loosening her rein homeward he stopped to order some farm-supplies and to buy a little frame of mountain honey for his mother. In the doing he found himself jostling his great-uncle Henry.

"So you've been to see Olivy graduate?" said the old man. "Well, I hear she's done pretty well for herself, after all." His sharp old eyes danced with a gleam of rare pleasure beneath the shaggy brows, and he looked keenly at his nephew with a broad smile.

"The professorship, you mean?" replied Will, mechanically. "Yes, she has done more than well—brilliantly."

The old man grinned.

"Professorship,—pish! lad. I'm talking of her engagement to young Maston."

Will's throat was dry.

"Olivia is a fine creature," said the uncle, "and there's something to be said for co-education, after all. If I'd realized, I wouldn't have minded paying her tuition. That place of theirs is the finest in the county, and a brother-in-law like that will be worth a college education to you any day."

Will loosened the rein with a single turn of his hand and jumped into the saddle. Speranza loped forward. The mesa, sloping gently up, stretched before him golden in the afternoon light, and over it came the breath of pine and desert and mountain, all free things. Back of all stood the purple Sierras; he lifted his face to them and the long climb began.

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A Matter of Feeling

BY MAY HARRIS

"IT'S a first folio!" she cried. "And you didn't tell me!"

"Folio, eh?" Donald Verray murmured, vaguely. "Shakspere—yes." He went across the room to where his wife bent over the open volume she had found among the books that, row upon row, girdled the large room. They had been married only three weeks, and the delicate curve of her cheek caught his eyes and detained them until his lips followed. She looked up, smiling through her thick lashes in the way he had always thought adorable, and drew in her breath with a little sigh of content. "How delightful, Dono, that you should have a first-folio Shakspere!"

He turned the yellowed pages with doubtful fingers. "My dear child—old china, and old lace, perhaps—but books! —the modern ones are better-looking and easier to handle."

"Oh, you philistine!" she reproached him. He glanced at the shelves where the heavily bound classics gloomed. To him their outsides had always just a little frowned, and he had never tried to find a smile within. "Marlowe, Massinger, Ford," his wife read. "Surely some of these are first editions."

He watched the butterfly touch of her fingers on the dark stout volumes, the vivid interest of her expressive face. "All for books!" He spoke his thought jealously.

"Yes, and such books! Dono, why didn't you tell me of them?"

"I didn't remember, I suppose—that is, if I ever knew."

"You saved it as a surprise for me," she unheedingly murmured. "How I have longed for books like these!—books that have been loved and read for generations. Think how many they've befriended—the many people who have enjoyed them!"

"Perhaps only one," he suggested.

"Many of them," she insisted. "Do you know, I've envied people their first editions, their folios! All the time I've wanted the joy of owning books like these"—touching them lovingly,—"and now—"

"Now you have 'em."

She laughed happily. "And the room, Donald—it is perfect! Just the home for such books. It was your great-grandfather who built the house?"

"Yes. He was Donald Verray too."

"There's a picture of him?"

"A miniature." He bent and rummaged in the drawer of a little mahogany writing-table at his elbow. "This is it." He took the oval case from a small box bound with brass in a curious design of dragons, and put it into his wife's eager hands.

"Dono, you're like him!" she cried. "Your chin and nose—the way his hair curls back from his face—*your* way!"

"But we've different eyes," he suggested, studying it over her shoulder.

"Yes," she murmured, regretfully, "perhaps—but there's a decided look of you. What a lovely miniature it is! Some great artist, no doubt — Gainsborough, shouldn't you say?"

"I don't know—it isn't signed, you see."

"No; but it doesn't matter. I am going to imagine it's a Gainsborough."

She put down the miniature and took a small volume from the box he had left on the table.

"*Childe Harold* — a first edition! Dono, it's a presentation copy! Look! With the compliments of the author." She sat down, holding it in both hands. "He knew Byron! How delightful! It opens doors into another time." She took up the miniature again. "'Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?'" she quoted. "What treasure you've shown me! Dono, you saved it to surprise me. We've been here two days—two whole days."

He looked puzzled. "I hadn't thought of it, Edith," he acknowledged. "The

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fact is, you know, I was never great on books. I had to grind no end at school and college; and when I finished—well, I don't suppose I get beyond the magazines. I might," he added, "be honestly attached, say, to the papers."

"Dono!"

"My dearest, I didn't think you cared so much about such things. If I had known—!" he jestingly assured her.

"Oh, but you do, Dono," she asserted. "These are treasures," with a comprehensive sweep of her hand toward the volumes upon the shelves.

"Are they? Then we'll treasure them," he said, lightly.

She discovered in his tone the amused and loving toleration that might be felt for a child's joy in a new plaything. To him it appeared a harmless hobby—perhaps even a fad! The warmth of her joy sobered suddenly as if from an unexpected chill as she caught his point of view. The *bas bleu* element in her character had been largely developed, though she attributed to herself only the attitude of appreciation toward literature as toward art and music. It had been with conscious wisdom that she had never allowed herself to enter as an amateur any of these directions, and so by the breadth of her inclinations was free to interpret their collective message to herself. At eighteen it might not have meant so much, but at twenty-three culture of a literary sort in its less obvious, more subjective toning of individuality seemed to her a necessary factor in life. She had never tried Donald by standards of criticism; that she loved him had been enough, and it had never occurred to her during the short prelude of acquaintance before their marriage to sound the intellectual depths of the man she loved—to discover that her plummet-line would trail in unsuspected shallows. The idea had never suggested itself that she would have had him different—he was in so much the ideal she had cherished, and she had rejoiced that his perfections were manly ones. He rode and drove splendidly, played golf like a champion—albeit without egoism—had a smile that made women his friends, and a manner men liked. She was happy—so happy! she told herself—and yet, subtly, she felt the first jarring note. It was a little thing — but the significance troubled—that he cared nothing, by his own confession, knew nothing, of his own library—a collection of books worthy a wide reputation, a pride of ownership.

All the folios and quartos, fat little *Spectators,* and *Tatlers,* the curiously typed and illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress,* and *Robinson Crusoe,* first editions of Burns, Keats, and Scott, and the many rare and choice volumes gathered by the book-lover of nearly a century before—all these, she saw, ranked to Donald simply as relics of an ancestor's taste. To him personally they meant nothing.

She felt suddenly alone—like a person who has discovered a beautiful thing and finds no one to share the discovery with. It was tragic to her.

A rush of words came to her lips, and the supreme effort to keep them back brought the tears. In the little silence that had fallen between them he had idly gone to the window. On the table behind him his great-grandfather's miniature with introspective eyes lay on the copy of *Childe Harold.* The eyes seemed to watch the girl, who stood white-gowned and pale in the gathering twilight of the room, sympathetically, understandingly. The room was pervaded with the intangible old-world glamour Edith Verray had always so deeply desired. All the atmosphere seemed delicately suggestive of a past whose appeal she intuitively perceived.

All this—! and then the knowledge that pained. Verray was her husband, her ideal lover, but they could never meet, she recognized in that pregnant moment, on the same intellectual plane. She knew she would have to learn his language—she could never hope to teach him hers.

There was a sound of wheels outside, and Verray turned quickly to his wife.

"Here's the trap, Edith. Hurry, dear. There'll just be time for that drive to the river. There's an old Indian legend to tell you— You must have wraps; there's always a stiff breeze."

She turned away from his great-grandfather's miniature and went up to him, putting her cheek against his.

"Ah, Donald," she murmured, "if I can only grow like you!"

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The Wife of the Governor

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

THE Governor sat at the head of the big black-oak table in his big stately library. The two large lamps on either end of the table stood in old cloisonné vases of dull rich reds and bronzes, and their shades were of thick yellow silk. The light they cast on the six anxious faces grouped about them was like the light in Rembrandt's picture of The Clinic.

It was a very important meeting indeed. A city official, who had for months been rather too playfully skating on the thin ice of bare respect for the law, had just now, in the opinion of many, broken through. He had followed a general order of the Governor's by a special order of his own, contradicting the first in words not at all, but in spirit from beginning to end. And the Governor wished to make an example of him—now, instantly, so promptly and so thoroughly that those who ran might read, in large type, that the attempt was not a success. He was young for a Governor—thirty-six years old—and it may be that care for the dignity of his office was not his only feeling on the subject.

"I won't be badgered, you know," he said to the senior Senator of the State. "If the man wishes to see what I do when I'm ugly, I propose to show him. Show me reason, if you can, why this chap shouldn't be indicted."

To which they answered various things; for while they sympathized, and agreed in the main, yet several were for temporizing, and most of them for going a bit slowly and therefore more surely. But the Governor was impetuous and indignant. And here the case stood when there came a knock at the library door.

The Governor looked up in surprise, for it was against all orders that he should be disturbed at a meeting. But he spoke a "Come in," and Jackson, the stately colored butler, appeared, looking distressed and alarmed.

"Oh, Lord! Gov'ner, suh!" was all he got out for a moment, fear at his own rashness seizing him in its grip at the sight of the six distinguished faces turned toward him.

"Jackson! What do you want?" asked the Governor, not so very gently.

Jackson advanced, with conspicuous lack of his usual style and sang-froid, a tray in his hand, and a quite second-class-looking envelope upon it. "Beg pardon, suh. Shouldn't 'a' interrupted, Gov'ner; please scuse me, suh; but they boys was so pussistent, and it comed fum the deepo, and I was mos' feared the railways was done gone on a strike, and I thought maybe you'd oughter know, suh—Gov'ner."

And in the mean time, while the scared Jackson rambled on thus in an undertone, the Governor had the cheap, bluish-white envelope in his hand, and with a muttered "Excuse me" to his guests, had cut it across and was reading, with a face of astonishment, the paper that was enclosed. He crumpled it in his hand and threw it on the table.

"Absurd!" he said, half aloud; and then, "No answer, Jackson," and the man retired.

"Now, then, gentlemen, as we were saying before this interruption"—and in clear, eager sentences he returned to the charge. But a change had come over him. The Attorney-General, elucidating a point of importance, caught his chief's eye wandering, and followed it, surprised, to that ball of paper on the table. The Secretary of State could not understand why the Governor agreed in so half-hearted a way when he urged with eloquence the victim's speedy sacrifice. Finally, the august master of the house growing more and more distrait, he suddenly rose, and picking up the crumpled paper—

"Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to excuse me for five minutes?" he

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said. "It is most annoying, but I cannot give my mind to business until I attend to the matter on which Jackson interrupted us. I beg a thousand pardons—I shall only keep you a moment."

The dignitaries left cooling their heels looked at each other blankly, but the Lieutenant-Governor smiled cheerfully.

"One of the reasons he is Governor at thirty-six is that he always does attend to the matters that interrupt him."

Meanwhile the Governor, rushing out with his usual impulsive energy, had sent two or three servants flying over the house. "Where's Mrs. Mooney? Send Mrs. Mooney to me here instantly—and be quick;" and he waited, impatient, although it was for only three minutes, in a little room across the hall, where appeared to him in that time a square-shaped, gray-haired woman with a fresh face and blue eyes full of intelligence and kindliness.

"Mary, look here;" and the big Governor put his hand on the stout little woman's arm and drew her to the light. Mary and his Excellency were friends of very old standing indeed, their intimacy having begun thirty-five years before, when the future great man was a rampant baby, and Mary his nurse and his adorer, which last she was still. "I want to read you this, and then I want you to telephone to Bristol at once." He smoothed out the wrinkled single sheet of paper.

"My dear Governor Rudd," he read,—"My friends the McNaughtons of Bristol are friends of yours too, I think, and that is my reason for troubling you with this note. I am on my way to visit them now, and expected to take the train for Bristol at twenty minutes after eight to-night, but when I reached here at eight o'clock I found the time-table had been changed, and the train had gone out twenty minutes before. And there is no other till to-morrow. I don't know what to do or where to go, and you are the only person in the city whose name I know. Would it trouble you to advise me where to go for the night—what hotel, if it is right for me to go to a hotel? With regret that I should have to ask this of you when you must be busy with great affairs all the time, I am,

Very sincerely, LINDSAY LEE."

Mary listened, attentive but dazed, and was about to burst out at once with voluble exclamations and questions when the Governor stopped her.

"Now, Mary, don't do a lot of talking. Just listen to me. I thought at first this note was from a man, because it is signed by a man's name. But it looks and sounds like a woman, and I think it should be attended to. I want you to telephone to Mr. George McNaughton, at Bristol, and ask if Mr. or Miss Lindsay Lee is a friend of theirs, and say that, if so, he—or she—is all right, and is spending the night here. Then, in that case, send Harper to the station with the brougham, and say that I beg to have the honor of looking after Mrs. McNaughton's friend for the night. And you'll see that whoever it is is made very comfortable."

"Indeed I will, the poor young thing," said Mary, jumping at a picturesque view of the case. "But, Mr. Jack, do you want me to telephone to Mr. McNaughton's and ask if a friend of theirs—"

The Governor cut her short. "Exactly. You know just what I said, Mary Mooney; you only want to talk it over. I'm much too busy. Tell Jackson not to come to the library again unless the State freezes over. Good-night.—I don't think the McNaughtons can complain that I haven't done their friend brown," said the Governor to himself as he went back across the hall.

Down at the station, beneath the spirited illumination of one whistling gas-jet, the station-master and Lindsay Lee waited wearily for an answer from the Governor. It was long in coming, for the station-master's boys, the Messrs. O'Milligan, seizing the occasion for foreign travel offered by a sight of the Executive grounds, had made a détour by the Executive stables, and held deep converse with the grooms. Just as the thought of duty undone began to prick the leathery conscience of the older one, the order came for Harper and the brougham. The station-master hurried forward to interview the correct coachman. In a moment he turned with a beaming face.

"It's good news for ye, miss. The

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Governor's sent his own kerridge for ye, then. Blessed Mary, but it's him that's the condescendin' sowl. Get right in, miss."

Such a sudden safe harbor seemed almost too good to be true.

Lindsay was nearly asleep as the rubber-tired wheels rolled softly along through the city. The carriage turned at length from the lights and swung up a long avenue between trees, and then stopped. The door flew open, and Lindsay looked up steps and into a wide, lighted doorway, where stood a stout woman, who hastened to seize her bag and umbrella and take voluble possession of her. The sleepy, dazed girl was vaguely conscious of large halls and a wide stair and a kind voice by her side that flowed ever on in a gentle river of words. Then she found herself in a big, pleasant bed-room, and beyond was the open door of a tiled bath-room.

"Oh—oh!" she said, and dropped down sideways on the brilliant whiteness of the brass bed, and put her arms around the pillow and her head, hat and all, on it.

"Poor child!" said pink-cheeked, motherly Mrs. Mooney. "You're more than tired, that I can see without trying, and no wonder, too! I sha'n't say another word to you, but just leave you to get to bed and to sleep, and I'm sure it's the best medicine ever made, is a good comfortable bed and a night's rest. So I sha'n't stop to speak another word. But is there anything at all you'd like, Miss Lee? And there, now, what am I thinking about? I haven't asked if you wouldn't have a bit of supper! I'll bring it up myself—just a bit of cold bird and a glass of wine? It will do you good. But it will," as Lindsay shook her head, smiling. "There's nothing so bad as going to sleep on an empty stomach when you're tired."

"But I had dinner on the train, and I'm not hungry; sure enough I'm not; thank you a thousand times."

Mrs. Mooney reluctantly took two steps toward the door, the room shaking under her soft-footed, heavy tread.

"You're sure you wouldn't like—" She stopped, embarrassed, and the blue eyes shone like kindly sapphires above the always-blushing cheeks. "I'm mortified to ask you for fear you'd laugh at me, but you seem like such a child, and—would you let me bring you—just a slice of bread and butter with some brown sugar on it?"

Lindsay had a gracious way of knowing when people really wished to do something for her. She clapped her hands, like the child she looked. "Oh, how did you think of it? I used to have that for a treat at home. Yes, I'd *love* it!" And Mrs. Mooney beamed.

"There! I thought you would! You see, Miss Lee, that's what I used sometimes to give my boy—that's the Governor—when he was little and got hungry at bedtime."

Lindsay, left alone, took off her hat, and with a pull and screw at her necktie and collar-button, dropped into a chair that seemed to hold its fat arms up for her. She smiled sleepily and comfortably. "I'm having a right good time," she said to herself, "but it's funny. I feel as if I lived here, and I love that old housekeeper-nurse of the Governor's. I wonder what the Governor is like? I wonder—" And at this point she became aware, with only slight surprise, of a little boy with a crown on his head who offered her a slice of bread and butter and sugar a yard square, and told her he had kept it for her twenty-five years. She was about to reason with him that it could not possibly be good to eat in that case, when something jarred the brain that was slipping so easily down into oblivion, and as her eyes opened again she saw Mrs. Mooney's solid shape bending over the tub in the bath-room, and a noise of running water sounded pleasant and refreshing.

"Oh, did I go to sleep?" she asked, sitting up straight and blinking wide-open eyes.

"There! I knew it would wake you, and I couldn't a-bear to do it, my dear, but it would never do for you to sleep like that in your clothes, and I drew your bath warm, thinking it would rest you better, but I can just change it hot or cold as it suits you. And here's the little lunch for you, and I feel as if it was my own little boy I was taking care of again; the year he was ten it was he ate so much at night. I saw him just now, and he's that tired from his meeting

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—it's a shame how hard he has to work for this State, time and time again. He said 'Good-night, Mary,' he said, just the way he did years ago—such a little gentleman he always was. The dearest and the handsomest thing he was; they used to call him 'the young prince,' he was that handsome and full of spirit. He told me to say he hoped for the pleasure of seeing Miss Lee at breakfast tomorrow at nine; but if you should be tired, Miss Lee, or prefer your breakfast up here, which you can have it just as well as not, you know. And here I'm talking you to death again, and you ought to stop me, for when I begin about the Governor I never know when to stop myself. Just put up your foot, please, and I'll take your shoes off." And while she unlaced Lindsay's small boots with capable fingers she apologized profusely for talking—talking as much again.

"There's nothing to excuse. It's mighty interesting to hear about him," said Lindsay. "I shall enjoy meeting him that much more. Is there a picture of him anywhere around?" looking about the room.

That was a lucky stroke. Mary Mooney parted the black ribbon that was tied beneath her neat white collar and turned her face up, all pleased smiles, to the girl, who leaned down to examine an ivory miniature set as a brooch. It was a sunny-faced little boy, with thick straight golden hair and fearless brown eyes—a sweet childish face and very easy to admire, and Lindsay admired it enough to satisfy even Mrs. Mooney.

"I had it for a Christmas gift the year he was nine," she said. Mary's calendar ran from The Year of the Governor, 1. "He had whooping-cough just after that, and was ill seven weeks. Dear me, what teeny little feet you have!" as she put on them the dressing-slippers from the bag, and struggled up to her own, heavily but cheerfully.

Lindsay looked at her thoughtfully. "You haven't mentioned the Governor's wife," she said. "Isn't she at home?" and she leaned over to pull up the furry heel of the little slipper. So that she missed seeing Mary Mooney's face. Expression chased expression over that smiling landscape — astonishment, perplexity, anxiety, the gleam of a new-born idea, hesitation, and at last a glow of unselfish kindliness which often before had transfigured it.

"No, Miss Lee," said Mary. "She's away from home just now." And then, unblushingly, "But she's a lovely lady, and she'll be very disappointed not to see you."

Almost the next thing Lindsay knew she was watching dreamily spots of sunlight that danced on a pale pink wall. Then a bird began to sing at the edge of the window; there was a delicate rustle of skirts, and she turned her head and saw a maid—not Mary Mooney this time—moving softly about, opening part way the outside shutters, drawing up the shades a bit, letting the light and shadow from tossing trees outside and the air and the morning in with gentle slowness. She dressed with deliberation, and, lo! it was a quarter after nine o'clock.

So that the Governor waited for his breakfast. For ten minutes, while the paper lasted, waiting was unimportant; and then, being impatient by nature, and not used to it, he suddenly was cross.

"Confound the girl!" soliloquized the Governor. "I'll have her indicted too! First she breaks up a meeting, then she gets the horses out at all hours, and now, to cap it, she makes me wait for breakfast. Why should I wait for my breakfast? Why the devil can't she— Now, Mary, what is it? I warn you I'm cross, and I sha'n't listen well till I've had breakfast. I'm waiting for that young lady you're coddling. Where's that young lady? Why doesn't she— What?"

For the flood-gates were open, and the soft verbal oceans of Mary were upon him. He listened two minutes, mute with astonishment, and then he rose up in his wrath and was verbal also.

"What! You told her I was *married?* What the dev— And you're actually asking *me* to tell her so *too?* Mary, are you insane? Embarrassed? What if she is embarrassed? And what do I care if— What? Sweet and pretty? Mary, don't be an idiot. Am I to improvise a wife, in my own house, because a stray girl may object to visiting a bachelor? Not if I know it. Not much." The Governor bristled with indignation. "Confound the girl, I'll—" At this point Mary, though portly, vanished like

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a vision of the night, and there stood in the doorway a smiling embodiment of the morning, crisp in a clean shirt-waist, and free from consciousness of crime.

"Is it Governor Rudd?" asked Lindsay; and the Governor was, somehow, shaking hands like a kind and cordial host, and the bitterness was gone from his soul. "I certainly don't know how to thank you," she said. "You-all have been very good to me, and I've been awfully comfortable. I was so lost and unhappy last night; I felt like a wandering Jewess. I hope I haven't kept you waiting for breakfast?"

"Not a moment," said the Governor, heartily, placing her chair, and it was five minutes before he suddenly remembered that he was cross. Then he made an effort to live up to his convictions. "This is a mistake," he said to himself. "I had no intention of being particularly friendly with this young person. Rudd, I can't allow you to be impulsive in this way. You're irritated by the delay and by last night; you're bored to be obliged to entertain a girl when you wish to read the paper; you're anxious to get down to the Capitol to see those men; all you feel is a perfunctory politeness for the McNaughtons' friend. Kindly remember these facts, Rudd, and don't make a fool of yourself gambolling on the green, instead of sustaining the high dignity of your office." So reasoned the Governor secretly, and made futile attempts at high dignity, while his heart became as soft wax within him, and he questioned of his soul at intervals to see if it knew what was going on.

So the Governor sat before Lindsay Lee at his own table, momentarily more surprised and helpless. And Lindsay, eating her grape-fruit with satisfaction, thought him delightful, and wondered what his wife was like, and how many children he had, and where they all were. It was at least safe to speak of the wife, for the old housekeeper-nurse had given her an unqualified recommendation. So she spoke.

"I'm sorry to hear that Mrs. Rudd is not at home," she began. "It must be rather lonely in this big house without her."

The Governor looked at her and laughed. "Not that I've noticed," he said, and was suddenly seized with a sickness of pity that was the inevitable effect of Lindsay Lee. She needed no pity, being healthy, happy, and well-to-do, but she had, for the punishment of men's sins, sad gray eyes and a mouth whose full lips curved sorrowfully downward. Her complexion was the colorless, magnolia-leaf sort that is typically Southern; her dark hair lay in thick locks on her forehead as if always damp with emotion; her swaying, slender figure seemed to appeal to masculine strength; and the delicious voice that drawled a syllable to twice its length here, only to slide over mouthfuls of words there, had an upward inflection at the end of sentences that fairly brought tears to one's eyes, it was so hopeless, yet resigned. There was no pose about her, but the whole effect of her was pathetic — illogically, for she caught the glint of humor from every side light of life, which means pleasure that other people miss. The old warning against vice says that we "first endure, then pity, then embrace"; but Lindsay differed from vice so far that people never had to endure her, but began with pity, finding it often a very short step to the wish, at least, to embrace her. The Governor after fifteen minutes' acquaintance had arrived at pitying her, intensely and with his whole soul, as he did most things. He held another interview with himself. "Heavens! what an innocent face it is!" he said. "Mary said she would be embarrassed—the brute that would embarrass her ought to be beaten. Hanged if I'll do it! If she would rather have me married, married I'll be." He raised candid eyes to Lindsay's astonished face.

"I'm afraid I've shocked you, Miss Lee. You mustn't think I shall not be glad when—Mrs. Rudd—is here. But, you see, I've been very busy lately. I've hardly had time to breathe—haven't had time to miss—her—at all, really. All the same—" Now what was the queer choking feeling that came rushing into his throat and lungs—yes, it must be the lungs—as the Governor framed this sentence? He went on: "All the same, I shall be a very happy man when—my wife—comes home."

Lindsay's face cleared. This was per-

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fectly satisfactory and proper; there was no more to be said about it. She looked up with a smile to where the stately old butler beamed upon her for her youth and beauty and her accent and her name.

A handful of busy men left the Capitol in some annoyance that morning because the Governor had telephoned that he could not be there before half past eleven. They would have been more annoyed, perhaps, if they had seen him dashing about the station light-heartedly just before the eleven-o'clock train for Bristol left. They said to each other: "It must be a matter of great importance that keeps him. Governor Rudd almost never throws over an appointment. He has been working like the devil over that street-railway franchise case; probably it's that."

And the Governor stood by a chair in a parlor-car, his entire world cleared of street railways and indictments and their class as if they had never been, and in his hand was a small white oblong box tied with a tinsel cord.

"Good-by," he said, "but remember I'm to be asked down for the garden party next week, and I'm coming."

"I certainly won't forget. And I reckon I'd better not try to thank you for— Oh, thank you! I thought that looked like candy. How good! And bring Mrs. Rudd with you next week. I want to see her. And— Oh, get off, please; it's moving. Good-by, good-by."

And to the mighty music of a slow-clanging bell and the treble of escaping steam and the deep-rolling accompaniment of powerful wheels the Governor escaped to the platform, and the capital city of that sovereign State was empty— practically empty. He noticed it the moment he turned his eyes from the disappearing train and moved toward Harper and the brougham. He also noticed that he had never noticed it before.

A solid citizen, catching a glimpse of the well-known, thoughtful face through the window of the Executive carriage as it bowled rapidly across toward the Capitol, shook his head. "He works too hard," he said to himself. "A fine fellow, and young and strong, but the pace is telling. He looks anxious to-day. I wonder what great scheme is revolving in his brain at this moment."

And at that moment the Governor growled softly to himself. "I've overdone it," he said. "She's sure to be offended. No one likes to be taken in. I ought not to have showed her Mrs. Rudd's conservatory; that was a mistake. She won't let them ask me down; I sha'n't see her. Hanged if I won't telephone Mrs. McNaughton to keep the secret till I've been down." And he did, before Lindsay could get there, amid much laughter at both ends of the wire, and no small embarrassment at his own.

And he was asked down, and having enjoyed himself thoroughly, was asked again. And again. So that during the three weeks of Lindsay's visit Bristol saw more of the Chief Executive officer of the State than Bristol had ever seen before, and everybody but Lindsay had an inkling of the reason. But the time never came to tell her of the shadowy personality of Mrs. Rudd, and between the McNaughton girls and the Governor, whom they forced into many unexpected statements, to their great though secret glee, Lindsay was informed of many details in regard to that missing first lady of the commonwealth. Such a dialogue as the following would occur at the lunch table:

Alice McNaughton (speaking with ceremonious politeness from one end of the table to the Governor at the other end). "When is Mrs. Rudd coming, Governor?"

The Governor (with a certain restraint). "Before very long, I hope, Miss Alice. Mrs. McNaughton, may I have some more broiled lobster? I have never in my life had as much broiled lobster as I wanted."

Alice (refusing to be side-tracked). "And when did you last hear from her, Governor?"

Chuck McNaughton (ornament of the Sophomore class at Harvard. In love with Lindsay, but more so with the joke. Gifted with a sledge-hammer style of wit). "I've been hoping for a letter from her myself, Governor, but it doesn't come."

The Governor (with slight hauteur). "Ah, indeed!"

Lindsay (at whose first small peep the Governor's eyes turn to hers and rest

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So the Governor sat before Lindsay Lee at his own Table

there shamelessly). "Why haven't you any pictures of Mrs. Rudd in the house, Mrs. McNaughton? The Governor's is everywhere, and you all tell me how fascinating she is, and yet don't have her about. It looks like you don't love her as much as the Governor." (At which mention of being loved, in that voice, delighted cold shivers seize the Executive nerves.)

Mrs. McNaughton (entranced with the airy persiflage, but knowing her own to be no light hand at repartee). "Ask the others, my dear."

Alice (jumping at the chance). "Oh, the reason of that is very interesting! Mrs. Rudd has never given even the Governor her picture. She—she has principles against it. She belongs, you see, to an ancient Hebrew family—in fact, she is a Jewess" ("A wandering Jewess," the Governor interjected, *sotto voce,* his glance veering again to Lindsay's face), "and you know that Jewish, Hebraic families have religious scruples about portraits of any sort" (pauses, exhausted).

Chuck (rushing with heavy artillery to the charge). "Alice, *taisez-vous.* You're doing poorly, thank you. You can't converse. Your best parlor trick is your red hair. Miss Lee, I'll show you a picture of Mrs. Rudd some day, and I'll tell you now what she looks like. She has exquisite melancholy gray eyes, a mouth like a—like a ripe tomato" (drowning shouts of laughter from the table *en masse,* but Chuck ploughs along cheerily), "hair like the braided mid-

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night" (cries of "What's that?" and "Hear! Hear!"), "a figure slim and willowy as a vaulting-pole" (a protest of "No track athletics at meals; that's forbidden!"), "and a voice—well, if you ever tasted New Orleans molasses on maple sugar, with 'that tired feeling' thrown in, perhaps you'll have a glimpse, a mile off, of what that voice is like." (Eager exclamations of "That's near enough," "Don't do it any more, Chuck," and "For Heaven's sake, Charlie, be merciful and stop." Lindsay looks hard with the gray eyes just sung of in such dulcet strains, at the Governor.)

Lindsay. "Why don't you pull your bowie-knife out of your boot and shoot him down with your pistols, Governor? It looks like he's making fun of your wife, to me. Isn't anybody going to fight anybody?"

And then Mr. McNaughton would reprove her as a bloodthirsty Kentuckian, and the whole laughing tableful would empty out on the broad vine-covered porch. At such a time the Governor, laughing too, amused, yet uncomfortable, and feeling himself in a false and undignified position, would vow solemnly that a stop must be put to all this. It would get about, into the papers even, by horrid possibility; even now a few intimates of the McNaughton family had been warned "not to kill the Governor's wife." He would surely tell the girl the next time he could find her alone, and then the whole absurdity would collapse. But the words would not come, or if he carefully framed them beforehand, this bold, aggressive leader of men, whose nickname was "Jack the Giant-killer," made a giant of the chance of Lindsay's displeasure, and was afraid of it. He had never been afraid of anything before. He would screw his courage up to the notch, and then, one look at the purely pale childlike face, and down it would go, and he would ask her to go rowing with him. They were such good friends; it was so dangerous to change at a blow existing relations, to tell her that he had been deceiving her all these weeks. These exquisite June weeks that had flown past to music such as no June had sung to him before; days snowed under with roses, nights that seemed, as he remembered them, all moonlit for a solid month. The Governor sighed a lingering, soulful sigh, and quoted with originality,

> "Oh what a tangled web we weave
> When first we practise to deceive!"

Yes, he must really wait—say two days longer. Then he might be sure enough of her—regard—to tell her the truth. And then, a little later, if he could control himself so long, another truth. Beyond that he did not allow himself to think.

"Governor Rudd," asked Lindsay suddenly as they walked their horses the last mile home from a ride on which they had gotten separated—the Governor knew how—from the rest of the party, "why do they bother you so about your wife, and why do you let them?"

"Can't help it, Miss Lindsay. They have no respect for me. I have to stand it, whatever they choose to do. I'm that sort of man. Hard luck, isn't it?"

Lindsay turned her sad, infantile gray eyes on him searchingly. "I reckon you're not," she said. "I reckon you're the sort of man people don't say things to unless they're right sure you will stand it. They don't trifle with you." She nodded her head with conviction. "Oh, I've heard them talk about you! I like that; that's like our men down South. You're right Southern, anyhow, in some ways. You see, I can pay you compliments because you're a safe old married man," and her eyes smiled up at him: she rarely laughed or smiled except with those lovely eyes. "There's some joke about your wife," she went on, "that you-all won't tell me. There certainly is. I *know* it, sure enough I do, Governor Rudd."

There is a common belief that the Southern accent can be faithfully rendered in writing if only one spells badly enough. No amount of bad spelling could tell how softly and sweetly Lindsay Lee said those last two words.

"I love to hear you say that—'Guv'na Rudd.' I do, 'sho 'nuff,'" mused the Governor out loud and rather irrelevantly. "Would you say it again?"

"I wouldn't," said Lindsay, promptly and with asperity. "How ridiculous! If you are a Governor! But I was talking about your wife. Isn't she coming

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home before I go? Sometimes I don't believe you have a wife."

That was his chance, and tremblingly he saw it. He must tell her now or never, and setting his teeth, he drew a long breath. "Suppose I told you that I had not," he said, "that she was a myth, what would you say?"

"Oh, I'd just never speak to you again," said Lindsay, carelessly. "I wouldn't like to be fooled like that. Look, there are the others!" and off she flew at a canter.

It is easy to see that the Governor was not hurried headlong into confession by that speech. But the crash came. It was the night before Lindsay was to go back home to far-off Kentucky, and with infinite expenditure of highly trained intellect, for which the State was paying a generous salary, the Governor had managed to find himself floating on a moonlit flood through the Forest of Arden with the Blessed Damozel. That, at least, is the closest rendering of a walk in the McNaughtons' wood with Lindsay Lee as it appeared that night to the intellect mentioned. But the language of such thoughts is highly idiomatic and incapable, mostly, of exact translation. A devouring flame of eagerness to speak, quenched every moment by a shower-bath of fear, burned in his soul, when suddenly Lindsay tripped on a root and fell, with an exclamation. Then the waters of fear dried swiftly beneath the flames, without even a hiss of extinction. It is unnecessary to tell what the Governor did, or what he said. The language, as language, was unoriginal and of a striking monotony, and as to what happened, most people have had some experience which will obviate the necessity of going into brutal facts. But when, trembling and shaken, he realized a material world again, Lindsay was fighting him, pushing him away, her eyes blazing fiercely.

"What do you mean? What *do* you mean?" she was saying.

"Mean—mean? That I love you—that I want you to love me, to be my wife!" She stood up like a white ghost in the tossing silver light and shadow of the wood.

"Governor Rudd, are you crazy?" she cried. "You have a wife already. You are insulting me."

The tall Governor threw back his handsome head and laughed a ringing laugh like a child. The people away off on the porch heard him and smiled. "They are having a good time, those two," Mrs. McNaughton said.

"Lindsay—Lindsay," and he bent over and caught her hands against her will and kissed them. "There isn't any wife—there never will be any but you. It was all a joke. It happened because—Oh, never mind! I can't tell you now; it's a long story. But you must forgive that; that's all in the past now. The question is, will you love me—will you love me, Lindsay? Tell me, Lindsay!" He could not say her name often enough. But there came no answering light in Lindsay's delicate face. She looked at him as if he were a striped convict.

"I'll never forgive you," she said, slowly. "You've treated me like a child; you've made a fool of me, all of you. It was cruel and insulting. All a joke, you call it? And I was the joke; you've been laughing at me all these weeks. Why was it funny, I'd like to know?"

"Great heavens, Lindsay — dearest—you're not going to take it that way? *I* insult you! *I* laugh at you! I'd give my life for you; I'd shoot down any one who dared— Lindsay!" he broke out appealingly, and made a step towards her.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. "Don't touch me! I hate you!" And as he still came closer she turned and ran up the path, into the moonlight of the broad driveway, and so, a dim white blotch on the fragrant night, disappeared.

When the Governor, walking with dignity, came up the steps of the porch, three minutes later, he was greeted with questions.

"What have you done to Lindsay Lee, I'd like to know?" asked Alice McNaughton. "She said she had fallen and hurt her foot, but she wouldn't let me go up with her, and she was dignified, which is awfully trying. Why did you quarrel with her, this last night?"

"Governor," said Chuck, with more discernment than delicacy, "if you will accept the sympathies of one not unacquainted with grief—" But he was at this point choked sternly off.

The Governor never remembered just

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"LINDSAY!" HE BROKE OUT APPEALINGLY

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how he got away from the friendly hatefulness of that porchful. An early train the next morning was inevitable, for there was a meeting of real importance this time, and at all events everything looked about the same shade of gray to him; it mattered very little what he did. Only he must be doing something every moment. He devoured work as if it were bread and meat and he were famished. People said all that autumn and winter that anything like the Governor's energy had never been seen. He evidently wanted a second term, and really he ought to have it. He was working hard enough to get it. About New-Year's he went down to Bristol for the first time since June, for a dinner at the McNaughtons'. Alice McNaughton's friendly face, under its crown of red-gold hair, beamed at him from far away down the table, but after dinner, when the men came in from the dining-room, she took possession of him boldly.

"Governor, I want to tell you about Lindsay Lee. I know you'll be interested, though you did have some mysterious fight before she left. She's been awfully ill with pleurisy, a very painful attack, and she is getting well very slowly. They have just sent her with her mother to Paul Smith's. I'm writing her to-morrow, and I want you to send her a good message; it would please her."

It was hard to stand up there in evening dress, with eighteen people grouped about him, all more or less with an eye on his motions, and be the Governor, calm and dignified, while hot irons were being applied to his heart by this smiling, graceful girl.

"But, Miss Alice," he said, slowly, "I'm afraid you are wrong. I was unfortunate enough to make Miss Lee very angry. I am afraid she would think a message from me only an impertinence."

"Sir," said Alice, with decision, "I'm right sometimes, if I'm not Governor; and it's better to be right than to be Governor, I've heard — or something. You trust me. Just try the effect of a message, and see if it isn't a success. What shall I say?"

The Governor was impetuous, and in spite of all the work he had done so fiercely, the longing the work had been meant to drown surged up as strong as his life itself. "Miss Alice," he said, eagerly, "if you are right, would it do— do you think I might deliver the message myself?"

"Do I think? Well, if *I* were a man! Faint heart, you know!"

And the Governor, at that choppy eloquence, openly and boldly seized the friendly young hand and wrung it till Alice begged, laughing but bruised, for mercy. When he came up, later, to bid her good-night, his face was radiant, and,

"Good-night, Angel of Peace," he said.

Mary Mooney, who through the dark days had watched with anxious though uncomprehending eyes her boy's dejection and hard effort to live it down, and had applied partridges and sweetbreads and other forms of devotion steadily but unsuccessfully, saw at once and with rapture the change when the Governor greeted her the next morning. Lightheartedly she packed his traps two days later—she had done it jealously for thirty-five years, though almost over the dead body of the Governor's man sometimes in these later years. And when he told her good-by she had her reward. The man's boyish heart went out in a sudden burst of gratitude to the tireless love that had sought only his happiness all his life. He put his arm around the stout little woman's neck.

"Mary," he said, "I'm going to see Miss Lee."

Mary's pink cheeks were scarlet as she patted with a work-worn palm the strong hand on her shoulder. "Then I know what will happen," she said, "and I'm glad. And if you don't bring her back with you, Mr. Jack, I won't let you in."

So the stately Governor went off like a school-boy with his nurse's blessing. And later like an arrow from a bow he swung around the corner of the snowy piazza at Paul Smith's, where Mrs. Lee had told him he would find her daughter. There was a bundle of fur in a big chair in the sunlight, dark against the white hills beyond, with their black lines of pine-trees. As the impetuous steps came nearer, it turned, and—the Governor's methods were again such that words do them no justice. But this time with happier result. Half an hour later, when some coherency was established, he said:

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

IN A BIG CHAIR IN THE SUNLIGHT

"You waited for me! You've been *waiting* for me!" as if it were the most astonishing fact in history. "And since when have you been waiting for me, you—"

Lindsay laughed, not only with her eyes, but with her soft voice. "Ever since the morning after, your Excellency. Alice told me all about it before I left, and made me see reason. And I—and I was right sorry I'd been so—been so dignified. I thought you'd come some time—but you came right slow," she said, and her eyes travelled over his face as if she were making sure he was really there.

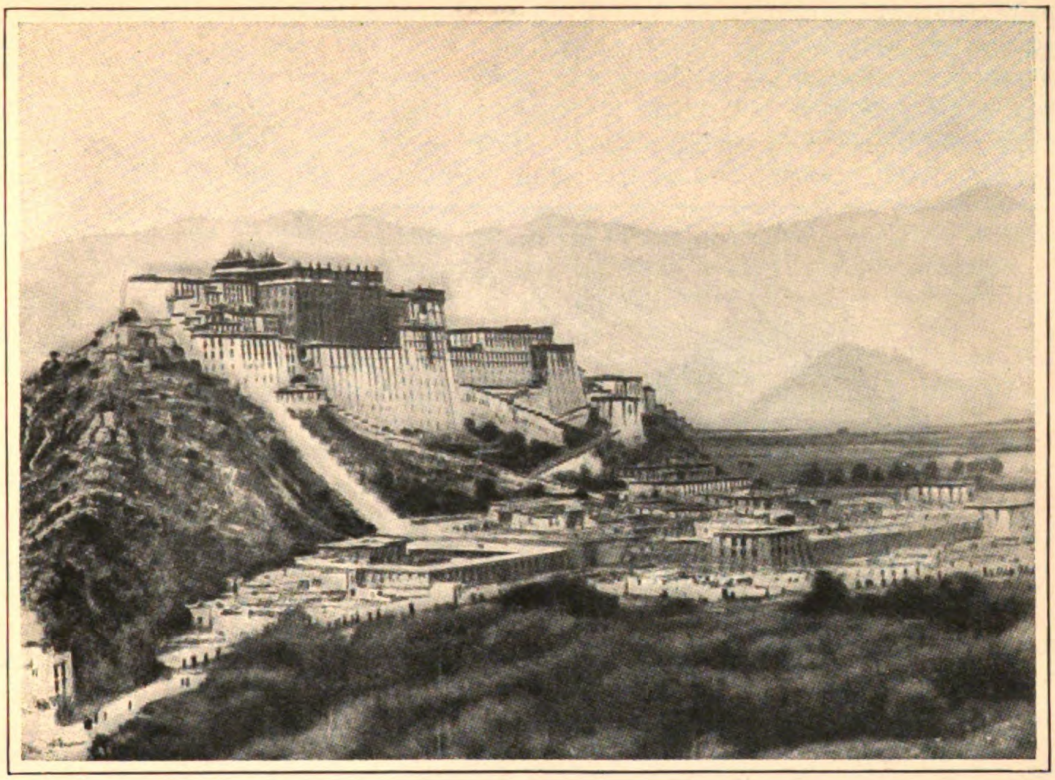
"And I never dared to think you would see me!" he said. "But now—now!"

And again there were circumstances that are best described by a hiatus.

The day after, when Mary Mooney, discreetly letting her soul's idol get into his library before greeting him, trotted into that stately chamber with soft, heavy footsteps, she was met with a kiss and a bear's hug that, as she told Mrs. Rudd later, "was like the year he was nine."

"I didn't bring her, Mary," the Governor said, "but you'd better let me stay, for she's coming."

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THE HOLY CITY OF LHASA

[Showing the palace of the Dalai Lama, who ordered that Dr. Sven Hedin should be well treated. The original rare photograph was recently acquired by the Royal Geographical Society]

Sven Hedin in Central Asia

BY J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.

FEW explorers have deliberately trained themselves for the work of exploration pure and simple, as has the young Swede Dr. Sven Hedin, who for the last sixteen years has devoted himself to filling up the many blanks and correcting the imperfections in the map of Central Asia.

An account of the chief results of his first expedition has already appeared in *Harper's Magazine* (November, 1898). It is only since he left, some two years ago, on the expedition on which he is now engaged, that the scientific results have been given to the world.

It is interesting to note that when he first drew up his plan for this great journey, one of his main objects was to enter the forbidden city of Lhasa disguised as a Persian. Happily he was well advised to give up this mere feat, which may be left to the seeker after sensation, and confine himself to the solid work of exploration.

Before he left Stockholm on June 27, 1899, he roughly sketched the plan which he proposed to follow. He was to proceed direct to Kashgar, and starting from that city proposed to make a satisfactory map of the Yarkand Daria, hoping to arrive at Lob Nor in the autumn of the same year. He was to stay there the whole winter and make a survey of the region, in order to ascertain to what extent the position of this puzzling lake had shifted in past times. He was to investigate and map the old river-courses of the Kum Daria, the Kotek-

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Tarim, and the Cherchen Daria. His headquarters were to be at Abdal, where regular observations with the barograph and the thermograph were to be taken during his absence on his excursions. In



SVEN HEDIN

the summer of 1900 he was to travel in northern Tibet for the purpose of making geological observations and collections. He hoped to go as far as the important Gangri range, and to spend the winter at an elevation of over 16,000 feet, in order to study the climate of Tibet at that season. In the spring of 1901 he was to cross Tibet to India.

Dr. Hedin stayed in Kashgar only so long as it was necessary to get the various things required for his journey. From Kashgar he went on to Lailik, on the Yarkand River, where he bought one of the big ferry-boats used to take caravans across the river. He made the arrangements on this boat as comfortable as he could under the circumstances. He provided it with a deck on which his tent was erected, and a dark cabin for photographic purposes. His men lived in the back part of the vessel, while he himself sat at the opening of the tent at a table, making a fine map of the river, which covers about sixty large sheets. The journey took three months, and he managed to reach Yangi-Kul before the ice set in. He writes: "I have never made a more beautiful journey, more agreeable, or more rich in results in so comparatively short a time. It was splendid to sit in the shadow of the tent and draw the map, and let the boat drift down with the current, and give me time to make one of the most detailed maps which have ever been made of any river outside Europe."

Dr. Hedin fixed his winter camp at Yangi-Kul, where he met his caravan, which had travelled from Kashgar by the great road which runs *viâ* Aksu and Korla. After a rest of ten days, during which he received a visit from the French traveller M. Bonin, he set out with only four men and seven camels straight across the dreaded Takla-Makan Desert to Cherchen. It took him twenty days, with nothing but sand everywhere. There was none, however, of the disastrous results of his first journey across the desert, as he lost only one camel. From Cherchen, Dr. Hedin made an excursion to Andere, returning by the old river-beds of the Cherchen Daria and some recently formed arms of the Yarkand Daria, reaching his winter camp after an absence of sixty-six days. Almost the whole of this journey, he states, was through absolutely unknown country. It may be stated here that his caravan was accompanied by an escort

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of four Cossacks, given to him by order of the Emperor of Russia.

Writing again from Yangi-Kul on May 14, 1900, Dr. Hedin states that he had just returned from another series of journeys, which had yielded the richest results in discoveries and observations. On March 5 he had gone to the Kurruk Tagh range, and south of this followed the old river-bed of the Kum Daria, which had been first visited by the Russian traveller Kozloff. Dr. Hedin's satisfaction was great when he found that this old river-bed led into an old lake, now dried up, which he is confident must be the old Lob Nor, thus confirming the theory which he holds with Baron von Richthofen as to the changes which have taken place in the Lob Nor system as against the theories held by Russian geographers. On the shore of this old lake he found the ruins of a town, with artistic sculptures in wood, and an old road with many rude pyramids. He made still another interesting discovery one day's march north of Kara-koshun, in the shape of a large new lake formed by a new arm of the Tarim River, going eastward through the old bed of the Shergi Chapgan. Dr. Hedin is naturally gratified that the theories as to the hydrography of this region which he published in his book *Through Asia,* and in fuller detail in the report of the scientific results, have turned out to be facts.

Writing before starting on a fresh journey, on June 27, 1900, Dr. Hedin mentions that during ten months he had written thirteen hundred large pages of geographical description, two hundred pages of astronomical observations, including forty definitely fixed points, and one hundred pages of meteorological observations, embracing 13,996 observations. His maps up to that date covered 305 sheets, some of them containing two or more routes, nearly the whole of it covering unknown regions. He had many hundreds of photos and sketches, large collections of plants and insects, specimens of rocks, ancient wood-carvings, many tales obtained from the natives, much information relative to the etymology of geographical names, and other material. All this was added to during the summer of 1900.

After returning from the Lob Nor region to Yangi-Kul by a new and interesting route, Dr. Hedin continued in his great boat down the river to Cheggelik, where it was found to be too large for the small lakes of Kara-Buran, and had to be abandoned in favor of the ordinary canoes. In these the journey was continued to Abdal. From Abdal Dr. Hedin started with a part of his caravan to Chimen Tagh, where the main caravan had been for a considerable time. A little to the south of Lake Gash he established his large camp in a splendid mountain region called Mandarlik. With a caravan of six men, seven camels, twelve horses, one mule, and sixteen sheep, he proceeded south by Arra Tagh, Kalta Arlagan, and Arka Tagh, then southeast for some distance before turning west and proceeding northwest, north, and east back to Temirlik. This last journey led him into northern Tibet. The ground covered was about 965 miles, and during the journey Dr. Hedin added about 200 sheets to his maps, took a considerable number of astronomical, meteorological, hypometrical, hydrographical, and other observations, including the measurement of the altitude of many high mountains, and greatly increased his geological and botanical collections, besides adding many photographs and sketches to those he had previously taken. The journey was of the most arduous nature, and entailed the greatest sufferings on all those who took part in it. Not the least hardship which had to be endured was the intense cold.

Dr. Hedin did not, however, long remain idle after his return to Temirlik. In the last letter received from him, which was written on April 23, 1901, at Charklik, a town on the Cherchen River some distance to the southwest of Abdal, he says that early in the preceding November he was off once more, setting out for the great Kumkul, a range of mountains lying, apparently, to the west of Temirlik. These mountains Dr. Hedin was able to cross on three lines, carefully surveying and taking other observations as he went. Thus was another blank on the map of Central Asia filled up, for previously nothing was known of the region passed through. This excursion, however, was a comparatively short one, for in a month's time Dr. Hedin was back at Te-

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mirlik, busily preparing for a journey which had as its main objective the ancient lake-bed to the north of the Kara-koshun. Dr. Hedin hoped, and not in vain as we shall presently see, to obtain very important results by his excavations among the ruins on the northern shore of this ancient lake-bed, and also by carrying a survey line from the ruins to the northern end of the Kara-koshun. Filled as he is with the greatest enthusiasm for his work, it was with no little eagerness that Dr. Hedin set out from Temirlik on December 12, 1900, accompanied by nine of his followers and a carefully prepared caravan comprising eleven camels and nine horses. It was not, however, his intention to proceed direct to Lob Nor; he intended to make a circuit to the east, through the mountains and across the desert, carefully surveying, it need hardly be said, as he went.

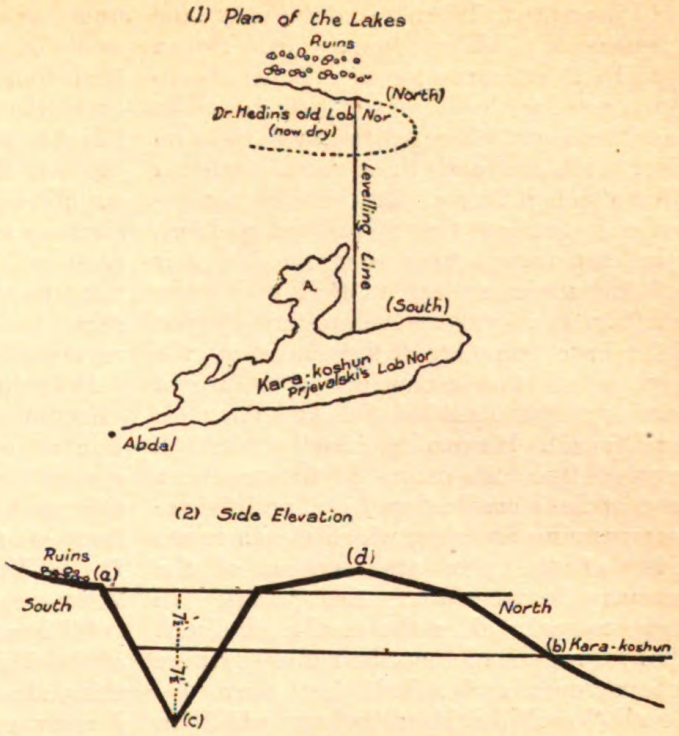
At Temirlik he had been to the south of the route followed by Mr. Littledale in 1893, when that sportsman and explorer made his well-known journey from Batum to Peking. But striking to the northeast, along a rough mountain road, on which travelling was very difficult, Dr. Hedin struck Mr. Littledale's line of march at a place which he names Khan-ambal, and which seems to be identical with the Namambal on Littledale's map. From Khan-ambal Dr. Hedin made a little excursion among the Anambar-ula Mountains, which according to existing maps form one of the links between the Altyn Tagh and the Nan Shan Mountains, and which Dr. Hedin describes as "magnificent." As he states that Khan-ambal was the only point on Littledale's route which he touched, this excursion must have been confined to the country south of that route.

After his return to Khan-ambal, Dr. Hedin set out again upon his main line of march, and commenced what proved a very trying journey. The route followed led first across the desert which lay to the north, and then through an extension of the Korruk Tagh Mountains. On the third day after leaving Littledale's road the caravan came across a little snow, and fortunate it was that such was the case. With the exception of this snow, not a drop of water, not the least trace of anything which could take the place of water, was found until the travellers were twelve days out from Khan-ambal. But for the relief afforded by the snow which was found, the camels must inevitably have succumbed; as it was, they were just able to hold out until water was reached. The hardships endured by the brave little band were not suffered for nothing. Dr. Hedin found that the existing maps were very misleading about the whole stretch of country through which he passed after leaving Temirlik, and he was able to make many corrections in them.

With the aid of the map he had constructed in the spring of 1900, when he discovered what he takes to be the ancient Lob Nor, Dr. Hedin was easily able to find the ruined city on the northern shore of the lake-bed. There he stayed for a week, busily engaged in making excavations among the ruins, taking photographs, collecting specimens of wood-carving and various curiosities, and making plans of buildings and the city generally. It was a fascinating task, this unearthing of the remains of a great city, once inhabited by a people who had reached a high degree of civilization, but for long centuries past buried beneath the sands of the desert. Some of the curios brought to light were in a wonderful state of preservation. Not only was the paper of twelve complete Chinese letters almost intact, but the same could be said of the writing, every character of which was still easily decipherable. The letters are perhaps the most wonderful of all the discoveries. Another interesting find was thirty little tablets inscribed with Chinese characters —"a kind of ticket," writes Dr. Hedin; "on every one the name of the emperor, the year of his reign, the month, and the *very day* are marked out. Can you wish for a more exact determination of time? A 'siah' here [Charklik] has read some of them, and says they are eight hundred years old." A beautiful Buddhist temple was still standing among the ruins, and the wood-carving within was found to be most artistic in character and design One of the carvings represented a large fish, and in one of the houses a number of fish bones were discovered—just such fish bones as would be got to-day from

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the fish in the Kara-koshun Lake. Dr. Hedin mentions these facts triumphantly as tending to confirm his views anent the Lob Nor problem. In the temple there was also found a figure of Buddha carved in wood, whilst on a piece of wood which Dr. Hedin describes as being about half the size of the sheet of note-paper on which he was writing, there was an inscription in Tibetan characters. In one of the Chinese letters the town is called Lo-län, and mention is made of a great road running from Lo-län to Sachu.



Plan of Lakes, with side Elevation, from Sketches, by Sven Hedin

It is interesting to compare these discoveries with those made in the Takla-Makan Desert by Dr. Hedin on his first expedition. Dr. Hedin discovered two buried cities on his second march across the desert, to which reference has already been made. The first, which was known to the natives as Takla-Makan, was reached the fifth day out from Khotan, and lay about midway between the Khotan and Keriya darias. The ruins were quite different from any which Dr. Hedin had previously visited in Eastern Turkestan. There were the remains of hundreds of houses, but every house appeared to have been built of wood instead of clay. A ruined temple which the explorer came across seemed to have been erected to Buddha, like the one found by Dr. Hedin a year ago in the ruined city on the northern shore of the ancient Lob Nor. Like the latter city, too, Takla-Makan seems to have been situated in a well-watered region. Pictures of boats rocking on the waves were found painted on the walls of the temple, and "among the sand dunes there were several traces of gardens. Truncated stems of the ordinary poplars still stood in rows, marking the direction of ancient avenues. Nor were indications wanting that here apricot and plum trees had formerly lived and thrived." The city had, indeed, it is conjectured, stood at one time on the banks of the Keriya Daria, and had been watered by numerous artificial canals. Now, it is in ruins buried under the sands of the desert, and far removed from the outskirts of civilization; but then, "luxuriant woods tossed their quivering leaves in the breeze, as they still do beside the existing Keriya Daria; and in the hot summer days the leafy apricot-trees gave cool shade to the inhabitants. The streams were powerful enough to make millstones revolve. Silk was cultivated, and horticulture and the industries flourished. The people who dwelt there manifestly knew how to decorate their homes with good taste and a sense of artistic fitness." The city of which Dr. Hedin has now discovered such extensive remains in the Lob Nor region may well have been in the distant past such a picture of peace and prosperity.

Dr. Hedin is naturally delighted that he has been able to make such interesting discoveries, but he is still more delighted that a careful survey of the old lake-bed, and of the country between that and the northern end of the Kara-koshun Lake, should have produced exactly the results which he anticipated, and

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which ought to have been obtained if the theories he holds in company with Baron von Richthofen are correct. A fierce controversy has long raged between those who hold with Prjevalsky upon the Lob Nor problem, and those who maintain that the Lob Nor of that explorer, otherwise known as the Kara-koshun Lake, does not occupy the site of the Lob Nor of the ancients, but another and quite distinct one, whither the waters of that lake have transferred themselves in the course of the centuries. Dr. Hedin claims to have settled the question once and for all. He carried a north and south survey from the ruins to the northern end of the Kara-koshun Lake, and the accompanying sketches, which give a rough idea of the plan and section of the country between these two points, will help to make clear the results obtained. Dr. Hedin found that the ruins *(a)* were about seven and a half feet above the level *(b)* of the Kara-koshun, which in turn was about the same height above the lowest point *(c)* of the now empty lake-bed south of the ruins. Between the two lake-beds the ground rises *(d)*, but the waters of the Kara-koshun are now finding a passage through the protuberance of the desert soil back to the old lake-bed, and at the time of Dr. Hedin's visit the arm A which the Kara-koshun was thus sending forth was advancing north so rapidly that it was dangerous to camp on its shores.

Such is a brief account of what Dr. Hedin has done in the Lob Nor region—very brief, for he writes that the materials he has collected here alone would fill a volume, and that he himself cannot appreciate their full significance until he has returned to Europe and been through them in company with eminent scholars. As to the whole of the materials which he had collected up to the date of writing, Dr. Hedin says that even then, less than two years after leaving Europe, his maps and scientific notes were twice as numerous as those collected during the whole of the first expedition, which occupied four years. He had compiled 150 large sheets and maps, and nearly four times as many small sheets. If Dr. Hedin can only fulfil his desire, and publish these on his return in a large atlas of some sixty or seventy sheets, there will be few parts of Asia, outside the field of operations of the Indian Survey, of which we shall have so minute a cartographical representation.

It is difficult for us to conceive of the conditions of life in an empire one portion of which may be convulsed by an almost life and death struggle with outside powers, while another does not even hear of the strife. Yet here is what Dr. Hedin writes in the spring of 1901, be it remembered:

"I have been very astonished to read of the Chinese war. I did not know anything about it until a few days ago, when I returned here and found letters from King Oscar, our [the Swedish] Minister of Foreign Affairs, and many of my friends, warning me not to expose myself to Chinese cruelties. And now you write you are afraid I may be compelled to return to Europe and to leave the Celestial Empire. Oh no, it is not at all so dangerous, but I understand that from a distance it may seem very dangerous to dwell in the very middle of the Middle Kingdom just now. In this little town we have only fifteen Chinese, but I have four Cossacks, and the Chinese are very afraid of us, and do everything I order —provide me with camels, horses, provisions, at once. And in the mountains of Tibet, you know, there are not any Chinese to be found."

Before this article reaches the readers of *Harper's Magazine* Dr. Hedin doubtless will have returned to civilization, and the news of his arrival from the heart of Central Asia will have been made known by cable and through the columns of the daily newspapers.

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William Black's Visit to America

BY SIR WEMYSS REID

IN the summer of 1871 the reading public of England and America found itself in the enjoyment of a novel and unexpected pleasure. A story called *A Daughter of Heth* had been published anonymously, and had won almost instantaneous recognition and popularity. It was a simple story, almost slight in its plot and construction, and dependent upon two qualities only for the success which it attained so quickly and fully. These were the charm and delicacy of the portrait of the chief character, a French girl suddenly transplanted into a Scottish household, and the fine literary style which the writer of the story had at his command.

Everybody who read the book was fascinated by it. No more touching or beautiful character than that of the heroine had been offered for many years to the readers of English fiction. She took instant possession of the sympathies of all who became acquainted with her, and in a surprisingly short space of time she became the rage.

But it was not only the public that liked *A Daughter of Heth* and proclaimed its liking in an unmistakable manner. The critics also both liked and admired, and gave expression to their feelings with unwonted frankness. It followed, naturally enough, that men began to inquire as to the identity of the new novelist, who had not even sought to veil his real name under a pseudonym, but had sent his book into the world to speak for itself in the unabashed nakedness of a nameless title-page. The usual guesses were made, and they were just as wide of the mark as such guesses generally are. For a few months the secret was kept, in spite of the eagerness of the public to unravel it; but at last it came out, and along with it the public learned a pretty little story of the ways of the literary world which had the rare merit of being true as well as amusing.

The reason for the anonymous publication of *A Daughter of Heth* was the fact that its writer wished to get an unprejudiced verdict from the critics, and above all from the critic who dealt with the novels of the day in the *Saturday Review*. In previous ventures in fiction he had been severely handled by that journal, and, rightly or wrongly, he had come to the conclusion that some feeling of prejudice existed against him on the part of its conductors. In this belief he resolved that his new story should be sent fatherless into the world instead of being weighted with his name upon the title-page. The innocent stratagem succeeded completely, and the welcome which the *Saturday Review* gave to the work of an unknown man whose earlier efforts it had treated with a somewhat savage scorn was conspicuous by its warmth. When this story became known it was generally enjoyed by the public, and the feeling of interest in the author of *A Daughter of Heth,* apart from the interest felt in his story, perceptibly increased.

Within three years from the appearance of *A Daughter of Heth,* William Black's name was bracketed with those of the greatest novelists of the day, whilst he had won his way into the hearts of innumerable readers both in Great Britain and America, not so much by the nervous force and grace of his style, as by the sympathetic insight which enabled him to depict the characters and temperaments of pure and beautiful women in such a manner as to command universal assent and appreciation. To few writers of modern times has it been given to draw to themselves so much of personal sympathy as William Black secured by these early novels of his.

Madcap Violet undoubtedly added sensibly to its author's reputation. It was, of course, impossible that he should repeat the brilliant triumph of *A Daugh-*

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ter of Heth. He could not a second time thrill his readers with the sight of a new world, of the existence of which at their very doors they had never dreamed; nor could he startle them by the revelation of a talent that was not only remarkable, but unsuspected. But, none the less, *Madcap Violet* made a profound impression upon its readers, and to many of them seemed the most powerful piece of work that Black had yet produced. I think the critical judgment of those who hereafter may seek to compare the author's different works will ratify this belief.

The story which came next in succession to *Madcap Violet* was *Green Pastures and Piccadilly.* It was by no means so successful as the Scottish stories, but it was bright and entertaining, and once again it afforded evidence of its author's powers as a descriptive writer. The most important feature, however, of *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* was the fact that Black placed some of its scenes in America, and that in order to get the local color for the story he visited the United States during the autumn of 1876. His travelling companions were Sir Lauder Brunton, the eminent physician, and Mr. G. L. Craik. Black's popularity among readers in America was very great, and he was eagerly welcomed by a host of American friends. I think that greater curiosity as to the personality of the creator of Sheila and Bell prevailed on the American side of the Atlantic. At all events, Black, during his visit to the States, had to undergo a course of lionizing of the most severe description. The newspapers welcomed him with effusion, and he had to submit to the inevitable interviews. It is amusing to note the description of him in one of the New York newspapers at the time. "The gentleman, whose name is known to a multitude of people on this side of the Atlantic by many charming fictions, is of middle height, not over thirty years of age, with dark-brown hair, as yet apparently untinged with a single thread of gray; a well-balanced head, with the fulness above the dark hazel eyes indicating ideality; a mouth firm, yet pleasing in contour, partly hidden by a brown mustache; in dress quiet and unpresuming, as becomes a gentleman, and possessing a voice resonant and manly. In commencing a conversation with a stranger, Mr. Black showed some hesitation in speech, but this soon disappeared, and the distinguished novelist proved himself a charming conversationalist, giving play at times to the merry fancies which constitute the chief charm of some of his works. It is always instructive," adds the reporter, "to be criticised by an intelligent stranger; but when Mr. Black was asked to give his impressions of America and Americans, he replied with such rare good sense and grace that one could not help being impressed with the *bonhomie* of a man of the world, a critic who had not been soured by disappointment, and of a tourist who would not denounce the republic because he had been served with a stale egg."

It is clear that Black had made a favorable impression upon the reporter. He was equally fortunate in other quarters, and some friendships which lasted for the rest of his life were made during this short American tour. When he came back his complexion was so dark, owing to constant exposure to the sun, that he looked almost black. He had enjoyed himself immensely, and was full of good stories regarding the Americans he had met and the adventures that had befallen him by the way. I think the story that he liked best to tell was that of the luncheon given to him by a small party of American admirers just before he left New York on the return voyage. A certain American author of venerable age, whose acquaintance with English literature was probably more extensive than exact, presided at this entertainment, and in proposing Black's health, after referring to him as "the greatest of living novelists," he called upon the company to drink to their guest, "William Black, the author of *Lorna Doone!*" It was characteristic of Black's good sense and freedom from vanity that in after-years he not only delighted to tell this story in private, but repeated it once, at least, in public.

The best description of Black's visit to the States is that which he wrote himself in the pages of *Green Pastures and Piccadilly.* If the characters of the fiction be eliminated, the story of the trip is in all respects literally true. The

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voyage across the Atlantic, with its trivial incidents and its one beautiful sunset, was the voyage which Black took in the company of his friends Brunton and Craik. The descriptions of the places that he visited—New York, Saratoga, Niagara, Chicago, and Denver—are as he himself saw them. The bed-rooms, the hotel clerks, the drivers of the stage-coaches, were exactly as he portrays them. Every detail was drawn from life. That wonderful eye of his noted even the most insignificant point in the scene, and when he wrote his story all these real features were reproduced in their proper places, each with its due degree of significance.

There is no mention in *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* of his actual companions on his voyage across the Atlantic, but these living fellow-travellers were assuredly not the only ones who accompanied him on his tour. The people of his book, who included such old favorites as Bell and Queen Tita and Von Rosen, journeyed with him every step of the way, and for those who knew Black it is not difficult to believe that he was quite as much absorbed in their society as in that of his actual companions. He wove his story in his mind as he went along, and fiction and reality were so closely interlaced that even he must have found it difficult to distinguish between them. The sentiment which had prompted the epilogue to *Madcap Violet* was gradually gaining in strength and taking firmer hold upon his mind. He had cultivated his imagination up to a point at which the real and the imaginary were scarcely to be distinguished from each other, and now, wherever he went, when he was engaged upon a novel, he carried with him as constant companions the creatures who had sprung from his brain. I have no doubt that during that American tour he held more conversations with Bell and Queen Tita than with any living person whom he encountered upon American soil. It is quite certain that the conversations with those who lived only in his imagination were as real to him as any that he had with people of living flesh and blood.

This was the mystical side of his character, his inheritance from the people of the hills; but side by side with it was the intensely practical nature which he possessed in such full abundance, and which, unfortunately, was the aspect of his character most prominent in the eyes of the world. It was this practical element that led him to combine sheer business with his imaginative work during his visit to the States.

Those were the days when there was no international copyright law, and the publisher in New York or Boston was free to avail himself, without let or hindrance, of the brain-work of any English author. Black, who had suffered greatly from the lack of any copyright treaty between England and the United States, ascertained that there was a possibility of securing copyright for *Green Pastures and Piccadilly,* provided a portion of the work were written by a citizen of the United States living in his own country. Accordingly he asked his friend Mr. John Russell Young, the distinguished journalist who afterwards became United States minister at Peking, to contribute part of a chapter to his book. Mr. Young willingly agreed to do this, and, as the result, copyright was secured in the United States for *Green Pastures and Piccadilly.* I believe that it was subsequently decided that this method of baffling the pirates was not legal. The question, happily, has now no practical importance, for the United States has at last joined other civilized nations in recognizing the right of an author to the work of his own brain. Black triumphed, however, by this innocent stratagem, of which he was very proud. Mr. Young's contribution to the story was so insignificant in extent that I think it well not to indicate it more precisely. The real interest of the incident, so far as our present purpose is concerned, is the proof it furnishes that Black's poetic dreaming and his subordination to his vivid imagination did not interfere with the acute and practical business faculty which he undoubtedly possessed.

This was not the only instance of his attention to his pecuniary interests that occurred during the American visit. When he left the country he had, as I have said, made many friends, among whom not the least valued were the members of the great publishing house of

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Harper and Brothers. With them he kept up a warm friendship and close business relations for the remainder of his life.

Sir Lauder Brunton, in recalling the incidents of the trip, dwells with especial emphasis not only upon Black's wonderful powers of observation, the quickness and accuracy with which he could take a mental photograph of the component parts of a crowd, or the kaleidoscopic colors of a sunset or sunrise, but upon the extraordinary care that he exercised in order to obtain exact information upon any subject with which he had to deal, even if it were only incidentally, in his writings. Sir Lauder Brunton recalls the numerous inquiries which Black addressed to him on subjects of which the physician has special knowledge. If in the course of a story he had to afflict one of his characters with physical or mental illness, he always sought the most detailed and exact information regarding the particular disease, of which the fictitious person was to be the subject, from Sir Lauder Brunton. He had a horror of carelessness and scamped work; and just as the story of the journey of his imaginary people through the States was really, in almost all its details, the story of his own actual journey, so he never subjected one of his characters to any abnormal conditions without satisfying himself that his description of those conditions was scientifically accurate.

Black often spoke of his last dinner on American soil, and of the hospitality with which he was entertained by a host who was at pains to procure a sole from England for the delectation of his guest.

The following letter to Mr. R. R. Bowker, at that time the London representative of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, and the enclosure referred to, have a special interest for American readers. The book in question was *Shandon Bells,* which was appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine.*

PASTON HOUSE, BRIGHTON, *March 16, 1882.*

MY DEAR BOWKER,—Will you please tell Messrs. Harper that their plans and arrangements are in every way satisfactory, except as regards the iniquitous limitation of the publishing of the book to within a fortnight of the serial end? I would respectfully beg for an extension of that period. In any case the English book form might be allowed to appear a week before the American book form, as by no possible means (except angels' wings) could a copy be transferred to the States in time to forestall. Did I show you the curious coincidence mentioned in the enclosed letter? It might interest some of your American readers if you made a note of it in your Editor's Drawer. Garfield must have said that very shortly before his assassination. By-the-way, Robinson tells me that there is something about Garfield and these books of mine in Dr. Russell's *Hespereothen.* Now if Messrs. Sampson Low and Company, of 181 Fleet Street, were nice people, they would send me a copy of that book. Can I have two more proofs of Part I.? Please, sir, it isn't me; it's the German translator who is at it this time.

Yours always, WILLIAM BLACK.

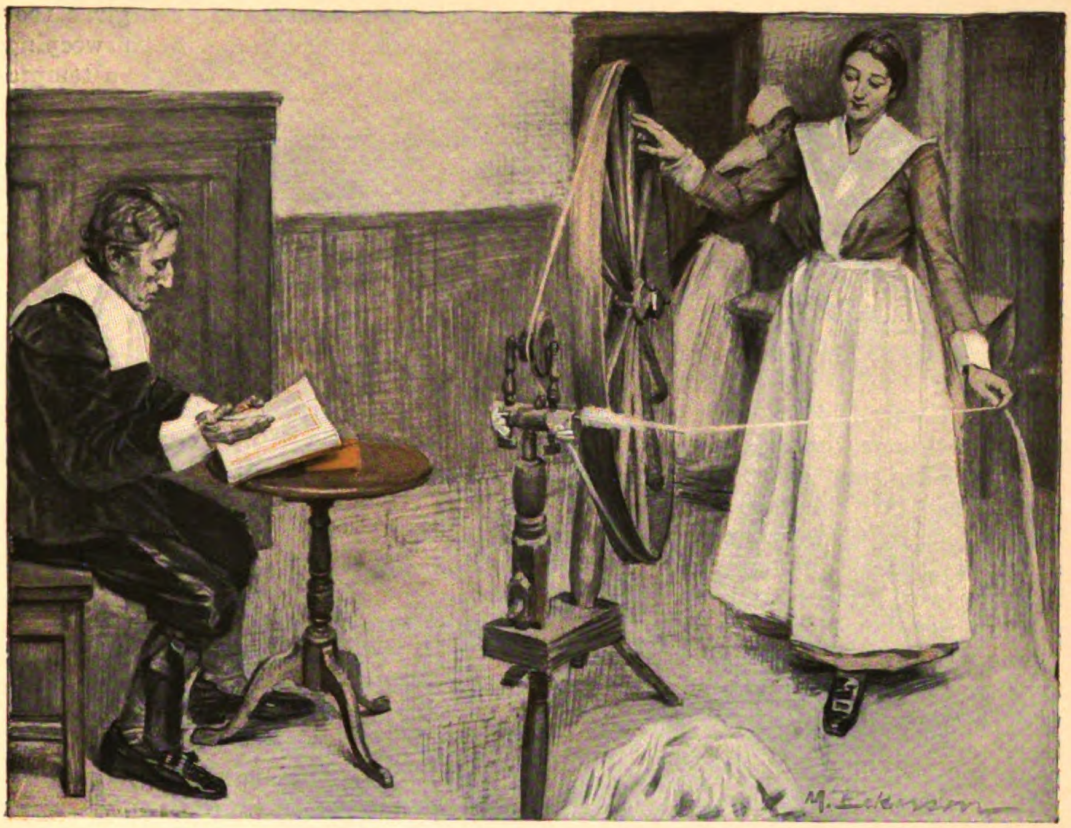
This was the enclosure:

Andrew Carnegie to William Black:

I had a message for you from President Garfield. I dined with him a week or so before sailing, and the conversation turning upon my proposed coaching trip, he said: "Why, that's the *Adventures of a Phaeton* over again, upon a grand scale. Has Black ever written anything so fine? I don't think he has. That was charming." He continued: "By-the-way, I'm provoked with him just now. A man has no right to end a novel so miserably as *Macleod of Dare* ends. *Human life has tragedies enough*—fiction should give us the bright side." I told him I expected to see you, and would tell you this; and he laughed, and said, "Do so." When we heard of his fate at Chatsworth, the words came back to me, and I have often thought of his look as he spoke them.

Black was the living picture of robust health on his return to London, and I noticed that he had assimilated some features of the born American. He talked with a distinct twang, delighting in the nasal intonation, and he addressed me and his other friends as "Siree" or "Colonel." It was, of course, simple trifling, but it was evidence to those who knew him of his keen enjoyment of his visit. He never forgot those American experiences of his, and in the years that followed some of his dearest friends and most constant guests in his own house were citizens of the United States.

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PARSON GLOVER DELIGHTED TO READ OF THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN IN THE SCRIPTURES

A Daughter of the Puritans

BY BEULAH MARIE DIX

MARY GLOVER was the eldest daughter of Lemuel Glover, the minister of Glanby. This was in the early days of the eighteenth century, when Glanby was a frontier town, and life in Glanby, for both men and women, was frugal and industrious and pious. Mary was pious. She could hardly be anything else, since she was the minister's daughter. She experienced a change of heart at the age of four years and seven months, while she was eating an apple. She ran weeping to her father, who wrought with her in prayer, and she rose up saved. From that time on she passed many hours upon her knees in solitary devotion, and she wept much over the sinfulness of her nature and the hardness of her heart.

Though Mary showed thus early an edifying piety, she was no idle recluse, but bore her part diligently in the labors of the household. Parson Glover delighted to read to his women folk the description of the virtuous woman in the Scriptures, and these virtues Mary strove to emulate. As a child she ran on errands and picked berries and fetched wood and water, and always she plied her knitting-needles. Grown to young girlhood, she swept and scoured and spun and wove. Even in the nighttime, when wakeful in her bed, she would reach for her knitting-needles and in the dark knit at the long stocking.

In all Glanby—nay, in all the valley—there was no girl like Mary Glover.

"So meek and pious!" said the old men.

"So notably busy a housewife and so dutiful a daughter!" cried the women.

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"So sweet and gentle a maiden!" thought the young men, but they did not say it aloud. The very perfection of Mary's virtues was enough to daunt a timid wooer.

But a bold youth presented himself at last—Nahum Allen, a grave, sober lad, who stood six feet in his blue woollen stockings, and spoke few words but serious. Parson Glover received him with approval, and Mary, after looking dutifully to her father, spoke a dutiful "Yes."

Thus it was decided, and known soon to all the village, that Mary was to marry Nahum Allen, and order his house with her notable thrift, and rear up a family in the fear of God. Glanby village approved, and Mary's mother, who had some tinct of worldliness, prepared with real zest for her daughter's wedding.

There was but one gloomy reflection to overcast this rejoicing. Mary Glover, with her gentle pale face and slender form, was in the frailest of health. More than one old woman whispered to Mary's mother that God loves the good and takes them to Him early. Indeed, many night-watches and long prayers and much weeping over her poor little colorless soul had not bettered Mary's health; but the main trouble, no doubt, lay in the secular facts that she worked too hard and slept but ill in the great feather bed which she shared with her two sisters.

In any case, Mary's health was failing, and she knew it. She woke in the night sweating with the fear of death and hell, and wrestled with her God in prayer. In the daytime, when she sat at her busy wheel, she still prayed silently. For she knew the wickedness of her soul. She knew that, even at the moments when her venerable father looked at her with most approval, unregenerate longings stirred in her heart. How pleasant it would be, the devil often whispered her, to snap the thread short and dash by the wheel and run out of the house—anywhere, anywhere away from Glanby and the ordered duties of the week and the godly meetings on the Sabbath! She was weary, weary, yet she knew not what she craved. But one night she dreamed of running wantonly through green fields and casting herself down among the flowers to think a girl's foolish thoughts; and she woke weeping, and prayed to be delivered from temptation.

So Mary wept and prayed and stifled her sinful inclinations, the while she fashioned her wedding garments, and Nahum Allen set his house ready against their marriage, and Glanby village rose up and did its day's work and went to its bed prayerfully, and with a special prayer that God in His wisdom would preserve Mary Glover to be an edification to her friends. And then one snowy night in December, when Mary and Nahum and all Glanby were sleeping soundly, the Sieur de Vaudrencœur with three hundred Indians came down upon the town. All that dreadful night there were fire and pillage and murder in Glanby street, and in the morning the Indians bore away with them to Canada more than twoscore prisoners.

Mary Glover was among the captives. She had been wakened by the sound of the house door crashing inward, and she found the room full of clamoring savages. She rose and dressed herself, as they bade, and stilled her crying sisters. The girls were forced down into the kitchen, and there Mary saw her father, bound against the great dresser, and her mother, sitting dry-eyed in the chimney-corner with her young baby in her arms. Mary listened with bowed head to the words of comfort that her father spoke, and she kissed her mother good-by. She never saw her mother again. The Indians slew Mrs. Glover and the baby on the first day's march.

But Mary, all in ignorance of the tragedy, was hurried away by the Indians in the vanguard. Some of her neighbors were with her, but of her family there was left to her only her little brother John. He grew up later to be a precious scoundrel, but at the time of the December massacre he was no more than a curly-headed boy, who clung to her, whimpering with fright. And Mary comforted him. She marvelled to find how little afraid she felt, and she marvelled more when she realized how small a basis her courage had in her religion. That religion—the hours of tears and self-abasement and kneeling on the hard floor—seemed part of a world that lay

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HER MASTER THREATENED HER . . . AND SHE LAUGHED AT HIM

behind her. Something from outside, immeasurable, forceful, had crashed in upon her simple, pious little life and left it broken. Her father, whom she reverenced with fear, had fallen powerless before this force, and her father's God had not lifted a hand to defend. Her father, her God, all that she reverenced, all by which she squared her blameless life, were set at naught. There were left the bare white woods, and the dark-skinned savages, and herself — her real self that she had never known.

Even on that first day her Indian master laid a burden on her shoulders, such as was laid upon all the captives. Mary laughed—a day before she would have said the devil prompted her—and cast the pack from her as far as she could into the snow.

Little John flung his arms about her. "Oh, Mollie, do not so!" he wailed. "They will surely kill thee!"

But the Indian, though at first he looked black, ended by plunging into the snow and fetching out his bundle. Moreover, he cuffed John for crying. Mary took the bundle, forced upon her the second time, and she bore it twenty paces through the snow; but then again she squared her slender shoulders, and deliberately tossing her burden into a bush, walked on. Her master threatened her, holding his tomahawk before her eyes, and she laughed at him. In the end he carried the bundle himself.

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"She is some great woman among her own people," the Indians told one another.

Mary's master sold John, an ineffective, crying lad, to an Indian from eastward. Two years later Parson Glover ransomed the boy, half starved and quite naked. But the Indian would not sell Mary. She went with him the long and terrible march over the ice of Lake Champlain, down the Sorel, and through the woods to the Indian village. Some of the captives died upon that march—among them Sara Barnard, a buxom, stout girl of Mary's own years. But Mary, the frail and sanctified, trembling, as all Glanby had thought, on the verge of dissolution, bore up stoutly—nay, grew stronger in health. In the moccasins with which her master had been pleased to replace her ragged shoes she stepped off freely over the snow, with her unburdened shoulders erect and her face uplifted. The smell of the free air, the sight of the glittering woods, even the feel of the keen wind on her cheeks, filled her with an exhilaration such as she had never known. She even sang to herself at times, not the hymns of her father's Church, which were out of place in those white woods, but foolish, worldly songs with a lilt in them, songs with which her mother had lulled her to sleep in her babyhood ere she underwent her change of heart.

Mary reached the Indian village in abounding health and wanton high spirits, and there at the Indian village she lived for four years. They were happy years. Mary found favor in the sight of her master's mother, so that she was never bidden to heavier tasks than the weaving of baskets or mats. To the industrious girl, who from her conscientious babyhood had known no holidays, idling was pleasant. She learned to play at ball, to run races with the Indian maidens, to bathe with them, splashing and screaming, in the cool stream that ran below the village. She learned to lie by the hour on the moss on the hillslopes, watching the clouds drift above her, and thinking a girl's foolish thoughts.

She seldom thought of her home in Glanby, or she thought of it as the prisoner thinks of the cell which he has quitted. It was all past and done with—the constant labor and orderliness, the constant devotion, and the dread of the wrath of an angry God. Mary scarcely prayed now. She went unprotesting with her captors to the mangled Catholic rites of an occasional Sunday. "Our Father," she found, was a prayer that all men prayed, and that alone sufficed her. Her soul? She had ceased long since to fret herself about it. She was more concerned now for the beautiful, active body that served her so well in the life of the woods. She loved the life. Even the unavoidable squalor satisfied her after the deadly cleanness, the eternal scrubbing and scouring of Glanby. She loved the savage people, too. Cruel they might be,



SHE LEARNED TO LIE BY THE HOUR ON THE MOSS

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but so the beautiful beasts that she met in the woods were cruel. To her the Indians were kind and indulgent, as her own stern, loving folk had seldom been.

In the fourth year a wooer sought Mary. He was a black-eyed young half-breed, François l'Hereux, who sang and jested like his father's people, and fought and caroused like those of his mother's blood. He looked on Mary, and one look decided him. Next morning he waylaid her in the grove of balsam firs by the stream and urged his suit upon her. He poured out his words swiftly and hotly, but his wooing lay not in words alone. Mary trembled in his close embrace, and blushed under his kisses. Then she ran away, half weeping, and hid herself in the deepest fastness of the balsam firs, but not to dream any longer her foolish girl's dreams. For all her dreams had now come true.

François sought Mary's master, with offers of cloth and guns and powder if he might take Mary with him to the priest. The Indian haggled a little, but the fear of the priest was upon him, so in the end he consented. Mary heard that consent with glowing cheeks, though when François turned to her she cast down her eyes and pleaded for a little delay. She won her plea by dint of sweet coaxing. François went on up the river, but in a month's time he was to return and make her his wife. That thought went up and down with Mary, and slept with her on her couch of skins. She was to dwell all the days of her life in the open woods as the wife of François l'Hereux, of a man who loved her, and told her so with each breath. Ah, but a month was a piteous long time to wait!

One morning, in her search of distraction, Mary went to a woodland brook to fish, with her line of deer sinew and her hook of bone. When she returned, through the noon sunlight, with her string of gleaming trout, she found the little village in commotion. Strange canoes were drawn up on the bank; strange men, Indians and half-breeds, lounged in the shade of the trees; and when Mary entered her master's wigwam, a strange old man in worn garments rose up to greet her. So white-haired, so bowed was he, that Mary did not know him; but Lemuel Glover knew her, spite of her tattered dress and her tanned cheeks and her new, free carriage.

He lifted up his hands. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!" cried the Puritan pastor, and by the tone Mary knew her father.

Nahum Allen, even graver and shorter-spoken than of old, was with Parson Glover. For three years, since their own rescue from captivity, the two men had sought Mary. They had bribed, they had entreated, they had won great men in the colonies to aid them, and so at last they had wrung from those in authority at Quebec an order that directed that Mary Glover should return to Massachusetts with her father, "provided it be the young woman's desire."

The decision lay, then, with Mary herself, and, to Parson Glover's surprise, she asked for a night in which to think upon it. That night she spent among the balsam firs, under the young moonlight. The time was at the edge of autumn. She could hear the creak of crickets and the hooting of owls, and once she spied a deer, velvet-footed, slipping across the path before her. Always she felt the moss soft beneath her hands, and saw the moonlight sifting through the branches of the firs. She thought of Glanby, with its ordered, laborious days and ceaseless prayers, and she shuddered. She thought of François, and then she wept and cried aloud that she would not go with her father. But even while she made that vow she knew that she would return to Glanby. Stronger than the bonds of the last four years, the chains of the old life and the life of her fathers before her were tightening upon her.

But as the night wore on and the young moon sank behind the balsam firs, juster thoughts came to Mary Glover. With a clear-sightedness that would have horrified her father she appraised the values of the things of life. Much that made the life of Glanby and of her Puritan kindred she put aside as of little worth. But she could not put aside the devotion of the two men, her father and her betrothed husband. Unwillingly she must go back and step by step retrace the path by which they had followed her, hopeful, indomitable. She saw them, shabby, patient, pathetic figures, slighted and rebuffed by the great ones of the

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SHE CAST DOWN HER EYES AND PLEADED FOR A LITTLE DELAY

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colonies, sent hither and thither, turned back in their journey, but still persisting. She saw them making their way unharmed through woods that swarmed with hostiles. She saw them fording wintry rivers, wrecked in their frail canoes, blinded and lost in the driving snow-storms. In cold and in famine and in daily peril of their lives they had sought her, and now she could not flee from them. She might disprize the bitter outer husk of Puritanism, but she could not turn away her eyes from the steadfast love that lay at its heart. And to that love she must yield.

In the first daylight Mary sought her father. "I will go with you to Glanby," she said.

Parson Glover fell upon his knees, but though Mary knelt beside him she uttered no word of thanksgiving. And when she set forth that same day in her father's canoe, she crouched, with head covered, till the Indian village lay far behind her.

So Mary Glover returned to Glanby, where the ruins of the December massacre had been cleared away and new houses had risen, and though there were sad vacancies in many families, there still survived neighbors who greeted her warmly. She married Nahum Allen, even as it was planned four years before, and she ordered his house with notable thrift, and bore him many children, whom she reared in the fear of the Lord. The Glanby folk told proudly of Mary Allen's good management and her practical kindliness and charity, but they no longer accorded to her the reverent admiration of her sanctified girlhood. For Mary gave little time to weeping and prayer, and—a trait that her neighbors scarcely understood — she spent many profitless hours in wandering on the mountain-side.

When Nahum died, Mary, grown old in years, spent still more of her time in roaming the fields. Her slender, wiry, little old figure could be seen stepping briskly through the snow of a winter morning, or searching among the sun-dried weeds of the autumn hill-sides in the quest of favorite simples. Her children, solicitous for her safety, would have checked these rambles, but Mary had never given up that will of her own which she discovered on the day when the Indians carried her away from Glanby. Until the very end, when her free step grew tottering, she went up and down in the open air. And then at the last, when she lay dying, an honored mother in Israel, her children and her children's children who gathered weeping round her great bed saw that a smile of rare contentment lit her withered old face.

"Surely," whispered her second son, a minister of renown, "God in His mercy hath vouchsafed to our mother a sight of the heavenly city and of the joys in which the blessed partake."

But Mary's favorite granddaughter, another Mary, who knelt by the pillow, caught the last faint words that the dying woman breathed. "The scent of the balsam firs!" whispered old Mary Allen. "The scent of the balsam— Ah. François!"

Monody

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

LOVE, I have heard upon a tropic sea
The threatening thunders of the hurricane,
Have listened to the milder minstrelsy
Of northern breezes in a primrose lane,
Have heard the roar of cataracts that start
The echoing depths—and all but seemed the same
Soft monotone, as if within my heart
Some sweet-souled bell tolled evermore your name.

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CHANGING HORSES AT A COUNTRY INN

The Charm of the Road

BY JAMES H. HYDE

IN the time of Napoleon, it was said that "all roads lead to Paris." This is still true, but it is also true that all roads lead from Paris and radiate through the beautiful country of France. Thus is the way provided for the traveller to see real France, which he cannot do from the window of the fast express.

While Paris itself is representative of French civilization, art, and thought, it has lost much of individual French character. Since the days of Louis XIV. it has been a resort for pleasure-loving people, until it has become a sort of great watering-place—a Spa. Few of those who visit Paris from year to year know what true France is. In a like way, Americans know, unfortunately for themselves, little of America. France is filled with things to interest and amuse, and a coaching trip affords a unique pleasure.

Coaching, however, is not in very great vogue in France. The Frenchman, although fond of horses, does not love them as the Englishman does. He is content to admire them from a distance. To the stranger, however, and to him who loves the peaceful grandeur and beauty of the country, there are few things so delightful as a drive through one of the provinces of France. Here is solace for the cliff-dweller—the man who lives in the beehive of New York activity, — and those who cling to the glitter of Paris know not the joys that might so easily be theirs. The American finds beneficial rest for mind and body, and forgets the clanging trolley-cars, the clicking of type-writers and stock-tickers, the tinkling of telephones, when for a few weeks he leaves all that behind to revel in the calm of the country, and listen only to the music of the road.

But if the Frenchman is not an en-

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thusiast in this kind of sport, he has at least built his roads as if he had no other aim in life than to make driving a luxury. Thanks to the excellence of the Service of the Bridges and Highways, the roads of France are kept always in perfect condition. The net-work of highways forms an elaborate system, comprising the Routes Nationales, leading to the ancient provincial capitals; the Routes Départementales, binding the chief cities together; and the Chemins Vicinaux, uniting the smallest villages.

All the roads are wide, and usually lined with carefully trimmed trees, which lend beauty to the scene and protection from the rays of the sun. Large stones are placed each kilometre, showing the distance to the nearest towns in both directions, while smaller stones mark the hectometres. This minuteness is characteristic of the French administration—a minuteness so much decried, and yet, in this instance, shown to be so useful.

The system of roads provides cheap and practical conveyance for all, and we in America, where our roads are so poor in comparison, might study the system to our advantage.

There are, by-the-way, no unflagged crossings in France, and consequently little chance of mishaps when crossing railroad tracks; and the *garde-barrière*, presenting arms with her flag (showing the characteristic French attention to form), is a comely silhouette, reminding one of Millet.

It is on such roads that coaching is a real pleasure. The start of a coach drive in Paris, and elsewhere in France, is always an interesting scene. A crowd gathers, expressing comical astonishment at the busy grooms, impatient horses, and the great carriage laden with baggage and hampers of eatables and drinkables. When the horn announces the start, and we are off, these enthusiasts follow to catch the last glimpse as we disappear in the distance.

We made many trips through the provinces; for instance, through Touraine—the Garden of France—where all seems prosperity, richness, and joy. Some of the prettiest views are along the various canals, with their edgings of tall trees, and their slow-moving tow-horses. These canals are sources of prosperity, passing, as they do, through all portions of the country and affording cheap transportation. Anon a picturesque suspension-bridge varies the scene, with its rambling platform, and an abyss on either side.

Once we passed through Compiègne, where the castle with its treasures was recently opened for the visit of the Czar of Russia; also to Chantilly, with its magnificent château bequeathed by the late Duc d'Aumale to the Institute of France. While at Chantilly all lovers of horses should visit the Grand Condé's stables, which are large enough to house hundreds of horses, and are built with regal luxury. The inside *manége* is, in itself, a marvel of art. The kennels, too, are curious, and still resound with the echo of the *chasses à courre* of the Duc de Chartres. It is a pathetic sight to see this son of a French king hunting there, for now he rents what was once one of the prerogatives of the monarchs.

In our journeys we used three or four teams daily. All the details of the changes were arranged by Morris E. Howlett, the professional whip, and the horses were sent by rail in advance. By this means it was possible to cover about fifty miles a day without fatigue for horses or driver, besides allowing sufficient time for stops along the road, to visit ancient castles, beautiful cathedrals, bric-à-brac shops, and the many objects of interest. With a rest every five or six days, I have been able to keep on the road for months without a horse becoming ill, and without any undue fatigue. No discrimination need be made in the choice of roads. One may go where fancy leads him, provided, of course, that changes of horses be sent a few hours in advance. There is never any difficulty in sheltering horses at night.

During the reign of Napoleon the Third, the French government undertook the breeding of horses for the army, and for this purpose established farms in various parts of the country. From these government farms are turned out horses exactly suited to the different branches of the army: for instance, light horses for the light cavalry; heavy, strong horses for the heavy cavalry; and a medium between these two for artillery purposes. In addition, the French government buys

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horses in America (as do other European governments). Many cavalry remounts are also purchased throughout France in general, horse shows being held in connection with their selection. It was our good fortune on several occasions to come across one of these country horse shows, and, although we usually happened to arrive at the last moment, the authorities never refused us permission to participate. No words can describe the interest created by our strange carriage "that came from Paris," drawn by four horses and heralded by a horn.

To me, these simple country people are never-failing sources of interest, and their wonderment and open curiosity were most amusing. Travelling alone on the coach one day and driving six horses (for the road had been hilly), I slowed up at a hamlet preparatory to making a change of horses. As the men led out the relay of four horses, I noticed a boy, whose garments were far from being complete or new, gaping at me in astonishment, and then, seeming to "size up" the whole thing — horses, coach, and all — he exclaimed, with true Parisian *gavroche* accent, "Is all of that for only you?"

Driving out of Paris, it is interesting to note how far the influence of the great city penetrates into the country — long after the obnoxious octroi or municipal customs are passed, and the clumsy and obsolete fortifications are left behind. After the passenger of the Versailles coach has left the Avenue de l'Opéra, with its crowds of idlers, and has driven up the Champs Elysées, even after the relay of Saint-Cloud, he feels the artificiality of the country so near the capital. The Bois de Boulogne, with its well-kept alleys and its green-uniformed guards, does not give the idea of solitude, of abandon, that is felt when passing the deserted forests of Fontainebleau, or the aristocratic forest of St.-Germain. These economically managed forests make one regret the waste of timber in America, and the unceasing care and toil needed to preserve them should serve as a timely warning.

The usually quiet Parisian policeman becomes excited only when the President of the Third French Republic drives out. Once we had a narrow escape from arrest for breaking through the cordon of *sergents de ville* lined up along the route, and who seemed to think that we intended to smash the daumont of M. Loubet with my heavy road-coach.

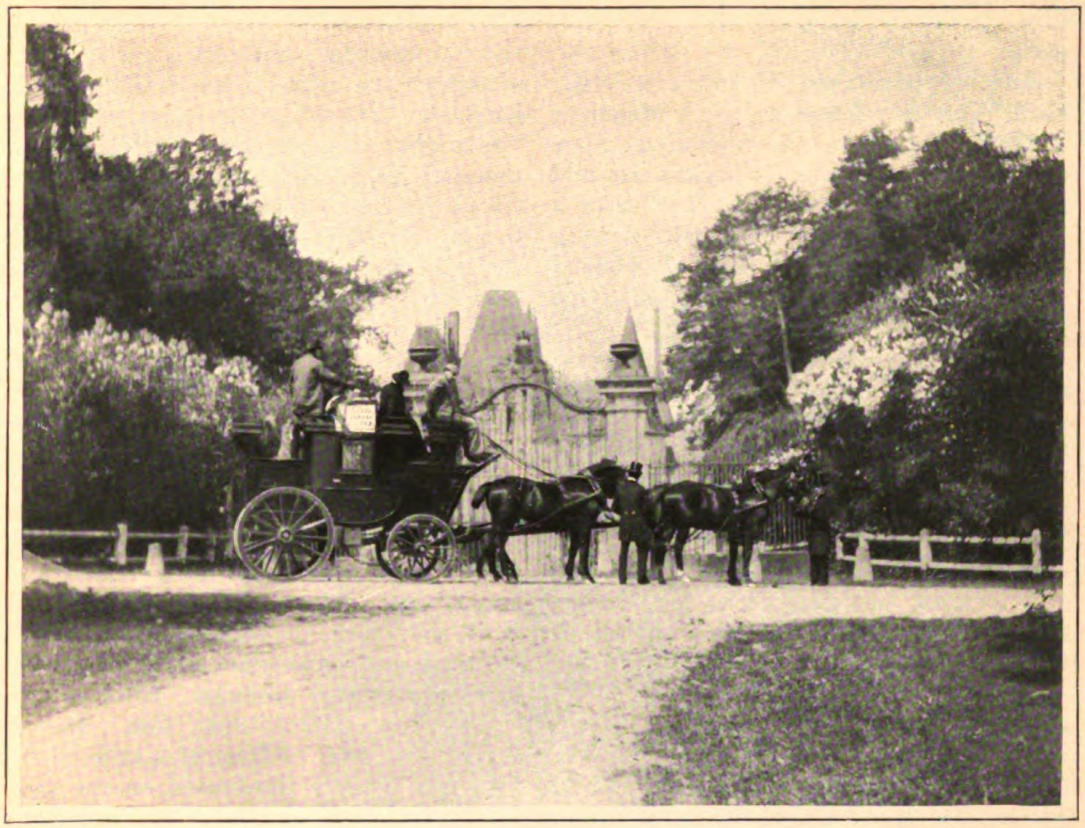
After driving through the royal but empty avenue of the old and sleepy city of Versailles, and when the sharp turn into the difficult passageway has been successfully made, we find ourselves in the Hôtel des Réservoirs, the mansion that was once the home of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. We visited also the marvellous palace which at the time of the Roi Soleil was the rendezvous of all the nobility of France, and on which the eyes of Europe then centred. One's veins tingle with interest in this place, once overflowing with beauty, wit, and elegance.

After Versailles or St.-Germain, where large crowds watch our departure, we travel over roads that stretch in straight lines for miles through charming country, with here and there a stone to commemorate some battle, or the death of a hero of bygone days. Sometimes a windmill standing on a hill will animate the scene, or the ruins of some mediæval castle will cast their picturesque shadow upon the horizon. My thoughts turn to the vulgar patent-medicine advertising-boards to be seen along the roads of America, and I shudder at the comparison.

Everywhere we met the berger (with his flock of sheep nearly hidden in a cloud of dust), whose cheery greeting, *Bonjour, M'sieu'*, was always welcome; or a party of Bohemians,—the men earnestly engaged in the manufacture of baskets, while the women cooked the chicken and potatoes by the side of the road.

The hotels of France may be divided into three classes: the really smart hotel, which is very fine; the medium-class hotel (with the hostler in his hired dress-clothes to wait upon you), which strives to be very smart and is very poor; and the small "dinkey" hotel, where the proprietor-chef does everything and anything for you. This last-named class is wonderfully good, with its curious old kitchen arrangements and spits, and shining brass cooking utensils, to the virtue of which the French claim to be due the excellence of their cooking. (It has been said that France, defeated at Water-

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PASSING A CHÂTEAU

loo, has recovered in great part its supremacy in Europe through its cuisine). It is in a place of this kind that one learns to know the people and their *joie du métier*. The proprietor and his wife, though they could readily afford to live better than their confrères in America, prefer to live plainly. The women do not wear silk dresses, nor are their daughters taught to play the piano. To me it has always seemed that women are better off if they have a little house-work to do. During a recent trip in Texas, I visited one of the largest lunatic asylums. There I found that a large percentage of insane women were wives of farmers, the chief cause of their insanity being simply *ennui*.

One failing of the French innkeepers is their excessive jealousy of one another. Arriving upon one occasion at a certain town, we were subjected to the most abusive harangue from a landlord, whose place I knew by experience to be poor, although it was generally accepted as the best hotel in the town. We passed it by to partake of the plain hospitality of a very small but scrupulously clean *auberge*. The landlord of the larger place became delirious at the "outrage," and shot at us a speech to the effect that, as the best and oldest nobility of France always put up at his house, we showed very bad taste and very little consideration for the said nobility in going to a place which did not enjoy even the privilege of being called a hotel.

Any one travelling by coach in France is liable to be greeted with hisses, and hailed as *cochons d'Anglais*. In order to harmonize with the popular feeling, we would respond, *Vivent les Boers*, or, at the time of the Dreyfus affair, *Vive l'Armée*, thus bringing about the desired result, and making us instantly popular. Upon alighting, we would be met by the proprietor-chef of the hotel, embodied in one fat and ever-courteous person. With him it is useless to put on "side," but by shaking his hand, patting him on the back, and so forth, one can get almost anything under the sun from

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him, from his wife, or from his children.

Another personage of interest is the curé. One day I met a jolly "Monsieur le Curé," for whom the republican form of government was not a nightmare, and he very readily accepted my proffer of a seat beside me on the coach. Among other things, he said, "When I wish to do as other people do, *je me mets en pékin*" (I doff the cloth).

But the good, plain, kind-hearted gendarme is perhaps the most interesting character of all. He can be seen on the road everywhere, day and night, looking for vagabonds without *papiers*. We had an amusing experience one day: Passing near a Gendarmerie Nationale, we came upon a throng of excited people, and learned, upon inquiry, that one of the gendarmes had just been robbed of a chicken, and had happened to see the thief running away. There is a regulation in France declaring an arrest illegal when made by a gendarme who is not in uniform. Therefore our gendarme, who was in *déshabillé*, rushed up stairs to don his tunic and bicorne. When he returned, a few moments later, the thief was, of course, out of sight.

Though it is easy to ask one's way in the country, the information given is not always to be relied upon. The people have an engaging way of replying "Straight ahead," and, if you follow their advice, it may lead you in an opposite direction to that in which you want to go. Or, they will obligingly describe the road and the country in such detail that you will know less about it when they have finished than you did before. In America, few words are wasted in directing the traveller, but these words are usually accurate, and show higher average intelligence.

In speaking of the hotels or inns of France, it may be of interest to mention some of their names. Going about the country, one may come across the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc, Hôtel du Cheval Noir, de l'Ecu, du Grand Cerf, Soleil d'Or. Some names are still more picturesque, as, for instance, Hôtel de la Guimbarde, Hôtel du Coq Hardi, Hôtel du Coq Efflanqué, and these titles are usually illustrated on the sign above the door, and bear the indispensable "On loge à pied et à cheval." Oftentimes these signs have been painted by some artist of talent, whose empty



EVERYWHERE THE SHEPHERD WITH HIS FLOCK OF SHEEP

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purse forced him to take this means of paying for his food and lodging. I have seen genuine works of art on such signs, and I remember upon one occasion using every ruse I knew to secure an exceptionally fine one. The landlord would neither sell it nor let me have it as a gift. I offered him many hundreds of francs, but his reply was, "I do not want your money; I want my sign."

It is interesting to note how the cooking varies with the locality. The farther south one goes the more spicy the dishes become, and the wine more liberal—although a drunkard is seldom to be seen. In the north the meals are not so rich as in the south, and wine is, to an extent, replaced by beer or alcohol. It may be safely said that one reason for the non-success of France as a colonizing nation may be found in the good cooking of their country, for Frenchmen are seldom satisfied with the culinary products of other countries.

The French are a very patriotic people. On the fourteenth of July, their national holiday, we decorated our coach with American and French flags. The populace at first seemed to be on the point of shouting "A bas les Anglais," when, catching sight of the "stars and stripes" and the "*couleurs tricolores,*" they became transported with joy, and rushed to the assault of the coach as if it were another Bastille; this time, however, with friendly intentions. When we talked French to them, and told them we were Americans, they nearly deafened us with their shouts of "Vive l'Amérique."



THE JOLLY CURÉ ACCEPTED A SEAT

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Spring

by Mary Applewhite Bacon



MARCH 18.—This white butterfly which has been floating in and out among the silver-brown tassels of the poplars,—shall I call it the harbinger of Spring, or the wandering spirit of some pale primrose that faded months ago? Its white frailty accords with the spiritual, ascetic beauty of these earliest Spring days. There is little definiteness of color anywhere; only the dark, fixed green of the pines, and faint suggestions of change in the belts of woodland. But there is a mildness in the air which brings back old memories of deepening life, and overhead are blue, unclouded depths.

March 23.—At a little distance the hickory-trees seem only black and bare, but, nearer, along their dark branches creamy, satin-sheathed buds show like small dim tapers. Yesterday I heard the long clear whistle of the cardinal; and this morning, from the thick branches of an apple-tree near my window, a thrush breathed out a few sweet notes as if to his own peaceful heart.

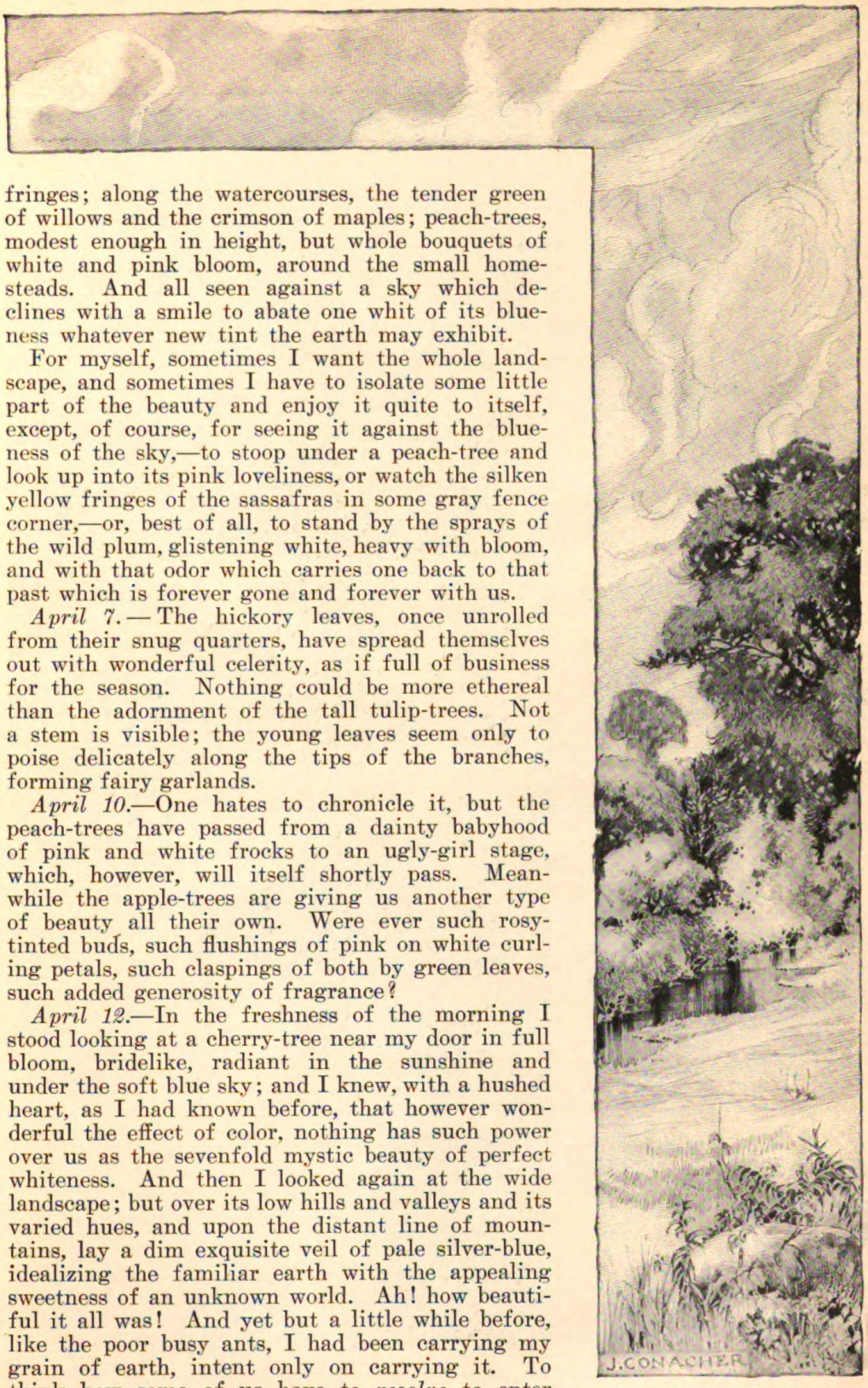
March 27.—The tide of delicate color rises steadily. The trunks and branches massed in the distant woods show distinct tones of yellow and soft blendings of purple. Here and there is a field of wheat, a tender green among the broad, freshly ploughed slopes. Tufts of young grass border the road-side, and sometimes one may find a pale violet delicately pencilled.

March 30.—Points of green show along the outer branches of the tall tulip-trees, and the hickory buds are bursting from their golden-brown sheaths. The cardinals doubtless imagine they have pre-empted the grand opera-house for the season; but this morning, while walking through a low-lying field brown with last year's withered weeds and grasses, I saw the flashing of skyey wings and heard certain small sweet practisings which seemed to indicate that the bluebirds were also to take part in the approaching festival.

April 2.—There are numerous colonies of ants up and down our narrow sidewalk, and the little children and myself have taken to the outermost edge in order not to crush their neat little mounds of soil back into their underground dwellings. I wonder how much they know of all this beauty? Doubtless the warm sunshine comforts their busy little bodies and makes possible those commercial and domestic activities in which they delight.

April 4.—These decided contrasts of pure color in the landscape are like the innocent assertiveness of little joyous children. They do not jar; they are beautiful; and they give one a sense of youth and irresponsibility in nature's own easy indulgence and largesse. Grain-fields, a clear emerald in their reddish-brown settings on the uplands, oaks hung with yellow and orange

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fringes; along the watercourses, the tender green of willows and the crimson of maples; peach-trees, modest enough in height, but whole bouquets of white and pink bloom, around the small homesteads. And all seen against a sky which declines with a smile to abate one whit of its blueness whatever new tint the earth may exhibit.

For myself, sometimes I want the whole landscape, and sometimes I have to isolate some little part of the beauty and enjoy it quite to itself, except, of course, for seeing it against the blueness of the sky,—to stoop under a peach-tree and look up into its pink loveliness, or watch the silken yellow fringes of the sassafras in some gray fence corner,—or, best of all, to stand by the sprays of the wild plum, glistening white, heavy with bloom, and with that odor which carries one back to that past which is forever gone and forever with us.

April 7. — The hickory leaves, once unrolled from their snug quarters, have spread themselves out with wonderful celerity, as if full of business for the season. Nothing could be more ethereal than the adornment of the tall tulip-trees. Not a stem is visible; the young leaves seem only to poise delicately along the tips of the branches, forming fairy garlands.

April 10.—One hates to chronicle it, but the peach-trees have passed from a dainty babyhood of pink and white frocks to an ugly-girl stage, which, however, will itself shortly pass. Meanwhile the apple-trees are giving us another type of beauty all their own. Were ever such rosy-tinted buds, such flushings of pink on white curling petals, such claspings of both by green leaves, such added generosity of fragrance?

April 12.—In the freshness of the morning I stood looking at a cherry-tree near my door in full bloom, bridelike, radiant in the sunshine and under the soft blue sky; and I knew, with a hushed heart, as I had known before, that however wonderful the effect of color, nothing has such power over us as the sevenfold mystic beauty of perfect whiteness. And then I looked again at the wide landscape; but over its low hills and valleys and its varied hues, and upon the distant line of mountains, lay a dim exquisite veil of pale silver-blue, idealizing the familiar earth with the appealing sweetness of an unknown world. Ah! how beautiful it all was! And yet but a little while before, like the poor busy ants, I had been carrying my grain of earth, intent only on carrying it. To think how some of us have to *resolve* to enter with simple gladness into the beauty of the world around us! We are so busy providing for ourselves in our Father's house! It is as if He should take us gently by the hand and say, "Be still, my child, let this also speak to thy heart."

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"I HAVE HAD LARGER CLASSES IN LATER YEARS"

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A Failure

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE old man was alone in his room. He sat in an arm-chair by the window, his faded eyes listlessly scanning the gray horizon. The house stood on the edge of the town, and there was nothing but the prairie between him and the end of the world. It was a late afternoon in December, and it was raining: life was ending for him in a winter rain. A mortal sickness was upon him. The room in which he sat was meagrely furnished and painfully bare. A case of well-thumbed books of a distinctly theological character, an old-fashioned desk littered with papers, a small sheet-iron stove, the arm-chair in which he sat, another chair of the "kitchen" variety, a few pictures, prints as good in subject as they were poor in execution, and a faded, old-fashioned photograph of a woman, hanging upon the walls, summed up his earthly possessions. His world—his field of action—was narrowed to the room in which he sat and a dingy little bedroom beyond. He sat listlessly in silence.

He was the rector of the parish church of a little Western town, but it was evident that he would not be a rector of anything very long. He was the wreck of a man who had never been of the physical stuff of which heroes are made, yet there was a touch of fire still in his dim eyes that spoke of a soul overweighted by an insufficient body. The man was waiting, not only waiting for the end, but waiting for any break in the monotony of his life; at that moment he was waiting for a visitor. He was expecting the Bishop. He had never seen the Bishop, and he longed earnestly to meet him.

The man's history had been uneventful and commonplace. He had been ordained to the ministry years and years since, and through family influence and ecclesiastical connections had been made the rector of a pleasant parish in a quiet, sequestered little Eastern town. He had lived there and done his humble work faithfully all his life until the death of his wife and the breaking up of his family a few months since. He had been particularly touched while in that impressionable condition by a printed appeal which the Bishop had put forth for men to work in the neglected, untilled, needy, clamorous fields of the West. He had abandoned everything—torn up his life by the roots, as it were—and had gone out to become the rector of the little parish in which he sat dying, and of the parts adjacent, comprising perhaps fifty square miles.

His arrival had been the means of a great awakening—to himself. He saw the needs of the situation as perhaps a man of tougher fibre and less introspective nature would never have seen them, and had plunged into the work with the vigor of a boy. The vigor of a boy and the constitution of an old man do not accord; he broke down. The Bishop had been away when he came, and he had not rightly understood the circumstances when he accepted his offer of services; and he did not realize that the man was so old, or he would never have allowed him to come to the field and undertake the work. But it was too late now, and the Bishop was coming to see him. It was the first time he had been able to visit him. The old man was eagerly expecting his visit.

Presently the door opened and the little Bishop entered. He started in surprise as he saw the thin, broken figure in the chair; stepping quickly over to the invalid's side to prevent him from rising, he sat down, and the two began to talk. There was a puzzled look in the Bishop's eyes, as if he could not bring forth from the storehouse of his memory the identifying key to the old man's personality. Finally he interrupted the conversation by saying, eagerly:

"I know you now. I thought your

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name was familiar from the very first. Are you not the man who had the parish church at X for so many years?"

"Yes, Bishop," replied the other, "I am that man."

"How blind I have been!" exclaimed the Bishop. "I never thought. I ought to have known. What on earth made you come out here?"

"You did," quietly answered the aged priest.

"I?"

"Yes."

"How was that?"

"You remember that appeal you published in *The Church Militant* some six months ago?"

"The appeal for men to work this field, for volunteers?"

"That was it. Well, I read it, and I came."

"Yes," said the Bishop, "you came, and you alone out of the thousands to whom it was addressed, who might have heeded the call."

"And anybody might better have heeded it than I," replied the old man. "But I came. I have done nothing, and now, instead of a help, I am a burden to you."

"A burden I am glad to bear," answered the Bishop, softly, "if only for the inspiration you have afforded me. I think it would have broken my heart if nobody had come, and even one man, old and feeble, shows that there are heroes still on the earth."

"You praise me too much," the old man said, in swift deprecation.

"Not I. But tell me why you did it. There must have been some reason to make a man like you leave the work of a lifetime for this." The Bishop's glance swept the room and the sodden prairie outside. "Weren't you happy where you were?" he added.

"Happy! Why, my life had been the sweetest and happiest that could have been imagined. Had I ordered it myself, it could not have been cast in fairer paths. It was so easy and so pleasant that I was ashamed of it. My wife died just before I read your appeal, my children were scattered abroad; there was nothing left to tie me to the home of my boyhood, manhood, and old age; and so, with the hope that I might be able to do something in the needy fields of the West, though I was an old man—and I now see, a broken one—I came. My life had been such a failure from the point of view of a man of action— Oh, I don't mean that I neglected my duty or anything of that sort. I had always done my best to teach and lead my people, to help my wife, to bring up my children, and to lead a sober, righteous, God-fearing life. I succeeded in some measure, I trust. . . You will not think this is self-assertion?"

"No, no, not at all," said the Bishop. "Go on. I am deeply interested."

"It was all so easy. Not the being good, of course," he added, simply, "but the life I led; and when I read your appeal in the state of mind consequent upon my loss, I felt the only thing left for me to do was to come out here to try to do some work before I died. There was nothing to keep me and everything to call me. What had I done that my life should have been so easy and pleasant, while other men, like you, Bishop, were fighting the World, the Flesh, and the Devil on the frontier? I came . . . I was a fool. As a servant of God I had been a failure; I had not done anything in a long life except build up the spiritual life of that sleepy little town, and it seems to me that it would have grown just as well without me," he added, bitterly. "I thought I could redeem myself by something splendid at the end of my days, and it has all come to this. I'm done for."

His wasted hand tapped restlessly upon the arm of the chair; his old eyes filled with tears as he turned away his face and looked out upon the gray desolation of the winter rain.

"Oh, is it so bad as that?" asked the Bishop, softly.

"Yes," replied the older man. "It is all over with me; the doctor says it is only a question of days, and I know he tells the truth. But I want you to believe that it is not death I fear; nothing of that sort."

"I quite believe it; I am sure of that," said the Bishop.

"Thank you; but it is not only because my life has been so easy and pleasant that I feel that it has been wasted and a failure. I tell you, sir," he exclaimed, leaning forward, "I have been here just

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six months, and that is enough to assure me that every word you said was true. I have learned to know these people, to know something of their courage, their devotion, their generosity, their zest for work. The hope of the nation is here, the hope of the church, and all that is needed is men—men," he cried, with unexpected strength, "who love God, who love their fellows, and who are willing to come here and work for them and with them until they both grow together into the knowledge and into the stature of the Son of Man. Not men broken as I am."

He sank back in his chair exhausted. Neither man spoke for a little time.

Presently the Bishop, who had been thinking deeply, broke the silence:

"And so you think you are a failure, do you, and that you have done nothing for the West, do you? You remember your first confirmation class?"

"My first confirmation class!" exclaimed the old man, in surprise. "Why, that must have been nearly fifty years ago!"

"Yes, all of that, I think," answered the Bishop.

"Yes, certainly I recall it; in fact, I think I remember it more clearly than any other which I ever presented."

"How many were in it?" asked the Bishop.

"One," answered the old man, smiling. "It seems to me I began with a failure, just as I am ending with one."

"Tell me something about him, or her, that made up the class," said the Bishop.

"Well, sir, that was my first charge—except this, my only charge in life. I came out from the seminary with all of the hopes and anticipations of youth, and I took charge of that parish imagining that I was going to effect a religious revolution in that town. Presently the Bishop—old Bishop Griswold—named a date for his first visitation, and I began the preparation of a confirmation class. I was young then and enthusiastic and interesting, I suppose, and lots of people came to the church. I brought together all the young people I could find—I believe forty or fifty—and I labored with them as I have never worked with anybody, except during these last six months out here. I preached to them, reasoned with them, read to them, discussed with them, prayed over them; it seems to me that all mortal man could do I did. I thought I was to have the most glorious class to present to the Bishop for confirmation that that town had ever seen. Finally he came, and I could offer him but one—just one solitary little girl! I declare, Bishop, my heart was almost broken at this small result of all my labors, at that little ending of all my hopes. It seemed to me that it fairly took the heart out of me for years. I have had large classes in later years, perhaps as large as anybody could expect in such a town, but I never got over that sense of impotent failure. You see, as I said, I began the way I am ending."

"Do you remember what became of that little girl?" asked the Bishop, quietly. "Do you remember anything about her character, what she was?"

"She was a good little girl, a lovely girl, as I recall, and bade fair to grow into a noble woman."

"Do you know whether she did or not?"

"No. She went West a few years after her confirmation, and I lost sight of her. I have never heard from her since then. I can only say that while I knew her she lived up to the promise of her confirmation."

"I can tell you something about her, my friend," said the Bishop. "She did go West—or what was West in those days; we call it East now—and she grew up into womanhood. She built her character upon the solid foundation which you had laid in her childhood, and she pursued her course in that path wherein you, under God, had planted her feet. Presently she met a young man in the city in which she lived—a young man who did not know whether he had a soul to save or not, and who would not have cared if he had known it; and the young man loved her. By the favor of God she returned his affection. She showed that young man his own soul. She led him to his Master, then she married him. God called him to the ministry of the church. The call came through her sweet lips. She remained by him and helped him as he studied to perfect himself for the work, and when he was ordained to the priesthood she stood by him through days of toil and struggle while he fought his way upward. Friends

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said it was a miracle, but it was not; it was the grace of God and a woman's love. Presently God wanted a bishop for this great Western field, and He took this young man and brought him out here and set him down and bade him work. Oh, my brother, my brother, he stands before you to-day, and thanks you and blesses you for the work that you did in that little maiden's heart in that little Eastern town!"

The Bishop paused; his voice had risen as he had talked, but now it sank into softness again as he took up his story once more. "She's gone now, like your own wife, and of the children that blessed us, some are asleep and some are away, but I am here, and God is with me. Whatever I have done, whatever I shall do, has come from my association with that little girl whom you brought to Christ. Never say again that your life has been a failure, and that you have done nothing in this world. My friend, have you not learned that the failures of men are the successes of God?"

The Bishop sank down on his knees and rested his head upon the knee of the other. The older man laid his hand upon the bent gray head of the Bishop and whispered a few words of prayer and benediction. Presently the Bishop arose and walked out of the room. Like most men, he felt ashamed of himself for having given way to his emotion, and he wished to get away until he could recover his equipoise again. The old man was left in the room alone. The rain had ceased. There was a rift through the gray cloud on the horizon; the light of the sun shone gloriously through into the bare chamber. It fell upon the happy face of the old man in loving golden touch. "Lord," he murmured, closing his eyes, "now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

Pygmalion

BY ANNA WOOD BROWN

ILL hap hadst thou, Pygmalion, when thy love
Stepped from the marble world where she did dwell
Remote, beyond thy most adoring word,
In Art's fair region inaccessible,
And on thy human level came to move,
By laws of life and love thereafter bound,
Responsive to thine eyes, by thy touch stirred,
The Goddess lost, the tender woman found.

No more the soft line's immobility
Does seem to move, yet reason knows 'tis seeming;
No more thou dream'st of immortality,
Since parting seems more strange than any dreaming.

Since, answering to thine ardent adoration,
Thy statue and thyself together grew,
Why wert not thou by Art's divine creation
Into the world of marble born anew,
Ever to stand in perfectest relation
By her whose beauty thro' thy genius grew?

So should thy fate to all men's eyes be proving
That love immortal to immortals clings:—
Only the changeless count on changeless loving;
Only the dead love cannot use his wings.

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A Charmed American War-Ship

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

SHE was one of the smallest of our cruisers, almost an unconsidered trifle on the list of our naval ships, but she was in more fights than any vessel that ever graced that list, and she won every time she fought. Nor is that all to be said of her, for even the folly of those who altered her rig and ruined her speed could not change the good luck that was hers while she remained a warship. She was built in Baltimore, she measured 135 tons, and was named the *Enterprise,* while her sister was called the *Experiment,* and both were commissioned at the end of 1798.

The names of these two schooners are significant of the remarkable state of mind of the American people in that day. We had, by the force of good arms, established our right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and we had set up a free government, but no sooner had this been done than we sold the most important weapons by which these great tasks had been accomplished, our ships of war, and we sent our ablest fighting men, our sailors, to seek employment where money and not honor was to be the reward.

Then we paid the penalty. Even the barbarous pirates of the north coast of Africa came to rule us. We would not build naval ships for ourselves, but because a Barbary pirate captured some of our seamen we were obliged to build for him a frigate, "one of the finest specimens of naval architecture ever borne on Piscataqua's waters," freight her with "twenty-six barrels of silver dollars and many valuable presents," and send her as a ransom for our men to this pirate prince. Nor was that all. The Senate of the United States actually agreed in advance of the treaty to pay to that pirate an annual tribute of $25,000 as the price of freedom from the aggression of his corsairs.

Humiliating as these facts are, they are worth recalling, because out of that temporary degradation came ships to give our naval history a radiant light that cannot perish in a thousand years. For when the reaction set in we built the *Constitution* and the other magnificent ships of her class, and then the *Experiment* and the *Enterprise.*

To a sailor's eye, even in these days when iron kettles have replaced the live-oak steed of the sea with its hempen bridle, there never was a more beautiful class of naval ships than the old-time schooners.

And their crews literally lived in touch with the sea, and with their ears down to "the unfathomable dialogue of the ever-moaning brine." No more successful experiment was ever tried by naval architects than that of building the low-lying vessels of those days, but in these days we have a most admirable substitute in the torpedo-boat flotilla.

The *Enterprise* was designed to carry twelve long six-pounders, the old-fashioned cannon with a smooth bore that threw round cast-iron shot about four inches in diameter. To handle her properly required a crew of sixty men, but a time was to come when, under a new rig and with new armament, she was to carry 102.

But little time elapsed after the grid-iron flag was hoisted above her quarter-deck before the new cruiser saw active service. For along with the troubles the African pirates gave us came those growing out of the Napoleonic wars. We were between the devil and the deep sea. England was impressing our seamen and enforcing literally her ancient song, "Not a sail but by permission spreads." Her aggression grew out of her determination to use every means to cripple the French. The French retaliated and became as aggressive in their dealing with neutrals as she had been. Fleets of privateers were sent out by merchants of both countries, and the owners as well

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as the crews of these vessels were governed by the instincts of pirates.

In 1799 the aggressions of the French became so great that even our pusillanimous government was forced to act, and beginning on June 21, such vessels as we had were "assigned to the Guadeloupe station." The best sort of tactics —the kind of tactics Dewey used in going to Manila—was then adopted: we were to fight the enemy on his own ground, instead of waiting at home for him to come to us.

Among other vessels we sent the *Enterprise,* under Lieutenant-Commandant John Shaw. To the great disgust of her commander, the *Enterprise,* on falling in with Commodore Truxton, who commanded the squadron, was sent to Philadelphia with despatches. However, she was back on the fighting-ground in March, 1800, and then came her first fight. She was *en route* to St. Kitts, and when in the Mona Passage saw a brig off to the southeast. On giving chase she found the brig showed Spanish colors, and we were not at war with Spain. Nevertheless, when the *Enterprise* drew up within gunshot, the brig opened fire. So the *Enterprise* got out on her weather quarter, and then gave her a broadside that woke the Spaniards up. The brig carried eighteen 9-pounders to the twelve 6-pounders of the *Enterprise,* but for twenty minutes the *Enterprise* worked her battery, and then the brig made sail for a far country, and the *Enterprise,* seeing the Spanish flag still flying, let her go. And that was our first fight with a Spanish war-ship.

How at St. Thomas she met a French lugger of superior force that challenged her to go outside, and then did not dare to go when the challenge was accepted; how in May she met the French privateer *La Seine,* a vessel of four guns and 54 men, and captured her after killing 11 and wounding 13 men, although she herself suffered no damage worth mentioning; how *La Citoyenne,* having six guns and 57 men, struck in June, after a loss of 4 killed and 10 wounded, while the *Enterprise* lost 1 killed and 3 wounded; how the braggart lugger that had challenged the *Enterprise* was overhauled and taken without loss on either side—all these actions must receive mere mention only, for they were with inferior vessels, and served only to give the Yankee crew good target practice. The fight with *L'Aigle* that followed was a little nearer rating as a battle, for the Frenchman had ten guns and 78 men at the start, and "her commander had a high reputation for spirit and enterprise." But valuable as these qualities were, the Yankee Shaw had all of them, and one other quality which the Frenchman lacked—he was an able seaman. As the two vessels came together they were on opposite tacks, and the Frenchman had the wind of the *Enterprise.* But no sooner did the *Enterprise* cross the lee of the enemy than Shaw brought her about in the enemy's wake and gave a broadside, four of his six shot striking *L'Aigle* astern, and raking her from aft forward. Then he ran foul of the Frenchman's weather quarter, and swarming over the rail, the Yankees captured her without further conflict. They were not a little astonished on finding that no resistance was made to boarders, but when all was secure they saw the captain and second lieutenant lying seriously wounded, while the first lieutenant was dead. A single broadside from the *Enterprise* had been enough.

But a more glorious victory for the tiny cruiser was yet to come. While cruising to the leeward of St. Kitts she fell in with the *Flambeau,* a brig armed with twelve 9-pounders to the *Enterprise's* twelve 6-pounders, and carrying 110 men to 83 on the *Enterprise.* The Frenchman was first seen early on a dead-calm morning. He had his sweeps out, and was rowing along, expecting to have the *Enterprise* for breakfast, so to speak. The Yankees did nothing until a breeze came, and then they made all sail, including port studding-sails, and ran to meet the enemy.

At that the *Flambeau* kept off under like sail until she had had a severe look at the *Enterprise,* when she wore around, and with studding-sails still set to leeward, boarded her starboard tacks, and stood up to meet the *Enterprise.* But because of the position of the ships and the suddenness of the manœuvre, the *Enterprise* found herself right astern of the enemy. And that, through the won-

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derful speed of our little schooner, was the best kind of a position. She was at once able to draw out on the Frenchman's weather quarter.

Fathom by fathom, and length by length, the *Enterprise* gained. Having no cannon that would bear, the nervous Frenchmen brought muskets to their taffrail and strove to kill a man or cut a halyard or a stay that would cripple the relentless pursuer. The Yankees replied, but only that they might prevent the French fire growing heavier, and finally Shaw up with his helm and ran down through the enemy's lee. Like Perry on Lake Erie, he was determined that "to windward or to leeward they shall fight to-day."

And fight they did. Yawing off, the Frenchman gave the *Enterprise* a broadside, and then for twenty minutes they ran away, with the wind over the starboard quarter, the two only a pistol-shot, only ten or twelve yards, apart.

How they fired and swabbed and rammed and fired again; how the smoke rolled up in clouds till the head-sails were fogged in; how the splinters were ripped from their sides and spars with each round, while the men yelled in rage and screamed in agony; how within five minutes the red blood was spouting through the lee scuppers of the *Flambeau* and trickling from those of the *Enterprise* — all this may be imagined better than told. The *Flambeau* had heavier guns and more men, but the men on the Yankee looked with clear eyes along the barrels of their guns before they fired, and at the end of twenty minutes the *Flambeau* down with her helm, and tacking about, spread all sail possible to escape.

But flight was as vain as valor. The man at the tiller of the *Enterprise* was over-hasty in righting the helm when she tacked in pursuit, and she missed stays. The *Flambeau* thus got a good lead; but trimming his sail once more, Shaw went on the trail like a hound when the quarry leaves blood behind. He was soon on the weather quarter of the *Flambeau* once more, and just then a flaw in the growing breeze carried away the Frenchman's foretopmast, and the rigging was cut so that it floated away, although six sailors were clinging to it.

But if the Frenchman would not rescue them, Shaw would. He hove to the *Enterprise,* sent a boat for the derelict sailors, and when he had them safe on board, once more made sail in chase. But the battle was over. As the *Enterprise* ranged up on her weather beam, the *Flambeau's* flag was hauled down. Out of 110 men she had lost 40 in killed and wounded. Out of 83, the *Enterprise* lost 10.

These shall serve as sample fights of the *Enterprise* in her West India cruise. In eight months, under Lieutenant-Commandant Shaw, she captured seven French cruisers and privateers, that carried in the aggregate fifty-nine guns and 468 men, besides rescuing about a dozen Yankee merchantmen the French had captured. To make the only appeal that the peace-at-any-price men will recognize when consideration is asked for the navy, it may be said that in property captured and rescued the *Enterprise* paid for herself nearly twenty times over during those eight months. Her first cost was $16,240 52.

Shaw, because of ill health, was compelled to go home. Lieutenant Charles Stewart succeeded him, but the end of the war prevented his gaining renown in her. But that he had commanded her is worth telling when it is recalled that this Charles Stewart came to be known to fame as the commander of the *Constitution* in that wonderful cruise when the *Levant* and *Cyane* were captured.

If this were not a story of the very luckiest American cruiser only, one would like to tell of the brilliant work of her sister, the *Experiment,* in the same war; but we must needs follow the *Enterprise* in her career across the wide water. The American people were roused at last by their disgrace, and the cost of paying tribute, to a point where they determined to throw off the yoke of the Barbary pirates. The cry of "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," swept over the land.

It was in the year 1801. A squadron consisting of the *President,* 44 guns, the *Philadelphia,* 38, the *Essex,* 32, and the *Enterprise,* of 12 guns, was ordered to the Mediterranean. The *Enterprise* was commanded by Lieutenant Andrew Sterrett. This squadron anchored at

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Gibraltar on July 1. When they arrived they learned (news travelled slowly in those days) that the Bashaw of Tripoli had cut down the flag-staff in front of the American consulate and declared war—that is, ordered the corsairs out to cruise for American merchantmen—on May 1. His excuse was that our payment of tribute had been delayed an unreasonable time.

Trouble, though somewhat delayed, followed on that act. It was on August 1 that the Bashaw got trouble instead of his tribute. While running for Malta, on that day, the *Enterprise* fell in with one of the Bashaw's corsairs, the *Tripoli,* carrying 14 guns and 80 men.

Sterrett attacked the corsair "within pistol-shot," and with the savage obstinacy of fanatics the corsair's crew fought back during three of the hottest hours any of the *Enterprise* sailors had ever known. Twice during those hours the corsair hauled down her flag, intending to get the Americans off guard and sink the boat's crew sent to take possession. But each time this was done the boat's crew turned back, passed up the painter on the off side, and then climbed on board and ran to the guns to give the pirate a fight that grew with their righteous anger at the treachery he had shown. And at last he could stand it no longer. His ship was a wreck, while 20 men out of her crew of 80 had been killed, and 28 others, besides himself and his first lieutenant, had been wounded. Half of her crew were stretched on deck unable to fight. The *Enterprise* had not lost a man.

Hauling down his flag once more, the pirate captain, Mohammed Sous, came to the gangway, wounded as he was, and throwing the flag into the sea, he bowed low over the rail and begged for quarter.

It was only a small skirmish, if it be compared with some of the battles of the American navy, but in its effect it was, relatively speaking, almost like that when the Spanish fleet was annihilated at Santiago. The instructions under which Sterrett fought compelled him to let the corsair return home, and that return served our cause better than sinking her would have done. For the tales these men told of American skill and valor so weakened the hearts of their countrymen that "though this war [with the Barbary powers] lasted three years, and in the end became both spirited and active, very few Tripolitan cruisers ventured from port during its continuance," and "they were cautious to an extreme about venturing from the land."

Shaw, for his work in the *Enterprise,* was promoted to the command of the 26-gun ship *Le Berceau,* but his health compelled him to leave active service. Lieutenant Sterrett, for his victory over the *Tripoli,* was promoted one grade, and a sword was voted to him by Congress. A month's pay was given to each of his officers; among them was one David Porter, famous in naval annals as captain of the *Essex,* who was here on the deck of the *Enterprise* earning his first laurels.

There were changes in her crew, of course, as time passed, and Lieutenant Isaac Hull came to command the *Enterprise.* In June, 1803, she was cruising as a blockader off Tripoli, having in company the *Adams* and *John Adams.* On the night of June 21 the senior officer present, apprehending an attempt of some of the enemy's ships to escape, sent the *Enterprise* well to the eastward to keep a close watch inland.

Never had Lieutenant Hull received a more fortunate order than that. Just before daylight he saw one of the enemy's ships actually standing out. She towered in the air like a frigate, but Hull, with a valor that has been growing in our navy ever since that day, cleared the *Enterprise* for action, signalled for help, and went in chase. At that the enemy up helm, and running into a deep and narrow bay, anchored with a spring on the cable, broadside to the sea, cornered like a huge bull by a "bench-legged fyce." The ship so cornered mounted twenty-two guns, and was "the largest cruiser belonging to Triopli."

After daylight the *John Adams* came, and just before nine o'clock she and the *Enterprise* attacked the Tripolitan, with the result that at the end of forty-five minutes her magazine exploded, "burst the hull to pieces, and forced the main and mizzen masts 150 feet perpendicularly into the air, with all the yards, shrouds, stays, etc., belonging to them."

Here, then, was Lieutenant Isaac Hull

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

FIGHT BETWEEN THE "ENTERPRISE" AND THE FRENCH BRIG "FLAMBEAU"
(Summer of 1800)

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STEPHEN DECATUR, JR.

beginning the career that was to place him on the quarter-deck of Old Ironsides at the opening of the war of 1812, and give him renown as the conqueror of the *Guerrière,* the first British frigate to lower her flag to an American warship.

Then came Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, Jr., to command the *Enterprise.* He had gone out to the Mediterranean as executive officer of the *Essex,* and was now to have his chance for fame along with the others. And like the majority of our officers to-day, one chance was all he needed.

The frigate *Philadelphia,* by a mischance that could not have been foreseen or avoided, grounded in the harbor of Tripoli, and with all her complement was captured. In a letter written with lemon juice, and dated December 5, 1803, Captain Bainbridge, who had been captured in the *Philadelphia,* suggested to Commodore Preble, commanding the American squadron, that a picked company of men be sent into the harbor and destroy the captured frigate where she lay.

This suggestion was adopted, and it was the *Enterprise* that provided the means and gave Lieutenant Decatur, her commander, his opportunity for immortality. Within a few days after the receipt of Bainbridge's letter a Tripoli ketch was seen sneaking along the coast, and Decatur, in the *Enterprise,* went in chase. There was no fight. The *Enterprise* was at once shoal in draught, handy, and swift—the only boat in the squadron fit for such work—and she soon returned with the ketch. It was named the *Mastic,* but it was taken into our

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service and renamed the *Intrepid.* How it was afterwards manned with a crew fit to serve on a vessel of that name, how she crept into the harbor disguised as a blockade-runner, and how that crew swept the pirates from the *Philadelphia,* which they then destroyed, is a story that need not be retold here. Decatur, from having been in command of the *Enterprise* when she captured the *Mastic,* had the natural right to command that expedition on the ketch into the harbor, and by his magnificent tact, energy, and courage succeeded, and so won a captain's commission and the hearty applause of a nation.

How the next war was brought upon us need not now be told. Seeing that war might come, those who controlled the navy did try in a pitiful way to prepare for it.

They tried to improve this swift and handy schooner. They saw that she was a schooner, and they knew that if new masts with yards on them were substituted for the schooner rig — if she were rigged as a brig—she would spread more feet of canvas to the gale. And was not canvas the motive power, so to speak? With more canvas would not she sail faster, no matter how the canvas was stretched? The powers that ruled the navy said yes to these questions, and changed her into a brig.

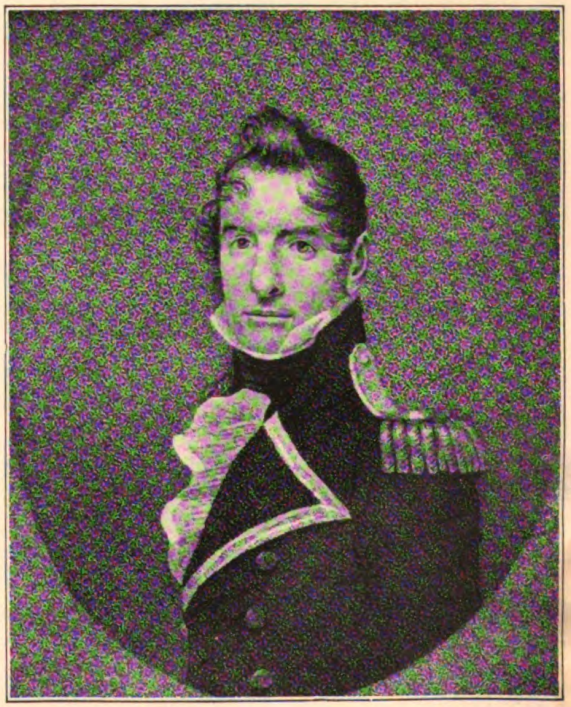
Then they looked at those long six-pounders. Each of them would weigh more than a carronade that could throw an eighteen-pound ball. Of course a long six-pounder had a greater range — would hurl a ball farther, and make it penetrate deeper; but the carronade was used in all small British ships, and it could hit a smashing blow that would knock in a ship's side, if the ships were close enough while the battle raged.

In these days, when we boast of a 6-inch rifle that, with an initial velocity of more than 3000 feet per second, has a range of more than fourteen miles—when every effort is made to give penetration to the projectile—it is hard to appreciate the ideas of the first decade of the last century. They stripped off the six-pounders and put fourteen of the eighteen-pounder iron pots in their places, and then stuck two long nine-pounders on her forecastle for bow chasers.

Just before (1811) war was declared, we see by an old-time magazine that the *Enterprise* was lying at Charleston, South Carolina, under the command of Lieutenant-Commandant Johnston Blakeley. But as war came on she was ordered to the coasts of New Hampshire and Maine, to protect them from the incursion of Halifax privateers; and then when the *Wasp,* the third of her name, a sloop of war that was to win great glory, and finally vanish, leaving no trace behind her — when the *Wasp* was launched, Blakeley was transferred to her. Lieutenant William Burrows was next placed in command of the *Enterprise.*

Burrows had served on the *Constitution* in the Barbary war with honor, but he came to the *Enterprise* as his first independent command. In August, while under Blakeley, the *Enterprise* had captured a small privateer called the *Fly.* Under Burrows she was to meet an enemy much nearer her own force.

It was on September 4, 1813. Because the British frigate *Shannon* with her admirably trained crew had captured the



CHARLES STEWART

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Chesapeake with a crew that was not only untrained, but contained ten per cent. of British deserters, it was believed in Halifax that thereafter his Majesty's ships were to have as easy a time with ours as they had had with the French in previous years. So the *Boxer,* a brig of about the size of the *Enterprise,* was fitted out to go in search of the Yankee coast-guard. She was undoubtedly a poor vessel as a war-ship, but she had one advantage of the *Enterprise:* she was designed and built as a brig; she was not a transformed and ruined schooner. On the other hand, she carried but fourteen guns to the sixteen that crowded the deck of the *Enterprise,* and her two bow chasers were 6-pounders instead of nines. In short, she could throw but 114 pounds of projectiles at a broadside, where the *Enterprise* threw 135 pounds. Moreover, she had not as many men to work her guns. How many she had is unknown. The British historians say she had but 66, but this is under the mark. Unquestionably she had at least 70, and may have had over 90.

In the morning of the day mentioned the *Enterprise* was standing to eastward along the coast of Maine, looking for privateers, and when off Penguin Point, a few miles east of Portland, discovered instead the British brig *Boxer,* Captain Samuel Blyth, at anchor under the point.

The *Boxer's* crew saw the *Enterprise* at the same moment, and they immediately got their anchor up, sent men aloft to nail British ensigns to the masts, and sailed to meet the Yankee. As it happened, the wind died while the brigs were yet four miles apart, and the two crews lounged about the decks in a vexed state of mind until after dinner, when a light air came, and the *Enterprise* reached off shore for sea-room until 3 P.M. Then Lieutenant Burrows shortened sail to await the enemy.

In the mean time an incident occurred that showed the fibre of the Yankee crew. Burrows, to be ready for any emergency, ordered two new ports cut in the stern of the *Enterprise,* so that two guns could be shifted there quickly. As the *Enterprise* was then really running from the *Boxer,* the Yankee crew thought Burrows intended to avoid fighting. This so greatly disgusted them that they asked Midshipman John H. Aulick to tell the captain they wanted to fight. The midshipman, as in duty bound, reported this to the first lieutenant, Edward R. McCall, who promptly assured them that they should have the fight they wanted at the proper time. And they had it.

The time came at 3.20, when, with both crews cheering, the *Boxer* ranged up within a few yards of the *Enterprise*—no farther away than from sidewalk to sidewalk of a narrow city street—and the firing began. At the first broadside Burrows was mortally wounded by a musket-ball, and Blyth of the *Boxer* was instantly killed by an eighteen-pound shot. But Burrows remained on deck to command his men, and there were officers left on the *Boxer* as good as Blyth.

Few fiercer fights with such forces have been described in history; but bad as the *Enterprise* now was as a sailer, the *Boxer* was worse, and McCall, under Burrows's orders, was able to cross the Britisher's bows, rake her with a nine-pounder from one of those newly made stern ports, and shoot her spars to pieces. It is a curious fact that while these ships were at no time farther apart than the width of a city street, and both hulls loomed up like a bill-poster's fence, the shot from both ships in most cases were sent high up in the rigging. Even our men, who were found better trained than the British, shot away the *Boxer's* maintopmast and her foretopsail-yard, although it is obvious that they should have opened her planks at the water-line instead.

Nevertheless our shots were more effective than those of the *Boxer,* and at four o'clock the senior officer of the British ship came to the rail and shouted that he had surrendered, but could not haul down the flags because they were nailed aloft. At that one of his juniors jumped on the rail, shook his fists at the *Enterprise,* yelled "no" three times, and called her crew a number of vile names; but his pluck was of course unavailing. They brought the sword of the British commander to the dying Burrows. Taking it in his hand, he said:

"I am satisfied. I die contented."

The *Boxer* was shot to pieces so badly that though carried into port she was found unfit for further use. She had been

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

FIGURE BETWEEN THE "ENTERPRISE" AND THE BARBARY CORSAIR "TRIPOLI"
(August 1, 1801)

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hit in the hull by eighteen round shot, "most of them at the water's edge." The hull of the *Enterprise* had been hit by one round shot.

On April 25, 1814, a British frigate came in pursuit of the ill-rigged, top-heavy *Enterprise*. Even our fleet schooners were often captured by the British frigates of that day, but Lieutenant James Renshaw, who then commanded the *Enterprise*, by a display of seamanship that cannot be appreciated in these days, kept his ship out of the frigate's range for two days, then the wind failed absolutely, and getting out his boats, Renshaw towed his vessel out of sight of the enemy.

In 1815 we were again in trouble with the Barbary pirates, and the *Enterprise* was sent along with the finest squadron we had ever dreamed of owning in those days to overawe the Africans. And overawe them we did, so that from those days to these we have had no more battles on that ground.

The fighting days—properly so called—of the *Enterprise* were over, but her usefulness was by no means at an end. In 1821 the government officials of Spain in Cuba were of such an infamous character that pirates swarmed among the inlets and reefs of that "ever-faithful" island. To protect our lawful commerce it became necessary for us to interfere, and the *Enterprise*, under Lieutenant Lawrence Kearny, was one of a squadron of small vessels sent to break up the nests.

On October 16, Kearny found four pirate schooners plundering three American merchantmen in a bay so shoal that even the *Enterprise* could not enter it. But he manned five boats and went after them. The pirates scattered after setting fire to two of the schooners, but Kearny captured two schooners and a sloop with 40 of the pirates, and sent them all to Charleston. A couple of smaller captures were made before the end of the year, and then, on March 6, 1822, he captured at one swoop seven big row-boats, having in all 160 pirates in them—more than double the number of his own crew.

In tracing the course of the *Enterprise* through the annals of peace, we find her employed in 1817 as a school-ship. She was manned by midshipmen, and sent out "to take a survey of our coast," and "render themselves familiar with the duties of seamen"—*"not the worst high-school a man could have, and, indeed, infinitely preferable to the most that are going even now, for a high and deep young soul."* The fight of the crew of the *Enterprise* with these pirates was the last action to the credit of the little ship. While still engaged in service against the West India pirates, she ran aground at Little Curaçoa, and broke up. A court of inquiry fully exonerated her captain.

To Love

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

IF thou wouldst taste each dear surprise,
Tear not the bandage from thine eyes;—
Within the heart Love's vision lies.

Dim there the groping, mortal sight,
Ere doubt can blind, or fear can blight;—
Love's arrow is his spirit's flight.

Lest thou shalt lose the dear surprise,
And seek to probe each mood's disguise,—
Tear not the bandage from thine eyes.

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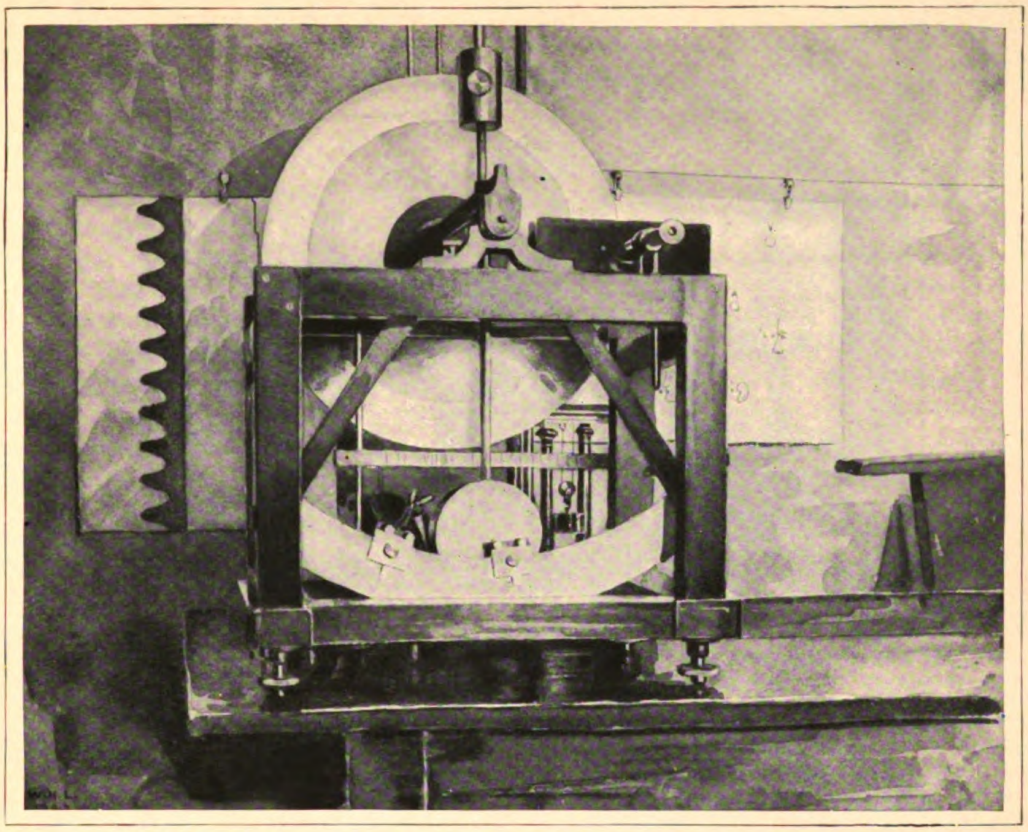


FIG. I.—APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE REACTION-TIME OF THE EYE, USED AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL LABORATORY, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

The Act of Vision

BY RAYMOND DODGE, Ph.D.

Associate Professor, Department of Psychology, Wesleyan University

A COMPREHENSIVE answer to the question how we see would be a long one. Much of it, however, may be presupposed by those who speak to the well-informed magazine-reader, while some of it would be too technical to be of any general interest. It is not our purpose to rewrite any of the chapters on vision which may be found in the text-books. We shall presuppose what they contain; and shall confine our attention to some recently established facts, which, in these days of rapid transit and weakened eye muscles, no one can afford to neglect.

It is a well-known fact that, whenever we wish to see anything clearly, we turn our eyes towards it until its image falls on the visual centre of the retina. We can, indeed, see more or less vaguely on either side of this centre, out to the extreme limits of the field of view; but the field of clearest vision is practically a point, viz., that point at which we are looking. If the object moves, our eyes naturally follow it. If our interest changes its direction, our eyes involuntarily move until the new point of interest is fixated. When we examine an object of any appreciable size, we may feel our eyes follow the contour lines, while we apprehend one after another the minuter characteristics of the object, as the point of clearest vision

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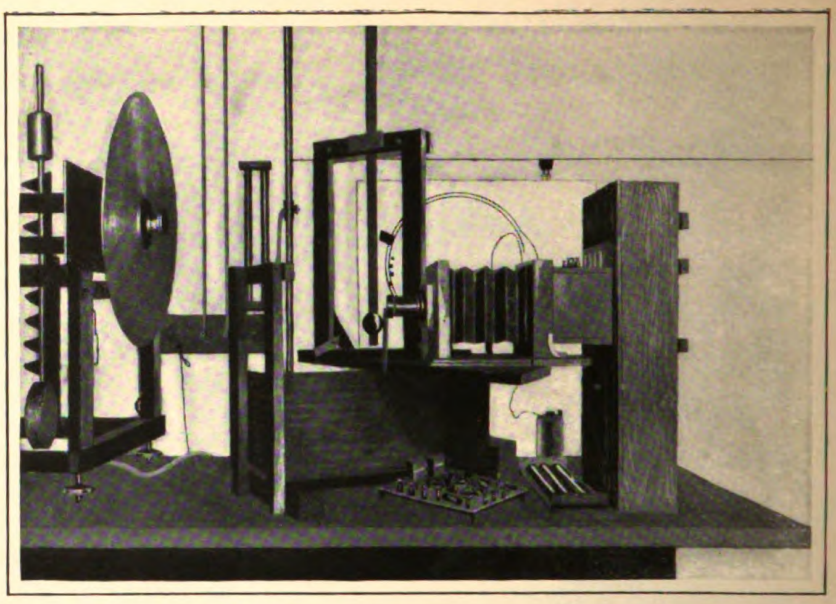


FIG. II.—APPARATUS FOR RECORDING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE EYES, USED AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL LABORATORY, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

The essentials of the apparatus are a photographic camera and a head-rest. The camera is focussed on the eye of the subject in such a way that the image of the eye passes through a narrow horizontal slit to a movable photographic plate. The plate falls regularly downward during exposure, and thus receives a continuous series of impressions, which are in vertical lines while the eye is still, and in oblique lines when the eye moves.

moves back and forth. All normal vision is thus seen to involve eye-movements, and it is practically impossible to make a reasonable guess what vision would be like if our eyes were absolutely fixed. The importance of the eye-movements has been recognized more or less clearly since the time of Aristotle. But they are exceedingly delicate phenomena, and difficult to observe introspectively. Moreover, it is obviously rather dangerous to harness the eyes to physiological registering apparatus. So it is, after all, scarcely surprising that we have really known almost nothing about the eye-movements until recently, and that their relation to vision has been consistently misinterpreted both by science and by commonsense.

Which of us has not envied the intellectual genius who is from time to time reported able to take in two or three lines of print at a time, during a single sweep of the eyes across the page? It may be some satisfaction to plodding mediocrity to know that, however fast the man of genius may have read, neither he nor any one else has ever taken in so much as a single word during a sweep of the eyes. A little over a year ago it was demonstrated that, while the eyes are moving, as we look from one point to another in an ordinarily complex field of view, we can distinguish none of the impressions the eyes receive. This means that every one is practically blind to all that occurs about him for no inconsiderable fraction of the time when he believes that he sees best. Few statements would seem more absurdly improbable to the uninitiated than this. Indeed, it would be hard to find any one, however well informed in matters concerning the eye, who would believe the law without seeing the evidence. The reasons for this general incredulity are identical with the reasons why the law remained so long undiscovered, viz., we are never directly conscious of these moments of practical blindness, and we can learn almost nothing about our eye-movements by self-observation.

To restate the formal proof of the law here would be out of place. Since, however, most of my readers are sure to be more or less incredulous, I must repeat at least a part of the evidence.

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All of us see a reflection of our eyes in a mirror many times a day, but no one of us ever saw his own eyes move. It is worth investigating, if you have never noticed the fact, because there is no other simple experiment that is so satisfactory a test of the law. It will not do to watch another's eyes. We can easily see them move, and can even determine by their movements where they are looking. Moreover, it is possible to see our heads move, and so to produce the illusion that we see our eyes during a movement of the point of regard. It may even be possible for some persons to catch sight of the beginning or end of the movement of one eye by means of the other after the latter has come to rest; since it has recently been demonstrated that often our two eyes neither start to move nor stop exactly together. But if the head is at rest and one eye covered, the other eye as it moves about will appear now in one position and again in another, but it can never see itself in motion. There is only one explanation of these facts. Since we can see the movements of another's eyes, our inability to see the movements of our own eyes in a mirror cannot lie in any difficulty of perceiving the eye-movements themselves, but only in practical blindness during the eye-movements. The experiment is singularly precise. Indeed, the writer, during several years of experimentation, has never succeeded in producing any other phenomenon which begins and ends exactly with the eye-movements.

A rather more convincing experiment depends on the smallness of the field of clear vision. If the reader will fixate a letter at the left of this page, the letters and words at the centre of the page will appear as indistinct patches of gray. The same will be true if one fixates a letter at the right of the page. If one looks rapidly from the extreme left to the extreme right, the centre will at no time be seen more distinctly than it was seen from either of the extreme positions. Now, in glancing from left to right, the point of clear vision must have passed across the centre of the page. If the words in the path of the point of regard were not seen clearly, there is only one explanation, and that is that the eye could not see while it was moving. Whoever tries this experiment will find no error in the above description so long as he looks from one point to the other as rapidly as possible; but it may seem to more than one that, if he only looks a little more slowly, the intermediate words may be seen with perfect distinctness. The apparent ability to move the eyes slowly is an illusion. In every case an assistant, looking at the eyes, would have been able to observe that the attempted slow movement was really broken by one or more full stops. Some persons may be able to detect these stops without an assistant, but it is an exceedingly difficult thing to do. Even after many years' experience the writer never dares trust his own introspection in this matter.

The last experiment, besides proving our law, indicates that the velocity of the eye-movements is very imperfectly under the control of the will. Direct experimentation with delicate apparatus confirms this indication. The average duration of an eye-movement by which the point of regard sweeps from one side of this page to the other, at normal reading distance, is about one-twentieth of a second. This will vary with the individual, with the different eyes of the same individual, and with the same eye at different degrees of fatigue. But it is practically uninfluenced by the strongest exertion of the will. It may seem strange that we cannot move our eyes slowly if we choose, but on closer inspection this inability is seen to be a wise provision of nature.

We could gain nothing by voluntary control of the eye-movements. And if we occasionally succeeded in moving them slowly, the results would be altogether unpleasant and misleading. At about one-quarter of the ordinary velocity the whole field of vision would fuse into a uniform gray during every eye-movement. A gray veil would seem to shut out everything from view about four times a second as we read this page. If one winks as fast as possible for about a minute, one gets about the same unpleasant sensations. If the eyes should move still more slowly, the whole field of vision would seem to rush past one at every eye-movement; and we would continually be misled by these illusions of motion.

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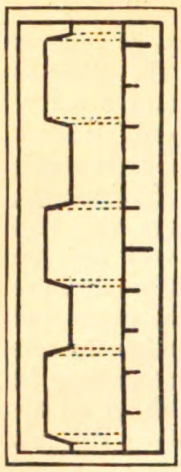


Fig. III.—The broken line at the left of the figure is reproduced from a photographic record of the movements of a point of light on the eyeball, when the subject tried to move his eyes as rapidly as possible back and forth between two points. The duration of the actual eye-movement is represented by the vertical height of the oblique lines; the moments of rest by the length of the vertical lines. The duration of the eye-movements is less than one-tenth of the total time. Yet it seemed to the subject as if his eyes moved continuously. Each division of the scale at the right of the figure corresponds to one-fifth of a second.

Fig. III.

If one takes pains to watch the eyes of a person reading, it will be noticed that each sweep of the eyes across the page to the right is broken by a number of pauses, which may be counted with a little practice. The frequency of these pauses is a fairly good measure of the difficulty of reading. They are fewer if the subject matter read is easy, and the type is large and clear. They are more numerous when one reads a foreign language or a difficult scientific essay. They are much less numerous for rapid readers, but they are never entirely absent.

The general law that we are practically blind during a fraction of a second at each eye-movement has a number of unsuspected consequences. Many a sleight-of-hand trick, apparently depending only on rapidity of movement, really depends for its success on these moments of blindness, when the spectator's eyes attempt to follow a rapid movement of the operator's hand, or unconsciously move in obedience to some other suggestion. More serious are such moments of blindness to the boxer or the fencer. Empirical expediency long ago developed the maxim that both should fixate the eyes of the opponent. This is not merely to avoid giving cues of intended movement, but also to avoid the disastrously numerous moments of blindness which would result if one attempted to follow the motions of the opponent's hands.

If, in a moving street car, one watches the eyes of some person who is interested in the outside objects, one will notice an apparently incessant movement of the eyes. Some are slow as the eyes follow a point of interest. Others are rapid and jerky, as some new point of interest claims the attention. The rapid jerks have all the characteristics of the eye-movements which we have just discussed. They are moments of practical blindness, and serve only to bring a new point of interest into the field of clearest vision. The slow movements are of a totally different type, both in origin and in function. They cannot be produced voluntarily, but they involuntarily follow every continuous movement of the object of regard. They serve the purpose of the previously discussed moments of rest, viz., they keep the point of interest in the field of clearest vision. This new type of movement is peculiar in several respects. It is not a simple reaction to an interesting stimulus, but it is a habitual movement, and may persist after its occasion has ceased, thus giving rise to curious illusions of motion. If one looks at the scenery for a few minutes, from the window of a rapidly moving car, and then suddenly looks at the floor of the car, the whole car will seem to be moving rapidly away from one. This was formerly explained by the law of contrast, but an assistant will notice that the eyes have involuntarily continued to move, just as they did while looking out of the window; so that the image of the car floor moves across the retina just as it would if the floor were really moving ahead while the eyes were still. It will be remembered that we predicted this il-

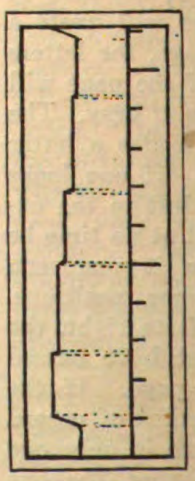


Fig. IV.—From a record of the eye-movements of an average reader, reading one line of an easy scientific essay; obtained by the author and Mr. T. J. Cline. The vertical lines show the number and duration of the fixation pauses, *i. e.*, of the moments when the eye is motionless, and receiving impressions from the text. The vertical height of the oblique lines is a measure of the duration of eye-movements during reading. It will be seen that the eye muscles are at rest more than nine-tenths of the time as we read.

Fig. IV.

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lusion in case the eye should move slowly. Similar illusions accompany the phenomena of dizziness.

If one compares the record of work done when the eye follows a moving object, as represented by the oblique lines of Fig. V., with the record of work done by the eye in reading, as represented by the oblique lines of Fig. IV., it will at once be evident why looking from car windows is so unusually fatiguing. Incessant activity such as this would exhaust the strongest muscles. It is ruinous to the delicate muscles of the eyes. Street cars with seats along the sides, so that the attention is constantly directed towards outside objects directly opposite, are menaces to the public health. They will be prohibited some time by public opinion, if not by law. The sooner the better! Meanwhile, if we value our eyes and our general vitality, we will keep our attention inside moving cars, except so far as we can look well towards the front or the rear. The fatigue of travel will be much lessened for those who will observe this simple rule. It will do more than lessen eye-weariness, since the nervous centres for the co-ordination of the eye-movements are situated in close proximity to the centres for the most important reflex and automatic functions, and even moderate fatigue of the former centres is known to have more or less marked influence on the latter.

A comparison of Figs. IV. and V. would seem to indicate that it would be less fatiguing to read on the cars than to watch the scenery. As far as the movements of the eyeball are concerned, this is undoubtedly true. But the question is complicated by the constant jar of rapid travel, and the consequent blurring effect, which causes serious muscular strains within the eyeball, like those produced by looking at badly focussed stereopticon views. These are probably due to the vain and persistent attempts to correct the blur by changes in the convexity of the eye lens. The nature of the circumstances has precluded experimentation, but all the data obtained by the writer, both direct and indirect, seem to indicate that if the car rides smoothly, reading is incomparably

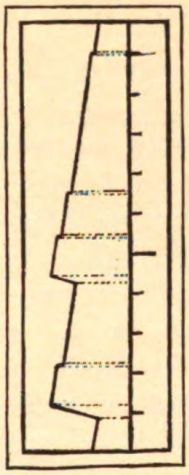


Fig. V.

Fig. V.—Record of an eye following uniformly moving objects; obtained by the author and Mr. J. J. Cogan. It will be noticed that there are no vertical lines. The exclusively oblique lines indicate that in following moving objects there are no moments of rest, but the eyes are in constant motion, more or less rapid, according as the obliquity of the lines in the record approaches the horizontal.

preferable to looking at the scenery, provided the print is large and clear. The travelling public, at least, evidently has some reason to be grateful to those newspapers which print the more important news in heavy type. It should be remembered that in reading a foreign language the attention to details must be closer, so that the evil effects of blurring will be more keenly felt. If the car jolts badly, the eyes had better be kept closed, especially if one needs one's vitality at the journey's end.

To watch the scenery with a minimum of fatigue, pains must be taken to look through a window well ahead. It is even better, if one can control the eye muscles sufficiently, to fixate some point on the window-glass one or two seats ahead. The eyes will in this way be kept motionless, while the general features of the landscape may be seen quite plainly.

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Thessaly

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

SPRING perpetual is in thee,
Thessaly!
Here our Northern boughs are bare,
Ravished by the rougher air;
Nymph and faun are fled away;
Procne left us yesterday.
Would that I might follow there,
And, like her, with folded wing,
By the Aegean, blue and fair,
Greet the spring,—
Would that I were now in thee,
Thessaly! Thessaly!

Jason's *Argo* sailed from thee,
Thessaly!
But were I upon thy shore,
Golden fleece could nevermore
Tempt me seaward,—I would stray,
Like Apollo, all the day,
Careless of Admetus' flocks,
Happy with my dark-haired friend
Hyacinthus, on the rocks.
We should blend
Songs that breathed of love and thee,
Thessaly! Thessaly!

All my dreaming is of thee,
Thessaly!
With an aimless step, and slow,
O'er our Northern hills I go,
Where the snowy uplands speak
Of Olympos' snowy peak,
Where the lowland slopes declare
Tempe far away,—this road
Southward lures to places where
Zeus abode.
Shall I never come to thee,
Thessaly! Thessaly!

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Our Yard

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

THE breadth of Our Yard used to be from the beehives to the red geraniums. When the beehives were New York, the geraniums were Japan, so the distance is easy to calculate. The apple-tree Alps overshadowed New York then, which seems strange now, but geography is not what it used to be. In the lapse of years the Manhattan hives have crumbled in the Alpine shade, an earthquake of garden spade has wiped Japan from the map, and where the scarlet islands lay in the sun there are green billows now, and other little boys in the grass, at play.

In the old days when you sailed away on the front gate, which swung and creaked through storms to the other side of the sea, you could just descry through a fog of foliage the rocky shores of the back-yard fence, washed by a surf of golden-rod. If you moored your ship—for an unlatched gate meant prowling dogs in the garden, and Mother was cross at that—if you anchored your gate-craft dutifully to become a soldier, you could march to the back fence, but it was a long journey. Starting, a drummer-boy, you could never foretell your end, for the future was vague, even with the fence in view, and your cocked hat on your curls, and your drumsticks in your hand. Lizbeth and the dolls might halt you at the front steps and muster you out of service to become a doctor with Grandmother's spectacles and Grandfather's cane. And if the dolls were well that day, with normal pulses and unflushed cheeks, and you marched by with martial melody, there was your stalled hobby-horse on the side porch, neighing to you for clover hay; and stopping to feed him meant desertion from the ranks, to become a farmer, tilling the soil and bartering acorn eggs and clean sand butter on market-day. And even though you marched untempted by bucolic joys, there lay in wait for you the kitchen door, breathing a scent of crullers, or gingerbread, or apple pies, or leading your feet astray to the unscraped frosting-bowl or the remnant cookies burned on one side, and so not good for supper, but fine for weary drummer-boys. So whether you reached the fence that day was a question for you and the day and the sirens that beckoned to you along your way.

Across the clover prairie the trellis mountains reared their vine-clad heights. Through their morning-glories ran a little pass, which led to the enchanted garden on the other side, but the pass was so narrow and overhung with vines that when Grandfather was a pack-horse and carried you through on his back, your outstretched feet would catch on the trellis sides. Then the pack-horse would pick its way cautiously, and you would dig your heels into its sides and hold fast, and so you got through. Once inside the garden, oh, wonder of pansies and hollyhocks and bachelor's-buttons and roses and sweet smells! The sun shone warmest there, and the fairies lived there, Mother said.

"But when it rains, Mother?"

"Oh, then they hide beneath the trellis, under the honeysuckles."

Mother wore an apron and sun-bonnet, and knelt in the little path, digging with a trowel in the moist brown earth. You helped her with your little spade. Under a lilac-bush Lizbeth made mud pies, and the pies of the enchanted garden were the brownest and richest in all Our Yard. They were the most like Mother's, Lizbeth said. Grandfather sat on the wheelbarrow-ship and smoked.

"Do fairies smoke, Grandfather?"

"The old grandfather fairies do," he said.

Of all the flowers in the enchanted garden you liked the roses best, and of all the roses you liked the red. There was a big one that hung on the wall

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above your head. You could just reach it when you stood on tiptoe, and pulling it down to you then, you would bury your face in its petals and take a long snuff, and say,

"Um-m-m."

And when you let it go, it bobbed and curtsied on its prickly stem. But one morning, very early, when you pulled it down to you, you were rough with it, and it sprinkled your face with dew.

"The rose is crying," Lizbeth said.

"You should be very gentle with roses," Mother told you. "Sometimes when folks are sick or cross, just the sight of a red rose cheers them and makes them smile again."

That was a beautiful thought, and it came back to you the day you left Our Yard and ran away. You were gone a long time. It was late in the afternoon when you trudged guiltily back again, and when you were still a long way off you could see Mother waiting for you at the gate. The brown switch, doubtless, was waiting too. So you stole into Our Yard through the back fence, and hid in the enchanted garden, crying and afraid. It began to rain, a gentle summer shower, and like the fairies you hid beneath the honeysuckles. Looking up through your tears, you saw the red rose —and remembered. The rain stopped. You climbed upon the wheelbarrow-ship and pulled the rose from the vine. Trembling, you approached the house. Softly you opened the front door. At the sight of you Mother gave a little cry. Your lip quivered; the tears rolled down your cheeks; for you were cold and wet and dreary.

"M-mother," you said, with outstretched hand, "here's a r-rose I brought you;" and she folded you and the flower in her arms. It was true, then, what she had told you — that when people are cross there is sometimes nothing in the world like the sight of a sweet red rose to cheer them and make them smile again.

Once in Our Yard, you were safe from bad boys and their fists, from bad dogs and their bites, and all the other perils of the road. Yet Our Yard had its dangers too. Through the rhubarb thicket in the corner of the fence stalked a black bear. You had heard him growl. You had seen the flash of his white teeth. You had tracked him to his lair. Just behind you, one hand upon your coat, came Lizbeth.

"'Sh! I see him," you whispered as you raised your wooden gun.

Bang! Bang!

And the bear fell dead.

"Don't hurt Pussy," said Mother, warningly.

"No," you said, and the dead bear purred and rubbed his head against your legs. Once, after you had killed and eaten him, he mewed and ran before you to his basket-cave; and there were five little bears, all blind and crying, and you took them home and tamed them by the kitchen fire.

But the bear was nothing to the Wild Man who lived next door. In the barn, close to your fence, he lay in wait for little girls and boys to eat them and drink their blood and gnaw their bones. Oh, you had seen him once yourself, as you peered through a knot-hole in the barn-side. He was sitting on an upturned water-pail, smoking a pipe and muttering.

You and Lizbeth stole out to look at him. Hand in hand you tiptoed across the clover prairie where the red Indians roved. You scanned the horizon, but there was not a feather or painted face in sight to-day—though they always came when you least expected them, popping up from the tall grass with wild, blood-curdling yells, and scalping you when you didn't watch out. Across the prairie, then, you went, silently, hand in hand. The sun fell warm and golden in the open. Birds were singing in the sky, unmindful of the lurking perils among the tall grass and beyond the fence. Back of you were home and Mother's arms, and in the pantry window, cooling, two juicy pies. Before you, across the clover, a great gray dungeon frowned upon you; within its walls a creature of blood and mystery waiting with hungry jaws. Hushed and timorous, you approached.

"Oh, I'm afraid," Lizbeth whimpered. Savagely you caught her arm.

"'Sh! He'll hear you," you hissed through chattering teeth. A cloud hid the sun, and the ominous shadow fell upon you as you crouched, trembling, on the edge of the raspberry wood.

"'Sh!" you said. Under cover of the

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forest shade you crept with bated breath, on all-fours, stealthily. Oh, what was that? That awful sound, that hideous groan? From the barn it came, with a crunching of teeth and a rattle of chain. Lizbeth gave a little cry, seized you, and hid her face against your coat.

"'Sh!" you said. "That's him! Hear him!"

Through wood and prairie rang a piercing cry—

"Mother! I want my mother!"

And Lizbeth fled, wailing, across the plain. You followed—to cheer her.

"Cowardy Calf!" you said, but you did not say it till you had reached the kitchen door. And in hunting the Wild Man you never got farther than his groan.

Mornings in Our Yard the clover prairie sparkled with a million gems. The fairies had dropped them, dancing in the moonbeams, while you slept. Strung on a blade of grass you found a necklace of diamonds left by the queen herself in her flight at dawn, but when you plucked it, the quivering brilliants melted into water drops and trickled down your hand. Then the warm sun came and took the diamonds back to the fairies again—but your shoes were still damp with dew. And by-and-by you would be sneezing, and Mother would be taking down bottles for you, for the things that fairies wear are not good for little boys. And if ever you squash the fairies' diamonds beneath your feet, and don't change your shoes, the fairies will be angry with you, and you will be catching cold; and if you take the queen's necklace—oh, then watch out, for they will be putting a necklace of red flannel on you!

Wide-awake was Our Yard in the morning with its birds and wind and sunshine and your play, but when noonday dinner was over there was a yawning in the trees. The birds hushed their songs. Grandfather dozed in his chair on the porch. The green grass dozed in the sun. And as the shadows lengthened even the perils slept—Indians on the clover prairie, bear in the rhubarb thicket, Wild Man in the barn. In the apple-tree shade you lay wondering, looking up at the sky—wondering why bees purred like pussy-cats, why the sparrows bowed to you as they eyed you sidewise, what they twittered in the leaves, where the clouds went when they sailed to the end of the sky. Three clouds there were, floating above the apple-tree, and two were big and one was little.

"The big clouds are the Mother and Father clouds," you told yourself, for no one was there to hear, "and the little one is the Little Boy cloud, and they are out walking in the sky. And now the Mother cloud is talking to the Little Boy cloud. 'Hurry up,' she says; 'why do you walk so slow?' And the Little Boy cloud says, 'I can't go any faster 'cause my legs are so short.' And then the Father cloud laughs and says, 'Let's have some ice-cream soda.' Then the Little Boy cloud says, 'I'll take vaniller, and make it sweet,' and they all drink. And by-and-by they all go home and have supper, and after supper the Mother cloud undresses the Little Boy cloud, and puts on his nighty, and he kneels down and says, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' And then the Mother cloud kisses the Little Boy cloud on both cheeks and on his eyes and on his curls and on his mouth twice, and he cuddles down under the moon and goes to sleep. And that's all."

Far beyond the apple-tree, far beyond your ken, the three clouds floated—Father and Mother and Little Son—else your story had been longer; and in the floating of little clouds, in the making of little stories, in the sleeping of little boys, it was always easiest when Our Yard slumbered in the afternoon.

When supper was over a bonfire blazed in the western sky, just over the back fence. The clouds built it, you explained to Lizbeth, to keep themselves warm at night. It was a beautiful fire, all gold and red, but as Our Yard darkened the fire sank lower till only the sparks remained, and sometimes the clouds came and put the sparks out too. When the moon shone you could see, through the window by your bed, the clover prairie and the trellis mountains, silver with fairies, and you longed to hold one in your hand. But when the night fell moonless and starless, the fairies in Our Yard groped their way—you could see their lanterns twinkling in the trees—and there were goblins under every bush, and, crouching in the black shadows, was

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the Wild Man, gnawing a little boy's bone. Oh, Our Yard was awful on a dark night, and when you were tucked in bed and the lamp was out and Mother away downstairs, you could hear the Wild Man crunching his bone beneath your window, and you pulled the covers over your head. But always when you woke Our Yard was bright and green again, for though the moon ran away some nights, the sun came every day.

With all its greenness and its brightness and its vastness and its enchanted garden, Our Yard bore a heavy yoke. You were not quite sure what the burden was, but it was something about tea. Men, painted and feathered like the red Indians, had gone one night to a ship in the harbor and poured the tea into the sea. That you knew; and you had listened and heard of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

Through the window you saw Our Yard smiling in the morning sun; trees green with summer; flight of white clouds in the sky; flight of brown birds in the bush. Wondering, you saw it there, a fair land manacled by a tyrant's hand, and the blood mounted to your cheeks.

"Mother, I want my sword."

"It is where you left it, my boy."

"And my soldier hat and drum."

"They are under the stairs."

Over your shoulder you slung your drum. With her own hands Mother belted your sword around you and set your cocked hat on your curls. Then twice she kissed you, and you marched away to the music of your drum. She watched you from the open door.

It was a windy morning, and you were bravest in the wind. From the back fence to the front gate, from the beehives to the red geraniums, there were the scent and stir of battle in the air. Rhubarb thicket and raspberry wood re-echoed with the beat of drums and the tramp of marching feet. Far away beyond the wood-pile hills, behind the trellis mountains where the morning-glories clung, tremulous, in the gale, even the enchanted garden woke from slumber and the flowers shuddered in their peaceful beds. On you marched, through the wind and the morning, on through Middlesex, village and farm, till you heard the cannon and the battle cries.

"Halt!"

You unslung your drum. Mounting your charger, you galloped down the line.

"Forward!"

And you rode across the blood-stained clover. Into the battle you led them, sword in hand—into the thickest of the fight—while all about you, thundering in the apple boughs, reverberating in the wood-pile hills, roared the guns of the west wind. Fair in the face of that cannonade you flung the flower of your army. Around you lay the wounded, the dead, the dying. Beneath you your charger fell, blood gushing from his torn side. A thrust bayonet swept off your cocked hat. You were down yourself. Tut! 'Twas a mere scratch—and you struggled on. Repulsed, you rallied and charged again . . . . again . . . . again, across the clover, to the mouths of the smoking guns. Afoot, covered with blood, your shattered sword gleaming in the morning sun, you stood at last on the scorched heights. Before your flashing eyes, a rout of redcoats in retreat; behind your tossing curls, the buff and blue.

A cry of triumph came down the beaten wind:

"Mother! Mother! We licked 'em!"

"Whom?"

"The British!"

And Our Yard was free.

Each Parting

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

FOR me, it may be Good-by forever . . .
God! and I must not faint or cry—
But smile while I feel my life-strands sever . . .
For him, it is just—"Good-by."

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.



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See page 952

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE

But pass'd is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door—

The parlor splendors of that festive place

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The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose—
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay—
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks; nor shall it more impart

The host himself no longer shall be found

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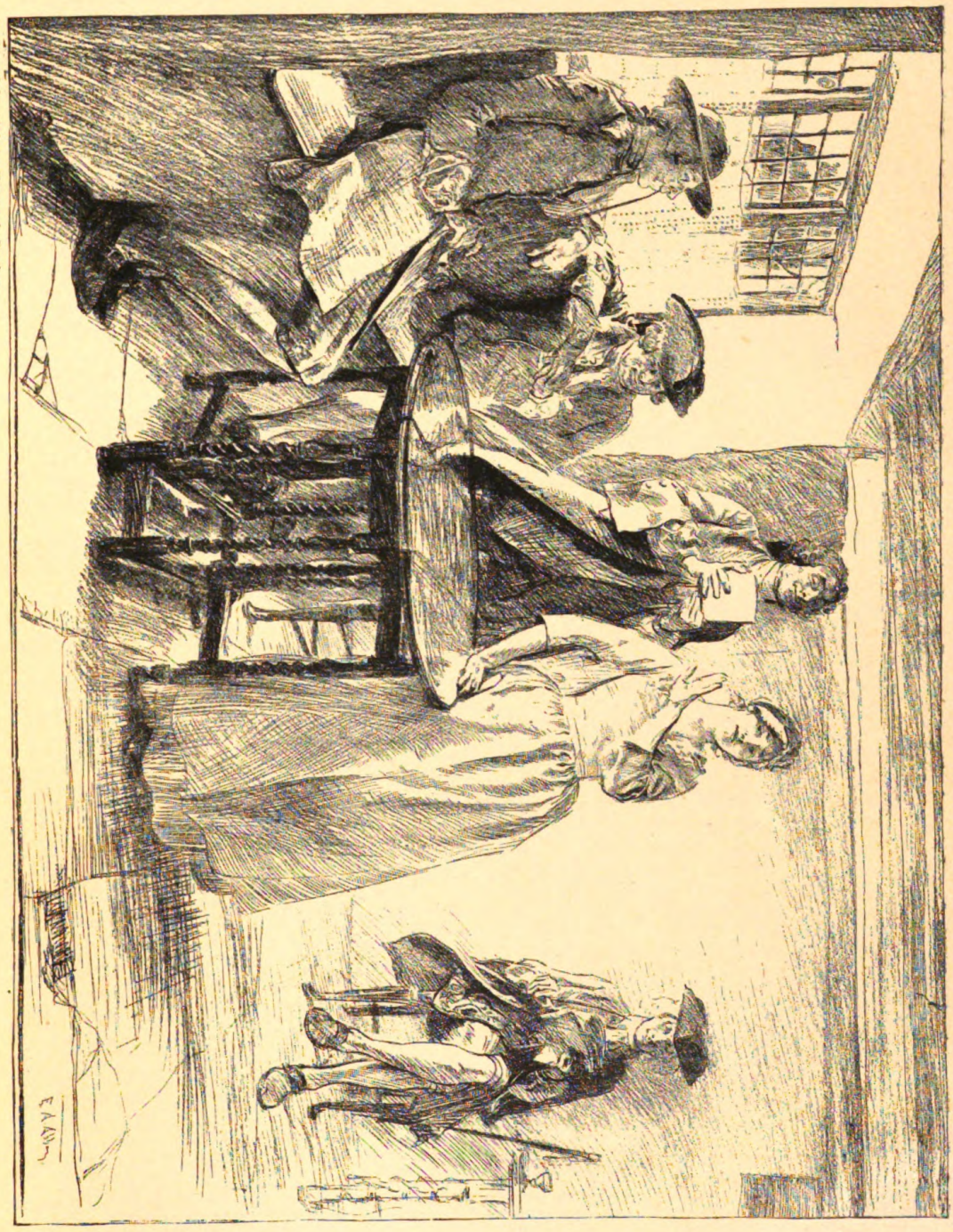
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An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be press'd

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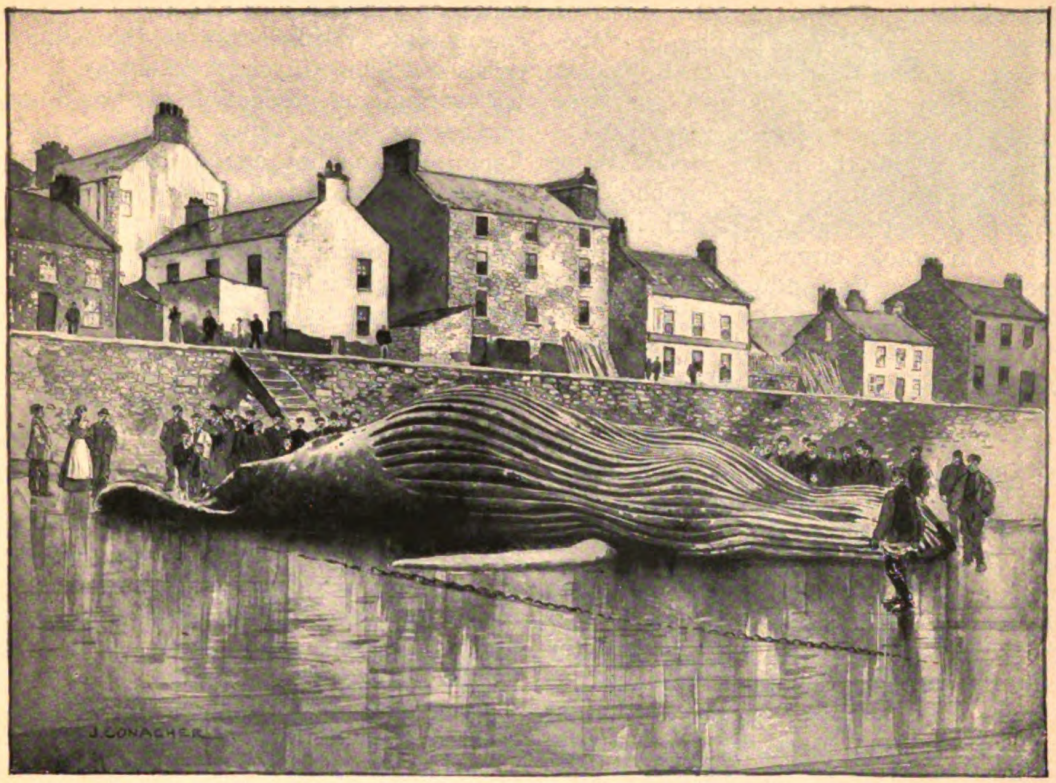
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LONG-ARMED WHALE (40 FEET)
(Lying back down at Stonehaven, 1884)

Marine Fish-Destroyers

BY WILLIAM CARMICHAEL McINTOSH, LL.D., F.R.Ss.L.

Director of the Gatty Marine Laboratory, St. Andrews, Scotland

THE problem of the abundance or scarcity of the sea fishes, like a nightmare, is ever with us, but in the mind of the modern man it is almost always associated with this or that engine of destruction (different from his own) wielded by his fellow, and combined with thoughts of protection, restriction, and prohibition,—of by-laws, prosecutions, confiscations, and fines. Let all this be left behind, and for the moment a picture made of the condition of things before man breathed the post-Pliocene or earlier air, and before the troubles, real and imaginary, linked to his eager pursuit of the fishes arose. Then the sea and its finny multitudes were undisturbed by his far-reaching ways, and oceanic forms were left to shape their purpose in life, modified only by the forces of nature.

From the earliest spine of the Plagiostome (a kind of shark) in the upper Ludlow rock—one of the most recent of the Silurian system—fishes, which never fail to eat each other, and large fish-destroyers, have abounded throughout the Devonian, Old Red Sandstone, Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic, Cretaceous, Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene periods on to recent times. Until those changes resulting in the disappearance of whole families of fishes and fish-destroyers took place, there was no lack of either in those ancient seas. There is no parallel in modern times to

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this obliteration of race after race of fishes, some of them leaving no successors. Nor could the approach of such catastrophes have slackened the war waged by almost every race against its fellows, and by the larger air-breathing forms against all, even if they had been capable of appreciating it. Their lives were one whole circuit of destruction, unchecked by the influences which at present prevail. Does the geological record show, for instance, that the giant fish-destroyers swept the primitive seas barren by their voracity; was the balance maintained; or did this condition tend to the increase of the fishes?

While the gigantic *Dinichthys* — of the Devonian rocks of North America and of the Old Red Sandstone—with its mailed head three feet in length, and jaws armed with formidable teeth, and the powerful *Rhizodus*, and perhaps the Labyrinthodonts of the Carboniferous system, are examples of great destroyers of fishes in their times, they held a subordinate position to those which followed in the Triassic seas. Teeming with fishes, as our own now are, those ancient oceans differed in so far as their finny tribes were kept in check solely by their fellows and the predaceous air-breathing reptiles or other types of the period. Especially in that age of reptiles, the Jurassic, gigantic reptilians took the place of the fish-eating whales of later ages, and caused an enormous drain on fish life. These included large crocodilians—eighteen feet long—which ventured seaward to a much greater distance than the living gavial of the Ganges. Moreover, their number and their gigantic size counterbalanced the agencies man now puts in force against the fishes.

The largest Ichthyosaurs were between thirty and forty feet in length, and occurred in considerable numbers in a comparatively limited area during the long period stretching from the upper Triassic and Rhætic to the Chalk. Fusiform in shape, and some with a long, pointed snout almost like that of the Gangetic dolphin, the head joined to the body without a distinct neck, those giant fish-destroyers were adapted no less for deep than for shallow water, propelling themselves by their powerful tails, which had a vertical fin, and deft in balancing themselves by strong paddles or flippers, in their irresistible chase after their lesser neighbors. In some these paddles were between five and six feet long, larger in the older, narrower in the more recent forms, as if a less purely pelagic habit were indicated. Nor did these reptiles confine their attacks to fishes, but the smaller members of their own race were occasionally seized, to vary their dietary. The huge size of their eyes, which, like those of birds, had a broad ring of bony plates round the eyeball, enabled

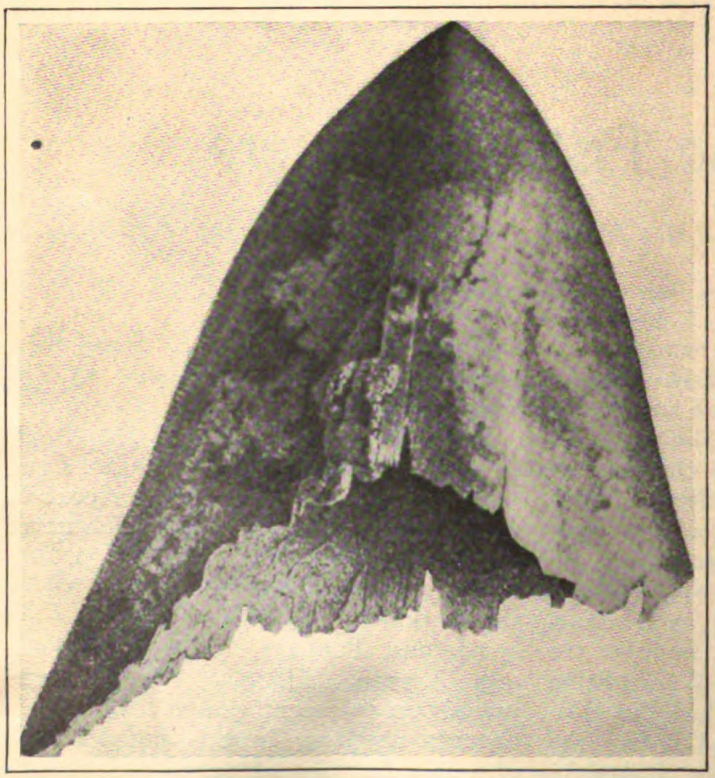


FIG. I.—TOOTH OF LARGE SHARK DREDGED BY THE "CHALLENGER" IN THE PACIFIC
(Nearly natural size)

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them to descry their prey afar, to detect it in the recesses of the dusky depths, in the shadows of rocks and stones, or in the mazes of the sea-weed forests. Once seen, there was small chance of escape from a foe so swift and so well armed, for the formidable teeth (without distinct sockets) were ranged in jaws which in some were four feet long. These great Ichthyosaurs fed on the finny tribes much as the modern toothed whales now do, and they also had to come to the surface to breathe.

The Ichthyosaurs at least gave fair warning of their approach. It was otherwise with the long-necked Plesiosaurs —which continued to the Mesozoic age— with their larger paddles, for by a swift forward plunge of the head their prey was seized by sharp teeth in distinct sockets, while yet the body was distant, for their large and keen eyes gave them great range of vision. Thus, whether near the surface, middle, or bottom of the water, their sphere of action was extensive, and their movements subtle and sudden. No trawl could so efficiently search the waters as the two powerful forms just mentioned, and yet these were but two of the many predatory types, which, though less in size, were proportionally destructive to the fishes around them. Thus those primitive seas—gorgeous in their brightly colored, slender-stalked, and graceful Pentacrinoids (stone-lilies), waving like beautiful flowers from the rocks—were but the scenes of continuous rapine and wholesale slaughter of the finny tribes by each other and their huge reptilian tyrants, one of which (Pliosaurus), from the Kimmeridge clay, had a jaw six feet long, a tooth measuring fifteen inches, and a paddle of seven feet, thus exceeding in size the two forms above mentioned.

Contemporaneous with these colossal marine fish-destroyers were the batlike Pterodactyles—flying lizards with toothed or smooth jaws, pneumatic bones, and an insatiable appetite for fishes. As some of the toothless examples discovered by the late Professor Marsh in the Chalk of North America had jaws a yard in length, and others had a spread of wing of fully twenty feet, it was no trifling amount of fishes that was necessary to support them. These weird bat-like lizards with their membranous wings could shuffle on land as well as perch on rocks (Sir A. Geikie).

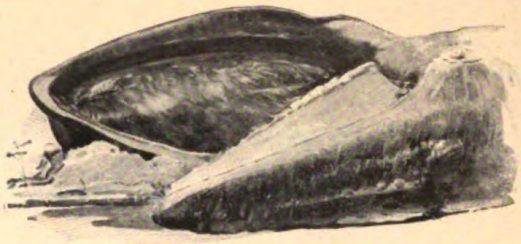


FIG. II.—HEAD AND MOUTH OF COMMON RORQUAL
(The lower Jaw uppermost)

The ponderous bodies of the Ichthyosaurs and Plesiosaurs, besides being at home in the sea, also, as Sir Richard Owen says, "sought the shores, crawled on the sand, and basked in the sunshine"; and therein they differed from all the great whales of modern times, only one of which, the gray whale of the Pacific shores of America, could even rest with safety on the bottom in shallow water.

The number of the Ichthyosaurs, Plesiosaurs, and other gigantic tyrants of the ocean, in-shore as well as off-shore, gives rise to many reflections. Everything being left to nature, no regulation as to size, quantity, or season held sway amongst the predaceous inhabitants of the sea. The mature as well as immature forms were devoured, and this with a daily regularity unknown even in the most enterprising fishing communities of modern time. Yet it cannot be said that the fishes on which they fed were in any way seriously reduced, or that the extinction of any species was thus brought about. The vast numbers of eggs and young were sufficient for maintaining the supply, and thus nature kept the balance.

But there is another aspect to the question which has to be considered. As these reptilian monsters, of prodigious weight and great power, roamed through the waters, both deep and shallow, at all seasons, they would habitually crush, as they rested on or touched the sea-floor, the more delicate organisms, such as the eggs and tiny young of the multitudes of the fishes around them, as well as quantities of the food of fishes. For it has to be borne in mind that the eggs of all the known ganoids of modern

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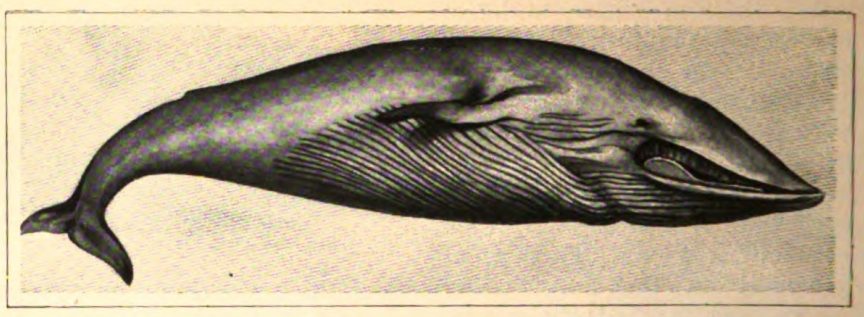


FIG. III.—SIBBALD'S RORQUAL, OR RAZOR-BACK WHALE (FEMALE)
(After Sir William Turner)

times are demersal—that is, lie on the bottom or are fixed near it—and it is probable that the rule held in the epochs now being dealt with. So far as can be made out, no pelagic (floating) eggs, so common now, occurred in those ancient seas. As the huge body (it may be four or five tons in weight) rested on the tufted zoophytes and sea-weeds coated with mud, and which with the adjoining stones were covered with the eggs of the innumerable ganoids, besides the delicate young just hatched, whilst the still tiny older forms hovered in dense shoals near, the havoc must have been great. Some of the active young might, by swift darts, escape the ponderous body, only to be annihilated by the powerful paddles as they adjusted themselves to make their owner comfortable. As these and other gigantic fish-destroyers fed daily throughout the year, rested and renewed their toils several times a day, no modern apparatus for the capture of fishes can be compared with them. Moreover, unlike the modern trawl, they swept the oceans from surface to bottom, from the regions in the Arctic Circle to Europe, Asia, America, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

Taking all the evidences of the Triassic period into consideration, the seas were as much (if not more) harassed by the multitudes of giant fish-destroyers as if the hand of man had lent its aid to that of nature. The only check to fish-destruction was the war which such colossal forms had with each other, or perhaps, when on land, with the still more gigantic Deinosaurs, some of which, such as *Atlantosaurus*, reached about one hundred feet in length, with a height of thirty feet. The thigh-bone alone was eight feet high. Further, it is possible, from the numbers of these predaceous reptiles found in a comparatively limited area in the Lias, that they were capable of acting on the fish fauna of a region much more effectively than modern agencies of every kind did in the free days of the Moray Frith in Scotland, and yet with no greater influence on the permanent abundance and variety of their finny prey. Nature is never at fault with the sea fishes and their environment.

The waters of the Cretaceous period witnessed the advent of a great variety of bony fishes (Teleosts), which included all the chief forms now used as food by man. These, and the older types which survived from the former age, afforded inexhaustible nourishment for such as the huge *Mosasaurus*, seventy-five feet in length, which haunted the shores of the sea, and followed its prey by aid of four great paddles formed like the flippers of a whale, and seized it by large, sharp teeth fixed (by nature's dentistry) to the summit of the jaws by bony union. Pterodactyles there were also, with a stretch from tip to tip of flying membrane of twenty-five feet. Here, too, occurred *Elasmosaurus*, a gigantic snake-like creature measuring forty feet in length, from the Cretaceous rocks of North America. Raising its slim, arrow-shaped head on a swanlike neck twenty feet out of the water, it could breathe at ease, whilst the body was far beneath the surface. Then plunging it downward through a space of forty feet to the bottom, it searched in shallow water every nook and cranny for its prey, or

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drew supplies from the water to the right and the left. In short, it swept the sea as no modern trawl has yet learned to do, viz., from surface to bottom in water of moderate depth, and this with comparative ease, and without altering the position of the body. If flat fishes had lurked in the sand, sandy mud, or chalk mud of the period, no trawl, seine, or gill-net would have been so effective, for the bottom would have been probed with a sensitive snout, and irregularities of surface would have availed little to its unerring eye. Wandering far from land, Professor Cope says, its fish dietary was sufficiently varied, as revealed by the teeth and scales now found in the position of the stomach. As no less than forty species have been described, some idea may be formed of the thousands of predatory tyrants—ranging to seventy feet in length—which checked the procreative activity of those ancient fishes. Yet was there no sign of extinction. Those veritable "sea-serpents" possessed a remarkably elongate form—chiefly of the tail; their heads were large, flat, and conical, with the eyes partly directed upward, so that their range of vision enabled them to survey the water above as well as laterally, like some pelagic creatures of to-day. They swam by means of two pairs of paddles like the flippers of a whale and the eel-like strokes of the flattened tail. Like snakes and certain lizards, they had four rows of formidable teeth on the roof of the mouth which firmly grasped their prey. Like snakes also, they had an enormous gape, each half of the lower jaw being articulated between chin and ear, so that large prey could be swallowed by the loose and wrinkled throat—akin to that of the pelican (Sir A. Geikie). Moreover, in their attacks on the fishes they were aided by numerous sharks.

It is probable that these huge forms and others equally predatory were not all living at the same time, but, so far as can be judged, a very large number contemporaneously harried the oceans of the period, perhaps as many in a given area as the North Sea trawlers—than whom they were certainly not less destructive. No storms affected their supplies, no periodical visits to port shortened their chase after prey, and no damaged or worn-out gear slackened their ceaseless activity.

Fortunately these widely distributed and gigantic destroyers of fishes for the most part vanished in the Eocene, yet sharks, voracious rays, crocodiles, sea snakes, and fish-eating birds were very prominent. Even to comparatively recent times huge sharks with conical teeth (Fig. I.) between four and five inches in length frequented the Pacific, whilst smaller forms everywhere abounded—linking on the old fauna to the new.

In drawing deductions from the fossil remains of fishes and their destroyers, moreover, it has to be remembered that the geological record is admittedly imperfect, and that the few remains which man has laboriously collected give but a glimpse of the vast numbers of fishes—in shoals or otherwise—and the abundance of their destroyers. Even in the great voyage of the *Challenger* scarcely any remains of this nature came from the bottom except sharks' teeth, and yet the oceans everywhere teemed with fishes. The scanty record of the rocks, further, stands conspicuous-

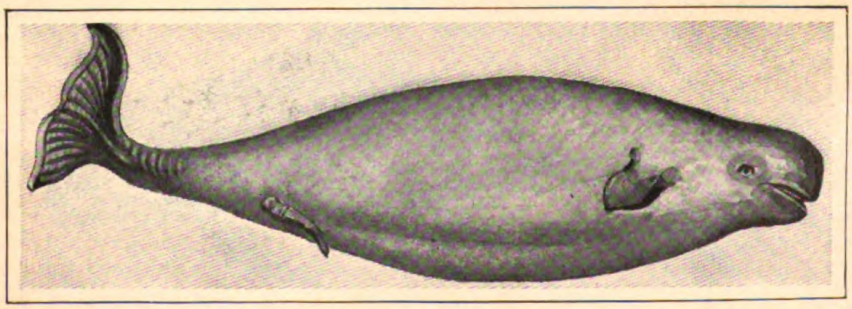


FIG. IV.—WHITE WHALE (MALE)
(Beck's British Manual)

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ly out when it is considered that, at least, all these ancient sharks must have produced vast numbers of young; yet how many of these are known? All the ganoid fishes, for instance, which swarmed in the Jurassic seas produced countless eggs (demersal—that is, non-floating), and these gave birth to multitudes of young, which passed through the post-larval and very young conditions before reaching the adult state; yet of these there is no trace. It is just as if, in modern times, a plaice had here and there been preserved, or perchance a group, whilst its pelagic eggs, tiny larvæ, post-larval forms, and myriads of young in the shallow margins of the sandy beaches had all been obliterated.



FIG. V.—NARWHAL WHALE

A survey of the past history of fishes thus gives no grounds for the belief that these giant fish-destroyers, the united energies of which, with other aids, equalled if not exceeded those of modern agencies, natural and artificial, caused any dearth of their finny prey, followed by their own wasting and extinction. Many of those they preyed on continued from one formation to another, until, in poetic language, the fiat went forth and the mysterious changes proved fatal, leaving their well-nourished frames and often their well-filled stomachs to testify to later ages the beneficent nature of their environment in those primeval seas.

In the transition period between the waning of the great reptilian fish-destroyers and the modern fauna there appeared two whalelike types of a more generalized form, viz., the Squalodonts and the Zeuglodonts. Both had teeth in both jaws arranged in four series, like the mammals of to-day, to wit, cutting teeth, canine teeth, milk-molars, and molars. The former was common in the Miocene and Pliocene of Europe, America, and Australia, and reached a length of thirty feet. The Zeuglodonts were larger, for they attained the length of seventy feet, but their limbs are unknown. These extinct forms occurred in great numbers, if their remains in the Red Crag be taken as evidence; and if they had the habits of modern cetaceans—to which they show certain intermediate resemblances—they kept up the warfare against the fishes over a vast area.

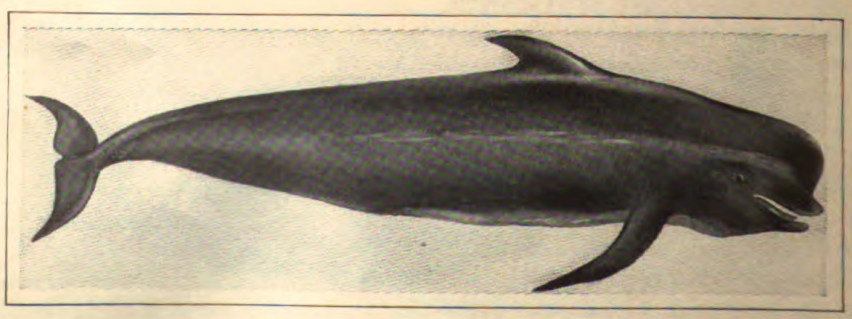


FIG. VI.—CAAING OR PILOT WHALE (FEMALE)
(After Dr. Murie)

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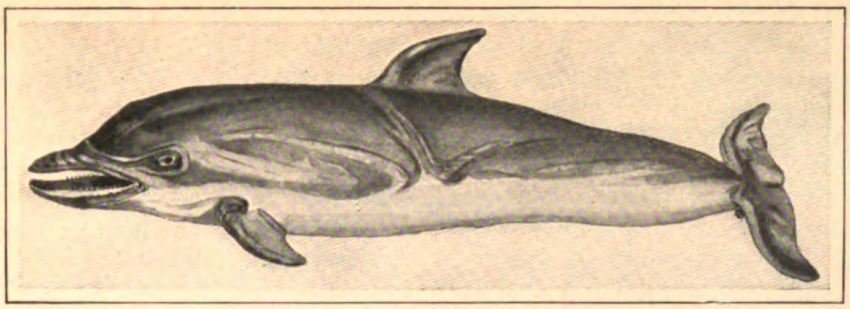


FIG. VII.—COMMON DOLPHIN

In the literature of the present day man as a marine fish-destroyer takes the chief place, and it is not often that reference is made to the constant drain on adult fishes made by other forms. Yet the group of the modern whales, the largest of all living animals, contains many fish-eating forms—even amongst the colossal whalebone whales — which are known from the Miocene onward.

Foremost amongst these fish-destroyers is the common rorqual, or razor-back (Fig. II.), so well known to herring-fishermen, and whose presence is rather welcomed on the fishing-grounds, since it betokens an abundant capture of herrings. It reaches the length of sixty or seventy feet. The number of herrings devoured by ten or twenty of these finners, or fin-whales—for as many have occasionally been seen on the herring-ground—would nearly equal the catch of the fishermen, and taking the average for a year, would probably exceed it. Eight hundred arctic smelts have been taken from the stomach of one example (Beddard). This whale, apparently by its intelligence and familiarity with the fishermen's ways, is sometimes quite bold, coming close to the boats and brushing the nets as they are drawn to seize the herrings. Not very long ago, one, easily recognized by the short flipper of one side, followed the shoals of herrings in the Irish Sea for several seasons, and was always welcomed by the fishermen. A sportsman, however, fired at and wounded it, after which it did not return—to the regret of the fishermen, who imagined that their captures were diminished by this unlucky interference with their harbinger of plenty. These finners extend over a great area, and their combined tax on the fishes must be enormous as well as constant.

But whilst the activity of the common rorqual makes its presence conspicuous in the shoals of herring, it is far inferior in bulk to the huge Sibbald's rorqual (Fig. III.), the *Steypireythr* of the Icelanders, which attains a length of about eighty feet. Though its dietary is varied, consisting of shrimps ("Krill") off the Norwegian shores, it also devours fishes in the arctic seas, and must be placed among the fish-destroyers. The enormous numbers of the arctic capelin necessary to maintain a body of about seventy tons in weight is in itself a striking feature. A few hundreds of these gigantic whales would probably consume as many marine fishes and shrimps in a year as certain enterprising nations bordering on the North Sea. So likewise in proportion would the smaller rorqual, not uncommon off the northeastern shores of Britain, and which reaches twenty-five to thirty feet. The presence of a white bar across the upper surface of the flipper makes its recognition easy. Fishes form its food. Another large destroyer of fishes is the hump-backed or long-armed whale—a specimen of which is shown at the beginning of this paper—which occasionally follows sprats and young herrings into estuaries. It differs from the fin-whales by its stouter form, large head, and smaller upper jaw. Its tail is also proportionally broader, and is symmetrically fimbriated on its posterior edge, whilst its flippers are remarkable for their great length and thickness and their pure white color. This whale is usually credited with being neither shy nor fierce, yet it is full of intelligence and

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of great strength. Thus the specimen harpooned in the Tay in 1884 kept itself from being beached by sounding with its long flippers, and it towed several boats made fast to it by harpoons a whole day till dusk, when the lines snapped. One stranded near Newcastle had swallowed seven cormorants—a curious variation in its ordinary dietary of fishes.

These and other whalebone whales scattered over the great oceans will destroy in a year a mass of fishes which would form a large proportion of the total captures by man on either side of the Atlantic.

But the foregoing forms do not exhaust the air-breathing fish-destroyers of to-day. The great group of the toothed whales, which are as old as the Miocene, is perhaps, from its numbers, even a more formidable and persistent enemy to the fishes. The most gigantic of these, the sperm-whale, need not be considered at present, though it mingles a fish now and then with its staple diet of cuttle-fish. The white whale (Fig. IV.) is a constant fish-destroyer, and though it does not grow beyond twelve or sixteen feet, its numbers in the arctic seas are considerable. The same may be said of the narwhal (Fig. V.), schools of which are not uncommon in the arctic waters. Those who have watched hundreds of porpoises feeding on the shores of the Zetlandic bays, and who are familiar with the contents of their stomachs, can estimate the enormous loss this extensively distributed species causes to fish life, even to the most esteemed fishes. A school of caaing or pilot whales (Fig. VI.) two hundred in number will also devour an incredible quantity of valuable fishes in a year, and as they have been known to occur in herds of upward of a thousand, their destructive powers are both constant and prodigious. So also is it with the schools of dolphins (Fig. VII.), a widely distributed species, and to a large extent fish-destroyers. The toothed whales are in every ocean, and some, like the Gangetic dolphin, or susu, and the *Inia* of the Amazon, abide in the great rivers.

The sum total of all the losses to fish life by the living whales, not to allude to the hordes of predaceous sharks and dog-fishes in every ocean, nor to the vast destruction of food-fishes by each other, must far exceed the efforts of man. If to this is added the constant drain caused by the innumerable seals, fishing-birds, and sea-otters, the grand total must, indeed, exceed belief. It is not long since a Dundee whaler could sail for sixty miles past ice-floes covered with young seals in countless numbers, yet were the sea fishes not seriously affected.

Seeing that statistics at present are either unreliable or adverse, and that the food-fishes gain no real protection, it may be asked, what need has man to make laws and pass by-laws, close great areas and shut certain fishermen out of the sea within the three-mile limit? Nature, as revealed in her life-histories of the fishes, pays scant respect to such regulations. The only apparent result that can follow is the protection afforded to lines and nets from the powerful apparatus used in other methods of fishing. The extinction of no species of food-fish has taken place in modern seas.



PTERODACTYL OR WINGED LIZARD (ONE-SEVENTH NATURAL SIZE)
(From British Museum Guide)

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The Conquerors of New York

BY JULIAN RALPH

THE majority of us in New York came to the town from other parts of the world or of the nation, and feel ourselves so many conquerors. Let no one who has not experienced the thrill of success declare conquest too mighty a word to apply to the process of mounting above the heads of New York's millions, or even to that of securing a firm foothold in the community—so harsh, so unsympathetic toward new-comers, so greedily bent upon caring for itself. There lives and commands and rolls in his carriage many and many a man who shudders when he thinks of all he blindly took arms against when he undertook to make his lonely, friendless way among the struggling millions and the overseeing few. God pity him if he fails to feel a heart-response to the usually dumb struggles of the young and the poor who are keeping up the eternal course of replenishing the city's crowds, who are forever newly playing the old hard game!

But habit, which science tells us has even transformed the many-membered feet of the bear into the flipper of the walrus, and the divided feet of the horse into the hoof which he flings to-day, has done its work in accustoming the conquerors to their triumph. It is the foot-soldier on the way to promotion who most keenly realizes the meaning of the victory for which he strives. It was young Alexander Turney Stewart, measuring linen for customers, a yard at a time, in his little shop near the City Hall, who felt the full gravity of the conflict for a foothold. A. T. Stewart, the multi-millionaire, driving from a grand mansion to his palaces of commerce, could not clearly remember a tithe of the worries, obstacles, and disappointments which beset his early struggles.

Will Van Dorn heaps his home with the roses of victory now that he is an honored judge on the bench, but when this tale begins, blood dripped almost from his heart with the wounds of many thorns, and he had not succeeded in plucking a single rose. He was in the birth-pangs of his New York career.

Let us look back to the days of this raw recruit learning the elementary drill and bending to the strengthening discipline, both so essential to the development of a prospective general-in-command.

Will Van Dorn, college-bred and diplomaed as a lawyer, had, at twenty-four years old, tired of serving in a country law-office for no pay, and had come to the great city to earn a salary at similar work and to rise to a practice of his own. If you are an observant New-Yorker, or if you have worked your own way up from the ranks and know the story behind each face in the streets, you will to-day see many youths repeating his experience. In the dairy restaurant, where you take a noonday's sandwich with coffee, you will notice a gaunt and anæmic youth, in clothes of clumsy cloth and country cut, outstaying all the others to chat with the pert young waitress in a black alpaca frock who serves that table. There is no evil or folly in his face or manner. He simply hungers for a word with the girl, so like, in shape and dress and kindly feminine ways, the Hannahs and Susies, the Mollies and Ellies, he left behind him in the country.

Van Dorn had been living on remittances of twenty-five dollars a month, spared with difficulty by his poor parents. He had spent weeks in looking for a place in a law-office, had secured two temporary places during the holidays of luckier men; now, for the third time, he was seeking work. Worse yet, he had engaged to put one hundred dollars in a speculation which was declared absolutely certain to return five dollars for one. He had been fooled, and was in debt one whole quarter's income.

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On the day this story opens he owed Mrs. McNulty a week's money for lodgings in her tenement rooms, and he was resolved not to go back to her or to claim his paltry belongings until he could pay his debt or had found employment. That was why he stood on the "Avenoo" in front of Tom Spellissy's "Tiger Hotel," which was, in common parlance, a corner saloon—a Raines law hotel, doing double-barrelled iniquity and well named the "Tiger."

The "Avenoo" is always crowded at night, and so it was at this time. The crowd always sweeps by regardless of its own component parts, and most assuredly indifferent to the idlers, beggars, drunkards, and outcasts on its fringes. So it swept by on this occasion. The plight of Will Van Dorn would not have sufficed to halt, to interest, or even to amuse it, had he painted his story upon a board and hung it around his neck.

Van Dorn had nothing better to do than to watch the people and reflect upon what he saw, and he had all the time necessary for the most intelligent study and the calmest reflection. A fine fellow he looked, tall and well built, with a fearless, frank eye, and an intelligent, trustworthy face. He looked from the crowd to the most brilliant shop on the "Avenoo." It was an oyster-house, and a very unusual, almost wonderful one of its kind. Before its great brightly cleaned window was a startlingly large cross made of the words "Phil Mahony's Fine Oysters." The proprietor's name ran perpendicularly from the sill of the window to the second story of the building, and the words "Fine Oysters" ran horizontally across the whole front of the store, on a level with the top of the doorway.

PHIL
FINE OYSTERS.
MAHONY'S

Each sign was two feet wide, and the letters were as long as the sign was broad. On the whole "Avenoo" from end to end there was no other such notable sign as this, no other shop so ostentatious. The interior was very attractive. In the window were baskets of oysters, each capped with a crystal junk of ice, and there were two huge scalloped shells from the South Seas, as well as two enormous red lobsters. Within, beyond the window, were several marble-topped tables, each with its showy silver cruet-stand and large blue and white cracker-jar. The tables were set upon a floor clothed with a new manila covering, and the walls were painted in harmonious reds, broken by electric jets and neatly framed pictures. A white partition with a door at one side, and an aperture in the middle for the serving of dishes to the waiter, cut off the end of the eating-house.

Van Dorn looked at the place only for an instant, and thought (if he reflected upon it at all) that here was another of the city's million fountains of money and comfort; then he turned to gaze listlessly at the crowd in general and at nothing in particular. If he did think what I have suggested, he was wrong. The face of the shop was like his own countenance—a mere veil over a tumult of almost despairing anxiety. The bright sign of electric jets before the oyster-house was but a match for the eager eyes of Will Van Dorn: quite as hungry, quite as blind to all that a tantalizing and a wanton future was withholding from their gaze. Phil Mahony of the oyster-house was an acquaintance of Will Van Dorn, though the budding lawyer had not connected the possessor of the garish sign with the young tenement-dweller and store-porter who had lived neighborly with him in another family barracks, and who had recently disappeared from the block.

The fact was that Phil Mahony's disappearance was coincident with his falling heir to the savings of a fond aunt whose sole heir he was. She had left him eight hundred dollars, and he had invested it in the oyster-saloon, with far less of care and judgment than of thought of his blazing passion for Mary Ellen Connors, "the belle of the avenoo"—of her "avenoo," one that was several blocks east of this upon which he had floated his bark, or shell, of commerce. Phil had regarded his devotion at the shrine of her beauty and fine manners as hopeless until his aunt's few

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hundred dollars came to him, but with their coming he resolved to open a store, to become a merchant prince with unheard-of rapidity, and then to see if any of the poor clerks and bartenders, storeporters and mechanics, who now fluttered around her would continue to receive even her occasional smiles. He did not believe they would.

The oyster-saloon was the first "stand" that offered itself. He was in too great a hurry to look further. Its proprietor had failed, and the place could be had for three hundred dollars. He bought it, and refurnished it, keeping only the tables, the partition, the small cash-counter by the door, and the cooking-range. Then he transformed it into the striking and showy place we have described, and found himself with the first month half gone, with ten dollars left out of his little fortune, and with no cook, waiter, boy, or stock of provisions with which to supply the expected customers.

He was only twenty-two years of age, and madly in love with Mary Ellen Connors. I scarcely know why I mention even his age. His state of love fully and completely described all that was of consequence about him.

Thus this story finds him when his saloon was newly opened and the first customers came. It was still *sans* cook, *sans* waitress, and *sans* an errand-boy, but it contained five dollars' worth of oysters, crackers, catsup, sauce, vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, two lemons, three quarts of milk, two mutton chops, half a dozen eggs, and five cigars in an old cigar-box borrowed from Micky Donlin, who served behind Tom Spellissy's bar.

The customers came, and what was there to do but to serve them? What was there to do but to become cook and waiter and dishwasher combined? Truly there was no other course, so that was the one he pursued. He knew nothing of cooking, but neither did most of the people in the "Avenoo." He knew quite as little about the subtle art of waiting on table, that art which is now elevated into a science in Vienna, where it is taught in its own special college. But the men on "the Avenoo" knew no better service than their wives gave them when they carried the food three feet from the kitchen stove to the kitchen table, and left their better halves and children to help themselves.

"Let us have wan shtew," said the first customer.

"Put on one," said Phil Mahony to the serving-hole in the partition, after which he sauntered through the partition door, and having passed out of sight, flew to the range, threw some oysters, milk, and butter into a pannikin, set it on the range, and sauntered out to the front of his shop. In a minute he went at a leisurely pace back to the kitchen, but darted at the range as soon as he passed out of sight behind the partition. There he shook up the concoction in the pannikin, and held a brief dialogue with himself in two voices, his own high nasal tone and a very deep bass, to deceive the customer into the belief that the waiter and cook were conversing. After this he shot to the partition door, and stood near it in the saloon for half a minute, looking as calm as if he had never hurried in his life. Next he leaped back, dished the stew, set it on the ledge of the serving-place, and bawled out:

"Stew!"

With marvellous rapidity he sprang to the partition door, and sauntered into the saloon. There he appeared to see the stew on the ledge, and proceeded, very calmly, to serve the customer with it.

"I'll buy a swinging bell," he thought, "and I'll run a wire through the partition, and I'll pull it, after this, when the orders is ready for me to reach in and get 'em."

Two more customers dropped in before the first one had finished his repast. Both new-comers ordered stews, and Phil shot to and fro between the range and the saloon until the perspiration dripped from his face. He was cooking the second orders when the first-comer was at the counter, pounding and roaring for some one to come and take his money. Phil dared not leave the pannikin on the fire lest the stew should burn, so he put it in the middle of the kitchen floor, and sauntered out to receive his pay for the first order with such a cool manner and such a red and dripping face as formed a combination not often seen on earth before.

In time he was once again alone in his little kingdom—bathing his face and

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arms in a cold stream from the hydrant. Then a fourth customer came, and ordered a chop and fried potatoes. Potatoes! He had not a potato in the place. He, an Irishman and the son of Irish parents, had forgotten the potatoes!

"How will ye have them?" he asked of the customer, "fried long ways, or in thin slices, or hashed brown?"

"Hashed brown, and dom quick," said the man.

"Ye'll get 'em quicker than that," Phil replied, and then yelled the order at the hole in the partition, adding "in a hurry, Mike, d'ye hear?"

After that Phil sauntered behind the partition and held this conversation with himself: "All out, d'ye say?" in his natural voice. "The last of 'em went to the three ladies," in the voice of a skipper of a fishing-smack speaking through a megaphone on the Banks. "Why in —ll didn't ye send Tommy for some?" in Phil's own voice. "Boo—br—booroo—goog" from the fishing-smack.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Phil to the customer, "but there's not a spud left in the place. The last of 'em's cooked and gone, and the cook forgot to tell me."

"Give me some cabbage, then."

"That's all out too, sir."

"Mother of Moses, is there anything here except yerself? Give me a glass of milk and a piece of punkin pie."

"We don't keep pie, sir."

"Well, by ——! Hurry up that chop, and gimme plenty of bread and butter and a bowl of coffee. Damn you, hurry up, d'ye hear?—'less you want to see me eat the chairs and pictures."

The last one was an order that Phil could meet, and he went to the kitchen and began to cook the chop and coffee and to cut the bread in slices. While he was thus busied, Mrs. Dennis Connors, aunt of Mary Ellen, came in, and he flew out to dust a chair and see her seated. She is, as every one on the same block with her is well aware, a very great talker, and on this occasion she was bursting with news and gossip. Phil listened to her for thirty seconds in a state of agony lest the chop should burn, then shot away from her and into the kitchen to turn the wire broiler. He came back for another half-minute, heard that Mary Ellen was on her way to meet her aunt in his saloon, shot back into the kitchen, darted out and up to Mrs. Connors again, rushed away once more (while she was in the middle of a confidential sentence), and then continued to flutter and flash in and out, and away and back again, until the good matron wheeled her chair about to make it face the partition, folded her hands in her lap, and exploded her amazement upon the impatient customer.

"Well, be all av the powers av darkness," she said, "fwhatever ails Phil? Is it the Saint Vitals's dance, d'ye think, that ails him, or has he the trolley-k-yar fidgets like the man 't got a million dollars from the lawyers for being more shcared than hurted fwhen he was knocked down be an Ate Avenoo k-yar? Sure I've known Phil since his mother bore him—'twas in the rear of twinty-wan Mott Sthreet, on a Sunday—"

"I'm not sayin' anything to you," said the man, "an' all I ask is my grub, or I'll eat this table raw; I will, or I'm ——"

"And sure, Lord love ye, I wasn't shpakin' to you," Mrs. Connors made answer, with scorching contempt. "No, nor the likes of yez, aither!"

It was at this moment that a newsboy, with the best part of his tattered shirt in evidence at the worst part of his torn trousers, came in from the street and offered the evening paper to Mrs. Connors and the hungry man. From there he went to the door of the partition.

It was at precisely that moment that Phil, unaware that the gamin was looking at him, put the coffee, chop, and platter of bread upon the ledge, called out, "Chop ready," then darted to the door, collided with the newsboy, and sauntered into the saloon to carry the refreshment to the customer. The boy looked on with a broad grin. He was a typical gutter-child, with the eyes of a ferret and the mental alertness of a fox.

"Get out!" roared Phil at the urchin.

The boy crept past Phil, keeping as far as he could from him while passing him in the saloon, and then ran to the street door. There he paused, and holding the door far enough open to permit of a lightning exit in case of need, yelled defiance at the eating-house proprietor in the words:

"Chief cook and bottle-washer! Chief

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cook and bottle-washer! Chief cook and bottle-washer! Cook an' waiter an' boss an' all de res'! Oh, say! Hully Gee! He gives de orders, an' den he cooks 'em, and den he chases dem out troo de hole in de wall, an' den he deals 'em to de customers. Oh! Gee! See de stingy man dat does all de tricks hisself! Oh, cripes! wait till I tell all de fellies in me gang and have 'em around to see yer!"

Phil's spirit was hardly strong enough for such a blow, such an exposure before a customer and a friend—and that friend the aunt of Mary Ellen. Tired, hot, mortified, and crushed, he walked towards the door, but too slowly to impress the vanishing gamin with any degree of fear.

"Oho!" exclaimed the once hungry man, now eating contentedly. "So that's the game, eh? What's the matter, Johnny?" (Every man is "Johnny" to his elders in New York.) "Tryin' to run the restaurant single-handed, eh? What's that fer; 'cause yer too d—— close to cough up for a helper?—or, say, maybe you're too poor."

"I am all right," Phil replied, calling up his pride. "I've got a few dollars left, and in a week, if I have luck, I can hire a man, I guess. I thought I could start without no one—anyhow, I had to."

"Oh, hear the boy!" wailed Mrs. Connors; "and Mary Ellen coming! Hark now, me boy: Mary Ellen mustn't know a wurrud of this, or she'd give you short shrift. She's that proud an' high an' mighty wid her kittenish airs that (if she is me niece I'll say it, as shouldn't) she sames heartless; but only till she's married. Afther a girl's married the nonsense is quick took out of her. Stay you here now, till ye see fwhat I'll be doin'."

Will Van Dorn on the corner before "The Tiger" saloon turned to gaze listlessly at the crowd, as I have said. Few months had reeled off the spindle of time since he had been intoxicated and fascinated by looking at the tenement crowds on the avenue. Now, he thought only of himself and his plight, and let the swarm push by, scarcely aware of it while he looked on. But, behold! with the crowd comes a ravishing miss in a great red mousquetaire hat, with her black hair high above her forehead and waving in luxurious thickness over her pretty ears. She has on a long loose mannish coat of covert-cloth flaring open before a showy dress of Parisian gray patterned with red. Her features are perfect in Will's eyes, but to another it might seem that all were too small, like her tiny narrow head, and that her lips were rather selfishly and unkindly thin, while the light in her eyes was too like the light in a Mexican topaz—cold and stony. She was Mary Ellen Connors, and her companion was the Honorable Dennis Houlihan, State Senator and silver-tongued orator, to the public, but, among his intimates, a heavy drinker, mad gambler, and reckless blade among the women. He was "fierce" at all three things, as the people would say who knew him. Mary Ellen did not know or would not listen, and here she was walking close beside the Senator, looking up into his handsome, dreamy, panther eyes, bubbling with pleasure and quivering with pride. At the corner she and Senator Houlihan turned and retraced their steps, purposely just failing to reach the oyster-saloon where Mary Ellen was to meet her aunt.

They had just turned and gone up the street when Mrs. Connors, rushing in the same direction, saw young Van Dorn. She stopped short in her flight, hesitated a mere instant, then flung herself upon the idler.

"Oh, Mr. Van Dorn!" she cried, "I don't care fwhat you say or fwhat ye think or fwhat ye were planning, ye must come along wid me and help poor Phil Mahony out of the divil's own hole he's got into. Can yez cook? No? I'll not take 'no' fer an answer. Wid yer intillijince yer could cook an eyester shtew, or a chop an' kidney, ef yer never sane aither before in yer life. Come on now, and think about it afther. You know Phil Mahony? Well, he'll lose his business and his gyurl and his aunt's savings and all the rest he has if you don't do as I ask you."

"There surely must be a bite to eat, or a place to sleep, or a ten-cent piece, at least, to come out of the adventure," thought Will. And then he reflected farther that, if it offered nothing else, it would bring a moment's change from his hopeless and forlorn reflections. He was astounded to discover that the

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gorgeous eating-house at which he had been staring was the property of his former neighbor and acquaintance. Still more was he surprised to find that this apparent fortune and wealth masked a poverty more perilous than his own.

Mahony was very shamefaced at having Van Dorn brought to his place in this way, widening the news of his sorry condition among his old neighbors, and necessitating his giving orders to one whom he felt to be a man of better station, breeding, and fortune than any one he knew. However, Mary Ellen was coming and must not see his shame. He took Van Dorn behind the screen and quickly initiated him in the simple mysteries of the plainest cooking. He was very frank. He told his volunteer assistant that if he had a helper he believed he could make his way. But he dared not risk the failure to earn enough for a man's wages, and yet he could not do without assistance a second night.

"I will be equally frank," said Van Dorn. "I have no money and no situation, and I dare not go back where I live until I can pay for my board. If you say so, I'm your man. I'll work here for you if you'll let me eat and sleep here, and pay me what's fair when you have the means. In a little while I'll get a place in a lawyer's office and you can easily get a better man in my stead."

His prophecy that he would quickly get a place in a law-office seemed a very rash one, and could only have been born of the indomitable hopefulness of youth. Yet it was to come true.

Phil Mahony wrung Van Dorn's hand in token of approval of his offer. Just then the saloon door opened, and the proud and glorious belle of the ward, Mary Ellen Connors, walked in and joined her aunt at a table near the door. Instead of expressing his earlier emotion of gratitude for Van Dorn's assistance, he whispered, "There's the goil I'd give me life to!"

He strode proudly out to greet his goddess and to take the orders of both the women, lingering half a minute to express the honor he felt in having her visit his restaurant, and to hear her praise the neat and inviting aspect of the place.

Five minutes later he sprang forward to open the door for the Honorable Dennis Houlihan, in a shining silk hat, a glossy new suit of black beaver-cloth, and dark red gloves—perhaps the only pair on any man's hands on the "Avenoo."

The Senator remarked that he had heard of Phil's good luck and wished to congratulate him. He asked for a beer and a cigar. While handing out his five wretched cabbage-leaf "smokes," Phil told the Senator he had not money enough to get a license just then. The Honorable Mr. Houlihan affected to be deeply distressed at this news, vowed with a half-dozen oaths that no oyster business could be carried on without beer, and ended by declaring that he would get Phil a license on Monday. Phil could pay the money—the Senator said—when he had earned it over and above his expenses.

The Senator bit off the end of a cigar and lighted it, then arose and went to the door, saying that he would return "in a minute." He came back with a package, which proved to contain two boxes of cigars—"threefers and fivers" he called them.

These also Phil could pay for when able, the generous young Senator remarked. Phil was overcome with gratitude, and when the artful politician questioned him as to the name and standing of the matronly Mrs. Connors (saying nothing of Miss Mary Ellen, of whom he appeared to take no notice), Phil proudly led him to where the ladies sat and introduced him to them.

Alas, poor Phil! How could he have been so eager to play into the scheming hands of a rival who was already enjoying a tremendous advantage?

"He's a lo-tarrier wid women," Mrs. Connors whispered to Phil, when she got a chance. "What divil led you to bring him and her together? But kape cool, and do ye lose no slape; oi'll cook his mutton wid Mary Ellen. I'll tell her of Rosie Kelly, that's on the streets through him."

Mrs. Connors undoubtedly did pour all this hot and scalding warning into Mary Ellen's ear.

And equally surely did Mary Ellen and the Senator meet in Phil Mahony's saloon three or four nights out of every seven, until, at the end, they were properly married.

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Scratched on Copper from Life in 1825 by his friend Brook Pulham.

Charles Lamb

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Meditations of an Autograph-Collector

BY ADRIAN H. JOLINE

IT is a pleasant thing to sit here, this rainy afternoon, with the books and the "collection" close at hand. I have certainly been arranging that collection for ten years, and it is not arranged yet. If these things continue to increase in numbers I shall have to resort to the methods of that old opium-swiller, De Quincey—lock the door, abandon the accumulations, and seek a new lodging where I may begin all over again. I believe there is a tribe of Indians somewhere in Alaska who have the pleasing custom of burning their wigwams when they find that their goods and chattels are becoming oppressively overcrowded, and starting life afresh, unburdened by personal property. I think I will go to Alaska and collect totem-poles. A distinguished Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, now deceased, used to collect almanacs, even those of Ayer and Josh Billings. Why he did it I cannot imagine, for he never made a joke in his life; he was as dry as the pages of the *Annals of Congress*, or of my own *Dictionary of American Political Biography*. But one must collect something, even postage-stamps and book-plates. Who said that "man is an animal which collects"? It must have been Andrew Lang, for he says most things nowadays.

Doubtless the "profane vulgar" consider me, and all other individuals of my autograph-hunting species, as members of the common horde of semi-lunatics who gather birds' eggs, butterflies, hotel paper, teacups, and Japanese sword-guards. They think that I carry about with me a gilt-edged volume and ask luckless magnates to write their names in it. I have always had a notion that the books which the Sibyl brought to Tarquinius Priscus were what are known as "autograph-books," such as are thrust in these days under the noses of senators and generals. They suppose that I send letters to statesmen and authors, requesting the favor, etc., etc., and inclosing stamp for reply. When they wish to be particularly kind, they tear the signature from some letter or document of an eminent person and present it to me. To use a familiar, contemporaneous locution, it jars me to reflect that, in the minds of the multitude, the school-girl with her scrap-book and the fiend with his awful album are all of a piece with *me!* It is exasperating, but one must exercise patience and self-control even when friends give sympathizing looks, and smile, as who should say, "It is an amiable folly."

There is, however, one evil thing about the otherwise harmless habit of autograph-collecting. It fosters envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. When I glance over the other man's collection and find that he has so much better specimens than mine, and even several which I have sought for in vain through those interminable Philadelphia catalogues and the long lists of Burns and Benjamin and the other busy B's of the trade, I proceed to break that commandment recently appended to the decalogue, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's autographs." Yet when I go home and think over it, I reflect that perhaps I may excite that neighbor's ire if I choose, but I will be magnanimous and gloat secretly over my possessions.

How very inconsiderate some of our great people have been in the matter of epistolary composition! If Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Button Gwinnett, and John Morton, had only understood the feelings of a collector, they would surely have favored their friends more frequently with an A. L. S. (autograph letters signed), or even an A. N. S. (autograph note signed). When they were

Some of these meditations were printed in *The Literary Collector*.

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signing the Declaration on that warm July afternoon, and committing themselves to the famous fallacy that "all men are created equal," they might have foreseen the day when every American collector would begin his colligending career by gathering "Signers."

On reflection, I recall the fact that, historically, they did not sign in July, but dribbled along through the summer and autumn of 1776, and even later, so that some signed who were not entitled to sign, and others failed to sign who ought to have signed; but that is a detail. We must all cling loyally to the belief that they flocked about that table, one pleasant summer day, as they are represented by the accurate and artistic Trumbull, their shins very much in evidence, and John Hancock, clad in black and several times bigger than any of his fellow-Congressmen, sitting cross-legged, with a melancholy expression of countenance, in the chair of state. I give the most implicit credence to that picture, as I do to all those wonderful representations of General George Washington which make the life of the extra-illustrator a burden. All that the younger Lynch did after his single effort in the signing way was to write one letter for Dr. Emmet, and to scribble his name on the fly-leaves of divers books. As for Gwinnett, I have always thought that old Lachlan McIntosh, whose autograph is dear at two dollars, did perfectly right to kill him.

Verily, the paths of the collector of *Revolutionary Americana* are far from being paths of peace. I remember well that in the callow days of youth I was mightily beset by the desire to acquire as my own the sign-manual of one Simon Boerum, who enjoyed the distinction of being such an obscure Continental Congressman that he became valuable by reason of his unimportance. There is an eminence of smallness as well as of greatness, and Tom Thumb attained fame while many contemporary persons of much greater stature disappeared from life unhonored and unsung. Think of the glory of being absolutely the most insignificant human being on earth! Simon—perhaps we may call him Simple Simon—was just that; and when I rejoiced in owning an innocuous deed of conveyance whereon Simon had written and subscribed his harmless certificate of record, far back in 1769, when he was the Clerk of our County of Kings, I thought I was the happy possessor of a gem of great price; for the price was great, as a certain well-known Nassau Street expert can testify. But not many years later, that genial Democratic statesman of the tribe of Dan, who successfully combines politics and the pursuit of autographs, raked Long Island with a fine comb, and now every child who gathers pebbles on the beach may have his Simon Boerum if he cares for such a thing.

A plague, I say, on those mousers who go about finding new and hitherto unsuspected Continental Congressmen! Just when I think that I have finished my set, some new man turns up who never served, of course, and never showed his classic countenance in Philadelphia; but somebody once said that he might possibly be chosen to represent his State, and that is enough. His name goes thundering down the ages, and there is a blank in my catalogue, to be filled only after long, tedious, and prayerful waiting. This sort of person generally turns up as a D. S. (document signed). He could not write a letter, and if he did, the man who received it burned it promptly. He usually hails from North Carolina or New Jersey. My study of history tells me that North Carolina devoted most of her energies during the Revolution to choosing Congressmen who were unwilling to write. I am seriously contemplating besieging Congress for legislation to prevent further additions to the roll.

We collectors sometimes get a glimpse of the interior of characters not vouchsafed to the rest of mankind. I wonder what Queen Victoria would have thought if I had shown her a letter snugly buried in one of my most choice volumes, which she addressed to her gay and gallant premier, Melbourne, before she espoused Prince Albert? Here it is:

If Lord Melbourne isn't very tired, c'd he come here? He needn't dress, but can come just as he is. The Queen would see him upstairs in her own room. I have heard much wh. enrages me, & it w'd be such a

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thing if you c'd come here for a minute, unless you are *very* tired; it w'd quiet me. Just say yes, or no. If you c'dn't get your carriage quickly, I'd send mine. I hear you spoke so beautifully. The Duke must be in his dotage.

Is it not delightful to feel the humanity of this artless utterance of the young girl who had just assumed the crown which she wore so nobly for more than sixty years? We may wonder whether, when the snows of eighty-one winters were on her brow, she could recall distinctly the time of her dashing, showy prime minister.

It is difficult for me to tear myself away from the English-literature "cases." I have just unearthed this odd bit of Charles Lamb, written, as are so many of my letters, to Ollier, the author-publisher:

DEAR OLLIER,—I have received one or two presents of books from authors, which I can only return *in kind*. Can you let me have 3 or 4 copies of my works for that purpose. Yours &c C. LAMB.

I have been in France.
I have eaten frogs.
Poor Percy Bishe!!

Have you done with my old copy of *Don Quixote?*

The letter bears no date, but it was undoubtedly written in 1822. In that year Lamb went to France for the first time, and visited his friend Kenney at Versailles. Shelley died in July, 1822. Lamb's lament is certainly not elaborate.

The thick quarto volume which is always kept in the *best* bookcase, which corresponds to the "spare room" in our old country houses—that quarto volume, I say, with its hundreds of closely written and much-corrected pages, is the manuscript of "Barry Cornwall's" *Memoir of Lamb*. In it is inserted a characteristic little note:

Pray let Matilda keep my newspapers till you hear from me, as we are meditating a town residence. C. LAMB.

Let her keep them as the apple of her eye.

So much has been said and written about Lamb and the Lambs, so many *Lives* and *Memorials* have been published, so many editions printed, that the subject is quite exhausted. To most men of the day Lamb is more interesting than his works. The rushing tide of new volumes, pouring forth from the ponderous presses of the present, has swept away in its flood those productions of the early nineteenth century, and cast them into the peaceful "coves" or alcoves of the quiet libraries, where they rest undisturbed upon the shelves, until by chance some curious student dislodges them, or some reminiscent gentleman of middle age desires to recall the memories of "Elia."

Whenever I feel anxious about my precious health, as we old fellows are apt to do, and am complaining of the incompetency of my physicians, I burrow in the mass of *English Literary* over there in the corner, just under the Romney sketch and the portrait of Henry Clay, in order to pull out John Ruskin's screed, which always consoles me. Thus writes the master of English prose, under date of July 24, 1871:

MY DEAREST TOM,—Really your simplicity about naughty *me* is the most comic thing I know, among all my old friends. *Me* docile to doctors! I watched them (I had three) to see what they knew of the matter; did what they advised, for two days; found they were utterly ignorant of the illness and were killing me. I had inflammation of the bowels, and they gave me ice! and tried to nourish me with milk! Another twelve hours and I should have been past hope. I stopped in the *middle* of a draught of ice-water, burning with insatiable thirst—thought over the illness myself steadily—and ordered the doctors out of the house. Everybody was in an agony, but I *swore* and raged till they had to give in—ordered hot toast and water in quantities, and mustard poultices to the bowels. One doctor had ordered fomentation; that I persevered in, adding mustard to give outside pain. I used brandy and water as hot as I could drink it, for stimulant—kept myself up with it—washed myself out with floods of toast and water—and ate nothing and refused *all* medicine. In twenty-four hours I had brought the pain under—in twenty-four more I had healthy appetite for meat, and was safe—but the agony of poor Joanna! forced to give me meat, for I ordered roast chicken instantly—when the doctors, unable to get at me, were imploring *her* to prevail on me not to kill myself, as they said I should. The poor thing stood it

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nobly, of course; none of them could move me one whit. I forced them to give me cold roast beef and mustard at two o'clock in the morning! And here I am, thank God, to all intent and purpose quite well again—but I was within an ace of the grave—and I know now something of doctors that—well, I thought Molière hard enough on them—but he's complimentary to what I shall be after this. Thanks for all your good love—but *do* try to understand me a little better—indocilest, when I choose, of human creatures—but yours, most affectionately,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Mr. Ruskin is amusing, and his supreme self-satisfaction is delightful. We are all of us vain, but not quite as vain as that.

This fable teaches, as our boyhood friend Aesop used to say, that the habit of intellectual domination will sometimes array a man even against his physician. Charles O'Conor was quite unlike John Ruskin, yet they resembled each other in their possession of an indomitable will. Everybody knows the story of Mr. O'Conor's miraculous rally after the doctors had given him up. He simply willed that he should live.

I have a vivid recollection of the great lawyer. He was a "character." He had a melancholy, subservient slave in his office, named Effingham. Really that was not his name, but it will do. Poor old Effingham would sometimes greet his master of a morning with fawning politeness, hand-rubbing, genuflecting, saying, "It's a fine day, Mr. O'Conor." Whereupon the jurist, fixing a cold and glittering eye upon his affable clerk, would reply: "Effingham! I am in good health and in full possession of my senses; I *know* that it is a fine day, and I do not need to have *you* remind me of it." Perhaps both O'Conor and Ruskin might have enjoyed more affection had they been less hard and severe.

Readers of American political history will recall the fact that the enemies of Andrew Jackson were accustomed to ridicule him for his alleged illiteracy and his shortcomings in the spelling department of the language. The general habitually made his "a's" like "o's," and hence it was charged against him that he did not know how to spell his own name. I have carefully examined a great many letters of the hero of New Orleans, and have failed to discover any evidence of ignorance on his part. It is true that his spelling was old-fashioned, and, curiously enough, his mistakes are almost all made in the matter of doubling letters. I have one letter before me as I write, in which I find these words: "allways," "Allabama," "untill," and "dificulty," and he drops the "g" in "bantling." A venerable friend who knew the old general tells me that he used to write "boosom" for "bosom." Yet he never seems to have had any "dificulty" with the long, hard words. But, after all, what does it profit us to find fault with the spelling of the stanch patriot who said, "The Federal Union, it must be Preserved!" and preserved it? One of my Jackson letters is a fair example of his official style:

GEORGETOWN, *18 Nov. 1815.*

SIR,—The resolution of the legislature of New York, which you were charged to transmit to me, expressive of their gratitude to myself and my brave associates in arms for the preservation of New Orleans, was received in due time; but a multiplicity of business prevented me from acknowledging its receipt sooner.

For myself & my associates I beg to return the most sincere thanks for the kind manner in which that respectable body has been pleased to speak of our exertions.

Undoubtedly these exertions were attended with very extraordinary success—but no more, I think, than we may always look for when our cause is just and Heaven is on our side. No people in the world are more capable than ours of the "highest military results" when they fight for the dear inheritance of their independance, if a fair opportunity be afforded them of displaying the qualities which really belong to them.

I have the honor to be
With great respect
Yr mo. obt. st.
ANDREW JACKSON,
Major Genl comdg D of
the South.

Excellency
DANL D. TOMPKINS,
New York.

There is about this epistle that semi-grandiloquence of the period in which it was written, and the usual appropria-

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tion of Heaven as an ally of the side which won. But it is dignified and suitable, and quite unexceptionable, although the general had a slight accident when he encountered the word "independence."

Any mention of Jackson naturally recalls his successor in the Presidency, the much-maligned Martin Van Buren, whose memory has suffered greatly because we have allowed our history to be written for us so largely by New England Whigs and Abolitionists. I am rejoiced that, in these later days, some justice has been done to the great lawyer and conscientious statesman in the admirable biography which Edward M. Shepard has given us in the "American Statesmen Series."

Mr. Van Buren, in the latter part of his life, began the preparation of an *Autobiography*, and brought it down to a time shortly before his Vice-Presidency. It was never finished, and has never been published. I had the privilege of examining the manuscript some years ago, and it is to be regretted that circumstances have prevented the present possessor from giving it to the public. The style is somewhat diffuse, and there are many long discussions of obsolete matters of controversy which a judicious editor might easily condense; but there is a great deal of historical value in the record. I ventured to transcribe a page relating to John Quincy Adams, which affords a fair example of the contents of the *Autobiography:*

John Quincy Adams was as honest & incorruptible as his father. He was equally bold & fearless in the avowal and maintenance of his opinions, & in his feelings & habits more Democratic. In respect to the unaffected simplicity of his manners & the slight value he placed upon the pride & pomp of office, he did not fall behind any of our Democratic Presidents, not excepting Mr. Jefferson, who, it will be remembered by a few, so outraged the sensibilities of the sticklers for official dignity by wearing red breeches & tying his horse to a peg, when he had occasion to visit the Capitol. Brought up, as was at that day the universal custom, & is still too much the case, in the belief that there could be nothing good in our opponents, I entered public life with strong prejudices against Mr. Adams. Although I had not the good fortune to be in favor with the administration, or to be partially regarded by himself whilst he was the head of Mr. Monroe's cabinet, and was ranked among opponents of his own administration, from first to last, my respect for his character as a straight-forward, well-meaning man lasted from my first acquaintance with him in my Senatorial capacity till the close of his life. His personal demeanor towards me was invariably respectful, & as cordial as I could desire.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Van Buren deliberately sacrificed any chances he had for the Presidential nomination in 1844 by his letter against the annexation of Texas, "one of the finest and bravest pieces of political courage," and one which "deserves from Americans a long admiration."*

It will be remembered that in 1852 a good deal of fun was showered upon that stalwart veteran, General Winfield Scott, then Whig candidate for the Presidency, because in some letter of denial which became public he referred to himself as writing it "after a hasty plate of soup." It may be of interest to note that the expression was a common one with the general, and that it was employed semi-facetiously. Here is a letter of his written in 1851:

SATURDAY, *May 31* [1851].

MY DEAR GENERAL,—Having just made the acquisition of a fine green turtle, I, on a sudden thought, beg you to join me in "a hasty plate of soup" to-day, at 5 o'clock.

Very truly yours,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

GEN'L TOTTEN.

Certainly there is something laughable about "a hasty plate of soup," suggestive of a stout military gentleman, with napkin under chin, ladling the hot compound down his throat in a tearing hurry, and perhaps spilling it upon his gorgeous uniform. The American people will not endure heroes who expose themselves to ridicule, as we have seen of late in the case of an honored admiral.

The general was a fine old gastronomic expert. He was inordinately fond of terrapin, and one of his favorite speeches was as follows: "This little, ugly, black-legged animal, that carries his house with him, is obliged to seek his living in the

* Shepard's *Van Buren*, 407.

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swamps and solitary coves, among the rushes, and to burrow in mud; and yet he is sought after with painful diligence, and the dish prepared from his flesh is honored at the feasts of the rich and the brave."*

The same friend who recorded this eloquent tribute to the pride of Maryland also says that he once offered to bet a dinner that if the general should be invited to dine with the party at any time within a month, and have terrapin prepared by his favorite cook, he—the general—"would during the dinner say and do the following things in manner following: He would, while leaning his left elbow on the table, having some of the terrapin on his fork, held raised about six inches above his plate, exclaim: 'This is the best food vouchsafed by Providence to man,' and then carry it immediately to his mouth. The other thing he would do was, that leaning on the table in manner aforesaid, he would pour wine from one glass into another." Nobody took the bet.

A distinguished New York lawyer tells me that he once attended a dinner at Francis B. Cutting's house, where the general was a guest, and that he saw the famous soldier drink more claret than he ever supposed a mortal man could absorb. But a giant six feet four inches in height and bulky in proportion requires more sustenance than an individual of ordinary dimensions, and as the general lived to within a fortnight of his eightieth birthday, neither terrapin nor wine could have injured him very much.

The general, besides being a royal gourmand and a person of unusual size, was probably as vain a man as may be discovered outside of the realm of literature. If one should adopt George Derby's numerical system of comparison, and should say that the vanity of the most self-conceited author in the world—he still lives, but I dare not give his name—might be represented by 65, Scott's self-appreciation must be at least 97. General Keyes was reading to him an article on Henry Clay, in which the size of Clay's mouth was referred to, and the writer had added that Burke, Mirabeau, and Patrick Henry all had mouths of extraordinary size, concluding with the remark, "All great men have large mouths." "All great men have large mouths!" exclaimed the general; "why, my mouth is not above three-fourths the size it should be for my bulk!"*

* General E. D. Keyes. *Fifty Years' Observations.*

It is not to be wondered at that the general gave to mankind what is perhaps the most frankly egotistical autobiography ever known. He usually refers to himself as "Scott." I have just found a long letter of the general's which gives a fair view of his method of judging those who declined to bow down and worship him. It was written to Hon. James Monroe—not the President, but a member of Congress from New York:

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *March 12, 1839.*
Twelve o'clock at night.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received three letters here from you, written at Washington, and am infinitely hurt on the subject of the claim of the small sum of $19.52 which Mr. Wright promised to move to have inserted by way of *amendment* in some appropriation bill which had passed the House of Representatives. So much for my strict attention to public duties; for if I could have come by Washington instead of proceeding from one important service to another—from the Cherokee country to the Canada border, direct, the account, instead of being placed in the hands of that ass, Mr. Attorney General Grundy, would have been allowed as a matter of course, without dissent or hesitation. But he who devotes himself to the public need not hope to find anybody, in office, willing to attend to his private interests. I am truly disgusted with the illiberality and injustice I have experienced in this small matter—small to the public; but so great to me as almost to cripple my capacity to be useful to that public. . . .

Your friend,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

It is certainly indicative of a lack of sense of proportion, this idea that a matter of $19.52 should cripple the usefulness of so great a man. It is not hard to understand why he should have been about the worst-defeated of the unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency.

* Keyes, *Fifty Years' Observations,* p 10.

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The Coming of the Piano

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

THE early November twilight was gathering on the prairie. The last quail-call had sounded, the last mottled breast had pressed itself to earth in the stubble. A lamp glowed palely in the level distance from the window of a cabin. The straight, flat road was beginning to lose itself in shadow ahead.

Along this road, which a boy would have scanned in vain for a pebble to shy at a bird, a pair of plump, sedate horses nodded regularly as they bent to their work. Their load consisted of a long, tall box, which nearly filled the wagon-bed. On this box sat a small boy —if his ceaseless squirming and twisting could be called sitting—and on the spring-seat in front two men.

"It's gettin' late, Web," said the older man finally, clucking at the team. "I'm afraid Kate will come home before we get this thing stowed away in the parlor, and spoil it all."

"I think not," answered his son, reassuringly. "She had examination papers to mark to-day."

"I'll bet she will!" piped out the boy from behind, in shrill, excited tones. "'Tain't so easy to fool Kate as you think."

"We'll fool her this time," said the father, with a chuckle of anticipation.

As they neared a grove of noble maples clustering around a large, inviting frame house, two girls in short dresses came flying, bareheaded, down the road. Brant stopped the team and hoisted one of them up to his lap, while Web did the same for the other.

"Is that *it,* papa?" asked the younger one, under her breath, as she gazed big-eyed at the imposing box.

"Looks like it, sis, don't it?" he answered, gayly.

"Yes, and I've set on it ever since we left town, and 'ain't got a splinter in me yet," boasted Billy. "You can't, though, Milly, 'cause you're a girl and 'd fall off!"

"I don't want to," answered Milly, contentedly snuggling against her father's side.

"Your sister 'ain't come yet, has she?" asked Mr. Brant.

"No, but she let out school ten minutes early, and said she'd be home by five, and it's 'most that now," answered the child.

"She's goin' to ketch us, Web," groaned Brant.

"I don't think she'll be home before half past five, papa," interposed the older girl.

"Why don't you think so?" he asked, at her significant tone.

"Because I set the school clock back half an hour at noon," said she, simply.

Mrs. Brant and Lon, another grown son, met the load in the yard. Her eyes were misty, although her face was beaming.

"Henry, I thought you and Web would never come!" she exclaimed. "The children have been half wild, and Milly was sure that she saw Kate coming every minute. I have a lamp and hammer and screw-driver here on the porch all ready for you. Do you want anything else?"

"Nothing but time," answered Brant, as he carefully swung the powerful team around and backed the wagon up to the porch.

Half a minute later the three husky men were tugging and straining at the nine-hundred-pound box. Mrs. Brant stood by, smiling, with the tools in her hand, so that not a second might be lost; the girls looked on with sparkling eyes.

Billy was stationed at the horses' heads, merely to get him out of the way, for Prince and Joe were absolutely trustworthy, and knew just what was required of them in the way of standing still. But when the heavy instrument was half on the porch, half in the wagon, Billy, burning with his responsibility,

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suddenly raised on his toes, gave Prince's bridle a smart jerk, and bawled, "Whoa!" The startled animals took a step forward; the piano, sticking to the wagon, slipped to the edge of the porch, and there the precious thing hung, with an inch of flooring between it and destruction.

Mrs. Brant gasped and turned faint, but the next instant Lon was at the horses' heads, backing them in place again. Then Brant, white with anger and fright, took a fierce stride toward the cowering, conscience-stricken lad.

His wife's hand stayed him. "No, Henry," said she, gently. "It's her birthday gift. Let's not have it marred by a single harsh word. Billy didn't mean to do it."

At last the box was safely landed, and then the great dark red, glossy, beautiful object was slowly slipped out.

For a moment no one spoke. Then Mrs. Brant murmured softly, "I wish grandma could have lived to see it."

"I suppose she can see it, mother, from where she is," said Web, with an understanding smile.

"Well, mother, get your blanket," said Brant, with an anxious glance toward the road. "She's liable to come any minute, now."

The blanket was brought and held against the jamb of the front door, according to the piano-man's instructions, in case of accidental contact; the piano was rolled carefully through, first into the hall, then into the parlor, and finally into the corner which had been selected for it fully six weeks before, in secret family council, while Kate was at school.

This room was heated only on special occasions. This was one of them, and the wood-stove was crackling and roaring in quite a hilarious way, as though it knew a thing or two itself about birthday surprises. Lon went back to the wagon after the stool; Mrs. Brant deftly placed a vase and a photograph or two upon the top of the piano, laid some music on the rack in front, and, lo! the newcomer was at home.

"Mother, set down and play one of your old tunes on it, just to try it, before she comes," said Brant, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Brant blushed quite girlishly, and looked at Web for his opinion.

"Not now," said that thoughtful son. "You could hear it a quarter of a mile down the road. And we'd better be getting the lamp out of this room, and the box away. If she sees a light in the parlor, she'll suspect something, sure."

The children, in a panic of delight at all this secrecy and manœuvring, scuttled away; the stove was shut off to stop its roaring, which Kate would certainly have heard; the light was carried out, and the double doors closed, in their normal position. The empty piano-box was slid quickly into the wagon again, the loose boards were tumbled in after it, and the whole, with crack of whip, went rumbling toward the barn.

But there was an atmosphere of expectancy and excitement about the house which could not be so easily disposed of. Nor were the children alone responsible for it. Mrs. Brant, with a bright red spot on each cheek, started to wind the clock, when she had opened it only to get the key to her chest of silver-ware. Henry, the phlegmatic Henry, whose religion was placidity, pulled off his boots and then put them on again, in place of his slippers, causing Milly to shriek with delight.

In addition, the supper table was spread with one of Mrs. Brant's choicest white flowered cloths, and set with silver and glass that seldom saw the outside of the china-closet. In the kitchen two great juicy steaks lay on the table, in close proximity to the smoking-hot stove, awaiting the proper moment, which would be when Lilian came racing in from the gate to announce that Kate was in sight.

"Billy, stop snapping your eyes that way," said Mrs. Brant, with a laugh. "A blind man could see that something was up. Go wet your hair and I'll brush it. I want to slick you up a *little* bit."

"What do you want to slick him up for?" asked Brant, gravely, and he noticed for the first time that his wife had on her silk waist. "She'll know something's up, sure, if Billy's hair is combed."

"Sure enough!" she cried, in amusement. "But as soon as she sees the ta-

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ble she'll know it, anyway. And I think it would be a nice idea for you and the boys to slip into your good coats. You know how she appreciates anything of that kind."

She paused, smiling wistfully. Brant looked dubious. He could buy his daughter a piano for her birthday, but to put on his best coat—*that* was another thing, not to be lightly done. Nothing less than church or a funeral could ordinarily lure forth the black, ill-fitting garment.

"I suppose mebbe I could," he admitted finally, rising slowly. "I don't know when I'll get a new one, though—now."

"It is *I* who will do without the new things, Henry," said his wife, happily, resting a hand upon his stooped shoulder. "I claim that as my privilege—it is my contribution to the piano."

As Brant disappeared in the bed-room just off the sitting-room, she charged Billy to run to the barn and tell the boys, who were feeding and bedding the stock, to go secretly to their room when they were done and put on their best coats, and not come down until the supper-bell rang. But first she buttoned him into his little double-breasted jacket, hitherto reserved for Sundays, cautioned him not to get it dirty, and kissed his shining face.

It was nearly six o'clock when the door quietly opened and there stepped into the deserted sitting-room a slight young woman with a girlish but proudly lifted breast, well-braced shoulders, midnight hair, and a peculiarly agile carriage. A single glance into her sober, purple eyes made it plain how the big rowdy boys in her school had been quelled, after having put more than one man teacher to flight. She looked tired now, though, and somewhat pale; and after laying down her little lunch-basket and a thick heap of examination papers, she removed her hat and pressed her delicate fingers to her temples. There was something vaguely suggestive of discontent in the movement. Then she went up to her room to wash and comb her hair for supper.

It was a little thing, this withdrawing to wash her hands, but to the family, who washed in a common basin in the kitchen and dried themselves on a common roller-towel, there was something nunlike and devotional about it. And it contributed, with a score of other refined habits, to make her room little less than sacred to the men of the house, and to crown her with a halo of inviolability. In fact, if Henry Brant could have expressed himself in his higher moods, he would have said that an angel had been given to his keeping.

"Have we beefsteak for supper?" asked Kate in surprise of Lilian, upon her return, detecting the savory odor which penetrated to the sitting-room.

"Yes," answered Lilian, biting her lip to hide a smile.

"Did father go to town this afternoon?"

"Yes, and took Billy. That's why he went home at noon."

"Billy mustn't go home at noon any more without my permission."

At sight of the brilliant dining-table, Kate came to an abrupt halt on her way to the kitchen to help her mother give the finishing-touches to supper. At the same moment Mrs. Brant opened the kitchen door.

"Have we company, mother?" asked the daughter, hastily.

"Yes. Didn't Lilian tell you?"

"Why, no." She shot a questioning glance at Lilian, and then looked down at her clothes. "I can't appear in this old skirt. Who is it?"

Her mother's eyes twinkled. "Some one that you won't have to dress up for. A young lady who has just reached her majority."

"Ah, mother!" exclaimed the girl, at once relieved and pleased, and kissed her. "I didn't know whether any of you would think of it or not, and I'm so glad. Is that what the beefsteak is for, too?" she added, laughing.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brant, reaching for the bell.

The men filed in in their impromptu splendor. Lon grinned rather foolishly as he caught Kate's roguish eye. To be sure, their black coats did look a little ridiculous above their rusty trousers and coarse, mud-stained shoes. But when the latter were tucked under the table the hastiness of their make-up was betrayed

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only by the collars of their gray flannel shirts.

Kate looked up and down the table, after grace, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks. How easy it was to make her happy! None of them needed to feel her pulse to know that her heart was fluttering.

"You don't expect a speech, I hope," said she, and though she smiled bravely, there was an undeniable shyness in her eyes as they flitted from one to the other.

"No more than your face has already made," said Web, with his quiet smile. He, perhaps, understood her best of all.

"I want to tell you all, though," she added, "how happy you have made me. This is almost compensation for the very ancient feeling I have had all day. I wouldn't object to getting old if I could also be getting on. Now if I could get a school in town next fall, and take music lessons, and beg, steal, or rent a piano to practise on, I should be willing to be thirty-one instead of twenty-one. But there! I made a solemn vow this morning, all to myself, that I wouldn't complain any more. What's the matter with you, Billy?"

At her mention of piano Billy's eyes began to show alarming symptoms of popping from his head; and though he was now doing his best to look unconscious, his efforts were far from convincing.

"Billy can't keep a secret," said Mr. Brant, complacently, "so I guess you'd better jump up, Lilian, and get those presents."

Lilian, primed for her part, sprang up and instantly returned from the sitting-room with an armful of small packages, which she laid around the astonished Kate's plate. A new lunch-basket from Mrs. Brant; a box of colored pencils for marking examination papers from Billy, who hinted that if she didn't need the red one, he could use it to advantage in drawing Indians; a handkerchief from Lilian—something from each except her father, who sat at the head of the table looking not the least guilty over his neglect. The shrewd Kate saw through him, though.

"From all except you, father!" she said, reproachfully, to give him a chance.

"Well, I *have* got a little something for you, to tell the truth. But you'll have to wait till after supper. I can't let a meal like this get cold for any birthday gifts."

Something in his tone caught her attention. Billy's eyes, moreover, were not yet normal, in spite of the family gifts having been brought forth. But if a great hope leaped up in her bosom, it sank again when her mother said, still preserving the great secret:

"Henry, you might just as well go and get it now. These children won't eat a mouthful until you do."

He couldn't *go and get* that for which Kate longed. How could she suspect any artifice in those words, coming from her mother?

"Are you sure it's the children, mother, that can't eat?" asked Brant. "I don't see as you have done much damage to that piece of steak on your own plate. Go ahead now and let my present wait."

Supper over, they filed into the sitting-room, Billy and the younger girls crowding their father's heels in a manner that again sent Kate's hopes up. Mrs. Brant took time to step hastily into the kitchen and glance at her dish-water.

"Sit down now, all of you, and I'll bring Kate *my* present," said Brant, still carefully adhering to the programme of deception and surprise. He stepped into the dark parlor and half closed the door behind him so that Kate could not see in. Billy quivered.

"I can't find it, mother," called Brant, after a moment. "Somebody must have moved it. Bring a lamp."

Kate sprang up with a little nervous laugh and seized a lamp, but her mother took it from her almost as quickly. She feared the girl would drop it when the crisis came.

"You go ahead," said she to Kate, with a strange huskiness. Her own heart was pounding almost painfully, and she was wishing it all over with.

Billy, passing the safety-point of pressure, let out a whoop, turned a handspring right there in the room, against all law, upset a chair, and sent the cat scuttling under the stove. Then he darted into the parlor, closely followed by the hardly less excited Milly and Lilian.

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Kate paused at the threshold, halted by the unexpected warmth from the parlor. In the dark corner opposite she saw something glistening — something tall and looming, with a narrow line of white across its front. She advanced unsteadily, with a face as white as marble. Reaching her father, she blindly seized the hard, knotted hands which had done the work and made the beautiful thing possible, and then sank, a limp burden, into his arms.

"I guess we overdone it, mother," said he, hastily. "Run and get the camphor, Web."

"No, no, I don't want it!" protested Kate, encircling his neck. "I—I just want to cry."

And cry she did, with her head on his bosom, while he awkwardly stroked her dark hair, and her mother nursed her in glistening, yearning eyes.

"Wot's she cryin' for?" whispered Billy, scornfully. "I'll bet paw wouldn't 'a' bought it if he'd a-knowed that."

Then Kate slipped from her father's arms, suddenly knelt before the startled Billy, swept him to her breast, and rained his little face with kisses. "Oh, Billy, Billy, what *would* we do without you!" she cried, and laughed wildly, and smothered him again with her soft warm lips, and laughed again, until the ungrateful lad had wriggled free and wiped from his mouth that precious moisture for which men have thirsted unto death.

She then arose and faced them all, with hands tightly clasped. She knew now where the hogs and steers had gone which had been taken to town. She knew why Lon had decided to wear his old overcoat another winter; why her mother had insisted that the kitchen could go a little longer without a new floor; why Web—proud, fastidious Web—had declared with a laugh that his old buggy was still good enough to go courting in.

"I—can't—say anything," she faltered, with quivering nostrils.

"Not with your tongue, but with your fingers," said Web, and gently pushed her down upon the stool.

It may not have been a masterly performance which followed, yet who shall say it was not? It wove a magic spell around the little group of listeners. Web's fancy flew five miles across the prairie, where a sweet girl was at that moment, in all likelihood, combing her sunny hair against his coming, and laying all the little snares of love—just as if he were not already hopelessly enmeshed. The father's clod-stained feet left the earth for a brief spell, in a vision of the sacredness of fatherhood such as had seldom been vouchsafed him before. And the mother—she sat hushed and starry-eyed, forgetful of the travail which had sapped her young womanhood and the toil which had bent and hardened her hands.

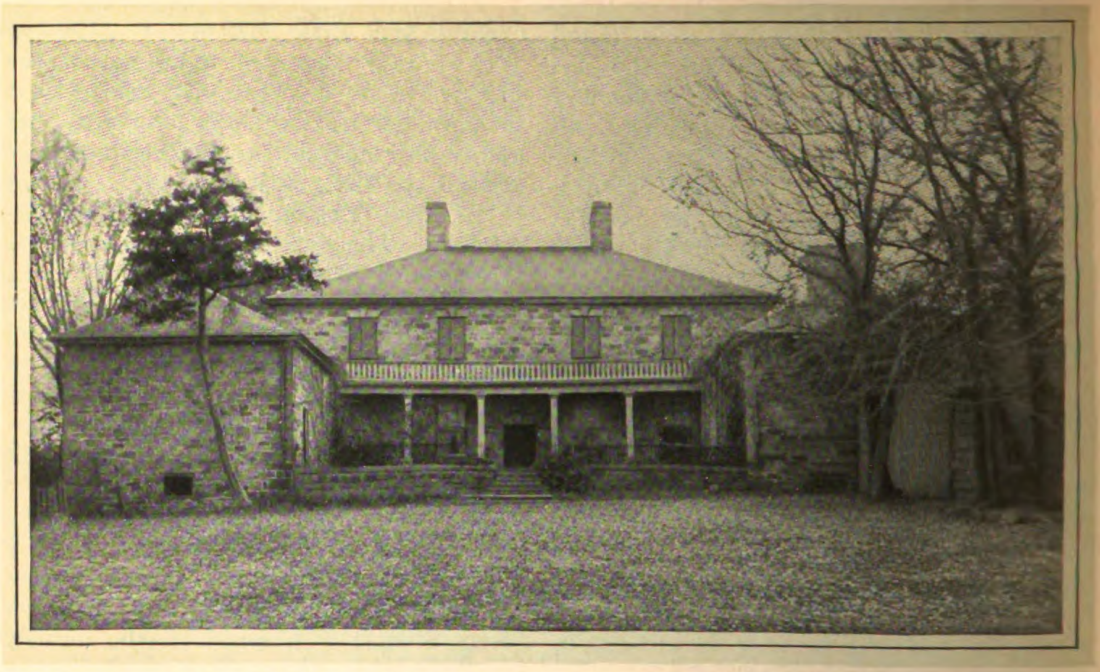
That night Henry Brant, in a wakeful moment, heard the creaking of a loose board in the parlor floor. Slipping noiselessly from his wife's side and seizing a heavy stick which stood in the corner, he tiptoed into the sitting-room. There he paused. Through the double doors, by the light of the moon, he saw a little white-robed figure in the middle of the room, motionless, uncertain, bewildered. Her face, her extended hands, the one bare foot thrust forward in the moonlight, were as white as the clinging fabric which enshrouded her.

After a moment she glided to the piano, pressed her soft warm body to its cold hard case, stretched her arms lovingly along it as far as she could, and then pillowed her head contentedly upon its top. Her long plait of hair swept the key-board.

Brant took it that she was asleep, and, his own child though she was, the ingrained superstition of the race made his heart beat quicker. He dared not waken her, yet he dreaded the moment, in that solemn silence, when she would sit down and, guided by the invisible fingers of the spirit of the night, strike from those steel cords, perhaps, some weird unearthly music which had never yet been set to note.

But she did not play. After a little she slipped away as noiselessly as she had come. At the foot of the stairs she paused an instant, asleep though she was, daintily gathered her gown in her hand, uncovering her snowy feet and ankles, and then passed upward, ghostlike, out of her father's sight.

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THE OLD STONE HOUSE, SILENT AND IMMUTABLE AS THE SPHINX

The Story of an old Garden

A SONG OF SPRING

BY JANE W. GUTHRIE

THE wide valley, the languorous flow of a peaceful river, the vast cultivated fields were before me; the old stone house with its weight of a century of years was behind me; and I, in the midst of a deserted garden, once a marvel, the pride of its owner, a garden of hope and joy and youth—the youth of an imperial domain, of a State which is now verging toward its hundredth year, of a man who moulded many of the institutions of that State, and lives in thought as a figure of destiny pointing the way to an accomplishment of heroic deeds and the fulfilment of high ideals.

At my feet a small yellow crocus fluttered its silken garments in the raw March wind; the towering shrubs, unclipt and unkempt, waved branches toward me in very desolateness, as if demanding the human sympathy so long accorded them. In almost obliterated borders the weeds of last year held out detaining fringes, and the box hedges and the great walnut-trees rattled in a dull and hopeless way in the all-pervading presence of a coming March gale.

The old stone house stood undismayed, but cheerless and comfortless, no hint of life in the uncurtained windows, the smokeless chimneys, the barred doors, which, in all the hundred years now past and gone, have never before been closed to guests, but opened with hospitality princely in its generosity. Silent and immutable as the Sphinx, it is yet so strong, so secure, that its very story seems as much a part of the future of our great nation as of the past. With the beautiful terraced garden as a background, one reads there a romance typically American; the story of a man who lived and loved, and planned and accomplished great deeds by the strength of his own individuality. Drawing inspiration from the founders of our nation, he, more than any other one man,

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gave form and vigor and impulse to the development of the vast imperial West.

The long procession of those who conquered a continent passed through, and by, and far beyond the old home; but its place in history marks it as a way-side inn of the nation where the vigorous, eventful life of a young State was told.

Down in the valley lies the little city where the State of Ohio was born. It is rich in memory of the first days of the great commonwealth. There forceful, dominant, master-minds, settlers in the Virginia Military District, started the State on her career of greatness. They gave Ohio her first Governor, her first United States Senator, her first Secretary of State, her first Speaker of the Legislature, her first Adjutant-General, her Great Seal, her first Constitution; they started the State Library, and in that little city was the State's first home; it was the first capital not only of the old Northwest Territory, but of the State of Ohio.

Sometimes at dawn, sometimes in the cold wet evenings of April, more often in the glory of the May noontide, I have climbed the long hill which leads to the quaint old garden of a century ago. At first I heard nothing there but that which was like the sad, insistent strain of melody in a dirge, the tragic, touching, piteous refrain, "I once was." But from the little crocus which announced the recurring birth of Nature, the witness to the fact that for one hundred years March had whispered there the secret of the year to a listening earth, I caught the thrilling, stirring, hopeful, and joyous song of Spring. From the warm brown earth, and the air, and the birds, came thoughts that trembled toward expression. I felt a subtle spiritual suggestion, the realization that a life once lived in vigor and fulness never dies. It sets in motion forces which carry messages to posterity; it gives to dreams, to aspirations, to hopes, an entity.

Every aspect of the place brought back the thought of the man who had been a formative power in the young State; and though the years might level the old stone pile once his home, and Time turn the garden to a waste, the spirit of those who made it a delight to the eye, and taught the flowers to bloom, will never cease to have its effect upon the living. The force that with high aims accomplishes great deeds is imperishable; it is immortality.

March swept out on the winds into the infinite years of the past and carried all the desolate aspect of the garden; for when young April smiled through tears, stiff, white-green spikes were pushing themselves through the moist earth and the dead leaves of last year. The mystery of life stirred the senses, and expectancy deepened. In the first week of the month yellow Easter flowers and white jonquils nodded in the pale sunshine, making a veritable Field of the Cloth of Gold. The scarlet tanager, which had made furtive prospecting visits there in February and March, established himself and family permanently. Now and then the whistle of a quail pierced the quiet air, or the hoarse croak of a crow called defiance to the busy robins as he flapped his great black wings on the low stone wall.

On April's Easter Sunday the wind-swept borders of March wore a dazzling greenery refreshing to winter-tired eyes. I picked a bunch of white violets from a border nearly overgrown with blue-starred creepers of the periwinkle; the exquisite perfume was like the memories of a hundred years of sunshine and Spring. I walked through aisles of lilac-trees where furled leaves made soft green curls upon brown branches, down pathways bordered on either side by great towering green yuccas, whose swordlike leaves swept the ground with a suggestion of cruelty essentially Spanish. The tall dead blooms of last year held up empty seed-pods to heaven in a very rage of neglect. I brushed by giant shrubs of *Pyrus japonica* showing the first red of its fiery bloom, by magnolia-trees thick with buds, and under great snowball-bushes which arched over the pathway beneath. In the more formal portion of the garden the tulips and hyacinths were drawing from the chemistry of Nature their brilliant colors and sweet perfumes to breathe upon the air.

In the centre of this reviving color and fragrance was a beautiful evergreen arbor-vitæ tree, so perfect in shape, so greenly vivid, that on that day it was

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THE AISLES OF LILAC-TREES

like all of the thoughts of Easter crystallized into form; it was the realization of a Winter's hope, a dream of immortality, the never-changing life of the spirit. The day made those century-old walks, bordered by mossy stone flagging, quiet aisles of prayer, or whispering-galleries where one heard footsteps which had echoed there in love and hope and joy, in death and desolation.

Mid-April! Snow, moist, deep, and clinging! For three days the tender leaves and forming buds shivered in soft white wreaths, heavy with moisture; and then Spring, as if ashamed of capricious ways, turned in her most attractive guise and sent warm days, and looked at the sweet fresh world through the trembling haze that makes the valley so attractive. It is elusive, suggestive of day-dreams, of far, unfathomable distances; it gives a fairylike enchantment to the cloud palaces which hang over the hill-tops. There is a subtle analogy between this misty haze and the air of formality and reserve which marks the well-bred citizen of the quaint old town on the Scioto River. One realizes that certain social conditions are atmospheric. Nature suggests withdrawal from a too vivid life. The quiet reserve and dignified formality are but envelopes to the true personality, like the softening haze that veils the hills and valleys, and hints of undiscovered charms.

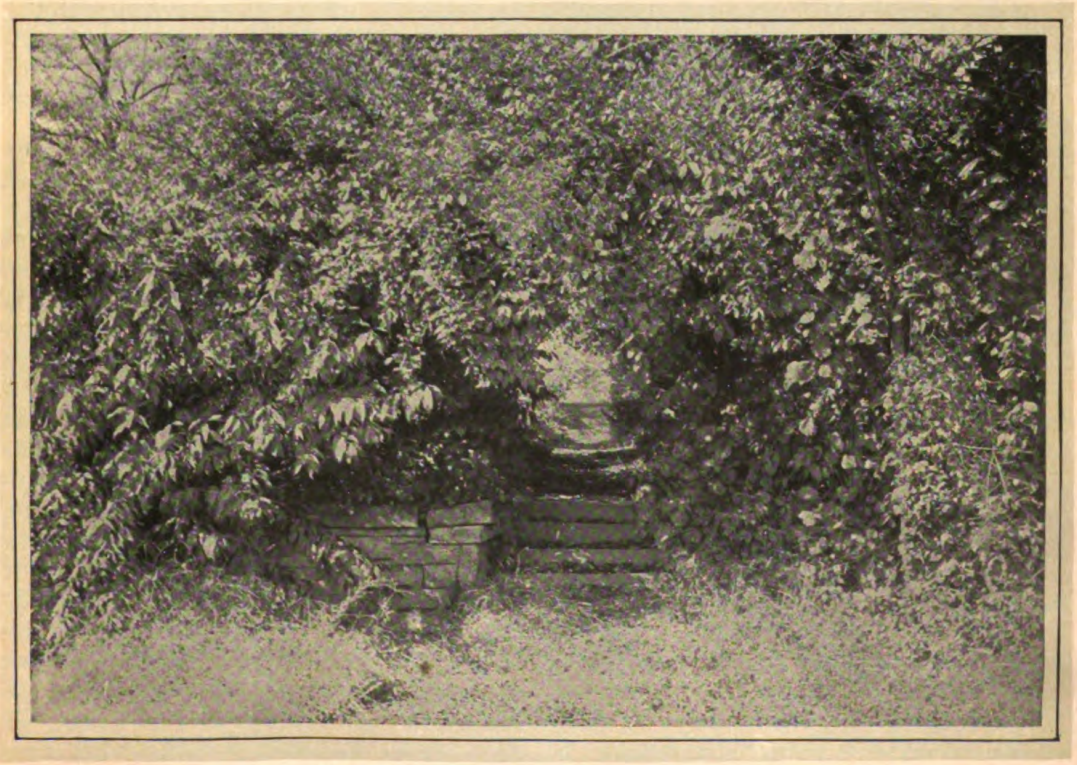
And May, "who goes before to make

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the paths of June more beautiful," steps lightly across all this waiting, palpitating world. She whispers to the buds and blossoms; she breathes upon the soft curls of unfolded leaves; she hovers over the earth—and to her light touch the grass and sweet wild flowers respond with eager caress. All Nature bursts into one glorious choral of praise.

As I climbed the hill upon whose summit stands the old stone house, like a court beauty amid rustic surroundings, I realized how noble had been the impulse to allow Nature to tell her story absolutely untrammelled by efforts to place her advantageously. It was an almost theatrical setting for a home. One with an eye to scenic effect had grasped the possibilities there suggested. Down the sloping hill-side, in close ranks, marched primeval oaks and maples, picturesque beeches and elms. Here and there rose the ghostly, straight white trunk of a buttonball-tree, with the hanging, swinging globes of last year's seeds; or at a turn of the road a vision of the first Spring bride arrayed in white disclosed itself on closer view as the low-sweeping branches of a dogwood. The fragrance of buckeye blossoms filled the air, and the redbud-tree gave a sinister touch of color to the hill-side, reminding one that over those wooded slopes once bounded the moccasined foot of the Shawanoe, whose last tribal efforts were made to hold this beloved valley for his own; his last stand was made in defence of this the ancestral home of his race. Did the wind-harp of Spring, in the trees that he loved, echo the sound of his battle-cry, or shrill his last weird call?

Great spreads of shining green leaves of the May-apple shielded its waxen blooms, and celadon-poppies in a yellow glory carpeted the earth with the gold of the kingdom of flowers. All through the grass, along the road-side, and in the crevices of the rocks were blue and white violets in prodigal profusion; while in and out and all about crept the trailing fringe of the ground-ivy, with its tiny blue-eyed blossom reflecting the vivid color of the sky. Here and there the bloodroot lifted cups to heaven. The pure white flower with its golden heart, its blood-red root, its broad shielding green leaves, which ward off unholy



THE TERRACE STEPS THAT SWEET MAY DAY

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grime, is Nature's symbol of The Holy Grail. Sloping down to the lake at its foot, the hill climbs upward to the plateau where Thomas Worthington, the youth from Virginia, located his land-warrants in 1796. From this beautiful level plain I looked down a ravine by the side of the road, to watch a dancing little stream chattering its story to the trilliums, anemones, and uncurling ferns; such a happy little story it seemed to be; such a glad joy of Spring; such a pride in being able to sweep over the rocks and through the ravine with its messages to the lake! Above, in the trees, the birds tried to rival its song. I turned to the house, which stood silent, sombre, and sad; but oh! the joy, the transfiguration in the garden and the orchard beyond! There was pictured the splendor of the dawn of the year. One could hardly believe that the snow-storm of a fortnight before had really passed. The tall lilacs were tipped with white and purple in feathery plumage; the tulips and hyacinths were in bloom; and now, those embryo white points that puzzled me a month earlier, as border to the star and oval and crescent shaped beds, disclosed themselves as small purple fleur-de-lis. Anything more quaint than these low-growing "flags" of our grandmothers I have never seen. Somehow I expected to see a figure walking in the garden clad in a short-waisted gown, a poke-bonnet from which peeped a bewitching face set in curls of golden hair, heelless slippers, and clocked stockings; a scarf about the shoulders, the management of which was a fine art. For beautiful daughters had reigned there; capricious beauty had been courted under those arching boughs; rosy cheeks had rivalled the inner shell-like blush of the magnolia which was opening its buds beside me, and bright eyes had looked love and pride at stately lovers. Aaron Burr had wandered down those pathways and talked floriculture with Eleanor Van Swearingen, the first mistress of the home. He left more than memories there, for he sent, as an appreciation of the garden in the wilderness, the moss-rose, the yellow jasmine, and the sweet honeysuckle, which still bloom and flourish in the rich soil as a tribute to one kindly act of a man whose supreme thought was self. Only the chance visitor and the birds catch their fragrance from the winds of Spring. Few know that, once upon a time, a very scheming, brilliantly fascinating, wicked little man, with delightful manners and wonderful eyes, chose those plants, or that he walked up and down the pathways and talked about seeds and roots and bulbs, just as if he were not plotting treason and planning his dream of empire.

Henry Clay's silvery voice cast many an echo among those old trees. Affiliation in taste and politics made him a frequent and welcome guest of the owner of "Adena," the home upon the hill. Daniel Webster came in touch there with the great boundless West. One could fancy the magnificent poise, the superb charm of the man as he paid tribute to the dignity of a life which was modeled upon that in old Virginia. Webster never did commonplace things, and he expressed his appreciation in no measured terms. De Witt Clinton; Rufus King, whose son married a daughter of the house; President Monroe; General Macomb, who married another daughter—many noted men and women of bygone years felt the pulsing life and the vivid charm of that spacious garden, which was laid out by a celebrated landscape-gardener in imitation of the one at Mount Vernon.

As I sat on the terrace steps, that sweet May day, my surroundings roused the sense of association. I looked at the old stone house, facing with sightless eyes the hills across the wide valley. Towering above the surrounding peaks is Mount Logan, named in honor of the Mingo chief whose pathetic lament rings in the ear of every school-boy. I saw in fancy the little group gathered in that house to design the Great Seal of the State. An all-night vigil was unproductive of result; but when dawn came, those who were met there, weary with effort, went out to watch the coming of the day. "Ah!" said William Creighton, Secretary of State, pointing to the sun climbing up from behind Mount Logan; "a new sun is rising upon the horizon." Returning to the house, he drew from the picture before his eyes the design for the seal of the new-born

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IT IS NOT A MODERN GARDEN

State, and beneath it he wrote, "Imperium in Imperio"—An Empire within an Empire.

Back of that still, my vision pictured the little group that left a home in old Virginia for conscience' sake. There was Thomas Worthington, who believed most firmly in freedom for all men. Like many another great man of his State, he had convictions on the subject of slavery. He knew that in the great Northwest Territory, then luring men with its promises, was a Canaan which offered freedom of thought and action as a field for youthful ideals and imaginings; a refuge for those who believed in his principles. For by the terms of that Ordinance of 1787, whose primal thought was written by Thomas Jefferson, slavery there was forever forbidden. With the leader was his young wife and her brothers; Edward Tiffin, who afterward became the first Governor of Ohio, and his wife, who was the sister of Thomas Worthington. They went to join a little group of Scotch-Irish settlers, who had migrated from the Elkhorn in Kentucky, to escape the restrictions of slavery, and founded the town of Chillicothe, in the Scioto Valley. This little band of crusaders going to fight a western wilderness took with them roots and seeds, herbs and simples. One can fancy that eyes grew dim with tears when those same seeds in sprouting brought tender memories of an unforgotten home. Those wanderers who followed Godfrey de Bouillon to the Holy Land brought back in return

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the seeds that caused Italy and the Low Countries to bloom into the first gardens that Europe knew. It was the development of ideas, stimulated to expression by travel of the Crusaders, that lifted the pall of the Dark Ages and civilized and humanized a western world.

Who, then, can estimate the influence of that garden, "far from all voice of teachers or divines"? How many people found there "priests, sermons, shrines"?

The lilies-of-the-valley rang fairy bells at the foot of the terrace walls, but the Spanish iris that used to flourish there is seen no more in the gardens of to-day. Its flower, with yellow petals heavily painted with lavender, its black centre and curving stamens set in sage-green leaves, breathed the most exquisite perfume. It is but a memory now, like the empire of Spain in the Western World. The old-fashioned grape-hyacinth grows near the tangles of "matrimony," and the quaint little polyanthus hides itself against the columbine. Near by is the wild growth of a yellow eglantine rose. Against the low wall the leaves of the myrtleberry shine, reminders of wax candles that were made from the berries of the bush, to gleam in white radiance over a brilliant assemblage, or light the way to a discussion of state secrets above the mahogany.

June days. The buckeye and locust blossoms no longer scent the air, the leaves are heavy on the trees, and the grass is seeding. Down in the valley the maize is waist-high and the wheat is ripening to the harvest.

In the garden the calycanthus has dropped its scented blooms, the yellow corcoris flower is withered as it climbs over the low wall on the slope above the kitchen-garden; the snowballs are dry and brown, and the June lilies are budding. The great broad leaves of the day-lilies shelter the white trumpets of a coming July and shield the tansy and thyme growing against the stone flagging. Here and there an old-fashioned rose hides itself against its leaves as if mourning lost sisters. The microphylla which once grew over the trellis is dead, and the damask and cabbage roses vanished long ago. Syringa-bushes are thickly set with white stars of perfume, and gorgeous masses of peonies give color to the scene. At the root of a dead tree the star of Bethlehem makes a spotless wreath; and close at hand the yuccas lift white-green cups to heaven. Yellow Nile lilies and flaunting tiger-lilies are opening to catch the color of the sun, and the wild-grape perfume is wafted from the woods. Giant fleur-de-lis shake out odor and color, and Canterbury bells ring a sweet entrancing tune. Swift-darting dragon-flies, drowsy bees, and lazy butterflies give motion to the soft sweet air; and the sound of noisy bird mothers, teaching immature sons and daughters to fly, breaks the quiet stillness. It is not a modern garden: there are no seeds to set for sprouting. There is nothing but the bulbs and bushes and shrubs of a century ago; nothing but memories and associations, and the fragrance of dead Summers.

The Spring is past, the glory of the garden is gone, but "Ichabod" is not written above it. The walks and alleys echo no more to the sound of voices, and the footsteps have passed into silence; but the romance of the past invests each stone with interest, each bush with a story, each bud and flower with the tender grace of a day that is dead.

The message that is written in memories and associations and read in the flowers that have seen the Springs of a hundred years is the immortality of thought, the undying force of an accomplished purpose, the imperishable ideal which opportunity and America have given to youth.

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FORTUNE FILLING THE SAILS OF MERCHANT SHIPS WITH A PROSPEROUS WIND
(Reproduced from a painting on an old mirror)

Amateur Art in Early New England

BY GRACE BROWNELL PECK

ACCORDING to Governor Bradford, the *Mayflower* brought over in her hold the goods and chattels of about one hundred English settlers; according to their descendants, she brought over enough to stock the whole of New England. But nowhere in his history do we find any mention of pictures.

This omission from her cargo was due partly to the want of room, but largely, no doubt, to the disapproval with which our pious forefathers viewed all works of art, especially those religious masterpieces in which the great artists of the Old World had excelled.

To those first settlers life was too stern and hard to permit even the thought of anything not required by strict necessity. And to the thrifty housewife the bunches of dried herbs and onions and the ears of red and yellow corn that decorated her walls gave more genuine satisfaction than any picture could have given.

Notwithstanding these adverse conditions, the love of art, the desire to create some form of beauty, still survived.

In the dawn of the eighteenth century, when the first stress of hardship and poverty had passed, when Boston had become a thriving little city, when the plain Puritan dress had given place to furbelows and flounces, pictures of home manufacture began to make a place for themselves. Among the quaintest productions of this time are the cut paper pictures, one of which is reproduced in the diary of Anna Green Winslow, recently edited by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, the original of which was kept between 1770 and 1773.

This paper-cutting was taught in private schools under the dignified name of papyrotamia, and when the dainty misses of Boston went to their afternoon tea parties, they often took with them a sheet of paper and a pair of tiny scissors, and as they gossiped over the

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small news of the day they snipped away the bits of paper, until there grew under their nimble fingers pictures wonderful to behold. A whole village, including an inn with swinging sign, cart-horses, cattle and men, an old-fashioned well, a hay-maker carrying his scythe over his shoulder, a man with a wheelbarrow, a shepherdess with her sheep, a bridge with full-rigged ships sailing under it, fences, winding roads, and trees so full of little birds that one would think an aviary had been let loose—all these are to be seen in one single quaint old picture that is preserved in the Trott family of Niagara Falls.

Another quaint style of imitation flowers was made of raised paper, and as we look at an odd specimen still remaining we can easily imagine the maker, Miss Abby Buckingham, at her artistic labors, as she draws or perhaps traces the flowers on a heavy piece of card-board, and then, after cutting almost around a rose petal, inserts her penknife under one thickness of the paper and carefully lifts the petal from the surface, until her rose, two or three petals deep, rises from its paper background in nature's true similitude.

The painting of artificial flowers was carried on in the large cities, and in Brooks's *Curious Advertisements* we find, taken from the Boston *Gazette* of October 19, 1767, this advertisement:

TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF BOSTON.

Elizabeth Courtney, as several Ladies has signified of having a desire to learn that most ingenious art of Painting on Gauze and Catgut, proposes to open a School, and that her business may be a public good, designs to teach the making of all sorts of French Trimmings, Flowers, and Feather Tippets. And as these Arts above mentioned, (the Flowers excepted,) are entirely unknown on the Continent, she flatters herself to meet with all due encouragement; and more so as every Lady may have a power of serving herself of what she is now obliged to send to England for, as the whole process is attended with little or no expence. The Conditions are Five Dollars at entrance; to be confined to no particular hours or time: and if they apply Constant may be Compleat in six weeks. And when she has fifty subscribers school will be opened.



"RIDICULOUS TASTE, OR, THE LADIES' ABSURDITY"
(Example of the quaint painted prints)

It is to be supposed that this

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"CYBELE AND CUPID"
(Painted by Miss Betsy Rockwell)

school was opened and good use made of its advantages, for painted flowers appear often in the hair, the stomacher, and the hats of the well-to-do Bostonian dames.

To this time belong also the quaint painted prints, in imitation of painted glass. In making these, the print, generally of English origin, was stuck on to the back of a plate of glass, with a varnish that rendered it partly transparent, and then the artist colored it from the back in gorgeous daubs of red, blue, and yellow.

Many of these painted prints are still in existence. The Connecticut Historical Society has one of unusual interest, entitled, "Ridiculous Taste, or, The Ladies' Absurdity." The subject is a grand lady seated in a barber's chair, while the hair-dresser, a prim little man, climbs on a stepladder to finish the top of her ladyship's tower of powdered hair.

In the private dame schools were taught not only plain sewing, but "All kinds of Needlework, viz: point, Brussles, Dresden, Gold, Silver, and Silk Embroidery of every kind. Tambour, Feather, Indian and Darning. Sprigings with a Variety of Openwork to each. Tapestry plain, lines & drawn. Catgut, black & white, with a number of beautiful Stitches. Diaper and Plain Darnings."

The young ladies' finishing schools of fifty years later kept up the teaching of embroidery, and one of the most pleasing pictures of the time is "The Departure of Coriolanus," a really charming piece of color, with its delicate pink sky, its tender blues, and soft olive-greens.

This picture, now owned in East Windsor Hill, Connecticut, by descendants of Governor Wolcott, was made by Miss Ursula Wolcott—"Suley," as her father calls her in his endorsement on the tuition bill — at Mrs. Royse's finishing school at Hartford.

From this famous school came also an interesting collection which now hangs on the wall of one of the oldest houses of Windsor, Connecticut. This consists of water-colors done by Miss Betsy Rockwell, under Mrs. Royse's supervision.

The most striking feature of the collection is Cybele, clad in silver armor, and riding in a golden, crimson-lined chariot. Cupid is her charioteer, and the

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steeds he drives are two great lions, whose grin is frightful to behold, and whose bared teeth indicate a fierceness somewhat at variance with their gentle amble. The magnificence of Cybele is shown not only by the gorgeousness of her chariot and armor, but by the fact that her very toe-nails are of silver.



AN OLD CLOCK PANEL
(Painted by Amy Lewis)

Our grandmothers knew how to apply their art to household purposes as well as do their present-day daughters, and they were not sparing of that knowledge. One pin-cushion has on it a wonderful robin, large as life; his breast is red, his head and tail blue, and he is shaded with green. Each feather is carefully painted, and well separated from its neighbor. But the quaintest bit of his anatomy is his great eye, set well back of the middle of his head, and gazing at us with stiff severity.

There is in one old house in Litchfield a fine blue satin petticoat that danced with Washington, and that has in its quilting the whole story of the Garden of Eden. Up the front grows the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, dividing at the top, and spreading its branches in each direction; on one side is Adam, on the other is Eve, with the fatal apple in her hand, while around the bottom of the petticoat prance all the animals of creation. We hardly realize, in these days of cheap picture reproduction, when the humblest school may have its copies of the fine old masters, and the Sistine Madonna is familiar to even the street urchins, how absolutely void of anything that could be called art were the farmhouses and the smaller villages in the New World. Search the inventories of the probate courts in the early colonial days, and it will be rare indeed that you find any picture mentioned. Enter the old houses of a little later date, and you may find a funeral wreath, an ornamented marriage certificate—and that is all. Yet the children of long ago had the same love of nature and of beauty that we find in our own little ones, but they died not knowing it.

To be sure, there were Benjamin Wests among them, in whom the genius for art was so strong that it must out, even by way of the cat's tail; and there were Copley and Smybert and Trumbull. But the influence of even the greatest of these had but a small radius.

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Then to some of the quiet Connecticut villages, to some of these farmers' daughters, came a chance to break away a little from the treadmill of farm and household labor, to go a few steps into an unknown land of pictures, color, art. The open door was the clock-shop.

The kindly emancipator who was bringing a new glow into their lives was the good old deacon who presided, with more business shrewdness than artistic skill, over the painting of the dials and panels; and the masterpieces which were produced were those prim and decorous landscapes, those pillared mansions, those prancing horses, and those grass-green trees so familiar to old-furniture hunters. We smile at them, but to the humble artists it was an open gate, leading out of the daily drudgery and the soul-benumbing monotony of life. To draw, to paint, to linger lovingly over the dainty curves, to lay on the rich warm color and watch the pictures grow under their hands; to create! Think what it must have been to those starved souls!

In the clock-shops were two grades of painters: those who stencilled on the figures and ornamented the dials, who were called the face-painters, and were looked down upon by their more advanced sisters; and the panel-painters, the real makers of pictures. I can see them now, those fresh-faced farmer lasses, in their quaint, short-waisted gowns, sitting on their benches at the long, well-lighted tables, each with her tools beside her, her paint saucers, or dry powder colors, her brushes, and her paper stencil patterns.

Their work was by no means wholly mechanical. There were patterns, to be sure, small papers with the design cut through in outline, or to be traced by means of red transfer-paper. These patterns were of single objects: a house, always after the Mount Vernon model, well-rounded trees, spirited horses, wondrous shrubbery, baskets of summer fruit, and men and women dressed in the latest fashion. These were but the elements of the design; from these same stately mansions, green trees, men and women, picture after picture was evolved, all alike, and yet all different. Sometimes the house was in the middle, with the tall elm on the right and the willow on the left; sometimes it was on one side, with a thicket of shrubbery on the other; sometimes the fiery steeds pranced through leafy avenues, and sometimes stood before the door; the man and maid might wander side by side through the landscape, or take their separate ways. The patterns must be followed in the separate figures, but there was room for fancy in the composition.

And when the complete picture was outlined in black, then the colors were laid on, the intricate foliage of the trees in vivid greens, the house always of white, with gay-colored windows, the horses brown, and the ladies' gowns in a fine bravery of color.

But even here the modern spirit of rebellion crept in, for there is still told the story of Polly B——, who, boldly defying all the canons of art and nature, painted her hero's horse a brilliant blue,



"ARMENIA"

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and to the good deacon's remonstrance replied that she was sick and tired of always painting horses brown. "Well, let it go so this time," answered the patient man, "but the next horse must be the usual color."

The great centre of clock-manufacture was then in Thomaston and Bristol, Connecticut, where are still some of the largest clock-factories. And here clock pictures abound. In every old attic lingers some evidence of ancient skill. Almost every one's great-grandmother painted, and the great-grandmother of one family, the fair Amy Lewis, was not only a highly prized clock-painter, one who could draw her own designs, but an artist in her own right.

As a business she painted clock panels, and for pleasure she painted all the rest of the world.

There must have been a touch of romantic sentiment in her nature, for one of the largest pictures, one on which much labor has evidently been bestowed, is that of the fair Armenia carving on the tree trunk the name of her Tancred. And patriotism is there too, in a large piece in which a young man and two young women approach, weeping, or at least with handkerchiefs, the tomb sacred to the memory of George Washington and his consort. I have seen at least twenty paintings known to be the work of Amy Lewis, including one valuable roll which was snatched from a bonfire after the death of an aged aunt to whom it had been presented.

Her tools are still tucked away in a drawer: the "paint saucers," the powders with their quaint old names, and the tiny brush that worked those wonders. I have copied some of the pictures in order to discover the technique of those times, and find that a small brush will do it all, from the broad shaded washes to the delicate outlines, and even the foliage on the trees. This last, after repeated experiments, I find to be made by holding the brush in a vertical position and dabbing at the paper until the surface is covered. Nor did she despise the tricks of the trade; for upon close examination the sheep that repose by Armenia's side are found to be pricked through with a pin from the back, giving the fleece a truly woolly look.

The picture of two strolling damsels in red and yellow gowns, taken "direct from the latest Paris fashions," is most instructive as to the dress of that period, for, even to the hairs on the great fur tippet and the points on the artificial rose, it is given with careful accuracy.



DESIGN FROM COVER OF PIN-CUSHION

Some of the great houses boasted a few fine pictures, possibly painted in America, but more probably brought from abroad. Miss Betsey Jaquelin Ambler, a visitor at Washington's house in 1799, writes to her dear friend Mildred Smith: "Everything within-doors is neat and elegant, but nothing re-

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markable except the paintings of different artists. I think there are five portraits of the General, some done in Europe, and some in America. There are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation."

The Bible seems to be a principal source of material, since we find "Joseph Interpreting," "Pharaoh's Cup Found," the "Prodigal Son," and many similar titles. The "Ruth and Naomi" of Betsy Rockwell may have been copied from such an original. Says one dear old lady, whose memory goes back almost to the beginning of the century: "We had a beautiful picture on our walls. It was about the prodigal son; I wish I had it now. My mother did not think it was quite proper, because one of the women with whom he had wasted his substance in riotous living had her foot in the prodigal's lap. Mother wanted it taken down, but father—he was a deacon in the church—he liked it, so it stayed."

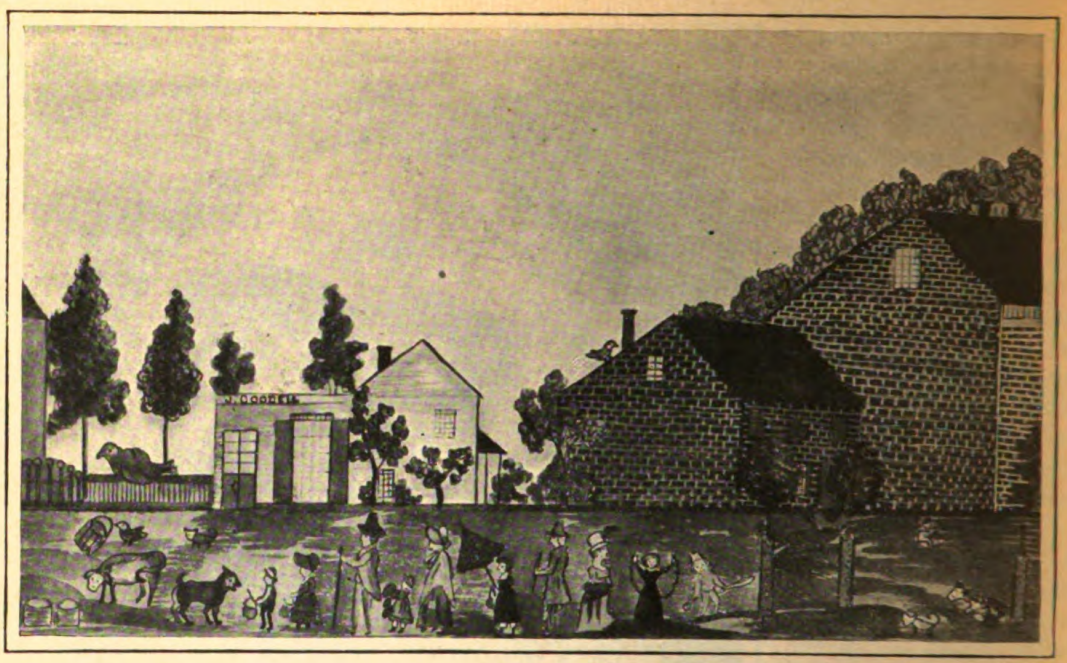


"PEACE BETWEEN AMERICA AND ENGLAND"
(Painted about 1785)

One piece of amateur art which is even older than the Amy Lewis pictures has in it much of human interest, for it is evidently in celebration of our peace with England. In it a tall and gracious maiden, somewhat long in the legs and swelled in the ankles, but with a face beaming with good-will to all the world, comes forward from the clouds of war, indicated by dark smoke and hostile ships. Clad in clinging robes of pale yellow and shrimp-pink, with a blue scarf floating from her shoulders, she comes bearing in one hand the symbolic olive branch, and in the other a flaming torch, with which she is about to destroy all the weapons of war, together with the prostrate union-jack of England. In the background two doves of snowy whiteness are billing and cooing in a very amiable manner, and at her feet spring the flowers of peace. The picture is very pleasing in its color, for the delicate figure of the maiden is brought out by the dark background of smoke, and around the whole scene is thrown a frame of Indian red.

But even more interesting than allegorical or sentimental pictures are the few—and they are very few—that were drawn directly from life. It is the sense of contact with the actual, homely, everyday life that gives the charm to Amy

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A VIEW IN FOURTH STREET, TROY

Lewis's sketch from her own front window of "J. Goodell's Bakery, Mrs. Phelps's School, Mr. Williams's and Mr. Reed's, on Fourth Street, Troy."

This is a real place, and these are real people. Possibly the bakery with its green shutters and half-door still stands. At least the trees are there, and we look with Amy Lewis from her window and watch the townspeople pass by, the women with calashes and beaver hats, the girls in pantalets, and one unhatted and carrying a parasol, as in the present day. We half identify the blue-shawled lady with Miss Phelps herself, and feel a thrill of fear for the small boy into whose dinner-pail that huge mastiff is looking.

The question of framing these many amateur pictures opened a new field for the exercise of artistic talent. A few of the pictures, like the "Washington's Tomb" of Amy Lewis, were taken to the city and put into showy gilt frames, bearing the name of the artist. But all could not be so fortunate, and so the girls enclosed their pictures in frames that were only less wonderful than the pictures. Some of the more elaborate of these frames were made from pine cones, the cones being pulled to pieces, and the separate scales then sewed on in fantastic patterns. The greatest favorite seems to have been the rose pattern, which appears with variations in nearly all.

Such frames were made not only for the small water-color paintings, but for life-size oil paintings, and in a few old houses they still grace the walls in their tattered elegance.

In my attic researches one day I came upon a box of yellow paper leaf-patterns, each carefully cut out, and labelled with the name of its tree—maple, laurel, or oak. I was at a loss to guess their use. But later on there was pulled out from under the eaves a huge frame, to whose sides a mass of leather leaves still adhered, brown, withered, and curled, a leaf from every tree in the forest. In its day it must have been a wonderful creation.

Mirrors furnished another opportunity for the same brilliant decoration that was applied to clock panels. Many of the stilted landscapes and bright-colored mansions closely resembled the mechanical country scenes already described. In the picture prefixed to this article, of Fortune filling the sails of a merchant navy with prosperous wind, there is much more of freedom and vitality, although the work was done on the back of the glass. This picture was apparently painted free-hand, with considerable skill.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN this rather difficult world there have always been two ideals of conduct—the simple ideal of the honest man, and the complex ideal of the man of honor, or, as the man of honor would prefer to write it, "honour." In other terms, the part of the citizen and the part of the courtier, not altogether opposed but strongly contrasted, have offered themselves, almost from the beginning, to the imitation of those wishing to have a useful or brilliant share in the affairs of their fellow-men. Neither part is despicable, and as matters are now shaping themselves with us, perhaps the part of the courtier is becoming as indispensable as that of the citizen has hitherto been in our commonwealth. The day may be breaking when the accomplishments shall be as essential to our political and civil well-being as the virtues; and although we have not yet a court, it may be that we shall yet have one, and if it should find us unprovided with courtiers to grace it and commend it to the general favor, or favour, that would be a pity. It would be more than a pity, it would be an "errour," as the translator of "The Book of the Courtier," by Count Baldassare Castiglione, likes to spell the word, without obvious advantage to an authour who was in his own time the study of all gentles, and the mirrour of such as endeavoured to perfect themselves in the art of pleasing princes.

I

In conformity with the great and beneficent natural law by which large rivers skirt the sites of considerable cities, and the supply of most necessaries and luxuries precedes the demand, Baldassare Castiglione came into the world at a moment peculiarly fortunate for him and it. The moment was that in which the little, troubled, and troublesome Italian republics had nearly all completed their evolution from turbid democracies into tyrannies under a single strong-handed lord, or oligarchies as rigidly and inexorably opposed to the rule of the people, and when the need of the courtier was taking on the aspect of a long-felt want. The situation was somewhat like what our own would be if the several commonwealths of our Union had become independent powers during the Civil War, and passing from the republican form had submitted themselves to absolute governments, with their respective courts at Albany, Boston, Columbus, and other capitals.

A good deal remained to be done in Italy both by the princes and the patricians to complete the transformation, and both needed instruction. In the case of the princes, Machiavelli supplied the necessary philosophy in "Il Principe," which has remained a bone of contention with the succeeding ages, for seeing that Machiavelli was himself a life-long republican, some could scarcely believe him serious, but regarded his precepts as a satire of despotic rule. In the case of the patricians, Baldassare Castiglione's charming treatise of "Il Cortigiano" became, with no question of his sincerity, the delight of his own time, and has continued the pleasure since of all such as relish philosophic discourse with apposite anecdote and amiable banter between persons of birth and quality, like the Duchess of Urbino and her young nieces and companions, Francesco della Rovere, the Duke's heir, Count Ludovico da Canossa, Giuliano de' Medici, Pietro Bembo, and other social, political, and intellectual swells of the day when Italy was making herself immortal.

Castiglione was born at Casatico, near Mantua, in 1476, and schooled in letters and arms at Milan. He lived afterwards at Rome, and was then called to the court of Urbino, the politest in Italy. He was sent back to Rome as ambassador by the Duke, but returned to the service of his own prince, the Marquis of Mantua, who also sent him ambassador to Rome, and thence suffered him to go to Spain as the Pope's nuncio. In this varied life he saw cities and courts beyond most men, and in writing his book of "The Courtier," now at Urbino, now at Rome, and now at Mantua, where he finished it, he may be supposed to have known fully what he was making his interlocutors

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talk about. At any rate he made them talk not only wisely but winningly, and composed a book both of such gayety and gravity that the world has not been willing to let it die, though it has never had great fame with the vulgar, like the Iliad of Homer, or the plays of Shakspere, or the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, or the other works that appeal to men in their humanity rather than in their civility.

"The Courtier" deals primarily with the qualification of a gentleman for the use and pleasure of his prince, in those moments of the prince's relaxation from the robuster engagements of his station, such as slaughtering a foreign foe in battle, or sending sedition to the scaffold at home. But it treats likewise of letters and the arts, as a gentleman can know them, and should; of dress, of games, of manners, how they vary from court to court and country to country; of love, and the attendant virtues and vices; of women and their worth and unworth in youth and age; of a busy and a leisure life; of beauty, of study, almost of religion. A pretty vein of psychology, by no means unmodern in direction, appears and reappears in the treatise, and all in a very choice Italian, which has not been wronged, but on the whole most delicately righted in the English of Mr. Leonard Eckstein Opdycke, with an occasional self-indulgence, hardly to be called affectation, in the archaick spelling, rather than wording, already noted.

With such facts and features of the work the present homily has not much to do, and the character of Castiglione's book has here been sketched more from an ancient love of it than from any will to assume the office of the critic concerning it. But the service which Mr. Opdycke has rendered literature is not to be lightly passed over, and the Easy Chair wishes to be imagined with its fine carven top off to him, and louting as low as the stiffness of its old red back will let it. This done, it desires to put on its silken gown and its Genevan bands, and to take up the matter of those contrasting ideals which it has already mentioned in the forefront of its argument.

II

It must be evident to observers of the meanest capacity that if we have had little use for the courtier or "man of honour" in this commonwealth hitherto, and have managed to rub along with the honest man, so far as we could get him, the time is near at hand when we may need the courtier, and cannot any longer make shift with the citizen. It was formerly held that the citizen, the son of the plain people from whom Lincoln sprang, and whom he dreamed of God as peculiarly loving, is not adequate to the demands likely to be made upon a republic which once went about the world in its overalls, with its pick on its shoulder, or its foot-rule sticking out of its hip pocket, or its kit of plumber's tools in its greasy hand. With imperial princes coming to visit us, and with special ambassadors going to personate us at coronations, it is clear that we must begin to wash up, get a suit of ready-made clothing, as nearly of the court pattern as possible, and begin the study of a behavior-book. It is perfectly vain to pretend otherwise; it is worse than vain, it is vulgar. We have no right to show ourselves in a plebeian guise among princes and patricians. They will not make us suffer for it, because

> We've got the ships, we've got the men,
> We've got the money too,

but it is an offence to them all the same, and wantonly to give offence by anything out of keeping in dress or manner is vulgar. We must not wear a frock-coat to state dinners; we must not wear a derby hat to international teas or garden parties. Being at court, we must do as the courtiers do. The question for us to consider is, how to give our own plain people a back seat on the high occasions coming without hurting their feelings; for to hurt the feelings even of plain people is also a kind of vulgarity. The situation is one of difficulty; it involves serious, almost prayerful inquiry; and we would not have any reader of the Easy Chair suppose that it takes up the subject in a frivolous or scoffing frame. We approach the important business in little less than a devotional spirit, and we think it a most fortunate thing that Messer Baldassare Castiglione's treatise of "Il Cortigiano" reaches us in this admirable version at a moment when no book could be so timely. We

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may ask of it, with every hope of having our question fitly answered, what were the qualifications of the perfect courtier in the past, and what the American honest man, having washed up, must do to qualify himself as a courtier in the future.

Speaking by the mouths of his various interlocutors, but more especially by that of the Messer Conte, Count Ludovico Canossa, our author tells, in the first place, that the courtier "should be nobly born and of gentle race, because it is far less unseemly for one of ignoble birth to fail in worthy deeds than for one of noble birth, who, if he strays from the path of his predecessors, stains his family name, and not only fails to achieve, but loses what has been achieved already. . . . And since this splendour of nobility does not illumine the deeds of the humbly born, they lack that stimulus, and fear of shame, nor do they feel any obligation to advance beyond what their predecessors have done."

The courtier, being of right and duty nobly born, might think he could stop at that, but if he did he would make a great mistake; he must also be born beautiful and graceful, and of a presence that shall both win and awe the beholder. Or, in Count Canossa's words, he should "be endowed by nature not only with talent and beauty of person and feature, but with a certain . . . air that shall make him at first sight pleasing and agreeable to all who see him; and . . . in his outward aspect give promise of whatever is worthy the society and favour of every great lord." The courtier, indeed, cannot content himself with even this threefold gift of nature, or triple properties of birth. He is hardly born noble, graceful, and beautiful before he must begin with the education of a "man of honour," and the study of high deeds in the profession of arms. "I would have him well built," says Count Canossa, "and shapely of limb, and would have him show strength and lightness and suppleness, and know all bodily exercises that befit a man of war: whereof I think the first should be to handle every sort of weapon well on foot and on horse. . . . For besides the use of them in war, where such subtlety of contrivance is not needful, there frequently arise differences between one gentleman and another, which afterwards result in duels, often fought with such weapons as happen at the moment to be within reach: thus knowledge of this kind is a very safe thing." This wise provision for the case of what we call difficulties between gentlemen is supplemented by the advice that the courtier should "know how to wrestle, for it is a great help in the use of weapons of all kinds on foot. . . . In tourneys, and in the arts of defence and attack, let him shine among the best in France. In stick-throwing, bull-fighting, and in casting spears and darts, let him excel among the Spaniards."

Finally, Count Canossa, always speaking for Count Castiglione, passes to the intellectual equipment of the courtier, whom he would by no means have a mere fighter or wrestler. "I blame the French for thinking that letters are a hindrance to the profession of arms, and I hold that learning is proper to no one more than to a warrior; and in our courtier I would have these two accomplishments joined and aided each by the other, as is most proper. . . . I would have him more than passably accomplished in letters, at least in those studies that are called the humanities, and conversant not only with the Latin language, but with the Greek, for the sake of the many different things that have been admirably written therein. Let him be well versed in the poets, and not less in the orators and historians, and also proficient in writing verse and prose, especially in this vulgar tongue of ours; for besides the enjoyment he will find in it, he will by this means never lack agreeable entertainment with the ladies, who are usually fond of such things."

III

Here, upon the very highest authority in the whole world and in all time, we learn what the courtier should be, and it is this norm which the American honest man, evolving through the "man of honour," must assiduously study if he would fit himself for his new job of standing before princes, either in his own land, or in their courts at the exciting moments when they are having their crowns put on. There is, indeed, another ideal, which we do not venture for the present to oppose to Count Baldassare Castiglio-

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ne's, for we know that in this romantic generation it is not so acceptable. We are now more for chivalry and heroes and gentlemen of France, and Puss-in-Boots and Tom Tearcoat, in our reading than for those sad-colored homilies of Him who said: "Resist not evil. Forgive your enemy seventy times seven. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the poor in spirit. Bless them that curse you. Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased. I am among you as he that serveth. Thou shalt do no murder. Do not kill."

These simple counsels sufficed for the old Americans, and were even more than enough for them in the times when we were a hermit nation, trying to keep ourselves unspotted from the world; when we sought to do right, and feared to do wrong. But those times are past, and now we stand in manifest need of a new gospel. That it is a gospel we shall know by its not being an easy saying.

The prime difficulty in our way is that of noble birth. There are so very, very few Americans of noble birth, besides those who are Americans by marriage and have not yet taken out their first naturalization papers, that though some of us are of noble blood, it is almost impossible for us to qualify for the office of courtier through the fulfilment of the first condition. There are certain gentle and patrician strains from Puritan baronets, Dutch patroons, Virginian cavaliers, and Huguenot exiles which, if they could be united in any one American, might almost constitute him nobly born. But this, mainly through the geographical distribution of these strains over the wide surfaces of our country, is practically impossible. If there could be, say, something like a composite American, in which the requisite descents could be added one to another until the result of nobility was accomplished, then the problem would be solved, but as yet art does not show how this can be done, and stirpiculture remains on the old, unscientific basis. By all the logic we must continue each of us as much or as little plebeian as our forefathers, and we cannot reasonably hope to be ashamed of doing any ignoble thing. If we do not habitually run away in battle, but rush, the poorest and shabbiest of us, on the foe, it is because our conclusions are false to our premises, and not because we have any inherent courage such as would fit us for the presence of princes.

If we leave the question of nobility, as altogether too hard, we come to that of looks and bearing, or beauty and grace, or that "air which shall make one at first sight pleasing and agreeable to all who see him," and here we shall find ourselves almost as fatally defective. The thing is as much wanting in us as nobility itself, if a consensus of testimony from all the witnesses is to be trusted. To call no other witness than Matthew Arnold, who certainly saw us with no unkindly eye, we are wholly lacking in distinction, which is the quality desired by Castiglione in the courtier next after noble birth; and we cannot go and get distinction, any more than we can go and get nobility. We may try for it ever so hard, and may so far deceive ourselves as to suppose we have it, but the first European of gentle condition who meets us detects the imposition at a glance. The American cannot hope to repair his deficiency in distinction even by that species of composite descent which we have imagined, for after all he might unite in his aspect the meanest characteristics of his several ancestors. We must consider how nature sometimes jests with the most sacred persons: Richard was a hunchback, and Mary in order to sway level with her husband's heart had to have high heels put on William's shoes.

For the use and ornament of courtiership, which is one of the probable employments of Americans of leisure in the future, we lack the requisites of nobility and distinction, but it does seem that in the matter of athletics we need not come so far short. We could not probably shine among the best in France at a tourney, or excel among the Spaniards in a bull-fight, but surely our devotion to university football and baseball and universal golf is not to go for nothing. Many of the bodily exercises that befit a man for war are common with our better classes, and in the South and West, at least, revolver practice is so widely diffused that, in "the differences that frequently arise between one gentleman and another," the meanest are hardly at a

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disadvantage. The quickness with which our fellow-citizens in those parts get the drop on one another "with such weapons as happen at the moment to be within reach" is so great that we may well hope to stand before princes when we get our hands on our hip pockets.

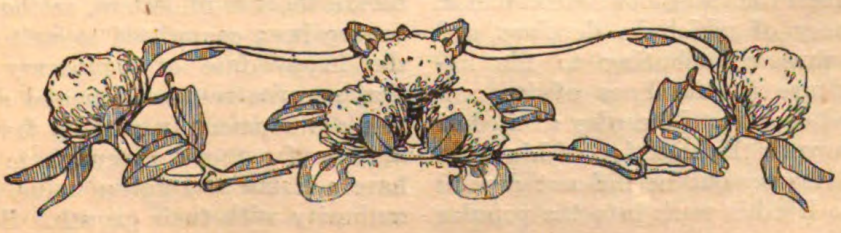
But in the following demand upon the intending courtier Castiglione takes away the hope that our expertness in arms might give us, when he declares that we ought to be accomplished in letters as well, and that we ought not only to read the poets, orators, and historians, but that we should be able to write both prose and verse, in order especially to commend ourselves to the ladies, "who are usually fond of such things." It might be said that here was a defect in which our potential courtiers could easily repair the neglect of nature; but how? If our highest institutions of learning are less celebrated for the poets, orators, and historians than for the oarsmen, centre-backs, and batters they turn out, how can we expect the sons of our moneyed and leisured classes to give their time to "those studies that are called the humanities," even to please the ladies, who are commonly fond of such things? Even on the point of this fondness, the Count is reckoning without his hostess, as the hostess now understands herself, for with clubs for basket-ball, boating, tennis, and all gymnastics in the women's colleges, she comes no further behind her brothers than her skirts compel. Our future courtiers can of course take private instruction, and equip themselves with such of the humanities as may be imparted in a definite series of easy lessons; but to find the pleasure in them suggested by Count Castiglione is not imaginable of such Americans.

IV

No, we must somehow do the thing with money if we are to appear before the world in the part of courtiers, just as we have done most other things with money of late. The American "man of honour" with a full pocket will probably triumph over all the difficulties in his way when he chooses to turn courtier, either here on his own ground in the welcoming of princes, or in the alien courts where princes shall welcome him.

In the mean while here is this delightful treatise of the great authority on his duties, which Mr. Opdycke has englished so limpidly and sweetly that it seems native to our own tongue, rather than naturalized from the Italian. Quite as notable as the rare literary quality of the book is the fine pagan indifference to all those precepts of the Author whom we have ventured to quote in contrast to its author. Count Castiglione wrote at the moment when that Greek learning which was driven out of Constantinople by the Turk overflowed all Italy, and fed the native plants that flowered in the art and literature of the Renaissance. This great evolution was too deeply concerned with beauty to take much account of liberty or conduct, and the old ideals of democracy and simplicity perished before it. The "man of honour" became the norm, and the honest man vanished in his presence as the citizen vanished in the presence of the courtier. Life became gay and splendid and glorious, and only in some dim convent cell did some heavy human heart accuse itself in the eternal humility of the soul when it stands before *its* Prince.

Yet the elder ideal lived through all, as it had from the beginning and will to the end, and it is as much with us now to choose as it ever was with any people. The part of the courtier is, as we have seen, beset with difficulties, but there is nothing in the straight and narrow path of the citizen. The "man of honour" must carry water on both shoulders in the act of serving two masters, but the honest man's feat is of an ease that ought really to tempt more people to undertake it.



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Editor's Study.

I

THE excellence of writing, considered as an art, is not in the grandeur of the theme, save in those rare instances where an unsuspected greatness in the subject is disclosed by the writer's power, as are celestial magnitudes by the magnifying telescope. The great argument of the poet is the product of his creative imagination. He may, like Dante and Milton, seize upon a theme of tremendous interest in itself, one whose vastness, objectively, has no limits of height and depth, and whose implications, through the constructions of human faith and doctrine, mysteriously include unfathomable hopes and fears, but without the magical charm and lofty thought of Milton, or the intense feeling and creative realization of Dante, he will minimize his subject, rather than disclose its greatness.

We have in these two poets the types of two distinct kinds of creative genius—distinct as to the attitude of the artist to the theme. Milton followed ideal lines; his argument—the Fall and Redemption of Man—dominated his scheme. Dante was a master of what we of Mr. Howells's generation call Realism in Art. He set out as upon a voyage of discovery, with Virgil for his guide—thus availing of mysterious attributes with which mediæval superstition had invested the elder poet—and his story runs as if he had been an eye-witness of all the scenes described by him, every one of these, moreover, in his portrayal of them, seeming to follow closely some model furnished from his own observation or experience.

The theme, for its obvious interest, serves the artist, who indeed best serves the people by the selection of a subject already to some extent familiar through its historical or religious associations, the intimacy of which he develops and deepens, thus contributing to the national culture in the lines of its own genius and destiny. Macaulay availed of this leverage in the selection of his main historical theme, but he did not depend upon it to lift his work into the popular esteem. With a fervent enthusiasm, shown in his essay on Milton, written when, as he says, he was fresh from college, he disclosed for the first time the greatness of the subject, and he enriched his history with every resource of a great and rarely equipped mind. The stirring events of the French Revolution, leaving no point untouched in the whole gamut of human passion and pathos, will of themselves arrest and hold the attention of readers, so they be but barely and simply told, but no one can say that Carlyle owed the excellence of his history to the mere might of the material; he brought to a Titanic epoch the strength of a Titan for the masterly marshalling of facts and for their illumination. On the other hand, De Foe owes very much to the ghastly annals of the Plague of London for the effectiveness of his story, but stands justified as an artist by that simple realism which has made his other and more popular story of Robinson Crusoe a classic—there also deriving immense value from the theme itself, the idea of almost complete human solitude, the presence of the man Friday only emphasizing the masculine isolation and the wild seclusion. Bulwer's *Eugene Aram*—the story of the long-delayed but sure punishment of crime—apart from the literary skill of the narrative, is less effective than the simple tale upon which it was based, the romantic modification being, if not a detriment rather than an advantage, certainly a distraction.

In pure invention there is a surrender of the vital value of actuality—the interest attaching to a real happening. Stories that have been told from time immemorial, and whose growth has not been arrested by a fixed and stable record of them, like unwritten legends, or the tales which go to the making of an epic before the use of letters, or those which, having been committed to writing, incur the happy fate of temporary oblivion that permits resurrection and an expansive development in passing from age to age, or from one language to another, have a living and native value, and gain authority with their growth. Such were

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the stories that Shakspere used, better for his purpose than any he could invent; he gave them fresh increase and full expansion, so that they live as his, exchanging their frail uncertain tenure for an enduring habitation in his poetry. Such, in more imaginative shapes, are the myths and legends and romances that need not be retold, that are brought to life in our memory by the mere mention of a name, and through such suggestiveness enrich our modern literature. This is the vantage-ground of our culture, and should never be surrendered. It is in this connection that a liberal education, and especially an intimate knowledge of the rich and varied stores of imaginative literature in all ages, are seen to be an important part of the modern writer's equipment. Macaulay, in his fine appreciation of Milton's poetry, justly emphasizes the use of such culture as this poet's unique distinction.

The material which makes up the web of all good literature is familiar rather than strange, or if at first it seems strange because of the reader's limited range of observation and reflection, it is the office of the great writer to bring it home by disclosing its familiarity, just as in the demonstration of a theorem in geometry the last position taken is made to seem as clear a mental intuition as the axiom from which the whole process started. What, in fiction, seems the writer's invention is really his finding—which in turn becomes the reader's—his finding as the result of wide observation and close study, which give variety, breadth, and impressive reality to his presentment, and as the result of personal experience, through which his embodiment has a living soul.

By personal experience here we mean much more than the sum of one's individual action and suffering on his own account, which may, indeed, never directly enter into the writer's work; we include and especially emphasize what he has taken to heart of all other action and suffering, making it his own experience through his sympathy, illuminating it by his intellectual and spiritual interpretation: in a word, we have in mind his emotional and mental culture, the depth and extent of which must determine his place in literature. The writer's creative power is manifest first of all in this culture—in its fervent expansion and insight—before it is seen in his work. This individual culture is quite distinct from such participation as the writer may have in the general culture open to all through education; it is peculiarly his—his life-store—a possession that may give him distinct rank (the thing the word *classic* precisely means) in literature, though, like Bunyan, he may have no other culture whatsoever.

II

In these reflections we have in view chiefly their application to story-writing, and to such examples of the art as the editor is called upon to consider.

In a previous Study we said that the contributor (meaning, of course, the well-equipped contributor) would do better if he did not try so hard. Nothing is accomplished without labor, nothing born without travail. The creator labors, and we properly speak of the "works" of God. The elimination from the marble of a statue by Phidias involves two kinds of work—the work with the chisel and the previous work of the creative mind. Suppose the operation with the chisel to exclude the creative conception, and there is merely manual labor, a manipulation of the material. If the mind works together with the hand, impelled by æsthetic feeling, then the work is not at random, and the result is an artistic product, having a degree of excellence commensurate with the genius that has dominated the form, and with the sculptor's skill in the handling of the material. We can conceive of a perfect work of art as the result; but in that case, whatever the apparent sequence, chronologically, the creative work was logically first, even as the skill was something already attained. Usually, however, from such a method of working, whatever the facility, there is no product of supreme excellence. Certainly the writer who "takes his pen in hand" to compose a story the very lineaments of which are to be an afterthought, however used he may be to story-writing, will fail of greatness, though he may excel in the cleverness of his undertaking; and, but for his experience, the result would be a complete failure. We have known an author who

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from any starting-point would develop a respectable and interesting short story at a single sitting, his conception outrunning his pen. But we could not imagine Hawthorne to have written "David Swan" in this fashion.

In any great story the creative work is not only done first, but it is done "without observation"—it is a part of that emotional and mental culture of which we have spoken, and which in the soul of an artist becomes a storage that, like the lightning-burdened cloud, must have precipitate release. This image is too violent, perhaps, to indicate the expression of the artist's mood, which, whatever its tension, has a more stable temperament and more gradual release than have the elemental forces of nature; but the operation is, like that of these forces, spontaneous and inevitable.

There is no mental storage save of power; the writer's culture is a growth of his power, the exercise of which is as natural as the flowing of the fountain which becomes the stream. It is a part of his life, with the creative quality of life, tireless in action as are respiration and pulsation; there is no burden, since in this, as in the physical world, weight is but another name for an attraction. The burden of the artist's work is in the inertia of his material, which through industry and discipline is translated into force—an unveiled force in the material itself, and, through reaction, a structural strength in the artist himself, manifest in his firm workmanship, until finally difficulty becomes facility.

Now the editor finds that stories offered for Magazine use too often show signs of strenuous effort where there should be spontaneity, and of fatal relaxation in the handling of material where there should be the evidence of that indefatigable industry which finally veils its efforts with the grace of ease. In many cases the writers ambitiously seek novelty of theme as the result of outright invention, imposing upon themselves unusual difficulties, for what is found so far away has a long journey home, if perchance there is any attempt to bring it home; in others some strangeness in the subject—some pathetic situation of easy invention and baldly presented,—some tragic circumstance of plague, pestilence, or famine, of battle, murder, or sudden death,—or some cheap instance of heroic action or sacrifice, is mustered into the literary service and made to do the writer's whole duty—the strength of the story depending entirely upon the obvious strength of the material; and in others some bald fact, of a surprising character, borrowed from recondite annals or from actual observation, stands out with anecdotal vigor from a mass of weedy stuff weakly brought about it. Facts in a story borrowed from actual life are most likely to seem improbable, and the writer to succeed in effective use of them must have exceptional power. Mr. Arthur Colton's "King Julius," in our March number, in many of its features a transcript from actual life, is a very good illustration both of the apparent unlikelihood of such episodes and of the writer's wonderful dramatic art in constructing from them, nevertheless, a narrative of so rare humor and interest.

Here and there instances occur of writers who depend quite entirely upon their smartness in narrative or incidental comment, sometimes just escaping brilliance through lack of reserve, the theme itself rambling on inconsequently. The readers are mere spectators, except as they may be literally styled an audience, since they can almost hear the incessant detonations of the fireworks.

Speaking of reserve, there are a few writers who, like Henry Seton Merriman, have it to such an extreme that the average reader is discouraged, feeling himself shut out from the author's intimacies, defrauded because of withheld confidences. It is good art, whatever sacrifice of popularity it may entail, but it lacks the charm of affability which endeared Thackeray and his late follower, du Maurier, to their readers.

The writer who has in great measure of fulness the culture upon which we have laid so much stress, and the skill to which such culture readily prompts, will succeed in reaching the hearts and minds of intelligent readers; and his work will endure. No invention the most fertile, and no trick of style the most dextrous, will supply the lack of these essential requirements.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

No Uncle of Ours

BY CHARLES B. DE CAMP

MY youngest son, Malcolm, not yet thirteen, persuaded me, a year ago, to buy him a printing-press. For some weeks after it was installed the house was deluged with queer-looking laundry lists, jelly-glass labels, calling-cards, and other startling evidences of its presence. Malcolm was much hurt that his mother and I used engraved visiting-cards, so to console him I ordered a hundred business cards. When he brought them to me I read:

> **Gordon Livingso.**
>
> *Attorney at Law.* *Safe and Reliable.*

"I added that on," he explained, engagingly. "Lots of 'em have it, and it fills out better."

While I had to admit the force of the latter point, I could not agree that there were "lots of 'em" in the profession who would so far commit themselves in print.

And by mistake I used one of those cards! Sent it up to one of the best-known and wealthiest men in town that I hoped some day would become a client of mine. Let us draw a timely veil over this occurrence.

The project of a newspaper to be edited and printed by Malcolm Livingso originated in an article describing the success of two Indiana boys in publishing a small journal. Malcolm was instantly aglow with the idea. We discussed at length the question of a name for the new moulder of opinion. I suggested the *Orange Blossom* (we live in Orange). Malcolm regarded me sharply.

"That's what brides wear, ain't it?" he asked, with scorn. And he repudiated it.

It was finally decided to call the paper the *Mosquito*, the *Orange Mosquito*. I think it was my suggestion; I know my wife thought the name silly. For two weeks I rarely saw my youngest son. He came to his dinner long after the soup with a preoccupied air and a portentous frown. After bolting a few necessaries and the dessert he would disappear until dragged from the garret at bed-time. During this period he wore a perpetual war-paint of printer's ink, fresh, fierce daubs overlying pale, brush-scrubbed stains that would yield to time alone. The initial number of the *Mosquito* finally appeared on a Saturday afternoon. I found it on sale at the station when I returned from the city. A red-headed boy whom I had occasionally seen escape from my house at dinner-time was crying it in blissful imitation of the little news rats across the river: "Yere y'are! The *Orange Mosquiter*—just out—five cents a copy! The *Mosquiter!*" Waiving my official connection with the publication, I purchased a copy, whereat the red-headed boy grinned. "I'm the company," he announced.

The *Mosquito* was a five-by-eight-inch sheet on which the printing was set somewhat on the bias. At the head of the first page, beneath the date-line, bold-faced type announced that Malcolm Livingso was "soal editor," and that "Malcolm Livingso and Co." were the publishers. I now understood the remark of the red-headed boy. Appended to the rates was this honest announcement: "If the editor goes to Nantuket next summer the *Mosquito* will cost 30 cents a year less." Beneath this and



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heading the reading-matter was the quatrain, suitably printed in "Old English":

"Life is real, life is earnest
Andthegrave is not its goal
Dust thou art to dust returnest!
Was not spokrn of thx soul."

Then came in orderly brevier:

"It has rained a lot lately.

James Hollis dog was poisoned last Sunday. Jim would just like to catch the fellow that did it.

Subscribe for the MOSQUITO!!!"

The second page was headed "Personal," and leading the list of mention, I read:



"Gordon Livingso, the celebrated lawyer, went to Boston some time ago."

It had been six months ago.

The third page of the paper was devoted to fiction of a rather gory sort, and recounted the death from Indians of "Dick, The Terror of the Plains." It was concluded with the enthralling line: "Death! death? exclaimed Dick as he Felt the arow in h!s hart..,

My advertisement occupied a prominent place on the last page, together with that of a butcher with whom I had threatened to sever business relations because of disreputable steaks. Whether Malcolm had blackmailed the butcher to secure his ad. I know not, but it was a master stroke.

When I arrived at the house my son, the editor, had just returned from a door-to-door sale of the *Mosquito*, and was flushed and jubilant over the ten nickels in his trousers pocket. I called him Horace Greeley, and complimented him on his initial number.

"Ah, gee," he replied, panting, "wait till you see the next one. There wasn't any big things to tell in this one. We just had to get her out any old way."

The *Mosquito* appeared with pardonable irregularity every fortnight, and became quite an institution in the neighborhood. The personal column especially grew to be a feature; and it was a long one, as Malcolm faithfully chronicled the arrivals and departures of cooks and maids. Once, indeed, I discovered that the "company" was compiling a series of back-door interviews with servants as to the merits or demerits of their "places." I suppressed the article in my capacity of official censor.

One evening as I unfolded my New York paper by the library table, my eye rested on a despatch from Kansas describing the extraordinary case of one John Livingso on trial for bigamy, some eight women, ranging in age from eighteen to fifty, having sworn that he had been their lawfully wedded husband.

"I declare!" I exclaimed. "I rarely see that name. John, too—and under such circumstances!" I read the despatch to my wife.

"It is your uncle!" she cried, with absurd conclusiveness.

"Your grandmother!" I retorted, impolitely.

Now I have an uncle John, supposed to be living in the West, lost to the family years ago. My wife's remark had confirmed a suspicion in my breast, and I resented it.

"My uncle John," I said, with dignity, "was a—a—gentleman."

"But he owed your father money," said my wife, resuming her fancy-work.

"That's true," I assented, "but Heaven save us if a man who owes money is no gentleman! No," I continued, with less heat, "Uncle John could never have gotten into such a scrape. He didn't go to Kansas, anyway [this was weak]; he went to Dakota. Besides, he never had a cent, and was afflicted with heart trouble. He wouldn't dare have married. He was a little, bald-headed man, too, with a cast in his eye. No woman would look at him, let alone eight."

"Some women are awful fools," said my wife.

"Good heavens, Ethel!" I cried, "do you want to prove that this bigamist is my uncle? If so, let it go at that. John Livingso, my father's brother, bigamist, sent up for ten years. We might get out announcement cards."

"Your sarcasm is such a treat, Gordon," said my wife.

"Moreover," I continued, picking up the paper, "this despatch says the man is past middle age, and my uncle John can't be more than—let's see—1885—seventeen years—can't be more than—fifty-five."



"No, dearest," said my wife, coming over to me, "it couldn't possibly be. Even if the description was exact, I know no brother of your noble father could be such a wretched, low creature as a bigamist."

"It's hard to tell, though, what different conditions and environment will do to a man," I murmured, thoughtfully.

This is quite the usual way in which arguments between Mrs. Livingso and my-

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self develop and conclude.

I said, savagely: "Outrage, though, that a decent family paper should give space to a story of that sort. There'll be no end to the guying that I'll receive."

It was at this moment that I observed our youngest sitting listening to our conversation with his mouth open above his school-books. I had forgotten his presence, and this nettled me.

"Malcolm," I said, sternly, "attend to your studies. They receive little enough of your time since that paper was started."

"Yes, papa," replied Malcolm, meekly. He busied himself for a while with a pad and pencil, and then guessed he would go to bed. Soon I heard him in the garret, and summoned him to his bed-room. He received my sharp rebuke with the spirit of a Christian martyr.

I retired that night thinking evil of Uncle John and John the bigamist, whether they were two individuals or one.

I was not "guyed" about the bigamist, however. By evening, as I proceeded homeward, I had dismissed the story from my thoughts. Even if my uncle John was the wholesale deceiver, I argued finally, either my friends had not seen the despatch or had given no thought to the name in that connection. That ended it. Ah, little did I wot of a positive and vigorous defender of a family legacy of good repute!

When I got down from the train I saw a man smiling at me. It was a good-natured smile, and I returned it, though somewhat vaguely. Then I saw a poster on the waiting-room wall. It said: "Extra *Mosquito*. Today. Buy it!" Then I heard a shrill crying, and recognized the "company." He was surpassing himself. "Yere's yer extra *Mosquiter!* All about the bigermust. Just out! Extry!"

I went to him, and plucked one of the copies from his wrist. Beneath the date-line were three enormous "extras" in a row, and below I read:

NO UNCLE OF OURS!

Bigermist arrested in Kansas not a relation of the Editor's.

By Our Special Reporter On The Spot.

"A man is getting tried in Kansas for being married to eight wives. His name is John Livingso, which is the same as the editors, thatis, the last name is. But he aint an uncle of the editor 's father, Mr. Gordon Livingso, the well-known and reliable lawyer, because Mr. Livingso said last night that he could not be his uncle because his uncle john who went away a long time ago went to Dakota and did not go to Kansas. besides Mr. Livingso said his uncle never had a cent and had hart trouble and had a cock eye so as he couldnt marry eight women. If people say hes my fathers uncle there telling lies."

That was all. The second and last pages of the *Mosquito* were blank. On the third page was a short anecdote from the *Fireside Guardian*, very properly credited in brackets with, "By curtesy of the publishers." This was evidently intended to mollify those who took the "extra" home for family reading.

I walked home. Malcolm was with his mother in her bed-room. I paused outside the closed door. Malcolm was talking:

"But it was news, mamma; don't you see? News that [sob] people ought to know."

I went back down stairs. I saw that I had been anticipated.

An Unusual Fee

AFTER a large wedding in Washington the "best man" started at hardly an hour's notice for South Africa. On his return to Washington, after an absence of some eighteen months, he received the warmest sort of welcome from his old associates. A dinner given in his honor afforded the first occasion since the wedding for donning evening dress; and in the midst of the evening, having occasion to feel in his waistcoat pocket for something, he electrified the party by drawing forth a hundred-dollar bank-note.

Where had it come from? Who had put it there? His fellow-guests had all sorts of suggestions to offer, none of which seemed satisfactory.

Early the next morning the truth flashed across his mind. He called upon the clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony.

"You remember the fact, I suppose," said the visitor, "of marrying Mr. H—— and Miss G—— about a year and a half ago?"

"Oh, very well," answered the clergyman. "I see them constantly. They attend my church."

"Then I hope you will pardon a rather delicate question, asked in strict confidence: How much did you receive as your fee on that occasion?"

"I will return frankness with frankness," and the clergyman smiled whimsically. "It was the strangest fee that ever came my way. After the ceremony the best man, with a profusion of thanks, slipped into my hand a small sliver of plug tobacco wrapped in a wad of paraffine paper!"

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

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The Sardonic Lion

THE lion lay sick in his cavern one day,
And was visited there by a ram.
Said the latter, "To show you
The love that I owe you,
I have brought you some bread and some jam."

"DEAR ram," said the lion, "for bringing me bread,
My thanks I can never half utter.
I insist that you stay,
And dine with me to-day,
For I never eat bread without butter."

NORMAN H. PITMAN.

A Foreign "Tip"

CARTER went abroad last year for the first time. He is a generous fellow, and on the strength of having a very athletic letter of credit, he was in the habit of handing out tips pretty liberally when it came time to leave. By the time he had done England and France and Belgium he was rather tired of it, and he didn't exactly like the way they lined up when he came down the steps, preceded by his luggage. It annoyed him. He said he didn't mind being separated from his money if he could accomplish it in his own way, but he'd be everlastingly condemned if he approved of being sandbagged. He got over into Germany, and was put up at a nice hotel, where he enjoyed himself so much that he stayed more weeks than one. When they brought him his first account he saw that he was charged with one candle per night. The fact was he had always turned in so late that he lit it only long enough to be able to see to fall into bed, so he remonstrated gently, only to be told that it was the custom there—it was always done. He said nothing more, but after that each morning the servant was obliged to bring a fresh candle.

Well, at last the American girl that Carter was trailing was going to leave,—her mother got tired of the Germans,—and of course he packed up too. The day of their departure came, the carriage was ready, and down came old Carter behind the man with his traps. He was smiling sweetly at the assemblage of servants who were gathered around and who looked for all the world like a flock of crows, and as he stepped down he reached into his bulky side-pockets and handed out to every astonished one of them a nice fresh candle slightly burned at one end!

M. McV. S.

The Artistic Temperament

OUR terrier, Jack, was howling dismally at the moon. Father went to the door and rebuked him, at which the dog barked in a nervous, resentful manner. "I s'pose," remarked Mabel, after a moment's thought, "Jack doesn't like being 'terrupted in the middle of a stanza!"

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The Spankuty Man

BY G. ORR CLARK

WHEN the Spanky Man comes there is trouble indeed,
For what does he do but politely proceed
To settle old scores and give folks what they need—
The funny old Spankuty Man.

Oh, the Spankuty Man is so *very* polite,
"It hurts *him*," he says, "more than you"—to be quite
Frank, you inwardly hope that it might—
The hateful old Spankuty Man!

When the Spanky Man comes there are wailings and tears,
But, of course, as he's "deaf to entreaty," my dears,
This ill-bred reception he never once hears—
The haughty old Spankimanee!

When the Spanky Man comes he won't ring the bell;
He appears, and the maids with a leer run and tell,
And of course you can see that it's all very well
For the grim little Spankuty Man.

When the Spanky Man comes we run and we hide
Down in the cupboard, and breathe hard inside;
But he has sharp eyes, and we're always Hi-Spyed
By the wretched old Spankuty Man.

When the Spanky Man comes he is met with a yell—
I wish that he wouldn't remember so well!
When the Spanky Man comes Us Girls never tell—
Oh, the horrid old Spankikin Man!

Quite Satisfied

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Josey is mischievous and rather obstinate.

She has been often corrected, and often told that she ought to pray to be made a better girl; but evidently preferring not to be interfered with, she was heard one night to offer up this petition: "Please, Lord, bless papa and mamma and Fannie and brother, *and make them good;* but, please, Lord, let I alone."

J. B. G.

A Mathematical Demonstration

"HOW is this, Alexander?" said Mrs. Pothurst. "You told me at the beginning of the century that you were going to strictly limit yourself to smoking *ten* cigars a day, and, if I am not mistaken in my count, here you are puffing away on your *twelfth*."

"True, my dear," answered Mr. P., "this is the twelfth cigar to-day, but as a matter of fact I have only smoked eight. I never smoke over two-thirds of a cigar; can't do it without scorching my mustache. Then if you will think for a moment, you must see that I have only smoked eight, which is two-thirds of twelve, leaving me still two and a little more yet to smoke. So you see, my dear, that I have *not* broken my promise. Kindly pass the matches."



A HIGH TENOR

"I hear the lark a-singing in the deep and azure skye—
Why, it must have a tenor voice to sing so very high!"

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An Example of Thrift

THE other day my wife and I made the pretext of an errand the excuse for a sail on the blue waters of Shanashank Bay, and engaged old Captain Little, at the customary price of fifty cents an hour, to take us across to a village on the opposite shore. With the Captain always went his dog Tasso—as indispensable companion, rather than as necessary crew. Arrived at the village, the errand was promptly done and we were ready to depart, but the dog could not be found. We called and whistled, and sought him high and low; until, at last, at the end of a good half-hour, he strolled on to the dock, calm and unruffled, and without a suspicion of malevolence in eye or action. The sail was thereupon resumed, and the Captain, who is a good skipper, after laboriously pushing us off a sand-bar on which he had inadvertently grounded, finally drew up at the wharf, at the end of three hours from the time of departure. "Well, Captain," we said, "you have given us a good sail. How much is it?" "Waal," said the Captain, "it 'll be a dollar and a half. We've been gone jest three hours. Ye see," he continued, "it took us half an hour to look up that dog." W. H. C.

The New Fairy Tale

"MUMMY dear, a fairy story, please."

"What shall it be?" I said, reluctantly, for I was not in a narrative mood.

"Jack the Giant-killer," he demanded.

"But, Harry, boy," I cried, despairingly, "surely you do not want to hear that again; you have heard that every day for weeks." To my joy, Harry for once looked doubtful, and I seized my opportunity. "I will tell you a new story," I said. "Once upon a time there was a little boy." A soft, contented expression appeared on Harry's face, and he nestled close. I plunged on. "And he lived with his mamma and papa in a beautiful house on the edge of a woods."

I don't know what prompted me to put the house on the edge of a woods, except that it offered any amount of possibilities. It worked. Harry's eyes dilated.

"Were there bears there?" he asked.

I grasped gleefully at the idea. "Oh yes," I said, in a stage whisper, "there were bears—the woods were full of them." Harry glanced at me suspiciously.

"Go on," he urged.

I continued, "And in the woods lived a prince."

That woods cost me dear. Harry, like all children, could not tolerate pauses, and before I knew it the prince was up a tree making love to the princess in a tower, while the bears roamed between, and the little boy, whom I had forgotten and was obliged to bring into the story by a forcible reminder on the part of Harry, looked on askance behind a neighboring blackberry-bush.

How I extricated them and myself I do not now remember, but I recollect that the happy ending of the story was due entirely to the "little boy," who did the most marvellous things, and played in turn the rôles of winged Mercury, Hercules, and David, with a Goliath appearing on the scene to suit his convenience. The sight of Harry's absorbed and happy face was more than a sufficient reward for the arduous task of making plausible very extraordinary situations, and no first-night prima donna ever listened more eagerly for the coveted applause than I furtively sought for the glow on Harry's childish cheeks.

Oh, you modern writers of successful and much-talked-of novels, have you ever told a story to a child? Doubtless you have; then say frankly, did any critic's praise ever yield such subtle and delicious flattery as when, at the finish of my poor belated tale, Harry leaned close to my ear and whispered in sweetly ingratiating tones,

"Mummy dear, tell it again!"

H. A. S.



A PROPER SPIRIT

I LIKE to make a show
When to the town I go,
And I know my dress and hat are trim and neat;
Of my looks I can't complain,
Yet I do not think I'm vain,—
But I'm absolutely certain that I'm sweet.

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Revised Versions



OLD Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To give her dear dog a surprise,
But he asked for a bone,
Which, he said, would alone
Insure him reduction of size.



JACK and Jill
Went up the hill
To bring some water down.
"Oh," said the cow,
"I now see how
One cow supplies the town."

L. M. S.

Needed a Rest

"REST is not quitting the busy career," the poet sings, and this truth was impressed upon an Arkansas family by Aunt Lula, their colored cook. Aunt Lula was fat, lazy, and notional, but her cooking was perfection, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawton humored her whims and reduced her work to a minimum. Good cooks were hard to get, and the question of adding a feather's weight to Lula's duties was always discussed in anxious whispers. One day Lula resigned her position. "Why, Lula," asked Mrs. Lawton, "what is the matter? Is the work too hard for you?"

"Well, ma'am," replied Lula, "I'm all tired out. I'm going home and take in washing, and rest up."

A. C. W.

The Little Boat

OH, I'm my Mother's little boat,
A gallant craft, indeed;
The rapids of the banisters
I shoot with swirling speed;
And all the day in Nursery Bay
I go a-sailing round,
Or search new nooks in hallway brooks
Where pleasant sights are found,
Until the twilight comes and brings
The bed-time hour, and Mother sings:

Furl your sails, my boat,
Birdling, fold your wings,
Rosy-fingered day
To the darkness clings;
Yet in Night's soft cloak
Soon you'll folded be.
Sheltered warm, safe from storm,
Drift on Dreamland's sea.

But out upon the open sea
'Tis nurse is my convoy,
Though she believes she's just a nurse
And I'm a little boy;
And yet it's plain, we sail the main
With snow for ocean foam,
And lamp-post lights for buoy sights
To steer us to our home.
There safe in port where we belong
Is Mother and the anchor song:

Back, come back, my boat,
Sea-gull, seek your nest,
While the setting sun
Droops adown the West—
At the ebb of day
Safe at anchor ride,
Till the morn, newly born,
Crowns a Dreamland tide.

When I am grown and very wise
I'll be a cruiser bold,
And gather from the whole round world
Its treasures manifold;
Though stormy gales may reef my sails
And waves wash o'er my bow,
There's naught shall fright, by day or night,
This all-undaunted prow;
And through the dark I think 'twill be
As though my Mother sang to me:

Where you sail, my boat,
Wanderer flying far,
Guiding through the night
Shines the Sailor's Star;
May a Star more sure,
Brighter, fairer, rise;
Point you here, bless you, dear,
From your Dreamland skies.

CAROLINE MCCORMACK.

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The Cautious Maiden

"PHOEBE, accept this magic draught,
That, when its honey you have quaffed,
Your shrinking little heart will be
Quite overrun with love for me!"

"OH no!" replied the timid one,
"So grave a risk I dare not run.
Besides, my mother's frown I fear:
She said, 'Avoid a draught, my dear.'"

S.

A City Child

SOME days the faces on the street
Are clouded all, and dull;
And near or far not one I see
To call it beautiful.

Oh, heavy, heavy is my heart,
And is the spirit blind?—
That I am stricken with a doubt,
Because of humankind.

Until I rest my looks upon
Some cart-horse standing by,
With patient forehead, weary mane,
And uncomplaining eye.

And pat him on the brow I do,
Because I have a mind
To thank him, just that he will be
So beautiful and kind.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

New Teeth for Old Saws

A GOSSIP in a village is like a viper in a bed—except we don't often find a viper in the bed.

Better, therefore, ride alone than have a thief's company—if one can avoid it that way.

Truth is the best buckler—and most of us save it for Sunday wear.

Creditors have better memories than debtors—this isn't a proverb, it's a fact.

Better to have than to wish—that is why we wish.

A wager is a fool's argument—yet one fool always wins.

A wise son maketh a glad father—and then asks.

ANDREW ASH.

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